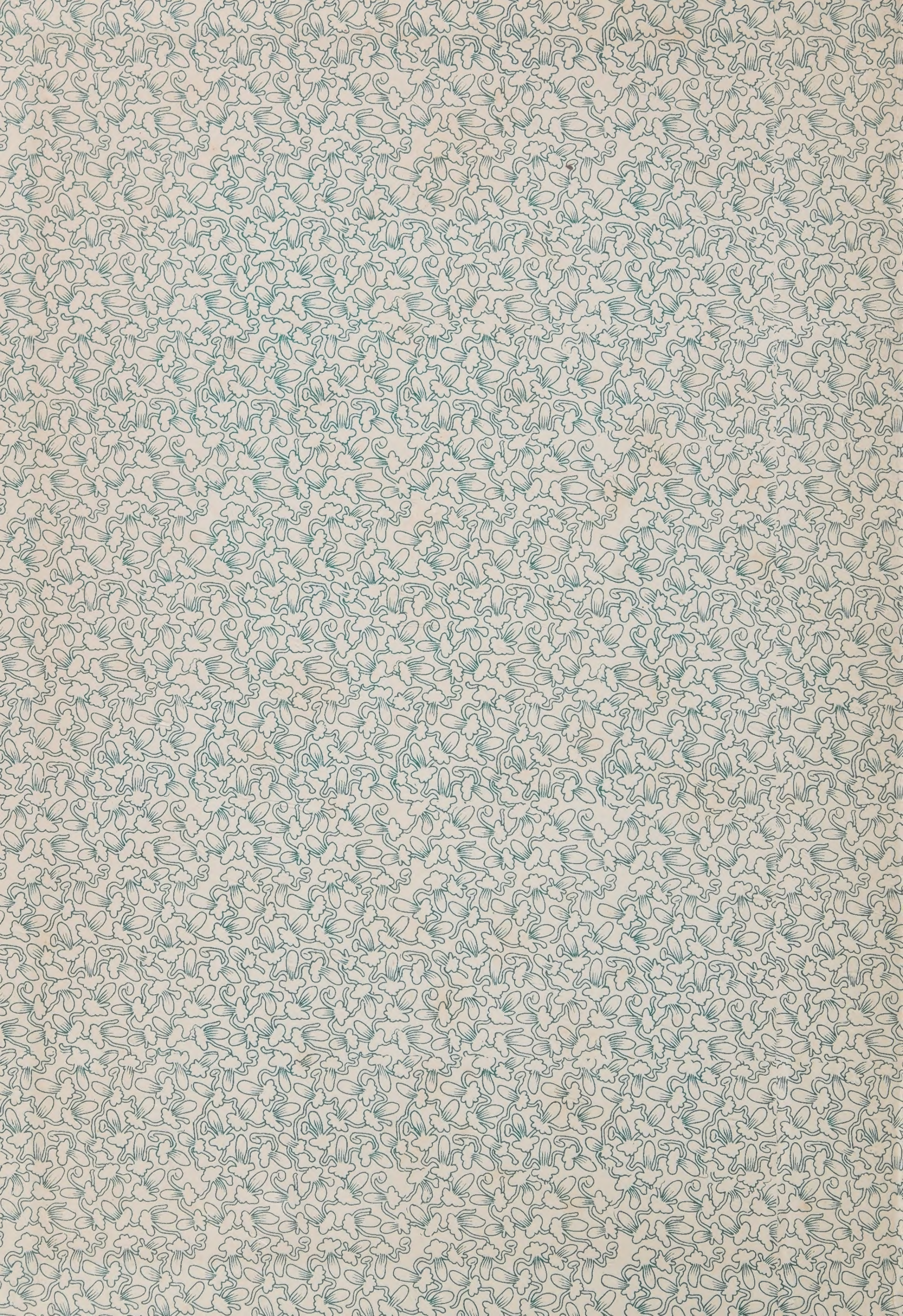

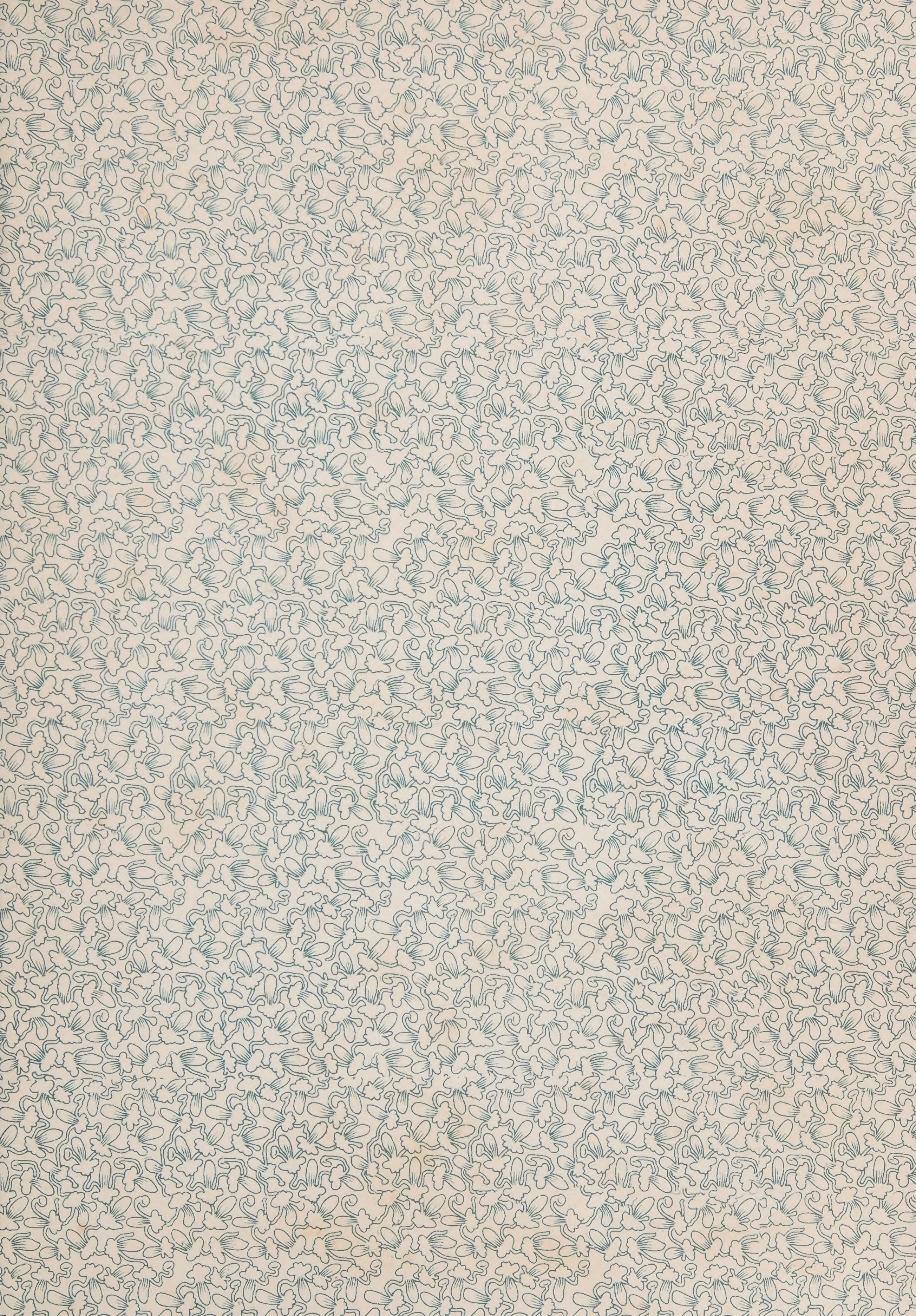

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1927

GNATS AND CAMELS

THE NEWSPAPER'S DILEMMA

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

WHEN Lord Leverhulme died the newspapers decided that his obituary was worthy of considerable space, and quite rightly, too. Lord Leverhulme was a picturesque personality with many activities and interests outside his business. He had a knack of securing that kind of free publicity which newspapers accord those who do the unusual and unexpected thing. He built the model village of Port Sunlight for his workmen to live in. He presented Stafford House to the nation as a sort of British Carnavalet Museum. He cut the head out of the portrait Augustus Johns painted of him. He was always good newspaper copy. But in a long account, which in some cases ran to a column, no mention was made of one fact about him that would have identified him instantly to the greater number of Americans, — especially housewives, — and that was the fact that he was the manufacturer of Sunlight, Lux, Lifebuoy, Rinso, and other humble products used in millions of American and British homes. To do so would be contrary to newspaper ethics. One can imagine with what virtuous satisfaction the copy reader drew his blue pencil through the forbidden words.

A little later the legal gentlemen in charge of Lord Leverhulme's estate decided to send his collections of books, pictures, and furniture to this country to be broken up, because auction prices were higher here than in London. The collections were brought over, placed on exhibition at the Anderson Galleries, and the newspapers devoted considerable space to descriptions of the hobbies and interests upon which Lord Leverhulme had spent his money. As a result of the publicity given to these sales the Galleries were thronged for weeks before the auctions, and high prices were realized.

This brings up the legitimate query, why must some articles of sale be confined to paid advertisements, and others be given free publicity? Why should Lord Leverhulme's soaps, sold for profit in this country, be omitted from a news story where the context demanded them, while his pictures, books, and furniture, sold for profit in this country, are given columns of free advertising space? Is it that articles which are advertised in paid space are utterly different in the newspaper mind from those not so advertised? Is it that soaps and sealing waxes come under the head of business, while collections of beds, tables, stools, and candlesticks are classified as art? Or is it merely that it is easy for a copy reader to cross out a name and substitute a harmless generality, but difficult for an editor to determine where legitimate news ends and free advertising begins? As the customs inspector said: 'Frogs is toads, and toads is insects, which pays duty, but cats is poultry, which comes in free.'

Last year the Widows Dodge decided to dispose of their interests in their late husbands' business. Here was a story that lent itself to newspaper exploitation — a business built up in a short time from a small beginning to colossal proportions around so popular a commodity as a low-priced motor car. The newspapers followed the negotiations with liberal space. Few things interest the newspaper-reading public more than vast sums of money. No sooner had the bankers who bought the stock received it than they put it on the market. Not being in their councils, I do not know whether this was part of a predetermined programme, or whether they were wise enough to perceive that the moment was psychological. The stock was absorbed by the investing public so promptly and completely as to draw forth editorial exclamations of surprise. Apparently it occurred to none of the newspapers which commented so naïvely on the popularity of motor securities that it was the advertising they gave so generously to this particular issue which created such a ready and receptive market.

A pathetic incident in advertising history appeared on the front pages of New York newspapers some two years ago. As an indication of its news value, it was boxed. It related how a skywriter, practising his hazardous profession in a Southern city, crashed into a tree while making a landing and was instantly killed. His name was given in full, all the attendant circumstances — every detail but one: —

'He was engaged,' said the account, 'in advertising a cigarette.'

The pathos did not lie in the tragic death of the aviator — though that was lamentable enough. But an advertiser hoped to buy a large measure of fame by having the name of his product written in letters of smoke across the blue sky of heaven, and Fate assisted and gave the enterprise the most dramatic ending conceivable, and the dispatches omitted the name of the product the aviator lost his life to advertise. The advertiser got only what he paid for, and not a groat over, and all his enterprise in employing so daring a method did not avail to get his cigarette named in the news story of the skywriter's death.

This was poor reporting, measured by the newspaper's own standards. The name of the cigarette was an essential part of the story. The first question in every reader's mind was, 'What cigarette?' Its omission was eloquent. It testified, 'See how faithfully we live up to our rule not to permit the names of advertised articles in our news stories.' The rule is admirable, but the moral effect is weakened when on other pages of the same newspapers several thousand dollars' worth of advertising is given free to other business enterprises not of that class which is in the habit of paying cash for its space.

The fourth example might be headed

'The Plaza Jewel Robbery.' A pearl necklace and other valuable trinkets were stolen from the suite of the daughter of a five-and-ten-cent entrepreneur while she and her husband were having dinner at a fashionable restaurant. No doubt is left in the reader's mind as to the name of the hotel where the robbery occurred, but the restaurant where they presumably enjoyed such entertainment as to render them for the time oblivious of jewels lying exposed on a dresser is described with the clumsy circumlocution, 'a well-known restaurant not far from Forty-Eighth Street on Park Avenue.' If, however, they had been poisoned at Pierre's, and resuscitated at the Plaza, very likely the reports would have named the restaurant and vaguely described the hotel as one in the Central Park region.

These instances and many others — they occur constantly — compel one to wonder if newspaper men are really unaware of the tremendous force they create. Certainly they are not so ignorant downstairs in the business office, where high-powered solicitors are employed to sell advertising space for money. There they rightly believe that the newspaper is the greatest single advertising medium in the world. But they never cite as examples of its power the individuals and enterprises it has enriched for nothing. They respect the editorial reticence, the difficulty of carrying water on both shoulders, of distinguishing between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, the largess of free publicity on one hand, the squeamishness over using the name of an advertised article on the other. There is no doubt a distinction, but what is it?

These are things that puzzle the advertising man who must pay real money for the space in which his clients are advertised. They do not puzzle the publicity agent, who knows, newspapers being what they are, he need never pay for the advertising he secures for his clients.

When the late Job Hedges was appointed police magistrate his friend, ex-Governor Whitman, then District Attorney, attended court the first day to see him perform. Two cases of 'drunk and disorderly,' apparently much the same, were brought before him; one offender was sentenced to ten dollars and costs, and the other discharged.

'What,' asked Whitman, 'was the difference between those two cases?'

'That,' replied the new-fledged magistrate, 'is the working of the judicial mind, which you would not understand if I explained it to you.'

II

A newspaper is a business conducted for profit. It may have ideals, but so may brickmaking. It has only one product that sells at a profit, and that is space. Actually it sells two products — newspapers to readers, and space to advertisers. Originally the real source of profit for a newspaper was its readers. Advertising was a by-product. But as advertising increased in volume and the demands upon the newspapers became greater, the time passed long ago when a newspaper could support itself on subscriptions. To-day a copy of a newspaper, whether sold for two, three, or five cents, costs more to produce than the sum the reader pays for it. The deficit is made up by advertising, and the profits all come from advertising. This has led to securing circulation primarily for the purpose of selling it to the advertiser, which, of course, has a profound influence on circulation methods, and has induced most newspapers to step outside of their legitimate field of presenting the world's news according to its relative importance, and to add feature after feature solely for the purpose of securing additional circulation — circulation, mind you, which is sold at a loss. Particularly has it led to playing up those aspects of the news in which the public is supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be profoundly interested.

Sex, crime, and sport are featured with pictures, headlines, special articles, interviews, and other devices, until they overshadow the real news, but sell more papers to Mr. Mencken's two largest groups, Boobs and Yokels. When the legitimate news value ends and the event is spotlighted beyond its importance and desert, it becomes exploitation. And exploitation of either enterprise or individual in a position to cash in on publicity furnishes extraordinary instances of the newspaper's generosity with free advertising.

At the moment I write, the columns of the newspapers are still reverberating with echoes of the great prize fight at Philadelphia, a stupendous spectacle from any angle, but especially illuminating as an example of what can be done by liberal advertising. As far as I know, the promoter and chief beneficiary of the fight did not spend one cent for publicity. He was advertised by his loving friends, the newspapers. Nearly 150,000 people paid $2,000,000 for admission, besides additional sums for railroad fares. Some traveled thousands of miles and endured great discomforts to witness from remote seats a spectacle which lasted about half an hour. What made them do it? Interest in the fight accounts for a certain number of them; the rest were sent there by the irresistible influence of the newspaper drives that went on day after day, from the time the arrangements had been concluded until the moment of the fight, and most of these newspapers have already started on their campaign to make the next meet, a few months or even a few years hence, an even bigger spectacle, and still more profitable to Mr. Rickard and his principals. Every metropolitan newspaper kept on duty at the training quarters of the two combatants a corps of reporters, feature writers, and camera men, which turned in something like a page a day of stuff, some of it forced to the limit in the endeavor to keep alive the interest. This constant and stimulating advertising transformed into fans thousands who would never have gone on the simple announcement that such a fight was to be held. They were sold the fight, as millions of customers have been sold other commodities, by newspaper advertising.

The winner and the loser received $900,000 between them, and Rickard's share was $500,000. The rest went for expenses, but the expenses did not include advertising. They did include a small slice of profit for the Sesquicentennial, whose promoters must have realized wistfully that even a portion of the free advertising poured forth for Tex Rickard would have made their fair a success. In a rather complacent interview with Mr. Rickard after the show, he announced that he had realized the ambition of a lifetime in assembling a greater paid crowd in one spot than had ever been assembled before, and gave some outline of his plans for the next one, but he uttered no expression of gratitude to the newspapers, nor even an acknowledgment that without them he could not have achieved his ambition.

Let us try to arrive at some conception of what such publicity means in terms of money as advertising men estimate space. There are 2008 daily morning and evening newspapers published in this country, and 548 of them issue Sunday editions. Say the average space given by each to advertising the Tunney-Dempsey fight was only three pages. (And that is conservative to a degree. The *New York Times*, which does not often overstep the bounds, ran eleven pages.) Three pages in daily and Sunday newspapers alone would cost at regular rates $1,075,200. This figure takes no account of the weekly newspapers, or of the magazines, all of which did their bit. Two million dollars would not have bought that much and that kind of advertising. Promoting prize fights is Tex Rickard's business. There is no question of public interest involved. It is a private commercial enterprise. It is profitable largely because its most necessary ingredient, advertising, is furnished free. Many manufacturers would like to engage in business on those terms. But no newspaper is aware of its contribution. At least none has said so, though Heywood Broun admits that the fight was overwritten, that too much space was given to the preliminary write-ups, and that in this instance the public, for whose benefit it was all done, got too much of it. The newspapers are debarred from admitting, much less claiming credit for, their yeoman service because of that other ethical pose of theirs toward free advertising. They must observe the letter of their ethics, even though the exigencies of circulation compel them to violate the spirit.

The Philadelphia fight is one example of an organized commercial industry receiving an inexplicable boost from the newspapers, but there are also many instances in which profitable publicity created around a personality has been capitalized after the fact. A gallant young German-American swims the English Channel. Here is a good news story if there ever was one, and so each paper in its desire to turn to itself the public interest adds to that public interest and makes Miss Ederle so valuable a property that she must be surrounded and guarded by an attorney, press agent, or what you will, to protect her interests and see that the valuable asset wished upon her by the newspapers is turned into the most profitable channels. And whatever Miss Ederle does with her asset of publicity, — whether she grants the use of her name to swimming suits, bathing caps, sport clothes, or beverages; whether she goes into vaudeville or the movies, writes signed articles for the newspapers or the story of her life for the confession magazines, — be sure it is not her ability as a long-distance swimmer that these people are buying, but the golden publicity heaped upon her by the newspapers. If poor Floyd Collins, who died in a hole in Kentucky, had been so fortunate as to come out alive, he too would have needed press agent and attorney, even more than a doctor, because he would have found that Kentucky cave a gold mine of nation-wide publicity, which could and would be exchanged for large checks in payment for services for which he had no other fitness than that his name was known to millions. Rudolph Valentino was fortunate even in death. His estate benefited by the publicity the newspapers gave his funeral. Every theatre in the country immediately put on a film in which the great sheik was a hero.

The visit to this country of Marie, Queen of Rumania, is the latest topic concerning which the newspapers spare us nothing. Again the newspapers are asking, 'Why all this pother?' The *New York World* inquires: —

> Now that Queen Marie is safely aboard the Leviathan, and now that she is duly reconciled with her son; now that we know

exactly how her hair is cut, how long her skirts are, how many trunks she has, and what she will drink, would it be fair to ask someone, the Queen herself, her official spokesman, or anybody else's official spokesman, what the purpose of this visit is?

But on the front page of the *World*, and most other newspapers, is a detailed account of Marie's first day on shipboard, including the negligee she wore on going to her bath. When she lands, what price Queen Marie as an endorser of lipsticks, or a godmother to boudoir caps? The *World* editorial reveals a curiously detached attitude toward its own news activities, as if the diligent recording of unimportant details were a natural process which it can only wonder at but cannot control.

The other day a remarkable interview appeared on the front page of every newspaper served by the Associated Press. Its significance did not lie in the fact that in distributing it the Associated Press broke one of its own unwritten laws, not to send out interviews as news; nor in the fact that the little corps of Washington correspondents was stirred to its depths and greatly incensed that the President should give such an interview to a rank outsider, and an advertising man at that, instead of to a regular newspaper man with a union card and everything. No, the remarkable thing about it was that Bruce Barton took one of the sacred cows of journalism gently but firmly by the halter and led it out from the consecrated cowshed and turned it loose to graze among other contented cows in the pasture.

No cherished belief of journalism has been more sedulously cultivated than that people like to read about politics. All over our land newspapers have been christened 'The Democrat' or 'The Republican,' in the belief that their mission was to discuss politics, and they have continued to discuss politics until the cows came home. But Bruce Barton told the President that the people were not nearly so much interested in politics as the folks down at Washington thought, and that he would like to ask some of the questions the average American would ask if he were sitting there on the porch steps with such an opportunity to talk to the President. No newspaper man, and certainly no politician, would have dreamed of asking the President such questions. And it appears that Bruce Barton was right, and the politicians and political reporters were wrong. The public were more deeply moved to learn how the President did his shopping, or that when he was up home in the country he liked to putter around and fix the lock on the woodshed door, exactly as you or I, than to learn his views on Farm Relief or the World Court. In short, they were more interested in the President as a human being than as a politician or a statesman.

III

There is no implication in all this that newspapers should be more complaisant to bona fide commercial advertisers. On the contrary. A newspaper's value as an advertising medium is directly in proportion to the conscientiousness with which it discriminates between news and advertising. Its righteousness at a mere casual mention of an advertised article is contrasted with its liberality toward other classes of business enterprises which are just as commercial as soaps and cigarettes, though going under the name of sports or amusements. The names of many articles created by advertising have become household words. They have passed into the language. They appear familiarly in conversation. When they appear naturally in the news they are a part of the news. To omit them is a vain gesture. But the overplaying of certain phases of the news to the point of public surfeit, which results in publicity around certain people that can be and is a source of large profit, gives a suggestion of hypocrisy to the meticulous elision of a name which is already familiar to everyone because it has been made so in newspaper space paid for with cash.

But, at the best, that accidental publicity is at least the newspaper's own work. It has not been promoted by the beneficiaries. It is to them a gift of the gods. But there is another far too large volume of free publicity not so untainted. Its presence in newspaper columns snatches the last vestige of sincerity from an otherwise admirable newspaper ethic. This is the releases run at the request of business houses, corporations, public utilities, benevolent societies, theatrical managers, and many publicity-seeking individuals. The motive here is different. There is no circulation-building power in this stuff. It is the result of various forms of pressure brought to bear on the newspapers, ranging from the obvious tricks of the press agent to the more dignified and skillful technique of the public relations counsel.

The growth of this business is enlightening. In the early days of paid advertising it was customary for the advertiser to accompany his order for space with a few reprint stories about his product, which the newspaper was expected to run free as pure reading matter in return for the advertising patronage; and in most cases the newspaper did so. In those days advertising was largely patent medicines; the reprint told of miraculous cures, and some of the smaller newspapers carried columns of this stuff. Its value lay in the supposition that it was published spontaneously by the newspaper, but even in those days few people were so credulous as not to recognize these paragraphs for what they were. Most newspapers sandwiched them between news paragraphs, and readers soon learned to skip automatically.

A growing sense of fair play to the reader, and also a greater appreciation of the value of that commodity which a newspaper has to sell, — namely, advertising space, — led later to these reading notices being marked with an asterisk or the abbreviation 'adv.,' or to their being set in slightly different type. As paid advertising grew in volume, producing greater demands for free reading matter, the better newspapers became less and less compliant, and gradually these crude early efforts disappeared from the columns of any but the smallest and weakest newspapers. Tightening the lines provoked the seeker of free advertising to greater ingenuity. As the newspapers became more rigid in their limitations, a whole race of publicity men sprang up, whose ingenuity has up till now stripped off the editorial camouflage.

Gradually departments were added to the regular news layouts — books, amusements, sports, and later, more specifically, automobiles and radios. These pages are glorified advertisements, promoting the industry as a whole, and specifically boosting individual products inside these lines, discriminating against some classes of business in favor of others no more worthy. The cleavage in the newspaper mind is that the one contains nothing to interest the public and would therefore amount to free advertising, while discussion or promotion of the other makes circulation. If it also yields free advertising, that is unfortunate. These departments became the dumping ground of all the reprint publicity stuff in their respective categories, until the pressure became too great. Now such departments are conducted by a skilled advertising man disguised as a department editor.

The great industrial corporations and the public utilities, because of their size and their activities, were constantly getting into the news columns, and much that was written about them by reporters working from the outside was untrue, and much that was true was unpalatable. So it became the custom for some officer to give out to the press a carefully prepared statement, which at least presented the corporation's side of the matter. Sometimes these things were used as written; sometimes they were edited; and sometimes they were thrown into the wastebasket. Being prepared by amateurs, as far as any sense of news value was concerned, the only inducement the newspaper had to publish them was that they contained some real news which the rewrite man could handle better, or the obligation of the newspaper to that corporation was so great that it felt compelled to use the material.

Out of this situation — that is, the need of the corporations for an efficient spokesman, and the complacence of the newspapers in regard to matter which was really more or less advertising — has grown a new profession, that of the public relations counsel, generally spoken of as the publicity man. The publicity man is the old press agent with a high hat. The press agent grew out of the old advance agent of the circus or traveling theatrical company. It was his business to get free notices about his play or his star, and the childishly simple devices used in those days, such as the escape of a wild animal or the stealing of an actress's jewels, have become clichés. It was his job to find a story good enough to print which in some way brought in the show or actors that it was his business to exploit. Most newspapers ran a theatrical or dramatic column in which such stuff could be run and was run until the supply greatly exceeded the space of many columns, but it was the ambition of the press agent to get his story on the front page, and often he did so; and some were clever enough to make their stories real news. Many of the press agents were trained newspaper men with a sense of news value who knew how to write a story. They had the entry of the newspaper offices. They frequently sold their stories at space rates and collected at both ends. Not only actors, but steamships, hotels, summer resorts, public men, and philanthropic causes employed press agents, and still do; some of them are good and some are not, but they all flourish on the principle of getting something for nothing out of the newspapers.

But the public relations counsel operates on a much higher plane. His primary and original purpose was to edit the pronunciamentos which the corporation issued to the newspapers of the country in such a way that they would be palatable to the news editor. But he goes much further than that. As Ivy Lee put it, it is his business to advise his clients to such courses of action as will produce live news, and then of course see to it that no newspaper misses the news.

The technique of this kind of work was greatly improved by the war. It became a public duty to spread propaganda, and an immense amount of talent was available for the purpose. This experience and this talent have since found a profitable field in working for corporations instead of nations, with many new and tried devices at their disposal. Every drive that has run its course in the few years since the war, to raise money for various philanthropies, to build cathedrals, to endow colleges, to furnish funds to Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.'s, or the Salvation Army, or the Red Cross, has been planned and engineered by a publicity expert. Every line that has appeared in print, except a comparatively small amount of paid advertising, has appeared because of the newspaper's dilemma between its duty not to run advertising as news at the urgent appeal of a publicity expert and its uncertainty as to how much of this matter is real news or for the good of the public. At any rate it is safe to say that to all of these great funds that have been raised for various good purposes in the last few years the newspaper has been the largest actual contributor. Its name does not appear in the list of donors, but anyone who is used to buying newspaper space and paying for it can easily figure out the millions that have been donated to each one of these funds by the press of the United States.

IV

It would seem, then, that newspapers know nothing about advertising, that they are professionally oblivious of it. They throw free advertising about like drunken sailors. They allow columns to be 'wangled' through the wiles of the publicity man. They keep the professional advertising department walled up by itself, hedged in by an alleged code of newspaper ethics. When a single product that belongs in the advertising manager's domain leaks through into the news they eliminate it with gusto. When stories of advertising activities get into the news they handle them with a curious unfamiliarity. Apparently they know no more about the tremendous force they produce than the man who wired your house knows about electricity. If at an advertising convention something kind is said about newspaper advertising they give it space, but an advertising agent is called an 'advertiser,' and a telephone booth which transmits 'want ads' to newspapers is styled an 'advertising agency,' and all advertising is lumped together, without discrimination between the fake advertising of a bald-head cure and the constructive institutional advertising of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Apparently either kind is equally anathema. The advertising man wonders if other departments of human endeavor are as sketchily handled as his own appears to be, and it seems that they sometimes are.

I once wrote about this anomaly to the business manager of perhaps the greatest journal in the country — not because his paper was the most guilty, but because it was the most eminent. He pointed out that Henry W. Taft had made a similar charge about the handling of legal matters, but that it was impracticable for a newspaper to maintain a staff of experts. It must work with reporters and 'gradually build up the level of the news staffs to a point where anyone is a good general-news man, able to cover intelligently any story requiring ordinary information educated persons should possess; and where every reporter or desk man has in addition some special field of knowledge in which he is qualified and up to date. Then a newspaper would arrive at its desired goal, and its news columns would be read with interest by all persons and with respect by the expert.'

And yet an editor could, if he would, find under his own roof pretty fair knowledge of advertising. One New York newspaper maintains a staff of two hundred men to solicit advertising, but only about half of them are engaged in selling space. The remainder are busy studying advertising, digging up the facts upon which the solicitors depend for their selling story. But they never uncover the fact that the newspaper is constantly making various individuals rich with unearned publicity. It is a pity the city editor does not send one of his bright young men downstairs to interview the advertising manager. Instead the editor despises the business office and resents any attempt to bring pressure to bear on his news columns. The business manager might with greater justice take umbrage at the free gift of the very commodity he is employed to sell.

The object in playing up certain phases of the news is to secure more readers — readers making circulation, and circulation increasing advertising profits. When a piece of news breaks that the editor knows is good for this sort of treatment, he takes advantage of all his resources to make his presentation outshine the others and stimulate more sales. When the facts give out, as they often do, then recourse is had to more remote details, and each line of investigation is pushed to its ultimate paragraph.

Since this is done to attract more readers, the advertiser asks what sort of readers. People who read newspapers as 'escape' literature are worth less to him than the legitimate natural circulation. The motive that makes a man buy and read a particular paper is important to him, and since he supplies the profits that make the newspaper possible his view should be considered.

The best newspapers for the advertiser's purpose are those which best perform the function of a newspaper. Circulation secured by giving premiums is less desirable than straight circulation — that is, readers who buy the publication for its own sake. A premium is a gift to induce a man to subscribe. Many of the features used by newspapers to extend their circulation are nothing more or less than premiums. They are inducements outside the legitimate field of presenting the news. Comic strips, 'syndicate,' heart-to-heart talks, guessing contests, crossword puzzles, symposiums, articles alleged to have been written by channel swimmers, baseball players, prize fighters, mayors, and other stars of the day's sensational news, are all devices to induce the reader to read that particular paper, and do not strengthen the hold of the paper itself in its real character. A book given to secure a subscription is a premium. Certainly a serial story published in the columns of a newspaper differs only in degree, not in kind. In this category belong all stories of current happenings extended beyond their worth. They are premiums offered that portion of the public which cannot be induced to read the news.

This policy carried to its logical conclusion produces the tabloid. This peculiar apotheosis of the worst in modern journalism not only plays up the sensational news to the last shriek of 70-point Gothic headlines, but omits other kinds of news altogether. It is no more a newspaper than *Spicy Stories* is a newspaper. It adds a new tinge to the expressive word 'yellow.' And the tabloid, like the chart of a drunkard's stomach, serves the useful purpose of the horrible example, showing the legitimate newspaper where overplaying some phases of the news at the expense of others will lead it.

But neither æsthetics nor morals, good taste nor decency, enters into this discussion. The question is one of expediency. The best newspaper is the best advertising medium. If circulation is extended beyond legitimate demand, by abnormal, illegitimate expanding of certain phases of the news, or by creating features out of some of those phases, the advertiser is asked to pay for this new circulation at the same rate as for the old. Is it worth it? If featuring some news beyond its news value, sometimes beyond the public's patience, profits the beneficiaries, the regular cash customers of the papers are bound to feel unfairly treated, especially since the names of their products are given short shrift when they happen to turn up in the news. And most of these cash customers are uncomfortably aware that large amounts of free advertising are had for the asking, the asking being an organized industry in its own right. This is the dilemma of the newspaper from the advertiser's point of view: an enterprise which makes no profit on its product, but only on its by-product. The newspapers sell papers at a loss, advertising space at a profit, and give away publicity free.

V

Newspapers deserve a certain amount of sympathy in their complex problem of paid advertising and free publicity. Many new factors enter into it as a result of our peculiar civilization, so that it is no longer a simple matter to draw the hard and fast line.

One such factor is the devices for duplication, which add enormously to the power of advertising and furnish the machinery for capitalizing it. Two of these devices are the syndicate and the movie, which confer, among other things, the privilege of being in two places at the same time.

The venerable ex-President of Harvard and a popular moving-picture star died the same day. Dr. Eliot received a decent tribute from the newspapers, but Rudolph Valentino's passing was chronicled with a blazon of headlines and a fullness of detail once reserved for an assassinated President. This publicity had the logical result of stirring the herd mind, and the crowds descended on the funeral in droves. It used to be argued whether advertising created a demand or supplied one. It does both. The voluminous publicity produced a great outpouring of morbid curiosity, and the newspaper accounts of the manifestation of this curiosity added others to the mobs. The newspapers created the interest and then made news of the interest they created. Some of them showed editorial uneasiness at the disparity between the space accorded Dr. Eliot and the orgy of publicity spread out for Valentino. The uneasiness was confirmed by protesting letters from readers asking if this discrepancy was a measure of the respective values of the two men to our civilization, or even a just measure of the popular interest.

Dr. Eliot was the focus of a similar comparison some years ago — that time in comparison with a comic-strip artist. Some paragrapher proclaimed that Dr. Eliot, then President of Harvard, received $15,000 a year, but that Bud Fisher, creator of 'Mutt and Jeff,' received $150,000 a year, and wondered if that meant that Bud was worth ten times as much as Eliot. Among the comments on this was one which said that it meant just that: that Bud Fisher was ten times as valuable, worth ten times as much in our present civilization. What was overlooked was that these two men were not being compared on equal terms, even on a remuneration basis, since Bud Fisher had the advantage of a purely mechanical device denied to President Eliot, a device which multiplied him without effort or desert on his part, enabling him to be in more than one place at the same time and to earn his salary in each place. His income of $150,000 did not come from any one newspaper, but from a syndicate of newspapers; that is, he was worth $15,000 each to ten newspapers, or, as is probably the case, $1500 each to a hundred newspapers. If there were any arrangement or device or system whereby Dr. Eliot could have been president of ten universities, each paying $15,000, then he too could have earned $150,000 without doing any more work than he did to earn $15,000.

Dr. Eliot lost out in salary against the comic-strip artist and in réclame against the celluloid knight, not because 'Mutt and Jeff' and 'The Son of the Sheik' are greater services to mankind than turning freshmen into useful citizens, but because Dr. Eliot is denied the rubber-stamp publicity machine.

The moving picture is another and more remarkable instance of the effect that simultaneous duplication has on the earnings of certain stars, putting them in a class by themselves with remuneration out of all proportion to that of equally able talents in fields where power of being in two places at one time is denied. The public gasps at the profits of moving-picture stars, and is under the wrong impression that these stars earn those vast amounts of money, when as a fact they merely receive them because the original talent or gift or art or skill is mechanically multiplied.

When Douglas Fairbanks completes a film — of which he is author, producer, and star — the film is easily multiplied to any desired number of duplicates. After the film is completed Fairbanks has nothing further to do but blow about the world, enjoying columns of free publicity which increase the attendance at the ten thousand or more theatres at which 'The Black Pirate' is showing nightly. If it were possible to make only one original film, which then could be presented in but one theatre at a time, traveling from town to town as a theatrical company travels, and it still had at the end of its tour the same popularity, Doug would presumably receive the same money; but it would take ten or twenty years to complete the run and exhaust the earning power of that particular picture, whereas now, since a film can be multiplied indefinitely and shown simultaneously in just as many cities as desire to see it, the income that under normal conditions would cover the entire earning power of a man's life is received in a few months.

This duplication of result, without any increase of the original effort, is not confined to entertainment alone. It has made chain stores possible. Formerly a grocer, druggist, or tobacconist, no matter how successful, found his earnings confined to the capacity and potentiality of one store. Now his methods can be duplicated and applied to any number of stores. The initial experience, buying knowledge, stock arrangement, window dressing, advertising, training of clerks, can be set down, reduced to a system, and applied to other stores, under one management, and thus a single storekeeper receives the profits, not from one store, but from a thousand. To some extent the same phenomenon is being exhibited by the radio. A speaker who formerly could talk only to the capacity of one hall now talks to a nation. He too is able to be in more than one place at the same time, and the corresponding publicity value is infinitely greater. These factors help to make disproportionately profitable every word printed in newspapers about a person or thing able to capitalize such advertising on so vast a scale.

They give new meaning to the word 'publicity.'

Henry Ford owes, not his success, but the size of his success, largely to the newspapers. He has received the largest free advertising campaign of any one business man. He was in a position to realize on it. He is probably shrewd enough, if he had not been presented with his advertising, to have bought it as other manufacturers have done. But, starting early, when the motor car was live news, he occupied a unique position in the new industry, and he has kept that unique position and has always furnished good copy, which, coupled with the newspaper's policy to play up subjects of popular interest, has made it possible for Ford to spend a much smaller amount in advertising in proportion to the size of his business than any other motor-car manufacturer — or, for that matter, any manufacturer of any kind — and get practically one hundred per cent out of the free advertising.

It is not suggested that the newspapers could or should have handled such things differently. It is hard to determine what is news and what is not, and if the news makes a few people rich beyond calculation with the priceless gift of free publicity, that does not mean that the newspapers should confine themselves to dull topics. Yet one can think of other fields of endeavor which have equal interest, importance, and economic value to us, which receive scant consideration. One might ask why newspapers should give a page daily to organized baseball, from two to four pages to radio, as much to the motor car, at least a column daily to books and the theatre, and not have a page or two devoted, say, to electric utilities.

The American home is going to be transformed into an electrically motored, labor-saving housekeeping device by groups of men who are no more selfish in seeking their own profit than fight promoters or movie magnates. Their product is full of interest to us all, concerns our welfare deeply, and will have as far-reaching effect on the way we live as the Dempsey-Tunney slugging match or the Ford tractor. The combined electrical interests are planning to spend seventy million dollars in the next ten years to put electric refrigerators, toasters, coffee percolators, bread mixers, hair curlers, heating pads, sadirons, and vacuum cleaners into American homes, to take the place of and render unnecessary the 'help' that no longer exists. Is it not a subject of importance? Is it not full of human interest? Could it not be featured? True, it would not sell papers, as do the details of Babe Ruth's life, or the fact that Ford pays a week's wages for five days' work. But that is poor consolation for those who live by selling electric utilities instead of baseball or flivvers. Why are not the newspapers moved with one accord to exploit such fields of gainful endeavor on their inherent interest? For one reason, lack of a personality around which to build up their features. Henry Ford, Thomas Edison, Charlie Chaplin, Tex Rickard, Edward Bok, Red Grange, Suzanne Lenglen, Babe Ruth, Irving Berlin, Queen Marie, are all good copy. It is incidental, as far as the newspaper is concerned, that using them for copy presents advertising to the gainful industries with which they are associated.

The newspaper believes that men are not born with an interest in electric utilities. Neither are they born with an interest in baseball. The public concern with certain phases of life has been developed by exhaustive treatment in the news columns. That interest was put there by the newspapers, the same powerful force that has sold so many things to us in paid space. But the paying advertiser is greatly handicapped by the high cost of the space he buys. He cannot do things on the Tex Rickard scale.

Given enough advertising, the public can be interested in anything — especially the American public, already so standardized, so herd-minded, that it is timid about doing or wearing or liking anything that is not endorsed by the crowd. How many of the 60,000 at the World Series, or the 150,000 at Tex Rickard's show, or the hordes that are packing the college stadia, care that much for baseball, or prize fights, or football, and how many go only because they learn from the newspapers that they are supposed or expected to care? It is a hundred years since Edmund Burke christened the newspapers the 'Fourth Estate,' and Napoleon said that four hostile newspapers were more to be dreaded than an army. The power of the press was puny then compared with the mighty engine of publicity we have to-day, an engine which is apparently getting out of control. Like the fisherman in the Arab tale, the newspapers have opened the bottle; they are appalled by the djinni that has come out, the djinni of publicity, with vast powers for good or evil; they do not know how to control it, what to do with it, or even how to coax it back into the bottle.

A MODEST PROPOSAL

BY A PROGRESSIVE MILITARIST

'The readiness is all'

I

It has become a commonplace to say that no very sharp distinction can any longer exist between military and civilian populations in war. Whereas wars were formerly fought out between armies in well-defined local campaigns, and the civilian population went unmolested about its usual business, except as a city might be beleaguered or a district ravaged, the present age has seen a transformation in the practice of war which has done away with most of the difference between the combatant and what used to be called the noncombatant. A nation now goes to battle entire, from president to shopgirl. Indeed the shopgirl is a valuable recruit. In off hours it is her function to fold bandages or to peddle government bonds. The factory worker is even more essential. From him proceeds the supply of munitions and clothing to the armies. And not alone the laboring, but the professional classes, the men and women of wealth, even the boys and girls, throw themselves into the contest. They provide food for the soldiers in the lines by raising community gardens; they nurse or entertain the wounded at home, in hospitals, or abroad; they heap up stores of projectiles and explosives for the troops at the front. 'The dividing line between soldiers and civilians,' declares a recent writer, 'which wore perilously thin in the last war, will vanish altogether in the next great war; because from the military standpoint there is no great difference between the soldier who wields the weapon and the woman who makes it. Killing or wounding either is a handicap to the enemy; and to handicap the enemy is one of the immediate ends of war.'

To strike thus at an enemy in his most vital organs, the centres of industry that produce his military supplies, or to break down his resistance by terrorizing helpless cities, will certainly be one of the most ardently pursued objects of future attack. For it will be possible, as military writers have taken pains to inform us, to carry battle far behind and beyond the formal lines. Railroads, ammunition dumps, or densely populated cities may be bombed with high explosives or lethal gases. Where bombing is considered uncertain of success, or after it has prepared the way, the vast flotillas of airplanes which the science of a few more years will put at the service of progressive military states will be able to land at crucial points bodies of troops sufficient to destroy the productiveness of essential industrial areas. The effect of such methods of attack upon what has hitherto been the unarmed population of our cities must be obvious. Major General Sir George Aston, writing in the *Nineteenth Century and After* several years ago, made the following declaration of faith: —

'I believe that any great industrial nation acting upon the principles of Clausewitz and the German War Book would be able, within a few hours of the order being given, to devastate whole cities with poison gas and explosives in any foreign country within petrol radius of aircraft. I believe further that there would be no adequate "defense" against such danger. Anti-aircraft guns could not give sufficient protection, and defending aircraft could not always be in the right place.'

In this plight, General Aston can offer the noncombatant small comfort. 'The whole civilian population,' he declares, 'is exposed to immediate and direct attack by nations which place no limit upon violence in conducting war.'

In the light of such sentences may we not revise the commonplace with which we began — that in future wars there will be little or no distinction between combatant and noncombatant — and supplant it with a statement more significant? We may say that armed forces, in large or small numbers, and armed, indeed, with the most efficient and destructive weapons of modern warfare, will be brought directly against people ordinarily without arms and without military training. When bombs fall in city streets we must be prepared not to inquire too closely what has become of our children, if they chance to be missed — unless, indeed, we are singularly free from that anxiety for their preservation which parents are supposed to feel; or unless — and here we strike the note of genuine importance — a system of training can be devised which will make such abrupt losses less injurious to the normal emotional balance. It is a system of training which, it is believed, would include this among its other effects that it is the business of this treatise to urge upon the country.

I do not know whether General Aston is right in thinking that no defense can be adequate against attacks from the air as they will be conducted in the future. It would seem at least that the military protection of our cities in the wars that yet lie upon the lap of fate must be extraordinarily subtle and far-reaching. Perhaps in some not too remote conflict city dwellers, from grandmothers to schoolchildren, will all be provided with gas masks and go about armed with hand grenades, lest they might encounter some division of the enemy newly landed from the air.

But I must leave all discussion of purely military defense to the able and unflinching minds of experts. The consideration which I take for my province will suffer much less at the hands of an amateur, and yet its importance must be instantly evident to all seriously minded men. I strongly feel that a new and universal conception of morale must begin to take root in the public consciousness before we can boast anything like intelligent preparation for modern war. It is upon this notion of morale, and the means of arriving at it, that I wish to throw some light. Its high importance, on military grounds alone, not to mention any other, may be derived from good military authority. Let me quote the words of Major General Sir Frederick Maurice, sometime Chief of Field Operations of the Imperial General Staff of Great Britain: —

'In future wars the prime object of the contending nations will not be the destruction of the opposing forces, but what the Germans call the will to victory of the opposing peoples. The immense extent of the increase of the zone of danger due to the introduction of aircraft has, it is generally admitted, brought the civilian population into a jeopardy almost, if not quite, as great as that which confronts those who bear arms. The morale of the nation is therefore likely to be as important a factor in war as the morale of armies has always been. The defeat of the enemy's main forces, hitherto held to be the first aim of strategy, becomes only a means to an end which may be obtained without those means. For a people may find the continuance of war to be intolerable.'

General Maurice's last sentence would of course be obviated by a right system of training, for training and habit are sufficient to inure men to any condition, and even to bring a degree of satisfaction in it. During the years since the World War some, if insufficient, attention has been given to preparing the nation for the struggles of the future by revising and developing its military equipment in the light of the lessons and innovations of recent history. But it is remarkable that neither our own nor any other country seems to have considered how the problem of preparing those who are to fight the next wars has changed with the changing methods and incidence of modern warfare. Indeed the failure to conceive of even the existence of such a problem seems almost complete. Officers of the army, with experience of war and the fresh memory of what must be accomplished to convert a peaceful into a military people, do not spare urging universal service upon us or recommending military camps for students and military courses for colleges throughout the land. But the truth is that universal military training for males of an age to bear arms, even if it were feasible in this country, would not touch the heart of our problem at all. At best it would provide us with a vast body of troops at a time when armies equipped to fight on the battlefield promise to play a subordinate part in military conflicts. And the able-bodied male of an age to bear arms can always, although the task is arduous, be prepared for war.

Our problem is much more serious. It is nothing less than to bring up abreast of the trained military class what has hitherto been the unarmed and unexposed horde of noncombatants. Women, children, workers, old men, and grandmothers — these too must be prepared for the direct acts of combat which will be brought against them in the next war. We cannot, after all, leave them to die in their blood, even if we would. They are necessary to the armies in the field, necessary to the nation's will to victory. If we are to face the problem of preparation for future warfare they must be trained to bear their full part both in morale and in the actual conflict. And if imagination is beggared by the scope of this task, it had best lose itself in the practical effort to accomplish whatever can be accomplished of such a Cyclopean labor. For, if no effort should be made, it might prove, as General Maurice has threatened, that war will become intolerable.

II

Obviously the study of means to prepare an entire industrial, professional, and domestic society for the extreme unction of modern warfare is an infinitely subtle and exhaustive inquiry. Such a study would formulate a programme for the fit training of all trades, all classes, all citizens of whatever age or degree of helplessness. For, since military writers have assured us that all classes must expect direct acts of combat, it will be at evident peril that any group of our people should be left unprepared to meet the tests which even now are incubating in the dark womb of the future.

To our children, it will be generally agreed, the first care should be given. If it is considered a crime to send into the trenches troops improperly equipped or too briefly instructed and disciplined in the use and understanding of their weapons, is it not a more surpassing crime to pit children, easily bewildered and frightened by so small a mishap as a bloody head, against the effects of high explosives or of lethal gases such as may be employed in attacks from the air? If practical limits did not forbid, training for war ought to begin during gestation, or, at the latest, in the cradle. Otherwise, merely by bringing babes into the world, we shall be opposing the most unarmed and defenseless of all populations against the most destructive and terrifying weapons of war. Quite literally — and a worse military principle cannot be imagined — we shall be throwing into battle our most precious untrained troops, from whom the country's future legions must some day be recruited, without so much as a gas mask or a trench helmet for their protection. Consider how we might mollify the shame of launching our babes into the world unable to use so much as a finger in their own defense, if we could only give them military capacity with their milk, or make their rattles and teething rings an initiation into war! But thought pines in vain after such expedients.

What might be done to start our children on the road to preparation for war from the time when they first put their innocent lips to the breast, I have neither the will nor the space to discuss here. Indeed it will be impossible even to attempt to outline a comprehensive training for what would formerly have been the noncombatant population against the dangers to which the future will expose it. I mean only to suggest one or two measures which seem likely to be of particular importance and value in cultivating the national morale to meet the changing demands of warfare. These measures, in any complete, coherent scheme, might be the last instead of the first stones in the arch. They would certainly be introduced only after many simpler rudimentary exercises and instructions had been mastered by the citizen. But I hope that they may stand as a thoughtful contribution to progress in the national preparation for war, especially in the vital point of morale.

The first of the measures I have to suggest is a direct attempt to strengthen the emotions of the weaker part of our population against what are called the horrors of war. It is this character of frightfulness in warfare which is, of course, the cause of the strain that is put upon morale — the cause, indeed, of the existence of that quality. It is proper, therefore, that frightfulness should be first met in considering the problem of the will to victory.

War differs from sport largely in aiming to produce fatalities as its grand purpose and object. If a cultivated foreigner, who, by some chance, did not know by what means war is carried on among civilized nations, were to watch a battalion of soldiers practising the bayonet exercises or popping at each other with blank cartridges in a sham battle, he might be excused for supposing that some elaborate kind of game was going on, especially if he knew the seriousness with which Americans take what it pleases them to call their relaxation. Of course a military camp where soldiers are being trained for the front simulates as well as it can the actual conditions of the battlefield. Trenches are dug, smoke screens conceal the movements of troops, and gas masks are donned at the appointed signal. This employment of a *mise en scène* is no doubt of value; but it is a poor substitute for the frank and violent touch of reality. The skin is there, but the entrails are lacking; and a true battle, it must be confessed, is not a little brazen in its unmasking of the entrails. I have not heard that in a military camp the field is left littered with the dead, blackened by mustard gas, or with those even more disturbing corpses that have not yet yielded up the ghost, but lie kicking and writhing with truncated limbs, and screaming for the touch of mercy. It is granted, of course, that men who pass the tests of admission into the army can be trained to meet these scenes without previous experience of them, although even men so selected are not so ready for the horrors of war as to accept them with the efficiency which complete coolness would make possible. But I am thinking of our enormous civilian population, or — to use the obsolete yet convenient word — the noncombatants. Surely the same cannot be expected of this vast division of the people, and we must earnestly fear for the effect of future wars upon their morale unless a way can be found in advance of hardening their sensibilities to the scenes they will be called upon to endure.

The problem at first sight appears a difficult one. It is hard to see how familiarity with frightfulness could be provided for the education of the people without also providing the tragedies to which it is due. It would be foolish, of course, however gladly our people would give their lives to their country, to call upon large numbers of them to make the supreme sacrifice at a time when that sacrifice would not be compensated by a corresponding loss to some enemy. Yet, without risk to the citizen's life, how can he be trained to regard philosophically the disconcerting spectacle which is caused by the loss of life in great numbers and by revolting means? Thorny the problem seems indeed, at a casual view. Yet I do not believe it incapable of solution. I think that an expedient may be found to inure our people to the horrors of warfare without resorting to the actual practice of them — at least upon the citizens themselves.

My plan owes its force to the fact that shells eviscerate and frightfulness disfigures not only men but animals. Anyone who has seen, in reality, or in representation by photograph or cartoon, a landscape ravaged by artillery fire, in which horses and other live stock have not escaped the destruction which had man for its chief object, must be conscious of the depressing influence which animals of large bulk exert on the mind when they lie about dismembered or disemboweled. Looking at such a spectacle, one could hardly help reflecting that it provides an opportunity to experiment in the emotional effects of war without its dangers. Soldiers indeed have mentioned the inconvenience to the feelings of walking about among bits of animal flesh and hair displayed on walls, barbed wire entanglements, or other lodging places. That they overcome this inconvenience may be guessed from impressions of the campaign of General Sherman in Georgia. We are told that the invading Yankees distressed the citizens of that state by popping their guns all day long at cows, pigs, fowl, or any living thing which had the misfortune to show itself before the sights of the troopers' guns. If this is true, why may we not suppose that nonchalance in the presence of animals that have been subjected to shell fire is a real, if incomplete, preparation for unconcern in the presence of human beings exposed to the same trial?

The test would be severe, I confess, if our women and children shared in the bombing. The sight could not be accepted easily. Perhaps no expedient could be devised which would adequately prepare the mind for it. But some step ought certainly to be taken to fit a civilian population for its new prominence in the theatre of war, and I am doing the utmost that a citizen can do in recommending the measures which have occurred to me as most efficient and practicable. All things cannot be expected of the best of plans, and there must be a residue of endurance for the occasion itself to call forth. But what can be done to reduce this residue to its lowest terms, and thus enlarge the factor of safety in morale, I have been at utmost pains to discover and urge upon my countrymen.

My plan, then, briefly outlined, is this. The country would be divided by the General Staff into military districts, and in each district a battle area would be designated. At stated periods, each district would provide a number of horses bearing a proportion to the numbers of its population. I choose horses as the animals most fitting to the scene of war, as they are still employed for reconnoitring movements, for drawing gun carriages, and for other honorable military labor to which machines have not yet proved adaptable. The horses would be mobilized at a concentration camp, and on given days the people of the district would be called out according to mobilization orders and would proceed to the designated battle area. The artillery would then be directed against the animals, which would be enclosed in the area. The citizens would march in ranks behind the advancing wave of shell fire, and would observe its effects. They would be furnished with hand grenades to destroy any of the animals who might escape the projectiles hurled by the artillery. Hand grenades are recommended instead of rifles because their effects are more in accordance with the emotional results which it is desired to produce, and because it seems likely that foot troops will be armed more and more exclusively with them in the future rather than with guns alone, the destructive powers of the grenades being greater and more violent. Children could participate in the exercise as far as was thought advisable by the military authorities, and might thus gain their first acquaintance with the phenomena of war in the steadying company of their elders, and perhaps buoyed up by the fine stimulation of martial music.

I am able to see only two objections to this plan, and I should like, if possible, to obviate them, as I am convinced of its usefulness, and believe that it deserves the immediate attention of the country. The first objection is that our stock of horses would be rapidly exhausted if the plan were put into execution, and a noble animal made extinct. In this I do not at all concur. I am not able to see that man is in any danger of extinction from war, and while horses in their present numbers would be put to a disproportionate strain by the conscription which I propose for them, they would soon be raised in vast quantities to meet the annual demand for their consumption. Would the herds of cattle which now thunder on our Western plains ever have come into existence if our expanding population had not caused an economic demand for them? In the same way, if a people has been decimated by war, do the mothers and fathers of the country give up producing population? Rather they at once set about repairing the damage done by the guns and providing material to be consumed by another generation of artillery. Far from destroying the horse as a species, the expedient I suggest would be the very means of encouraging its cultivation in the largest possible numbers. War requires multiplication before there can be destruction. Populations must grow before they can be deflowered by conflict. I believe that if my plan were adopted our wayside farms and highways, which have lost a note of nobility in the gradual disappearance of so fine an animal as the horse, would again rejoice in the full-blooded, nervous life of those admirable creatures, again resound with the gallop of hoofs, and toss with the splendor of careless manes and sensitive, proud heads.

The second objection which might be offered against my proposal is a fancied barbarity in it. But from this I instantly dissent. Shall we forbid the destruction of the horse by organized means and for a well-conceived end, and allow the destruction of that even more delicate animal, man, whom it has taken an infinitely longer and more precarious course of evolution to produce, and for whom the instinctive faith of the ages declares that the earth and its other creatures were created? To state such a conception is at once to absolve my scheme of the charge of barbarity. Yet it should be pointed out that it is precisely the characteristic of war to deprive us of what we hold most precious, and if this conscription of the horse were to awaken us once more to the beauty and value of the animal, we should be additionally prepared by its loss to face even more severe losses in a time of national danger.

Again, conscientious opinion has decided that vivisection for the purpose of medical progress is a humane act. A precise analogy is presented by my scheme for the use of horses to prepare our people for war. A scheme which intensifies the national morale is the exact counterpart of a serum which prevents a devastating epidemic. What nation-wide plague could be comparable in its effects to the loss of the will to victory, which might cost us the staggering price of defeat, or result in the danger threatened by General Maurice, that war may become intolerable? A plan which would serve in any way to prevent such a disaster is justified on the highest ethical grounds.

It might be argued, indeed, that, far from being too barbarous for a civilized state to undertake, the project I suggest is too mild to be of any effect. The Spaniards, it might be said, do as much in sport, pitting the bull instead of the field gun against the horse, and even against man himself, the object being the same as in my plan — that is, to observe the results of tossing and goring. Yet I believe that the feelings of soldiers and the testimony of our common imagination as human beings are sufficient evidence that my proposal would be of real help in preparing an unwarlike population for frightfulness.

III

We have now found means of inoculation against the horrors of warfare, considered emotionally. But I am of the opinion that the preparation of a democratic people for war will be incomplete and liable to shipwreck when tested by the facts unless it is carried out to the ultimate trial which war can exact. This trial is the hand-to-hand combat.

We have seen the dangers to which cities and industrial centres will be exposed through bombing and through the landing of troops in raiding parties or even in large bodies in the rear of the battle lines by fleets of airplanes used for transport. Not every city can be protected by a garrison sufficient to repel such attacks if men are to be maintained at the front in the usual numbers. But it would be unthinkable to abandon all attempts at resistance, to relinquish our strongholds and sources of supply without so much as a contrary effort! If this is true, the population which will be left in our cities ought to be prepared to oppose the enemy. And in such an event the value of training in hand-to-hand combat, in resistance to the last torn fibre of flesh and nerve, is obvious.

The difficulty appears when we begin to see the difference between direct fighting, man to man, in war, and all other degrees and types of contest of which the public has any experience or can form any idea. Perhaps we can arrive at the matter most simply and immediately by glancing at a few words from a *Manual of Military Training*, a work designed for the use of young reserve officers, by Colonel Moss and Major Lang of the United States Army. The authors are speaking of bayonet fighting, and of course I must leave the technical education of the people in military exercises and use of their weapons to the experts, who are equipped to deal with the problems offered by such training. I cite the *Manual* only for the light it may throw on morale, believing that this is a study not yet sufficiently explored by experts to make the tentative investigations of the layman of no avail. Bayonet fighting of course disregards æsthetic and moral restraints, since its object is to dispose of the enemy's life by the most effective and the promptest means. 'The principles of sportsmanship and consideration for your opponent,' say the authors of the *Manual*, 'have no place in the practical application of this work. To finish an opponent who hangs on,' they further advise, 'or attempts to pull you to the ground, always try to break his hold by driving the knee or foot to his crotch and gouging his eyes with your thumbs.'

A good deal of thoughtless criticism has been visited upon these words, which indeed seem to occur only in a two-volume work of the title given above, and to be absent from other manuals, or forms and editions of the manual, which bear Colonel Moss's name as author or collaborator. The official book of instructions of the Army, published by the United States, is a model of delicacy on the point in question, and gives no hint that bayonet fighting is other than a formal and rather dull ceremonial of thrusts and parries, carried out according to a sportsmanlike etiquette. But why should reticence be required of a writer on this valuable subject which touches the public interest so nearly? The words of Colonel Moss and Major Lang merely express without affectation, but with a perfect regard for decency, what is necessary to be done in war. It is idle to expect men engaged for their lives to observe too great a nicety in the parts of the body which they find it convenient and effective to attack, or in the means used to attack them. It is well for the country to believe that its general policy obeys the rules of international law, rules which soar far above the range of such practical movements of the foot or the thumbs as the *Manual* describes; but it is not well for citizens who may be objects of attack to imagine that the fig leaf is any fit symbol for the thick of the fight, or that a ritual of decorum is solemnized in each blow and counter. To allow such ignorance is to encourage weakness and laxity, and a state of supine dullness which could only be regarded as a serious danger to the national morale.

The armies, of course, learn soon enough to knee a crotch or to gouge an eye with the proper degree of efficiency and impersonal skill. But again I wonder about the civilians. What of our old men? What of our factory workers who have had no experience of trench life or of military discipline? What of our women and children? I am afraid that any course except a real acquaintance with such combat will leave the inhabitants of our cities defenseless against any vigorous attack to which they may be subjected.

Let us imagine the events of such an attack. The enemy first bombards from the air to hit such of his objectives as he can and to lay a foundation of terror to expedite more detailed work when he descends to the ground. Then the troops enter the streets. The untrained citizens cower helplessly in corners or snatch up weapons as futile as the sword of Priam against Pyrrhus. They are butchered or herded harmlessly out of the way, and the city is lost. Once let the enemy disable the cities which are the nerve centres of industry, and the best armies in the world will throw down their rifles for lack of ammunition or rot miserably in the field from starvation. It behooves us then to consider whether by any device we can prepare our 'noncombatants' for the final exigency of personal combat. Failing to solve this problem, we must confess that we have carried the task of preparing the nation for war but little farther than it stood when we took it up. All other progress will be worth the effort only if this greatest need is adequately met.

Again at first sight the problem seems impossible of solution. And it offers, beyond doubt, more serious obstructions than the aspect of frightfulness which we met by suggesting the use of horses to inure our people to the emotional inconveniences of war. It will not do to propose the revival of gladiatorial games. It was not the gladiators who made a conquering nation of the Romans, and if we may judge by the analogy of a contemporary prize fight, many a bawling tradesman watched them who would not have changed his seat in the amphitheatre for their bloody stance before the lions if the throne of the Cæsars had been his reward. No, the problem is not easily solved. But, in a finite and perilous existence, dangers and difficulties which threaten life itself are dissolved — as they are called into being — unexpectedly, and by circumstances or lucky thoughts which change the face of the world in the twinkling of an eye, and seem to accomplish the impossible. If one lesson emerges from the experience of all mankind alike, it is not to despair too early. Even this problem may find an adequate answer; and indeed I am about to suggest one which, after long consideration, seems to me not unsatisfying. If others agree with this conclusion, the country may well congratulate itself on possessing the power to train its citizens for the last test which warfare can exact of them.

When I outlined my plan for the conscription of horses, I was able to propose a scheme which had the great advantage of not wasting human life. And in this instance, too, I hope to avoid wasting human life, according to any farsighted understanding of the term 'waste.' I cannot, however, see that injury and suffering for brief periods may be escaped, though they are such as any citizen, especially that class of citizens which I have in mind, would be glad to endure for the country, and would welcome, I feel sure, if he thought that as a result of his fortitude the people would be better prepared to preserve the safety and glory of the nation in war. My scheme, again briefly outlined and left for wiser heads to elaborate in detail, follows.

It must be accepted as axiomatic that no substitute for actual fighting can be adequate to the case. This principle understood, I propose that a retiring age adapted to the purposes of my plan be established for all officers of the regular army except those of the General Staff and such others as may be useful for service at an advanced age. Retired officers automatically become eligible to be called out for service as objects for the practice of the citizens in disposing of the enemy according to the methods described in the *Manual of Military Training.* The full significance of this scheme may not at once appear; but, let it be adopted, and I promise that our wives and striplings will soon be able to knee a crotch or gouge an eye as effectively as only the privileged veteran can under the present plan.

A word in explanation of my system. I choose officers for two reasons: the first, that they are the instructors in military training and therefore the stronger in self-command and the more expert in defense; the second, that men do not usually enlist for life, and that a man who remains a private at the retiring age, while he may be of use in war, is hardly to be trusted in the difficult and responsible exercise which I propose. Again there would be stated periods for the citizens to present themselves at the battle areas of the various military districts, and, for periods of time which would be agreed upon by the military authorities, they would fight one by one with the officers, doing their utmost to dispatch them, either by weapons, or by gouging and kicking, or by whatever methods occurred to them before the concluding signal brought the bout to an end. The duties of the officer would be to arouse in the citizen the desire to kill,[1] and to compel the most furious use of all the citizen's powers and resources of combat. But no officer would ever injure by more than a casual bruise any citizen with whom he was engaged, as the citizen is the soldier of the future, and his life must be protected. Fighting only on the defense, and inspired by the pride of his profession, which would remove any temptation for the officer to make the citizen's work easy, and so to expire before he had served his country to the utmost, we might reasonably expect that one officer would last out as many as twenty short bouts with men, and a good many more with women and children, before becoming useless for further practice. In this way we could hope that there would be enough officers to supply most of the population other than the bedridden and the males eligible for service at the front.

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[1] 'The inherent desire to fight and kill must be carefully watched for and encouraged by the instructor.' Moss and Lang, *Manual of Military Training,* Vol. I.

It may shock some readers that I should think of including women in this exercise. But I do not see that they should be deprived of any legitimate means of learning to protect themselves, such as this experience would provide. Indeed, it is the problem of the unarmed population, of whom women form the part most in need of military instruction, which we have all along been endeavoring to study. Consider the value of a few such contests as I have described to a woman who wished to defend herself against the attentions which might be offered her by some visiting member of the enemy's troops. There are always some women to whom the proximity of soldiers offers professional opportunities, whether they wear the uniforms of the enemy or of the native cause. Others, of greater social restraint, but perhaps of similar inclinations, may ask, as did the Turkish ladies in the battle described by Lord Byron,

> Wherefore the ravishing did not begin!

But still others would prefer death to such thoughts, and suffer a thousand torments rather than contemplate such acts. These are the women whom, I imagine, most of the masculine sex would consider examples of the first principle of feminine virtue. Why then deny them the right to defend for themselves their title to the respect of society and the approbation of its male members? They are likely to need all possible powers of self-protection if the predictions of experts about the warfare of the future have any meaning.

If I were asked to argue in support of my proposal, its merits would seem so obvious to me that I should stammer out the least evident and the least commendable first. Yet it is a real merit. Since all officers who reached the retiring age would automatically be destroyed, it would not be possible to reward their services with pensions. Most of them would be unlikely to have dependents at the age to which they would have attained; any surviving widows could not be expected to survive long. Thus a small but ponderable item of the vast bill of expense which is one of the chief inconveniences of war would be canceled outright.

For the rest, the officers would be glad, I am sure, to lay upon the altars of their country this last holy sacrifice of their lives, which they stand always ready to give in war, and which there is no reason to suppose they would withhold in peace. And I am not sure that the occasions on which the lives of so many brave men were consummated would be wholly unconnected with the more tender feelings. Fancy can picture some of the appropriate ceremony which the emotions of the people would suggest to close the scene. When the lust of battle had subsided, and the sacred thought that what they had done was for the country's good had found its way into the minds of the citizens, they would feel the solemn responsibility which their acts entailed. An hour of grief and consecration like that after a great war would ensue.

Reverently and gently the bleeding remains would be gathered together (here our stretcher-bearers and field-hospital units might obtain useful practice) and laid upon catafalques draped with the country's flags. To the flags would be pinned the medals and decorations for valor which any of the dead officers had received. As the sobbing concourse of people marched behind, a low, keening thrill of military music would usher the faithful soldiers to their last bivouac. The catafalques would move forward to a stadium or open-air theatre near which ground would be dedicated to serve as the last resting place of the dispatched heroes. But before the rows of open graves with their barrows of loose earth were leveled above the dead, the people would take their places on the seats of the stadium to become spectators of the final sacred rites of commemoration and respect. On the stage or field in view of the vast and solemn audience, the next of kin to the dead officers would form a queue, and marching forward in triumphant line, each would receive a pin or decoration recognizing for the country their loss and their loyalty. If the mother of any officer were still alive, how tenderly the hands of willing supporters would guide her to the place where the President of the Republic, the Chief of Staff, or some other notable official stood, that she might hear his words of comfort with a trembling smile, bravely fighting back her tears and shining with a more than earthly pride. Surely some badge of especial distinction would be reserved for such an one!

At last the national anthem would be solemnly sung by all the multitude with bared heads, and some venerable minister of the Gospel, raising his hands in trembling benediction, would offer thanks to God in the name of the people of the country for the lives and examples of the brave men ranged on their biers beneath his outstretched palms.

'O God, the Father of all mercies,' he might proclaim, 'we thank thee for thine everlasting beneficence. It has pleased thee to set us in a world where he that comes with a sword comes often in thy name; but, placing us amid war and peril, thou hast given us such men as lie here, who counted death in thy cause better than life in any other. They died lest one of thy little ones or the mothers of thy lambs should be lacking in the preparation meet and necessary for war. They have laid upon their countrymen the obligation of being ready to follow in their footsteps, as all followers of thy son Jesus Christ should not shrink if thy call leads them to the crown of martyrdom. Grant that the lives of these men shall not be wasted. Grant that we may learn the lessons they strove to teach. Continue to bless our glorious land. May our people obey thy laws and carry thy message to all the earth. May they prosper and enjoy thy favor for as long as nations shall endure or peoples bow beneath thy throne. Cease not to bless us with men of such courage and ideals. Comfort the hearts that have sacrificed them to thy glory and their country's might by the mysterious workings of thy peace. Amen.'

MY AMERICAN WIFE

A SAGA OF TO-DAY

BY CARL CHRISTIAN JENSEN

I

Before our college days Margaret brought me up along with the children. I have before me a picture of our oldest, among twenty-one other American boys and girls — strains of fifteen nations and a dozen creeds and races in a Manhattan schoolroom. Indian, Negro, and Turkish offspring happen to be in the group; likewise remnants of four ancient cultures: Hindu, Jewish, Christian, Moslem. For years these twenty-two American children have been moulded there. Their social growth has been so gradual that they are unaware of ever having been brought up. And, despite their vastly varied background, they have melted into a national type unknowingly. But I was *aware* — though there was no tempest in the melting pot — when that boy of mine was being brought up; and more so, even, when I myself was. For I was of age when my social growth suddenly started.

For twenty years I had been alone, a self-sufficient child and youth, hiding myself among mature men, never confiding in anybody, and, therefore, never getting quite hatched, socially. I was mulish when others led me. For I was a leader — not of others, but of myself.

The warm contacts of childhood and adolescence I never knew. My years at child labor in Denmark were secluded, though not at all tedious. I was always capable of entertaining myself: by watching my fingers make and break things; by letting my senses — they were animal in purity — snatch whiffs of beauty out of mother earth; by talking to myself.

My years at sea I also lived alone: in the stokehold, fighting the fires; in the forecastle, reading the Bible and a thousand novels; on shore leave, sightseeing. I liked my own company immensely, and lived aloof. Yet I was not a snob or a sissy. In tropical gales I was sensuous, or when I watched the galloping paws of the engine. My mates had other tastes. Twice they joshed me; and on these two occasions I was 'sociable' in the manner of a sailor. For both times I made a wager — and both times I won — that I could drink any of them under the table. After the first spree — that took place at a coal pier in Baltimore before I was seventeen — I even leaped overboard for a swim. Baltimore beer was the first medium, and Jamaica rum the second. To be frank, I lost my dignity after the second spree by poking my head through too small a porthole — 'to watch a shark,' I told the stokers later — and finding myself thoroughly trapped. The 'sociable' ones of the crew did their best, hauling at my legs, before the Chief came to my rescue with chisel and hacksaw.

My child life in the new world was dizzy with wonders — a full and fast and friendless life. I learned to speak American, and I learned to earn a living. But no kin shared my hopes; no friends could I confide in; no homes sheltered me; nobody recognized me. I was alone like Adam and Crusoe — on an isle of three million people.

But I was not lonesome. I loved myself too well for that, though my point of view was not toward my own image — that came later as one of the means of finding myself. I cannot remember many Narcissus delights. But how I did love a chat with myself! My tongue and eyes were my pals. They entertained me.

I was so self-sufficient that my love of life even made me shun sleep. Sleep was dank death; for I never dreamed. That also came later. I lay awake, purposely, far into the night, for the sublime joy of living an extra hour. In the dark I saw too much and too little. My eyes stroked the inner walls of their lids and sockets with various speeds and curves and pressures, etching a hieroglyphic shorthand — my private history — into the tissue.

My tongue was like a revivalist, stretching a sleek body forward and recoiling; stamping on the floor, and hammering on the pulpit; running from wall to wall, and from platform to door; leaping clear to the roof in ecstatic frenzy. It was a revival that lifted me out of languorous sleep and back to things my eyes etched into their lids and sockets — almost as in my first bed in the room above the maker of wooden shoes. I dozed off to death when I kept those eyes of mine steady, and also when I opened the lids in the dark. For then the world vanished. My eyes could no longer 'feel.' Where, then, was I?

Alone, a society of one, I climbed the tree of knowledge, straddling on its branches. At Cooper Union applied as well as pure science allured me. And art also. When I beheld an artist make dry-point etchings, my fingers itched to dig their own story into copper. My fingers also itched to revive dead dynamos, and likewise to juggle symbols of electrical theorem.

Yet a prime problem always faced me — to keep myself alive. I climbed alone, a blank asocial animal-man, willing to eat and to love in such a manner that neither I myself nor my neighbor objected. That is to say, willing to curb an eternal hunger spark within, so that it devoured neither my neighbor nor myself. I must eat or die; I must love or die — but socially.

First, food became the medium between myself and society; later, love. I spent all I earned, but no more. Here is my weekly budget: —

Seven breakfasts — raw eggs, bread, bananas	$ .70
Six lunches — doughnuts, lemonade	.36
Sunday dinner — soup, hash, ice cream	.20
Seven suppers — similar to breakfasts	.70
Furnished room	1.50
Carfare	.60
Tutoring in mathematics	1.00
	$5.06

The remaining ninety-four cents I saved, until I could buy myself a six-dollar suit, a thirty-nine-cent shirt, a pair of heelless sneakers, and my first straw hat. I had always money to spare for a weekly beer and a solid free lunch, and sometimes even a nickel for church. I darned my own socks, soled my own shoes, cut my own hair, and did my own laundry. But, though I looked quite sociable, I was alone.

Then I found Margaret. Never before had I known of such ideal companionship, nor what vast horizons love could reach. I found another world, the world of love. Men and women became new species. I myself did. Herd habits took root in my primitive heart and sprouted vigorously. They took me by surprise, first as a vague encroachment, then as a blurring fungus growth, on my sharply focused senses, then as a merging of my tongue and eyes with the rest of myself, and finally as a merging of myself with society. There was no longer a cleavage. I lost my tongue and eyes. My own private language is almost dead. The *whole* of me began to talk — and not only to myself, but to others. I metamorphosed with blinding speed, so that momentum threw me beyond the line. Perhaps it oversocialized me. Compassion almost hurled me out on a tangent.

I climbed down to the ground to live my love life. A desirable fall it was — a fall to social comfort like that of all ancestral apes. On the ground the world was less branched, my curiosity less divided, and my quest more intense. There I grew in a world of two, and later in a larger world of love, until my ego merged with the national ego.

II

She had learned to speak her native language well while she worked as housemaid at the age of fourteen. It was her cultured tongue that I loved first. Later, — at college, — as we romped through the fields and forests of Minnesota, I often marveled at her ease among learned professors. Even our 'Prexy,' and his hospitable wife, on two memorable Christmas Eves, delighted in conversing with her. And she chummed with the wives of two deans. How I admired these quiet, kind, cultured Americans!

But I also fell in love with her teeth, and with her tiny hands, and with her fleet foot. She still wins the picnic races. Children worshiped her at first sight. She was faunlike — something of a Minnehaha in form and spirit. Her laughter had a rare, joyous quality. Her eyes were sympathetic, with a tinge of sadness in them. The loss of 'the dearest of fathers,' more even than the burden put on her young shoulders thereby, gave her an understanding heart, and made her eyes and voice soothing. She brightened the boarding house from basement to garret. And her charm lasted.

When I began to earn my living here in the new world, I first lived among sailors in cheap rooming houses above the saloons near the Red Hook water front, where whispers about boys being 'shanghaied' often reached my ear, and where my eyes beheld the stokers on incoming steamers being plundered by runners. Later I invaded the streets that skirted Columbia Heights, and shared a parlor with many a lodger, once with a child of a crowded Polish family. These were the castaway homes of wealthy Americans — brownstone, parlor-and-basement houses with high frescoed ceilings, Baltimore heaters, and porcelain lavatories.

In one of these I rented a garret from Margaret's mother. And it was a garret worth describing in detail, for there I first beheld my wife-to-be. Words fail to picture its charm. A long table straddled across the trapdoor above the garret stairs. I had to crawl to get into my garret. At the rear gable two chimneys, warm and blushing, met at the roof — just the nook for my parrots, which an old stoker mate had brought from Brazil. There they lived between the chimneys, climbing a heavy wire mesh which I nailed up in front, Adam praying Spanish and Eve swearing Danish, and both singing 'In the shade of the old chim-mi-ney.'

On the floor, on a burlap carpet, the two best books in the world — my illustrated Bible and its mate, Webster's unabridged dictionary — leaned on each other. A pair of quaint rockers, done in black and orange, stood at the ends of the table, which was covered with wool-embroidered burlap, upon which flickered a red candle, stuck into a benedictine bottle. On a collar beam above, and directly under a skylight, hung a brass chandelier, with two tiny blue beady gas flames burning.

From gable to gable ran two rows of prim queen-posts, yoked above by collar beams and steadied below by struts, and meeting the rafters halfway up the roof. Shelves with yards and yards of ownerless books filled the spaces between these queen-posts and formed the sides of my garret. Along the top of the shelves a white yacht raced a tarred two-masted schooner; and an alabaster Apollo chased Daphne within my first baby shirt; and the purple hose of a Turkish pipe embraced a copper jardinière brimful of dry tobacco leaves; and the broad shoulders of a jug of 'Guinea Red' carried a spherical tumbler turned upside down.

Stuck into a crack on one of the shelves was a blue-and-white porcelain shard — perhaps a part of a broken platter — depicting, if I remember right, two lovers fleeing in a boat on the river; and over their heads two birds, stealing kisses on the wing; and on an isle in the river a bower; and on the mainland a Chinese mansion with a garret; and between the isle and the mainland a bridge, at the foot of which tilted a weeping willow, and over which ran two armed detectives and a pigtailed judge, reading a frightful law book.

In the front gable of my garret was a round window into which the lone morning star smiled like the tear in an eye; and under it a cot. Beyond, God was in his Heaven with the angels.

I repeat, the first time I put eye on Margaret was in my garret. One afternoon I hurried home for my books, which I had forgotten in the morning and which I needed at Cooper Union. The house was empty, but the trapdoor of my garret was open. She was on her knees, scrubbing, and also looking at pictures in my forty-pound Bible. Her hair was fastened up with the charm of a young girl who expects no callers. I stood on the garret stairs — under the table — with my head above the trapdoor. And I dared not crawl up to her, for she had not heard me climb the steps. But suddenly she knew that I was there. She turned her face toward me and stared as though I had risen from the dead. I explained my errand. 'God!' she gasped. 'I thought it was Father.' I did not know then that her father was dead, or that he had fallen off a roof down upon an iron fence. He had been a roofer. Hurriedly I fetched my books and bowed myself down under the table and down the garret stairs. But after our first meeting my attic was complete in beauty. My heart throve in the joy of living there.

On her sixteenth birthday her mother invited the roomers and boarders to the party. I remember a young rival there, who worked as draftsman in a stoneyard, sketching details for the subway. After that night I wanted to be a draftsman. He was the gamest of sports; and he honored me, there in public, by having me check his sketches of a circular pitch of the Hudson Terminal Station. I did this mathematically, and my pleasure was intense, for it was the only time I ever helped to build a subway.

Other men at the party became my lifelong friends: a bricklayer with a glass eye, who then and almost ever after earned more a day than I a week; a ruddy, bald-headed baker, who bubbled over with mirth, because he was slightly soused; a pale, emaciated peddler of spiritual pamphlets, called 'the Prophet,' who literally lived on cold baths, peanuts, and prayers; an effeminate masseur with spats on his ankles, a lavender band on his hat, and a watch on his wrist.

Margaret's childhood friends were also there. I remember a bright high-school boy — 'Doc' they called him — who drove an ice wagon after school hours and now is a noted physician. Never shall I forget a picnic where he blistered my tongue with a wild radish. At the party Margaret's hand touched him to the quick as he stole a kiss. 'Starfish,' she called him, because her fingers left the print of one crawling on his cheek.

Roomers and boarders grouped themselves in a parlor nook to smoke cigars and sip coffee. But I mingled with young and old, for Margaret was everywhere. I played forfeit games and told puns, threw peanut shells and sang ragtime. I gazed through a coat sleeve while 'Doc' poured water into it. 'Starfishing,' he called the game. Blindfolded I knelt on the floor and swore allegiance to the flag while I bounced my fist, until a girl slid a pan of water under it. I tore half a sleeve off Margaret's party dress while my teeth picked a match from her puckering lips.

III

Margaret was warned against the sailor in the garret, but the warnings fanned her girlish curiosity into flame. I met her but seldom alone, and could not declare my intentions in front of others.

When I was away she tidied my garret. The air there was full of fragrance from her scrubbing brush, her sun-bleached linen sheets, her oil mop, and a dust cap that she once forgot, which I revered as a fetish. Only during my absence did she crawl into my garret. The ever-toiling widow, being the wise mother of a fair daughter, was not a little worried about males in general and sailors in particular. She and her God brought up the five children, for there was no mother's pension in those days. Margaret was twelve — and the oldest — when one day the idyllic home was suddenly swept away. A slip of a foot — a grasp at a rotten shingle — a widow — a rooming house — a daughter — and a foreign sailor, who had sailed sixty-seven thousand miles to find just this garret! What years of sorrows and of joys — because of a rotten shingle!

One night I met Margaret on the lower stairway. I struck a match and held it over our heads. She was holding a hand on her heart. I stepped back and remarked in a tone which assured her that she was no child: 'I would never hurt you in all my life.' She stood staring at me with a strange mist in her eyes. The match died out. 'You do look like Father,' she gasped, and rushed by before I had time to propose marriage. I would take no chance waiting, though I earned only a dollar a day.

On another occasion I fared better. She was taking off her wraps as I entered the hall. She tried to run, but decided to stay. I approached, bowing, and implied that I would be no more intrusive than she herself allowed, giving her time to regain her poise. But I stumbled on a carpet hole and my books flew out from under my arms. She chuckled while she helped me pick them up. Then we stood eyeing each other with tacit intimacy. 'You like books?' she asked. 'Yes, I like books. Will you marry me?' Her hand leaped to her thumping heart. I almost dodged. The motion reminded me of 'Doc' at the party. Without answering she skipped past me and vanished.

In the morning I wrote her a love note, which during the day crawled under the burlap tablecloth. I wrote her a daily love note — short, suggestive epigrams, often quite clever, not always original. It was an unreciprocated correspondence, like my previous prayers at the Holy Rollers. But she read them — for each day they were disarranged.

Then late one night I entered the house in the pitch of night, fatigued by a hard day's work in sweatshops and by my studies at school. My heart always beat fast when I climbed those stairs. A faint rustle, as of fingers stroking a papered wall, reached my ear. I held my breath and peered into the darkness, waiting halfway up the first flight until the rumble of an 'L' train died. I resumed the climb, smiling at myself, when my hand, sliding up the balustrade, stopped. Tiny fingers stroked my hand and hopped away; then, like a warm, pulsating swallow, a hand nestled into mine. It quivered with affection when I pressed it. And then it suddenly flew away into the darkness. There was no whir of wings, nor the slightest rustle. In vain my arms groped through space, touching thick, voluptuous darkness. But in my garret I found a red rose in a vase, above my hidden notes.

On an early Sunday morning I hiked through Prospect Park, where robins hopped on the green lawns, and where fishes in the ponds somersaulted to peek at spring, and where sprouting trees sparkled with dew and looked like brides. I shied off from the beaten road and found myself drifting through a path that wound into untrimmed shrubbery, down along a tall mile-long iron fence, where I met Margaret.

Hand in hand we swung open the gate of Greenwood and skipped into a lane under weeping willows, whose branches chirped with birds and drooped to whisk us close together. She stopped at a grave.

Out of other graves tombstones rose like friendly apparitions, peeking through the shrubbery, whispering a love language all their own: 'Greater love hath no man than this'; 'There is no fear in love.' She glanced around. Sheltered in our first embrace from the eyes of the living, our lips met.

Many secret cemetery trysts did we have on early Sabbath mornings, and also on summer evenings, when the garden of the dead was bathed in moonlight, and foliage, glittering in green tints, rose along with white tombstones like a sea. Deeper into Greenwood we went, finding more secluded nooks, stumbling over hidden fences, nestling close when the hoot of an owl scared us.

Under a statue we cuddled up on polished marble steps — Thorwaldsen's Christ, spreading out his arms of blessing. The summer breeze carried odors of new-cut clover, lilac bushes, succulent sod, into my nostrils. But nothing was sweeter than the scent of her body. Under the stars her eyes kindled with a limpid glow as my fingers stroked her hair and my lips dabbed her cheeks and browsed in the curves of her throat.

Then the chapel bell shook the night and we leaped up, counting the strokes, racing hand in hand down the lanes, tossing gravel at our shadows.

IV

The following year I entered the better American homes through the kitchen door. The boarding house barely fed the widow and her children. Her rent was high. Margaret became a sales clerk at Loeser's. But she loved housework and especially cooking, and she hired out to a wealthy Flatbush family. I remember a lonesome couple, a banker and his wife, who were fond of joining our kitchen trysts. They discussed science with me, while Margaret looked on amused, for she always thought they were teasing. They were skillful in arousing my interest — annoyingly so. 'Prove it!' was their favorite demand.

I was never sure whether Margaret was right or whether their learning was limited. Two facts of physics they viewed with profound skepticism: that the same iron weight varied in heaviness between the North Pole and the Equator, and that a chunk of coal weighed the same as did the ashes and smoke it produced.

Once Margaret showed them a circular slide rule which I had made myself from strips of celluloid and a piece of cardboard. I could not afford to buy one. The banker put the problem to me: 'What is twenty-five dollars at eight per cent compound in seventeen years?' In thirty seconds I had the answer. 'Jesus,' was all he said. The two examined the slide rule in silence. Then they vanished into their own domain. Two hours later they returned, fanning their flushed faces with a dozen sheets of close computation. 'You're thirteen cents shy!' they yelled in chorus. Margaret answered: 'He is worse than that. He is five and a fifth cents too high.'

At their instigation I won a five-dollar wager — and purchased Margaret a ring with a diamond chip. I warned the lonesome couple, but they insisted. The great dispute concerned the shortest crawling distance between a hungry spider and a fat fly in a room, twelve by twelve by thirty feet, the spider being at one end, at a point one foot from the ceiling and six feet from the side walls, and the fly being at the opposite end, at a point one foot from the floor and six feet from the side walls. I said forty feet; they said forty-two.

'Prove it!' they shouted. I did. First by mathematics, met with a filibustering, then by clipping a cracker box to scale and spreading it flat. The ring was too large for Margaret's finger. The jeweler said: 'For why you should not spend seven-fifty? The smaller the finger, the bigger the diamond, it should be.' She lost it in a laundry tub. All day long, she tells me, her tears rolled from her cheeks down into purring soapsuds. Some day we shall buy another — but with a pearl.

She hired out as cook at a country estate on the Hudson. Many a Sunday an old, old millionaire bachelor picked me up at the depot in his buggy and drove me up the river bluff into his park. A beaming child in an apron danced among pots and pans, prodding a huge pot roast, and scooping mashed potatoes, and every so often skipping across the floor to watch me turn an ice-cream freezer.

From sanctuaries beyond, a lame housekeeper, and also a buxom Swedish waitress, stole discreet glances. And the gardener's young assistant peeked through a pane on the rear porch.

Never before in my life had I tasted such morsels; nor had the wealthy bachelor. So he told me seven times on our last ride together. Her muffins, he said, were more efficient than Timothy's wine. And her prune sauce was rich with kernel flavors.

To this day I utter the names of food with ravenous relish. For Margaret taught me English while I ate. The week long I lived on these meals, and on their names, saving up for another train fare to Cornwall on the Hudson. I was like a famished mongrel. But, 'No! No! Fold your hands.' How grateful I was for the brevity of her prayer! 'Lord, bless our bodies with my good food, and also with thine own good spirit. Amen.'

Dinner over and the dishes in the

sink, we climbed out along the Hudson bluffs, leaping over stumps and boulders, dancing through old Indian wood paths and resting our throbbing limbs on the beach, a step from the river, on moss softer than seven Smyrna rugs. My eyes followed the rich colors of her face and my fingers touched her auburn hair, done Madonna fashion.

There again she exclaimed that I looked like her father. Her fingers clung to my wrists, fiercely. But soon she returned to Cornwall on the Hudson. She put her cheek to the ground and stroked it against the moss, and murmured pensively: 'We're lying in the hand of God. It is so soft now — His hand is.'

She took off her shoes and stockings and stuck her foot ankle-deep into the same river which flowed at the Broadway canyon, and which had flowed when the Red Man, alone, lived on the land. Eddies caught five timid toes; and also an orbed sole and heel, bridged by a bold arch; and also a slim ankle.

In the dark of night, under the wingspread of two tall, slim catalpa trees, we lay in a hammock, bosom to bosom, pure as the purest of God's children, strong as the strongest, her toes touching my ankles, her hair my chin, and her young body-line skipping as a shell on water. The trees waltzed, leaning on each other and parting, courting, rollicking to and fro, curtsying solemnly, whispering secrets with a thousand sibilant tongues.

From the gardener's cottage a man lilted a German lyric. The words, *So hold und schön und rein*, ring in my ear still. From the manor house the waitress sang a Swedish folk song, and broke the spell of night, suddenly, with a wild, despairing outburst, singing, '*När jag var sjötton år* (When I was seventeen).' A star followed a path through the thick catalpa foliage; and Margaret hummed the Cardinal's hymn, 'Lead, kindly light.'

V

In the fall she returned to Brooklyn, brown as an Indian and with a glow in her eye. She was the same child, yet her kiss was mellower. We went to Manhattan secretly and, just before closing time at City Hall, found the license bureau. There a clerk told us to return to Brooklyn. Borough Hall was the place for us. Our lips drooped. We should be too late. Could he not break the rule, please? 'Wedding guests are coming,' I fibbed. He led us into a private office with rugs, mahogany, and curtains, to a man whose voice was gentle, and whose eyes gleamed kindly. Pendergast was his name. I thought he was the mayor.

'Are we married?' I asked Margaret, as we stepped out, reading the license together. 'No. We must find a minister.' We passed a majestic Broadway church, surrounded by tilting gravestones. But we feared to enter, and looked for other churches, finding none. 'There is a church on every street of Brooklyn,' Margaret whispered. And we ran through the canyons and through the Battery, for the ferry.

There, in the Italian quarter on Dean Street, we found a puny little church and, next to it, the parson's dwelling. 'Where are your witnesses?' he asked as we sat down in his office. 'We have n't any.' He looked us over sombrely. 'Have you a wedding ring for the bride?' I shook my head. He called his wife from the kitchen — she dropped her apron on his desk — and a young man from the street. Hurriedly he read a page from a book and filled out a large parchment scroll that swarmed with plump and pink baby angels, while the young man from the street wiggled his ears to make Margaret look less solemn.

The same evening we bought a gold-filled ring for a dollar, and a white rose for fifty cents, and two tenderloin steaks at Childs' for eighty cents. Then we had our photos taken, half a dozen for two dollars. I owned exactly a quarter when I crawled into my garret; and a certificate of marriage — with five signatures — flat on my chest like a cough plaster; and a childwife two flights below.

We found new friends in a young artist and his wife. Already our love world began to grow. Margaret posed for him. A stream of soft white chiffon drape broke on her one shoulder and hung limberly down her nymphean body, meeting at her feet and trailing behind, yet gliding along, rolling and falling from leap to leap, almost pursuing her as she fled down to a wood pond. With brushes, trowels, and paints the artist put her strength on canvas — the girlishness of her spirit, her flow of hair, the health that glowed in her eye, the rhythm in her limbs from toes to fingertips, her firm flesh colors, enriched by her modesty. His wife brought her coffee when goose flesh spoiled the pose; for the studio was chilly.

Nothing is true enough or ever can be. For every star has a million points of view, and so has every atom, and so has love. We reasoned together with our feelings, and, therefore, with primitive harmonies. My garret became her garret. We had faith in the tremors of our knees, and in our warm, unpolluted blood, and in the young curves of our bodies. Like God and pagan and modern youth, we knew of no sin.

Barefooted she came tiptoeing up the garret stairs, as if she rose through the air, appearing in the shadow of the trapdoor and under the straddling table like a beloved bride arisen from the grave, spreading out her white arms with touching confidence for me to give her a lift.

The candle flame flickered in the green D.O.M. bottle, spilling drops of red wax along a frail lead strip that long ago sealed a priestly liqueur. In a homemade wooden frame two roses — a red and a white — pressed their faces against the glass. Two blue, beady gas flames burned steadily above. From the flights below the steady breathing of sleeping men rose to my garret. A mouse thrummed its feet on the resonant floor, speeding by behind the queen-posts. My birds awoke — Margaret spoiled them — and we fed them lump sugar, and sat ourselves down on cushions, our backs against warm chimneys.

At the front gable — outside the round window — the purest of snow, untrampled, glittered on a city of roofs. A star passed by, peered into our garret, smiling, then vanished.

How we did talk during these garret trysts, though we wrote long, daily love letters — not short notes — to each other! These she treasures still, though I have begged her twenty times to burn them all. It was my third winter at the Cooper Union night school and my third year as electrician apprentice. I was earning nine dollars a week and could almost support a wife, immigrant fashion. But why should Margaret live immigrant fashion? She was American. Our garret was cozy — almost as cozy as the home we bought ourselves a dozen years later.

She frightened 'the Prophet' once when she passed him in the upper hallway, he from his plunge, she from my garret. 'A ghost is haunting this house,' he told the baker, who replied by pathetic side nods, lifting a finger to his forehead, describing a zero. But one Sunday morning the jovial baker moved. He too had seen the ghost.

His bones rattled more than did 'the Prophet's,' Margaret told me later. 'Whiskey!' sneered the one-eyed bricklayer. The draftsman whistled, and so did the masseur.

Our secret leaked out. Margaret rushed me off to her aunt. But not until years later, when we returned from the West, college-bred, did the aunt quite forgive us our elopement. She had grown wealthy by then, and handed me a roll of brand-new hundred-dollar notes to invest in a home — thirty-nine in all.

Margaret rushed me off to old Uncle John, a rough but solid fellow. In his youth he had been cowpuncher, lumberjack, gold digger. And when the family gathered in solemn conclave to decide my doom he stuck by us. 'What's the matter with the fellow? Does he drink? Is he sick? Does n't he want to work? Did n't he marry Maggie?'

VI

I went West alone—with my toolbag and with a painting wrapped in a silk kimono. A fortnight later — the longest in my life — she came. In Chicago I advanced from shop to office. At sixty dollars a month — as electrical draftsman — we lived and loved luxuriously. Our savings we mailed to Florida; though the returns netted us only a ten-acre swamp, which we never even took title to. That was *my* fault, however.

Her budget was marvelous: —

Grocery	$15.00
Rent, four-room flat	12.00
Furniture, on time	12.00
The Everglades, on time	10.00
Correspondence school, on time	5.00
Carfare	3.00
Clothes	2.00
Eight movies	.40
Miscellaneous: church, candy	.60
	$60.00

Fuel I gathered on Artesian Avenue — tarred paving blocks that had been replaced by asphalt. Margaret trimmed my hair.

Chicago was a city of 'eats.' Every feed was a feast, and some were sumptuous revels. The pot roasts Margaret fed me! She always gave me tender, crackling fork nibblings — with pumpernickel, salt, oleomargarine, raw celery — before potatoes and gravy were done. I gobbled the juicy roast and lapped the fork she held, and begged for more until she held out another nibbling and another, at arm's length — 'to watch the sheen' in my eyes, she said.

Perch she fried for me on glowing coals at a swift stream in the outskirts, where we saved a drowning Negro, whose hold made my nose bleed beautifully. Five mud hens we caught, plucked, broiled, and ate one day in the swamps of Cicero. Fried sheep brain we ate at poor Cameille's — my first Chicago friend, a former priest, but then a factory hand. Plates of prune soup we sponged on 'broke' days at Sophie's boarding house. Turkey we munched and wine we sipped on Christmas Day at old man Birn's — the foundry foreman. 'Wieners' and flyspecked rolls we swallowed — and with relish — at a camp meeting somewhere in the woods, one stifling summer Sabbath, while Margaret charmed a bishop.

Demi-tasse and pastry we tasted at the parsonage of a French Protestant church, where we went to find Cameille a job as tutor. He was the most learned man I have ever met, and such a helpless child — son of a Polish count and a French countess, born in Paris at the Russian embassy under Alexander the Tsar. The day I went farther West he gave me a sacred book upon which he wrote, in Latin, 'We die whenever we lose a friend.' And he gave me a vest-pocket flask in carved brass. With both he had shriven many a dying immigrant.

Gallons of coffee we cooked during the winter, when young people gathered around our kitchen stove, everybody taking turns at chopping tarred paving blocks on a padded drafting board. Eight wedlocks — and lasting ones — we promoted among mail carriers, milkmen, butchers' and grocers' clerks, draftsmen, and factory hands, and their respective sweethearts, that first winter.

A lake trip to Ludington stands out as the rarest of honeymoon trips. We were sent as delegates to a church convention there, with steamer fares paid, and board and room for four days free of charge. That week I ate literally barrels of Michigan peaches, which fruit farmers dumped in feeding troughs at the church. The fun we had, Margaret and I, diving for dimes in cold Lake Michigan, while a score of pastors, and a hundred delegates, cheered! And she a month with child!

On our return a storm blew up. At midnight a small gale tossed the steamer in the air like a basket ball. Delegates leaped out of their berths and gathered in the crowded lounging room, singing, 'Led by Jesus, we are traveling home!' A seasick pastor asked me how far we were from land. Quick as a flash Margaret responded: 'I know that joke. Fifty fathoms.' She was not even seasick in that gale, and after all those peaches. My own stomach was weak — the first time in my life.

Yes, Chicago was a city of 'eats.' For three years — every blessed working day — I had starved.

She wanted a child, though she was a child herself, riding horseback at picnics on the shoulders of our parson and bartering scandalous secrets with his daughters. During the months that followed our honeymoon trip I marveled at her spirit.

I was her only nurse. Daily the pastor's wife, God bless her, dropped in to bathe the baby. It was a cold spring. I tucked the little fellow into a laundry basket next to the kitchen stove, and the night long kept a fire that singed the basket. Once I touched his hand to feel how warm it was. He clasped my finger. What a grip! And he would not let go. I feared to pry open his fist — I might break his fingers. I carried basket and all to Margaret, awaking her from her first mother slumber. She freed my finger — and asked for her breakfast.

Two weeks, and she was at the 'L' station to meet me! The boy was riding on her right hip. Thus she always carried him, holding on to him with one arm and swinging the other. People used to stop on the street to look, when she sped by, her small energetic feet stepping with a style entirely her own, and the baby rocking on her limber hip, his back to her. Such happy chums we were, the three of us!

He was nine months old and teething when he bit his mother's breast. How that human animal raged when we weaned him! We did not have sense enough to wean him gradually. He always grunted before mealtime. 'H-r-r-u-h! H-r-r-u-h!' he said. In vain we fed him zwieback and milk, potatoes and gravy, bread and sugar and water. 'H-r-r-u-h! H-r-r-u-h!' he said for hours, and looked at us as if we had betrayed him. Our growth had just begun. 'H-r-r-u-h! H-r-r-u-h!'

(*'Doomsday' will be the title of the February installment*)

THE PROMISED LAND

BY RUDOLPH FISHER

I

AT a certain level of the airshaft two songs, issuing from opposite windows, met, mingled minor refrains, and rose together toward Negro Harlem's black sky; two futile prayers which spent themselves like mist ere they reached the roof. The one was a prayer for the love of man, the other a prayer for the love of God: 'blues,' and a spiritual.

The blues song would have drowned the spiritual had it not labored against a closed window. No such barrier stayed the spiritual. To be sure the singer was old, as her present posture emphasized: shoulders bent round, dim eyes and unsteady hands searching the pages of the Bible on her lap. But her voice was well sustained, and her song was none the less clear because it accompanied her endless thumbing of thin leaves.

Like her eyes and her fingers, her hymn sought comfort, sought while it almost despaired: —

'Bow low! — How low mus' I bow?
Bow low! — How low mus' I bow?
Bow low! — How low mus' I bow
To enter in de promis' land?'

Presently, as if there came no answer, she interrupted her quest and her song, turned out the gas, and sat back in the darkness to observe the progress of the rent party across the shaft.

A rent party is a public dance given in a private apartment. If, after letting out three of your five rooms to lodgers, your resources are still unequal to your rent, you make up the deficit by means of a rent party. You provide music, your friends provide advertisement, and your guests, by paying admission, provide what your resources lack.

Such a party Mammy now witnessed. Through the window opposite her own she commanded most of one room and a corner of another in the adjacent flat. The window was indeed a screen upon which flashed a motion picture oddly alive and colorful. Boys whose loose trousers were too long for their legs and girls whose tight skirts were too short for theirs hugged each other close, keeping time to the rhythm of hoarsely phonographed blues.

Bright enough dresses, certainly: scarlet and green and glowing purple, rendering dark complexions darker, lending life to pale ones; dresses that, having lost half their volume, put all their color into the rest. Bright enough faces, too: boys wagging their heads and grinning, girls gayly laughing at their jokes.

But such a dance! The camel walk. Everybody 'cameling.' Had God wanted man to move like a camel He'd have put a hump in his back. Yet was there any sign of what God wanted in that scene across the shaft? Skins that He had made black bleached brown, brown ones bleached cream-color; hair that He had made long and kinky bobbed short and ironed dead straight.

Young girls' arms about boys' shoulders, their own waists tightly clasped; bodies warmly fused, bending to the sensual waves of the 'camel.' Where was God in that?

Mammy watched as she had often watched before, with a dull wonder that such colossal wickedness should be allowed to prevail. The song that had mingled with hers now filtered through the closed window opposite and came alone to her ears, bringing no reassurance. For all that it plumbed the nadir of woe, was it not a song of sin?

'Lawdy, Lawdy, I can't help but cry an' moan.
Lawdy, Lawdy, I can't help but cry an' moan.
My man done gone and lef' me — gone an' lef'
me all alone.'

One couple swung into view which especially caught Mammy's attention, so completely had it abandoned itself to the dance. Mammy saw with a little quiver of alarm that the boy was her grandson, Sam. Wesley, her other grandson, was also somewhere in that company, and it was Wesley's girl with whom Sam was dancing. If Wesley ever saw Sam dancing like that with Ellie —

In the visible corner of the far room Mammy recognized Wesley's back. Wesley's shoulders, far less mobile than Sam's, were gradually turning as he faced about in the slow measure of the dance. In but a few seconds he would be looking at his cousin through the intervening doorway, would see Sam and Ellie's exaggerated movements, despite the people between. An old and mounting hostility between them would swiftly surge and flare — they would quarrel, perhaps they would fight. Mammy sat up, leaned tensely forward, whispered, 'Lawd, have mercy!'

Unlike her earlier prayer, this one was apparently heard, for at that moment the blues halted and the dancing abruptly ceased. The change of partners, however, only momentarily relieved Mammy's qualms. Over her settled a deadly certainty that the clash had been merely postponed. There would be many more dances, one of which would rejoin Ellie and Sam as partners. The later that happened, the higher would everyone's spirits be, the wilder the dancing, and so the quicker and hotter Wesley's resentment. As the new dance began, Mammy grew rapidly surer of what she foresaw. Soon her helplessness and the increasing effort to suppress her excitement welled almost beyond bearing. Her misgiving urged her to do something to prevent this long-deferred crisis; but somehow she could only sit still and look on and pray that this time for once her foresight would prove wrong.

Her apprehension became black emptiness into which memories, rocketwise, soared and burst: rumor of opportunity in the cities of the North — certainty of ruin should rumor prove false; hope of young and old men departing, of women and children gone after them — despair of tranquil homes upheaved, of families ruthlessly scattered; the joy she herself had felt when these two grandsons had finally sent for her — the sorrow of being the last to leave the lopsided old Virginia home.

They were equally dear to Mammy, these two boys, and, until they had come to New York, had been equally fond of each other. They had grown up together, attended the four-months-a-year school together, played hooky, fished, hunted rabbits, and got baptized together; and finally, caught in the epidemic fever of migration that swept the dark-skinned South, they had left home together to find their fortunes in Harlem.

As life had thus brought some to

seek wealth, so death, back home, brought others to seek peace; but Mammy had been beckoned toward neither goal, had simply been left quite alone. And rather because there was nothing else to do than because they wanted or needed her, the cousins, Wesley and Sam, had offered to let her housekeep for them in a small flat in the great city.

Scarcely had she got over the shock of underground railroads, of trains overhead, of mountainous buildings where people lived like chickens, before she perceived that the city had done something to Wesley and Sam. They had lost their comradeship, they just managed to tolerate each other, and they compensated for this mere toleration by goading each other persistently with strange, new, malicious jibes: —

'Down-home boy lak you ain' got no business in no city nohow.'

'Don' ketch me th'owin' my money 'way on no numbers, though, uh no baseball pool.'

'Co'se not. You don' *make* no money. How you go'n' th'ow any 'way?'

Mammy soon saw what new feature of their life lay at the bottom of this. To Sam, whose hands learned quickly, the city had been kind. Starting as handy man in a garage, he had soon become a mechanic's helper, and now at last was a mechanic with wages of sixty dollars a week. Wesley, always more awkward, had found the city indifferent, and so perforce had become his own boss, washing windows at fifteen cents each. So Harlem, where there was insistent competition to test and reward special skill, and where there was so much more for men to quarrel about and resent, had quickly estranged these two unguarded lads simply by paying the one twice as much as the other; had furnished them thus with taunts that had not been possible back home, and now kept them constantly wounding each other with the heedless cruelty of children — wounds that would one day translate themselves from the spirit into the flesh.

'Ellie? Ellie yo' gal? Whut business you got wid a gal? You could n' buy a gal coffee 'n' a san'wich.'

'Reckon you could buy huh champagne an' lobster.'

'An' I don' mean maybe.'

'Better put some dat money in accident 'nsurance den.'

'What you talkin' 'bout?'

''Cause 'f I ketch you messin' roun' Ellie I'm sho' go'n' turn yo' damper down. An' *I* don' mean maybe.'

'Shuh! Listen t' dis boogy. Man, my slowes' move's too fas' f' you.'

'Not yo' slowes' move roun' Ellie ain't.'

'One my thoughts 'd bust yo' haid wide open.'

'Yeah? Well it don' do nuthin' to *yo'* haid but *swell* it.'

Suddenly these remembered mockings leaped out of past into present. As one rudely waked starts up, so Mammy's fear now started out of the stupor of memory. In the room across the airshaft Sam and Wesley were facing each other, the fire of their hostility having driven the onlookers back into an expectant surrounding circle. Mammy saw the boys' lips move, and from their malignant countenances and the dismay on the faces about them she knew that again bitter taunts were being exchanged, this time in company where words quickly kindled action. Hitherto her own presence had always restrained them. Now the only spectators were hoodlums off the street, before whom the boys might well wish to show off, at the same time squaring the urgent account of a hundred bygone insults.

The antagonists stood toe to toe,

Sam the more lithe, slightly taller, Wesley broader and heavier. Their lips no longer moved, and Mammy recognized that silent, critical moment in an encounter when the mere forward swaying of a body is enough to free madness.

She jumped up, tried to cry out a warning, achieved but a groan: 'Good Lawd!' Her impotence became frenzy; she cast about wildly for some means of diverting the inevitable. A soft golden glint caught and held her eyes — the gilt edge of the Bible still in her hand, touched to a glow by light from across the way.

The Bible was suddenly divine revelation, an answer. She hesitated only long enough to note Sam's hand creeping toward his coat pocket. 'God fo'give me,' she breathed; then drew back an arm grown opportunely strong, and hurled the Word with all her might through the pane of the opposite window.

At the crash and jingle of glass she shrank back into the shadow of her own room; yet not so far back as to obscure the picture of her two grandsons, staring limply agape, now at each other, now at the Book at their feet.

II

Mammy asked Ellie point-blank: —

'Which a one my boys you lak sho' nuff?'

And Ellie, a girl of the city, replied with a laugh and a toss of her bob: —

'Both of 'em. Why not?'

They sat in the kitchen of Mammy's three-room flat, of which the parlor served as the boys' bedroom and the third room on the airshaft as Mammy's own. Ellie and a chum occupied a similar apartment, the adjacent one, where the rent party had been given; and Ellie occasionally 'ran in,' ostensibly anxious to inquire after Mammy, actually hoping to see one of the boys and possibly make a date.

Mammy saw through these visits, of course, and had thought that Ellie's interest was in Wesley. But Ellie's behavior with Sam at the party tinctured this conclusion with doubt. No girl, thought Mammy, who liked one man would behave like that with another — not with both present.

Hence, with characteristic directness, Mammy instituted investigation; and Ellie's side-stepping answer but whetted a suspicion already keen.

'You lak bofe of 'm d' same?'

'I'll say I do.'

'Jes' d' same?'

'Nothin' different.'

'Hmph. Dat mean you don' really lak neither one of 'm, den.'

'Oh, yes, I do. Pretty skee sheiks for country jakes.'

'Whut you lak 'bout 'm?'

'Well, different things. Sam's crazy and knows how to show a girl a good time, see? Wesley ain't so crazy, but he tries hard and you can depend on him. You wonder about Sam, you know about Wesley. Wesley's better-lookin', too.'

'S'posin' you had to choose between 'm. Which a one you take?'

'Oh, Sam. Sam makes twice as much as Wesley.'

The casualness of that answer made Mammy wince. To accustom yourself to some things is easy — to subways and 'L's,' to army-worm traffic, to hard grassless pavements, hot treeless sidewalks, cold distant starless skies; even to a fifth-story roost on the airshaft of a seven-story hencoop. But to accustom yourself to the philosophy of the metropolis, to its ruthless opportunism — that is hard.

'S'posin',' Mammy experimented, 'dey bofe made zackly d' same? Which a one you take den?'

The questioning began to irritate

Ellie. 'Wha' d' y' mean, take? I ain't grabbin' after neither one of 'em, y' know.'

'I mean ef dey bofe ast you to marry 'm.'

'Oh, to *marry* 'em? And both drawin' the same pay? Why, Wesley, by all —' Ellie bit her lip, and withdrew into the cautious neutrality out of which the unexpected contemplation of matrimony had surprised her. 'Or — well — either one — I don't know.' This old woman was nearer to either boy than was she herself, she remembered. Both the bumpkins spent on her. Why reduce her chances for a good time by making a betraying choice? Play the boobs off against each other, let them both strut their stuff. Maybe a better catch then either would meanwhile gulp your bait. Then you could discard both these poor fish with a laugh. 'You know what the song says, Mammy: "Don't let no one man worry your mind."'

Mammy looked at Ellie as she might have looked at the armadillo in the zoo — this strange, unbelievable creature who in the spring of her life subjected romance to utility. For Mammy saw that the girl really preferred Wesley to Sam, yet had no apology of word or manner in prospectively renouncing Wesley's character for Sam's superior pay. Young, pretty, live girls like Ellie should have to be told to consider their suitors' pay. With them it ought to be secondary to youth's more compelling absurdities. But here was a slip of a girl who spoke like a thrice-married widow of fifty.

Mammy accepted this as one of the mysteries of city breeding. Having done so, it was easy to prophesy. Ellie's willingness to take equally what Sam and Wesley had to give would be the crux of the boys' antagonism. Wesley claimed right of priority. Neither Ellie nor Sam cared a sneeze for such right. Ellie, city-wise, 'liked them both.' Into the mould of this situation all of the vague potent bitterness of the boys' recent hatred would be poured, to take definite form. The city had broken the bond between them. The city now fashioned them a bludgeon with which to shatter their common life.

'Listen, daughter. How come you carry on wid Sam lak dat las' night? Did n' you know 't would start trouble?'

'Carry on? Wha' d' y' mean, carry on? I only danced with 'im.'

'Dat all? Den whut start d' trouble?'

'Wesley buttin' in, the dumbbell. Why don't somebody tell him something? He ain't down home now. This is New York.'

'Uh-huh. Dis is New York. Dis is New York. An' ain't New York in God's worl'? Don' New York come under His eyes a-tall?'

This was quite out of Ellie's line. She shrugged and kept still. Mammy's voice, however, grew stronger with her pain.

'New York. Harlem. Thought all along 't was d' las' stop 'fo' Heaven. Canaan hitself. Reg'lar promis' lan'. Well, dat's jes' whut 't is — a promis' lan'. All hit do is promise. Promise money lak growin' on trees — ain' even got d' trees. Promise wuk fo' dem whut want wuk — look at my boy, Wesley. Promise freedom fum d' whi' folks — white man be hyeh to-day, take d' las' penny fo' rent. You know why 't is? You know how come?'

Ellie stared. Mammy got up, stood erect with almost majestic dignity. 'Hit's sin. Dat's whut 't is — sin. My people done fo'got dey God, grabbin' after money. I warn 'm 'fo' dey all lef'. Longin' fo' d' things o' dis worl' an' a-fo'gittin' d' Lawd Jesus. Broke up dey homes in d' country — lef' folks behind sick an' dyin'. So anxious. So scairt all d' money be gone 'fo' dey git hyeh. I tole 'm. Fust seek d' kingdom of God an' His righteousness. But no. Everybody done gone crazy over gittin'. An' hit don' bring nothin' but misery in dis worl' an' hell-fire in eternity. Hit's sin!'

'Soft pedal, Mammy. And hold the sermon, will you?'

'An' dat's another thing.' The diminished tone only bared Mammy's intensity. 'You-all so scairt o' d' Word o' God. Sam and Wesley done got d' same way sence dey been up hyeh. Seem lak hit make you oncomf'table. Make you squirm. Make you squirm wuss 'n 'at low-down dancin' you do. Well, hit oughter. Garment o' righteousness don' b'long on no body o' sin.'

Ellie did n't quite get this, but she did n't like the way Mammy was looking at her. 'Say, what's the idea?' she inquired.

'Idea?' Mammy grew calm, almost cold; focused her distraction on one problem: 'Idea is, you either let *one* my boys alone or let 'em *bofe* alone. You heah? You cain't run wid d' hare an' hunt wid d' hounds. Dis hyeh "either one" business'll have 'm both at each other's th'oats 'fo' another day. Lawd knows dey'd be better off ef you stayed 'way fum 'm bofe.'

At this Ellie flared. 'Well, of all the cockeyed nerve! Say, where do you think you get off? D' you s'pose I'm chasin' after your farmer boys?'

Mammy said nothing. It was Ellie's turn to wax loud.

'Pity you old handkerchief-heads would n' stay down South where you belong. First you ask me to state my intentions. Then you tell me I started the argument at the party. Then you preach me a sermon on sin or clothes or somethin'. Then you tell *me* to let *them* alone — as if they did n't pester me dizzy. As if I was *chasin'* them. What are you trying to call me, anyhow? Do you think I'd chase any bozo on earth?'

Mammy did not dream what vile accusation lay in the provincialism 'chase.' Unaware of what the word meant to Ellie, she commented promptly and bluntly: —

'You sho' ain' chasin' *me*.'

Ellie sprang up, furious, inflamed less by the implication than by Mammy's intuitively shrewd analysis. 'Why, you dirty old devil — I ought to paste you one! If that's what you think you can all go to hell.' She turned and strode hotly away, flinging back a smouldering 'Damn you!' The hall door slammed behind her with a bang that jarred the floor.

Mammy stood bewildered a while; presently murmured, 'She cuss' me — ' Slowly she sank into her chair and looked around at the close kitchen walls; kept repeating, as if to convince herself, 'Dat li'l chile — she cuss' me.'

III

The three-room apartment boasted four windows, and on them, following Mammy's request, Wesley agreed to finish his fruitless day.

'I done done d' inside all right,' she explained, 'but I cain't make d' outside. I scairt to stick my haid out one o' dese winders. No sense in folks livin' in d' side of a cliff dis-a-way — 'cep'n' hit's as near to d' heaven as dey'll ever git again.'

Wesley, polishing glass, endeavored to stay the passing light of day with song, but even his song grew dark as the mood of blues settled gradually over it: —

'. . . cain't help but cry an' moan.
My gal done gone an' lef' me — gone an' lef'
me all alone.'

The words were not without significance. Usually Ellie greeted him with great show of eagerness; comforted him at the end of a poor day when he dropped in for a while before dinner; suggested some means of disposing of the day's return — which, of course, was too small to save. But to-day, after peeping out as usual, she had slammed the door in his face.

'Ellie — wha's a matter?'

Only a diminuendo of angry clicks, receding down her hallway.

Well, it had served him right. He'd been warned about these uppity Northern gals, these 'gimme' gals. Always had their hands out, expecting something. Something for nothing. Taxis. Eats. Liquor. Big times. Back home a girl could n't want so much because there was n't so much to want. But here — no effort on his part in spending three days' earnings on Ellie in a single night. No effort on her part to save it, either. And in return a kiss and a promise — a promise to go out again with him some night. Gimme.

Probably sore because he'd started a row at her party last night. Well, was she his gal or was n't she? A kiss. In the city a kiss has many meanings. Maybe she kissed Sam also. Maybe her kisses were a commodity.

He stopped polishing to look down on the street five stories below. Folks look funny at that distance and angle. All look alike. None human. Long thin feet alternately passing each other, arms circling awkwardly outside the feet, heads gliding squatly forward in the midst of arms and legs. People seen on end resemble spiders.

Ellie, maybe, was a spider, and he had been her fly. Having withdrawn his little substance, she now discarded his shell. Sam's turn now. Fly guy, Sam. Ought to swat him. Leave it to Ellie — she'll swat him for sixty bucks a week. Gimme.

'Don' set dey idle, son. Fust thing you know you'll lose yo' holt an' fall.'

'Make no diff'unce ef I land on my haid.'

'Git th'ough in d' kitchen nex'. Got to git supper. Sam be home tireckly.'

'M-hm.'

Wesley did the kitchen window and proceeded to Mammy's room. The airshaft was quite dark, so that he had to light the gas jet. He soaped his wet rag and clambered half through, turned, and clamped his heels as usual against the wall beneath the sill, thus leaving both hands free for work. He soaped the outside surface of the pane and, while waiting for it to dry, twisted about to look behind him at Ellie's window. It was still unrepaired; a newspaper covered the jagged opening in the pane. His enlarged shadow fell misshapen on the wall about the window and the jagged opening looked like a wound in his side.

Somewhere beyond the broken window a door banged loudly shut. Soon another, closer door did likewise.

Sam shuffled angrily into the kitchen and tossed something black on to the table, where it landed with a thump. Peering over her 'specks,' Mammy recognized her Bible. She reproved: —

'Don't you know no better 'n to th'ow d' Word of d' Lawd aroun' lak dat? Better learn to keep it near yuh.'

'Did n' th'ow it half as fur as you did.'

'I th'owed it to keep you young fools fum doin' harm. You jes' th'owed it to be th'owin'.'

'Da's aw right 'bout doin' harm. Ef I had busted Wesley, he could 'a' gone to d' free hospital. But you busted d' winder. Who go'n' pay fo' dat?'

'Lan'lawd oughter pay fo' it. He charge enough rent.'

'Maybe he would, but sump'n done got into Ellie — she raisin' d' devil. 'Clare out she go'n' tell d' lan'lawd you th'owed it — yo' name's wrote in it. Dat mean I have to pay d' bill — lak I pay f' ev'ything else roun' hyeh.'

'Dat all she say?'

'No. Say she go'n' have you 'rested fo' disturbin' d' peace. Say sump'n 'bout slander too.'

'Hmph!'

'Den she slam' d' do' in my face.'

'Maybe dat 'll help you stay 'way fum 'uh.'

'Stay 'way fo' whut?'

''Cause she ain' got d' love o' God in huh heart, dat's fo' whut. An' neither is you. Hit's a bad combination.'

'Ain' lookin' fo' no love o' God. Lookin' fo' Wesley. Wha' he at?'

'Washin' my room winder. Let 'im 'lone.'

'I'll let 'im 'lone, aw right. I'll th'ow 'im out it.'

Only Wesley's legs were visible to Sam, entering the room. Wesley was wiping off the frosting of soap that he had allowed to dry on the pane. As he wiped, more of his body appeared through the glass thus made clear, and at last his troubled face. It showed surprise at the presence of Sam, who stood glowering accusation.

'What d' hell you been tellin' Ellie 'bout me?'

Even through intervening glass Wesley's anger was quick to respond. 'What d' hell could I tell 'uh bad enough?'

'You been puttin' me in — else she would n' 'a' slam' no do' in my face.'

'She slam' d' do' in yo' face?'

'Reckon you tole 'uh to do it.'

Wesley's anger subsided. He repeated, with something akin to relief, eagerly, —

'Say she slam' d' do' in *yo'* face?'

'Did n' miss it.'

Wesley threw back his head and filled the airshaft with loud laughter. To Sam it was galling, derisive, contemptuous laughter, laughter of victory. Anger, epithets, blows he could have exchanged, but laughter found him defenseless. In a hot flush of rage he drew back a foot and kicked viciously at Wesley's legs.

At the moment Wesley had only one leg pressed firmly back against the wall. It was this that received the blow, and the quick sharp pain loosened its grip. In swift effort to catch himself, Wesley snatched at the bottom edge of the lower frame, but with such desperate force that it slid instantly upward, so that his hold was broken by the upper. Grabbing wildly, Sam sprang forward, frightened into contrition — succeeded only in further dislodging his already unbalanced cousin. A brief mad scramble to save him — a futile clawing and slipping of hands — a cry — a moment's incredulous silence — silence that broke with a soft and terrible thud.

Sam shrank back and threw one hand up over his mouth like a child that has heard something forbidden; wheeled, to see Mammy stiff in the doorway, staring with stricken eyes. Hysteria gripped him.

'I did n' do it — I 'clare out 'fo' God, Mammy — ' He turned back toward the window; backed off from it, crouching and trembling; faced again toward Mammy. Deprecation gave way to bravado. He whispered sharply, 'Ef you tell anybody, I'll — ' Then suddenly rushed with insane menace toward her as panic rushed through his brain, reached her, stopped — abruptly collapsed at her feet, shuddering with sobs.

Mammy, roused by a spirit which still hoped in the face of calamity, quickly bent down and shook the crumpled lad with sobering vigor. 'Git up, son! Make has'e! Git up! Mammy seen yuh! Seen yuh try to ketch 'im! Make has'e to 'im! Maybe he's on'y hurt!'

The boy raised a countenance wretched with fear and doubt and weakness, but the strength and will in Mammy's eyes brought him to his senses.

'Make has'e, I tell yuh!'

He jumped up, his face still convulsed, and sped toward the outer door and the stairs.

IV

Again Mammy sat by her window, her fingers groping amid the thin leaves of her Bible.

Out of the airshaft sounds came to her, sounds of the land of promise. Noise of a rent party somewhere below from a tiny dwelling that had to be hired out if it was to be dwelt in at all — peculiar feature of a place where your own home was n't your own. Noise of a money quarrel somewhere above, charges, taunts, disputes — fruit of a land where sudden wide differences in work and pay summoned disaster. Noise of sinful singing and dancing, pastime of Ellie's generation, breed of a city where children cursed and threatened the old and went free.

For Ellie still went her way rejoicing, heedless of what she had precipitated in a passing fit of temper. Sam in a week had forgotten — was with Ellie at this very rent party below. And when the white folks had come to investigate the unfortunate death by violence, Mammy had sworn with stiffened lips it was all an accident.

Into the airshaft crept her old hymn, lifting toward Harlem's black sky: —

'Bow low! — How low mus' I bow
To enter in de promis' land?'

THE GODS OF THE MOMENT

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

In the constant discussions about the failure of Christianity to function in the modern world, there is a usual assumption that the typical man of the moment has no religion to speak of. Therefore, it is said, either the Christian Church must be unusually stupid or its message must be hopelessly outgrown. Otherwise it would surely appeal winningly to these spiritually hungry souls. This seems a curious delusion. Our world is not spiritually empty. We are absorbed in sacrifice to gods which seem to us rich and satisfying. We may conceivably be devotionally poisoned, but we are not spiritually starved. In point of fact, some of us are becoming positively fed up. It may be that in this last circumstance alone lies ultimately the chance for Christ and Christianity.

A professor of sociology asked me not long ago if I had ever noted that the Christian religion has usually made strong appeal only to rural, simple, and Arcadian peoples or else to those who were urbane, sophisticated, and disillusioned. The more one thinks about this interesting generalization, the more nearly true it seems. 'Observe,' he went on, 'the day into which your religion was born. Compared with it every succeeding age seems a bit crude. Into its making had gone centuries of Greek thought, Egyptian mysticism, and Roman political efficiency. Travel was easy and general. The externalities of life were highly civilized. Men were mature, wise, shrewd. They had tried almost everything once. This blasé order in almost no time was worshiping a new god nailed to a gibbet. But before it found that new god the old gods had been tried out and discarded.'

'You mean Pan?' I ventured.

'Pan? No!' he thundered. 'The Græco-Roman world was not pagan, had not been for centuries. To be a pagan one must be a poet. I mean the gods worshiped by successful citizens of the world with common sense. It was these which had been found nonsensical. A world very grown up gave the Apostles their chance. But,' he concluded, 'Jesus has no appeal to a new civilization. Its deities are more obvious.'

Whatever may be the faults or virtues of our social order, no one can deny that it is new — and that not merely in America. Every summer hundreds of thousands of our countrywomen and a somewhat less number of our countrymen sail to the Old World in search of lost romance. Since most of them rush about so rapidly that they see Europe not as it is but of necessity as their imaginations make it, perhaps they gain the desired emotional release. They see the Tower and Westminster Abbey, but rarely Brixton or Manchester. They visit Eisenach or steam down the Rhine, but never notice the Ruhr. They are so absorbed in Potsdam that they fail to observe industrial Berlin. They see Rome in terms of the Cæsars, Florence in terms of the Medici, and Venice in terms of the Doges; and ignore the industrialism of Mussolini. They look the Parthenon over and overlook modern Athens. The real Europe of to-day is not old or urbane, but almost as young and crude as we ourselves. The culture that grew through the ages has, for good or evil, been paralyzed by the power machine. Our social structure, in philosophy, motivation, and method, is only about a century old. Our Occidental culture is indeed new.

We are also new-rich. Despite the wasteful riot of the war, it remains true that even in Europe the thing that would most astonish one who might rise from the grave of a past generation and look about him to-day would be the astounding wealthiness of everybody. If the resurgent soul saw America, this feature of life would strike him deaf, dumb, and stupefied. Never was a time when so many people had so much money.

New-rich ages are apt to be like new-rich individuals. Indeed 'an age,' 'a civilization,' 'a period,' are all merely ways of talking. The reality lies in the constituent individuals. We as a new-rich culture are making the same two characteristic blunders that the new-rich always make. Almost every man who very rapidly makes a great deal of money supposes that his mere possession of wealth is an index of his worth. He also is apt to imagine that he can with his means buy for himself happiness. These mistakes commonly seem folly to an old-rich man, one who was born to property, whose father was bred with it. He knows that merely because he or his friends have it they may not be worth it, but are quite commonly the contrary; and he has learned through experience that money is not really very valuable stuff. Happiness, which is what all men desire, cannot be purchased, but is an illusive something not for sale. The old-rich know these things well enough, but the new-rich never discover them, except by miraculous interposition of the grace of God, until they too have grown accustomed to their possessions.

Ours is an age of new-rich people, crass, crude, well-washed, all dressed up, sure that certain easily perceived goods will make life full and satisfying, and ready to pay heavily for their attainment. It is unintelligent to call such an age godless. A god is a way of talking about a good. We may not propitiate our gods adequately in words; but we sacrifice to them our lives and our children. For what more can any gods ask? Ours are not new gods. We are not really an original or imaginative people. Our deities are very, very old. The Christian Church ought not to find them very puzzling. She has been dealing with our pantheon so long that she has stereotyped names for those who sit upon its altars. We worship the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. To say this is not to be a bigot or a Fundamentalist or a Puritan or a Victorian or a mediævalist or any other dreadful bogieman. It is merely to describe, calmly and with charity, in terms of motivation, our scrambling hurly-burly of a century.

By the World, Christianity has always meant, not the glorious creation of sea and field and mountain and sky, not the beautiful relationships of men and women and children in homes or in creative labor, but rather the sordid nonsense of supposing that externalities possessed ennoble the owners, that a full fist is index of a fine spirit. That this egregious nonsense is believed today, that for the most part we sacrifice to it ourselves and our progeny, needs little demonstration. A casual perusal of some of our most widely circulated periodicals will reveal it. Therein and from our daily press and over the radio — sometimes, one regrets to say, in the pulpit, too — sound forth the beating of the big bass drum and the blare of the trumpet in glorification of the man with money. All the wealthy are good, and all good little boys will be wealthy. Beauty, quiet, serenity, poise, a sense of humor — let us sell them all and purchase this pearl of great price, the Cash. It would take a man incurably sentimental to deny that we are worldly.

Most of us are. Some of us are getting a little tired of it. This money-worship, this kowtowing to the successful man, — by which we mean the wealthy man, — seems not so much wicked as merely a bore. To none does it seem more wearisome than to many a wealthy man, tired of being regarded as a perambulating pocketbook, lonesome for human affection. Some of us are becoming at least a little bit like Saint Francis. We have not quite the courage to embrace Our Lady Poverty; but we find Our Lady Riches a most unstimulating spouse.

Our second deity is the Flesh. Her worship among us takes two forms — the apotheosis of appetite and the cult of comfort.

All appetites are mighty, says our modern world, and to be sacrificed unto; but chief of all the appetites is sex. We are so naïvely delighted in having discovered that the Eternal made us male and female that we sometimes seem to be forgetting that He made us anything else. Our stage, our music, our dancing, our books and magazines, our billboards, our dress, strike strenuously the note of sex appeal. We positively rejoice in nudity and naughtiness. The advertising sections of our most popular periodicals contain columns of advice to women about how, for a small sum, they may become beautiful and fascinating enough to attract male attention. Occasionally there is an advertisement telling men how to become handsome and garrulous enough to be popular with women. We have even devised a popular moral philosophy based upon the supposition that if one refuses to submit to his appetites he will contract a dread horror known as 'a complex' and be in danger of the madhouse. Of course no reputable psychiatrist gives any such advice to his clients; but we go for our psychology not to him but to the editor of the tabloid newspaper and the erudite creator of spicy fiction. Increasingly we are soaked in sex; and the people love to have it so.

But not all of us. There are those, some older in years, and many not so old, in whom imagination supplies the place of experience, who have arrived a little beyond the peep-show morbidity of adolescence. We do not yet, perhaps, embrace the way of the Virgin, but we find Astarte very stale.

As for comfort, we twentieth-century people are soothingly immersed in it. Ours is a steam-heated, well-lighted, cunningly upholstered, warm-bathed era. With almost incredible ingenuity we ward off the bumps, plane the sharp corners, 'escalate' the heights. From twilight-sleep birth to narcotized death we insist upon ease. It is that without which all else is intolerable. Only to exceptional people has it yet occurred that the whole cult is petty, ignoble, unworthy of human nature. Few have as yet asked whether it can be possible that, since our primeval ancestors millions of years ago crawled from the slime of the sea, first the animal world and then the human race have struggled on, at the cost of pain and travail and tears and death, merely that we may sit down and be comfortable. There are some who are in revolt against this enervating softness, demanding hard things to be endured, crying out for a god who loves not padding; but they are few.

The last of the greater gods is the Devil. It does not matter much how we picture this demonic deity; whether or not we think there is actually such a person. In the Devil, religion presents the epitome of pride. In the old legend Satan, for pitting his small brain and will against the infinite intelligence of the Omnivolent, was expelled by Michael's host from the courts of heaven, whereupon he came down to vex the gullible citizens of earth. It is hardly arguable that, if Satan is the personification of conceit, ours is an age of Devil-worshipers.

The cult of cleverness is so developed that often one prays fervently that one may meet a man contentedly dull. Like those proud ancients, the Greeks, we are exceedingly witty and almost wholly void of humor. The difference between the two is that the witty man is conceited and the humorous man is humble. See, also, what we have done with æsthetic criticism. It should be in the hands of reverent men who realize that in estimating the arts they are criticizing those activities whereby man would clamber from the beasts to play among the gods; but we have given it over predominantly to groups of clever young persons who in avowedly clever weekly papers attempt as cleverly as possible to talk about one another's cleverness. Most serious of all, what can be said about that which passes for the scientific method of arriving at truth save that it too lacks the saving salt of sane humility? The reference is not to the thought and activity of the dwellers on the scientific Olympus, but to that more characteristic phenomenon, science as understood by the man of the street, the man who says, 'I will believe in nothing which I cannot understand and prove,' and thinks that thereby he has shown himself the soul of modern wisdom. Who would live in a world so petty as to be understandable by the human mind? No real scientist. No man blessed with a sense of humor. Nobody not demoniacally possessed. It is the things beyond the intellect which make life worth while, which engender poetry, romance, awe, reverence. Our day minimizes these elements of life, content more and more to live within the dull limitations of the understanding. And some of us, a bit sophisticated, have found that petty world grotesque. We have begun to laugh.

The twentieth century is sacrificing itself to goods and appetite and comfort and conceit. As long as it continues to do so, as long as these seem satisfying ends to its new, crude, and suddenly wealthy citizens, it is unlikely that any more subtle religion can make much headway. Jesus of Nazareth is an enigma to the moment. Occasionally we find somebody trying to dress up the Christ in modern terms, presenting him as a go-getter, a country-clubber, a master of advertising psychology. There is no god but our gods. We will make Jesus into our image. Popular though this sort of thing may be, it is of course not Christianity. Whatever else Jesus may mean, he is, in historical religion at any rate, the antithesis of all that our day deems most worth. He is poor when we would be rich. He seems to regard chastity as normal and healthy. To him comfort matters little one way or the other. He is the incarnation of humility. It can hardly be expected that he should be the chosen god of an adolescent civilization intent upon the hungry search for superficiality.

Christianity must wait for a slowly emerging maturity and urbanity. There are those who, wearied with strident clamor about nothing, repelled by the clash of battle for things of no particular moment, have, usually by chance, discovered Jesus as he hangs alone upon his silent crucifix. He is poor, not because he is too weak to gain wealth, but because his strength is needed elsewhere. He is chaste, not because he is too emasculated to feel the pull of passion, but because that passion has been sublimated into something which includes the soul. He is emancipated from slavery to luxury and ease. He is humble, not because he is too ignorant to be proud, but because he is infinitely too wise. We have adored, as our fathers adored, and we have to our own astonishment discovered that in the light of that adoration the modern world is like a pageant produced by rude mechanicals. Reality lies elsewhere, at an altar where Jesus gives to disillusioned souls a peace which is not as the world gives. As civilization grows more experienced, there will be more and more such persons. Meanwhile, it is absurd to expect Christianity to appeal to the modern world. Can babies know beauty?

I HAVE WALKED FORWARD EAGERLY TO-DAY

BY AMORY HARE

I HAVE walked forward eagerly to-day.
Each moment met my wits as foil meets foil
With lordly thrust and courteous counter-play
And quiet humor after each recoil;
Hour after hour came towards me as a sword
Whose point my own blade found and turned aside,
Leaving my faculties in smooth accord
And courage running through me like a tide.

Then, as the sun left and the silence came,
The stillness in my room confronted me
Like a last swordsman in a kingly game
Before whose skill my blade broke, suddenly;
And all the hours until our hands should meet
Surrounded me like ruffians in the street.

THE LURE OF HIGH MOUNTAINEERING

BY I. A. RICHARDS

I

'RED with cutaneous eruption of conceit and voluble with convulsive hiccough of self-satisfaction,' the mountaineer strides into his hotel, back from his peak or his pass, no doubt jostling Ruskin in the doorway and so stirring him to this little masterpiece of descriptive vituperation. To-day Ruskin is almost forgotten; in his place (no more welcome in his eyes than the climber with his axe and rope and uncouth footwear) now stands the tourist, very often an American, who, if he has not the same feelings about the figure that shambles noisily by, is usually as hard put to it to explain why a reasonable soul should want to do just this, or what anyone gets out of it that he should keep at it with such stupid pertinacity. To go up one mountain would be possibly an interesting experience, especially if it were the highest; to keep on climbing mountains seems to be mere silliness.

To describe a passion to those that do not share it is a difficult enough task, let alone explaining it. The passion I write of is eminently respectable. The Pope and the new Conservative Member of Parliament for Cambridge — not to mention several kings and queens — have been among its devotees. It is a powerful passion, enthralling many until long past their sixtieth year. It is a serious passion, judged by the test that a considerable number of people have cheerfully lost their lives in its pursuit. They did not know, of course, that they would lose them, but they were perfectly aware of the possibility, and had decided upon the question of 'Worth while?' And their fellow fanatics, when one of these calamities occurs, commonly treat it quite as a matter of course without raising questions of justification, unless carelessness or recklessness is suspected. Yet somehow this passion, more than most, does need some explanation. It is surprisingly new, having come in only about seventy-five years ago; and its activities are to the outside eye peculiarly pointless. In this it perhaps stands alone. Games, though no psychologist will claim that he can completely explain them, have at least a good historic standing. We are never really puzzled as to why people play them even when we feel no inclination to do likewise. Hunting, fishing, yachting, gardening, camping, and the rest of the sports can plausibly be regarded as survivals, although of course this is not the whole story. Immemorial antiquity lends them sanction; though I doubt whether many yachtsmen or amateur camping parties were about in the sixteenth century.

To enjoy unnecessary discomfort or insecurity, we must first be bored with comfort. These two sports in part appeal through their contrast with ordinary existence, and to some degree mountaineering shares this attraction. But while the positive lure of yachting and camping — that is to say, the part over and above contrast — links on to ancient and very widespread pursuits, the positive lure of mountaineering, including the impulse to go up to the top of the hill when the way is difficult, has a very meagre history. Unless hunting takes them there, the natives never climb their mountains. Genuine mountaineering — Alpinism, for example — is an entirely new development, appealing only to a moderately sophisticated mind. It is, in fact, a strangely professorial pastime. What blend of what desires and delights will account for it, or what obscure needs and tendencies must we invoke?

Like other passions, this one has stages. And, again like other passions, it has degrees of impurity. We can study it here only at its ripest and purest. The novice, thrilling with anticipatory tremors at the largely erroneous picture which he makes for himself of his first serious climb, mixes in too much that is imaginary and has nothing to do with the matter. I have known one such novice afterward to confess that he 'got the wind up' far more on his first big mountain than ever on the battlefield — and this was a man who saw a good deal of nasty fighting.

We must set aside also the confirmed habitué of the mountains, whose early ardor has declined — the man who goes on climbing moderately difficult ordinary mountains by the best known routes in the company of guides who have such a reserve of mountaineering ability that only what the insurance companies style as an 'act of God' could prevent the caravan from returning in safety at the appointed time. Let me try to describe instead what happens in the mind of the guideless climber, experienced enough to know what he is doing, when he is engaged upon an ascent which is just within his powers as the leader of his party.

He probably knows a good deal about his proposed climb. The idea of it may have been in his mind for a long while. He will have read about it, studied it, surveyed it from neighboring summits, perhaps. One of the incidental charms of mountaineering is the unexampled opportunity for detailed, intricate, concrete planning which it allows. The mountaineer fanatic spends hours, whole long winter evenings, gazing at maps and photographs and talking to the other members of his climbing party about the expedition. This planning as the day approaches grows more and more responsible. Here is another attraction. There are very few pursuits in which the question of competence comes more sharply to a head. A great ascent shares the glamour of an Arctic journey — a point will come when the climber will need his strength and skill to extricate himself. The factors upon which success depends are varied enough to need careful thought, yet not too numerous or too uncertain to be estimated. In this a big climb resembles a miniature campaign. It is a concentrated form of exploration, with the tedium cut out and the dramatic intensity heightened. The man whose mountain career begins and ends with scrambling up the Matterhorn or treadmilling up Mont Blanc under professional guidance misses so much of all this that he may well conclude that climbing is an overestimated pastime. Mountaineering is a craft which requires years to master, and the sense of increasing competence is no small part of its attraction.

II

Some of the branches of this craft are never mastered and have therefore an inexhaustible fascination. Weather lore, for example. The condition of the mountain and the difficulty of the ascent vary with the weather and the season in ways which may baffle the utmost sagacity. A stretch of glacier which early in a snowy year would be easy and would take but an hour to cross may a month later, after hot weather, be nearly impossible. Its ice is always cracked here and there, split by fissures which may be no more than a few inches or a few feet in width though hundreds of yards in length. When narrow, these 'crevasses' are covered by the carpet of the surface snow and can be crossed if the snow is hard, as it is in the early morning, without anyone being able to detect that the apparently innocent white expanse is actually stretched across what are in effect bottomless abysses of ice-walled darkness. These crevasses widen as the summer wears on. The snow that roofs them grows thinner; first a ripplelike hollow shows, then the ripple splits open; then the crevasse walls appear, smooth, shiny, blue-black, overhung with treacherous bulges of unsupported snow. Here and there the snow roof is more solid, and a bridge is left across which a climbing party can pass, if need be, at certain hours and under certain conditions. But sometimes the crevasse can widen out without clearly revealing its presence, and only the sudden collapse of the snow roof under the weight of one of the party will show that it is there. The crevasse may be several hundred feet deep. Picture yourself walking on a snow blanket stretched across an opening in the Dome of St. Peter's and you will be able to understand one of the possibilities of glacier travel. This is why the party will be walking in single file as far apart as they conveniently can, and why they will be keeping the rope which links them to one another reasonably taut. Should anyone fall into a crevasse far enough for his head to disappear, it is no easy matter to pull him out again.

The quality of the snow, as much when it is lying upon gentle glacier slopes as when it is draped about the wild upper ridges, or is clinging in seemingly precarious fashion to the steep mountain walls, changes with the hour of the day, the angle at which the sun strikes it, the wind, the weather of the last few days. To plan an interesting expedition wisely, all this must be reckoned with. Early enough in the morning the snow will generally be good. This is why the climber usually starts with the first daylight. But there are other reasons. In the Alps, unless he has slept in one of the many Swiss Alpine Club cabins that are perched for his convenience high up, often upon tiny outcrops of rock surrounded by glacier, he will have two or three hours of steady preliminary walking, on a path if he is lucky, before the difficulties and the high mountaineering proper begin. He has to start early to economize time and to make use of the cool of the day, for he will have from four to eight thousand feet to ascend, and time is precious. Every big climb, and above all every new climb, is a race against the sun.

The weather affects the rocks of the mountain as much as the glaciers. A light sprinkle of snow overnight will give the peaks a fairylike silvery glitter, but will put serious climbing out of the question — not so much because it makes the rocks slippery as because it makes them so cold to the fingers. Only the easiest rocks can be climbed with fresh snow upon them. The slipperiness comes a day later when the new snow has melted and the moisture has refrozen to invisible ice, — *Verglas*, as it is called, — an abominable substance very difficult to deal with.

Often the descent will need special consideration. It will be late in the day, the snow will be soft, stones which in the morning are firmly bound by frost will be loosened by the sun and ready to begin their awful, hopping, bounding, whirring flight to the valley. Anyone who has loafed away an afternoon in the high Alps will have heard that faint growling, sometimes rising to a roar and rarely quiet for more than a few moments, which means that the miscellaneous débris of the mountains is slipping from them. A stone fall on a great slope is a horrible spectacle whether seen from above or from below, but especially when seen from below. Some mountain sides are death traps for this reason in the afternoon.

A prudent climber will rarely get too close to falling stones, but through bad luck or misinformation he may see more than he cares of them. He will be working down a ridge which stands up in low relief upon the great tilting side of the mountain. To right and left a wide, shallow, dusty gully, floored with worn slabs of rock and broken with zigzagging scree-littered shelves, may offer easier progress. A little rivulet of gleaming water staining the recesses of the rocks and sending a faint tinkle up to his thirsty soul may add to the temptation. He continues down the ridge. Suddenly from far above, where the upper cliffs lean forward and dominate the lower glacis, a single sharp report will sound. He looks up, every fibre tense and quivering. For a moment nothing will be visible; then, exactly like a bursting shrapnel, a tiny cloud will flash out which looks like smoke but actually is dust. The falling missile has struck some scree-covered ledge. Usually the climber will see little more; he will have his head, and as much more of himself as he can, well and safely tucked away in the shelter of some overhanging boulder or cranny. But he will hear the whole slope, as it seems, leap to life, for the falling stone sets a myriad others in motion. Down they come, whirring and humming, taking enormous bounds and ricochetting across the whole width of the gully. By the time they pass him they will often be flying too fast to be visible. Only the scream of the air or, if a large boulder is fairly launched, a rumble not unlike that of an express train will tell him that they are past, and he can look down to see them splash into the snows below or leap into the open mouth of the crevasse which is nearly always there to catch them.

The prudent climber, I repeat, keeps well away from falling stones. Occasionally, however, circumstances may force him to run the risk of crossing such dangerous ground. He may be late in leaving the summit; hard pressed for time to work out the intricacies of the glacier before night falls, he may have no other way of avoiding a night spent *à la belle étoile*, an experience which is nearly always miserable and sometimes dangerous in itself. For a tired man may not be in a state to resist the great cold of the night high up without shelter, and the weather may be changing or the wind rising.

When for any such reason dangerous ground has to be crossed, the climber may hurry, but hurrying is otherwise something which he sedulously avoids. From one point of view he is the most leisurely of sportsmen; he takes a great deal of exercise, but he takes it as gently as he can. He cannot afford to hurry in an expedition which will probably take fifteen hours to complete and may take twenty. On the other hand, he cannot afford to waste any odd minutes. All successful parties develop an elaborate technique for saving seconds — at first a conscious effort, later on an unconscious habit. The beginner gives himself away by the time he squanders. He wants to stop to fix his puttee, or to put cream on his face, or to get out his gloves, or to put them away. A dozen little jobs arise and half a dozen little calamities befall him which the more experienced man has foreseen the last time the whole party stopped to feed or to put on the rope.

But there is more in time-saving than this, difficult though this trick of not stopping seems to be to acquire. Consider the management of the rope alone. We are tied on, if there are three of us, one at each end and the third in the middle. There will be thirty or forty feet of loose rope between us. Most of the time we shall be all moving together. The rope must be kept moderately taut whenever there is any possibility of a mishap to any of the party. This is not so difficult when we are walking in the leader's footprints across a snow field. But suppose we are working up a fairly steep face of rock. Fairly steep means an angle of about fifty degrees. This looks like sixty-five degrees until one measures it, and is usually talked of as eighty degrees. This face will not be smooth — few faces are. If it were, we should be moving one at a time, gathering the rope in and letting it out as required. More probably, like most big precipices that get climbed, it will be built up of a chaos of jammed blocks of all sizes at all angles, held in place by the weight of the blocks above. Over such ground experienced climbers can pass with great safety and speed, but the loose rope must be kept from catching among the innumerable spikes which jut out everywhere. To keep it free while himself moving with special care to avoid dislodging any of the rubbish with which all such faces are strewn, the climber must give a continual series of nicely adjusted flicks. In time this becomes automatic. Usually he will carry a few coils of the rope — enough to control it — in one hand, the same hand also holding his ice axe; he climbs with the other hand and with his feet and with a knee now and then.

This sounds like one of the dreariest and least inviting of imaginable exercises, and so it is until the knack has become second nature. But when everything is going as it should the very fact that all this tiresome detail is being dealt with without effort, by the mere sweet-running mechanisms of the nervous system, yields a peculiar exhilaration. I should ascribe a great deal of the fascination of mountaineering to this sense of successful technique. The good effect of doing anything that one can do well radiates throughout the whole personality. One's other faculties benefit, one is at peace with one's self, and the illusion of a complete mastery of existence grows strong. Add to this the slight tension which the situation, the drop below, and the constant need for care impose, and it is not hard to see how this routine part of climbing can acquire a charm.

More difficult rocks have another fascination. The technique of overcoming them without delay and without undue fatigue has much in common with the technique of the arts. Mediocre performers, for example, resemble one another in their procedure, but the masters of the craft develop individual styles. The difference between a breathless muscular struggle and an easy, balanced movement is often too subtle to be analyzed, but every golfer will understand how powerful the appeal of success here may become. And because the movements called for in rock-climbing are perhaps more varied and their nicety not less than those of any other sport, the spell cast is the stronger. To go lightly up a rock wall when the only hold is the friction of the forearm pressing against the sides of a vertical crack while the feet push gently yet firmly upon roughnesses not much bigger than a thumb nail is an achievement which allows a good deal of innocent self-flattery to develop. And if meanwhile the glance which is seeking for suitable roughnesses can travel past the poised foot and see nothing beneath but the glacier some hundreds of feet below, there is nothing in this to impair the pleasure, provided that equanimity is maintained. Calm control and alert, deliberate choice of pose are the essence of good rock-climbing; the exhilaration which accompanies it is as much made up of a sense that one's judgment is trustworthy and one's intelligence clear and unflurried as it is of any physical delights. And the final movement of such a passage, when the climber reaches handholds like the rungs of a ladder (no higher praise is possible), a roomy ledge to stand upon, and a spike of rock round which he can 'belay' the rope, and so guarantee both his own safety and that of his companions who will now follow him, brings a quiet glow of triumph which is much more than a mere relief of tension or a sense of escape. A good cragsman, it may be remarked, can almost always retrace his steps and return to his companions if the passage should prove more difficult than he anticipated. It is, in fact, only on this condition that he is justified in assuming the responsibility of leading his party. There are plenty of borderline cases, of course, in which a climber may not be perfectly certain whether he should proceed or return, and it is just here that his judgment is tested.

Intelligence, not of a low order, is exercised at many points in any interesting ascent. The choice of route constantly demands it. A fine mountain is a succession of problems to be solved on the spot. Few who have not climbed can realize how very intricate a mountain face may be. Rocks by themselves can require varied enough evolutions, for most cliffs are more like highly tilted labyrinths, when you come close to them, than the solid walls which from a distance they appear to be. And often the choice of one fissure rather than another, of one shelf or shoulder or buttress rather than its neighbor, will make a difference in time to be counted in hours and spell success or failure for the whole expedition.

But the complexities of rock-climbing are matched by those of ice and snow. A broken-up glacier can present a maze which only a mixture of good luck and happy opportunism will unravel. It is a strange experience to come down in the late afternoon, one's heels sinking deep into a vast bulge of snow, — like a swelling sail, but more dazzlingly white, — to survey, as the slope curves over and what is below is revealed, the wild, contorted chaos of waves and chasms into which the glacier ice is riven as it descends. Through this chaos, often by a series of carefully planned leaps interspersed with thoughtful performances upon bridges of snow, — an all-fours position which distributes one's weight over the fragile structure is not unusual, — and as a rule by much chopping of steps along the slopes of the ice waves, an intricate way is forced. It is astonishing how often the way followed will seem the only one that is possible, and how rare it is for no way to be found.

III

I have lingered somewhat over the technical attractions of mountaineering because this side of the sport is the one least easy for the layman to imagine, though some knowledge of it is necessary if the climber's passion is to be understood. If I have said enough to show that a great climb is not a rash adventure but a campaign in which prudent strategy and skillful tactics have both been required, I shall have gained my purpose. I have said nothing about the view from the summit — the excuse which the nonclimber usually provides for the climber, who is often lazy enough to accept it. The view from the summit is as a rule no more interesting than the other views. And I have said nothing as yet about the beauty of the high peaks. Before attempting to say what little can be said about this there is another fact, less often mentioned, which must be indicated.

Few climbers are for long exempt from a certain modicum of anxiety — a watchful apprehension which rarely rises to the point of distress, but remains as a background of consciousness giving a special *dramatic* quality to each incident. It is tempting to speculate further upon this feeling, for it may have an intimate connection with the beauty which the climber sometimes sees. With fatigue or indisposition this sombre tinge easily develops into a clouding dread, more or less well controlled. When this happens the whole expedition changes from a joy to a nightmare. For some climbers this is not an infrequent occurrence, though it may be but for a moment. With the unloosing of anxiety the whole character of the landscape is transformed. 'The eye altering alters all.' There are always plenty of sights in the high mountains which are capable of taking on a hideous aspect. Gaunt, disintegrating black cliffs that can be contemplated without horror only by a mind which is perfectly in possession of itself; obscene convolutions of grimy glacier which stir nothing but nausea unless one is able to hold one's self in check; sinister gray curtains of ice, furrowed by stone falls, that hold no hope for any living thing for thousands of feet; monstrous gaping jaws of crevasses fanged above with sharp blue icicles and lipped with treacherous bulges of soft snow. Even the transcendental sparkle of the snow on the upper ridges turns easily to a mere grim glitter. The instant this anxiety slips loose, beauty vanishes. Naturally it does, for this holding down of tremors, this serenity amid stress, was its very source and being. Perhaps even the man who deeply feels the beauty of a great mountain from the valley is doing something similar. He is holding in control a set of feelings which if they broke loose would distress him. Let his equanimity be sufficiently destroyed, let some grief or harshness throw him off his balance, and he will not find peace among the hills, he will not see beauty in them, but only a hateful, discomforting presentation of that side of the universe which is least the concern of man.

The climber is not less susceptible to the ordinary beauty of the mountains, if I may call it such — this power they have to stir such subtly mingled feelings when they are seen from below; and his privileged enjoyment of their extraordinary beauty, the still more mingled thrill which they awaken in him when he is actually upon their ridges, does not, in spite of all that Ruskin had to say, betoken a lack of sensibility. In the best instances the closer, the more intimate, experience is an amplification of the other. It is possible, of course, to climb for a whole day, or for a week, or a lifetime, with scarcely a moment of the genuine awareness; just as it is possible to perambulate miles of galleries or listen to the best orchestras in the world without any result which is worth mentioning. But it is the claim of the mountaineer that the very conditions of his sport do tend to make a more fully awakened response likely. The passion, like others, can go astray, and bogus forms are not uncommon. There are collectors of peaks, for example, who know as little of the genuine worship as mere collectors of pictures. Fortunately, perhaps, they rarely know what they are missing.

THE JEST OF HAHALABA

A ONE-ACT PLAY

BY LORD DUNSANY

Dramatis Personæ

Sir Arthur Strangways
Snaggs, his butler
An Alchemist
Hahalaba, the Spirit of Laughter

Scene: *The smoking room,* Sir Arthur Strangways's *house in London.*

Time: *The last moments of 1926. Bells are ringing in the New Year.*

(Sir Arthur *is in an armchair. Enter* Snaggs, *his butler.*)

Sir Arthur. A happy New Year to you, Snaggs.

Snaggs. A happy New Year to you, Sir Arthur, and many of them.

Sir Arthur. Ah. Thank you, Snaggs.

Snaggs. There's a man to see you, Sir Arthur, who —

Sir Arthur. Oh, yes, yes.

Snaggs. — who says he wants to see you, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur. Yes, show him up, please.

Snaggs. He's, if I may say so, Sir Arthur, a very strange person.

Sir Arthur. Yes, I know. Show him up.

Snaggs. Very strange indeed.

Sir Arthur. Yes. I was expecting him.

Snaggs. And it's very late, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur. Yes, never mind.

Snaggs. As you wish, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur. Yes, show him up, please.

Snaggs. As you wish.

(*Exit, leaving* Sir Arthur *sitting, thoughtful. Reënter with the* Alchemist, *in a dull maroon cloak, elderly, bearded, and dressed like nobody later than Teniers.*)

Snaggs. The man to see you, Sir Arthur.

(Snaggs *lingers.*)

Sir Arthur. Thank you, Snaggs. Thank you.

Snaggs (*reluctantly dismissed*). Thank you, Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur. You have the stuff? (Alchemist *shows an old snuffbox and taps it, nodding his head.*) And the words?

Alchemist (*in a sort of whisper*). Yes.

(Sir Arthur *takes the snuffbox.*)

Sir Arthur (*extending hand*). Give me the words.

Alchemist. They may not be written.

(*Reënter* Snaggs.)

Snaggs. I will wait up, Sir Arthur, in case you should ring. If you should ring I would come at once.

Sir Arthur. Thank you, Snaggs. Thank you.

(*Exit* Snaggs. Sir Arthur *goes to door and locks it.*)

Sir Arthur. You will tell me the words?

Alchemist. There's laws in England against the likes of me.

Sir Arthur. Laws?

Alchemist. Any time since the days of Edward the Confessor.

Sir Arthur. But you will tell me the words.

Alchemist. Aye. But we must proceed softly.

Sir Arthur. All is quiet. We may start now.

Alchemist. You have another door.

Sir Arthur. Oh, no one ever comes that way.

Alchemist. It is better locked.

Sir Arthur. Perhaps it is. (*He locks it.*) Now.

Alchemist. The powder, then, is placed upon the floor in a ring, wide enough to contain two feet, and two and a half times as wide should you dare to call up Eblis.

Sir Arthur. No, no. I shall not call up Eblis.

Alchemist. That is something, Master. That is something. That is one thing to be thankful for in all this bad business. I could n't have borne it, Master. His mouth alone; I could n't have borne to look at it.

Sir Arthur. No, no. I do not wish to see Eblis.

Alchemist. I could n't have borne to see him.

Sir Arthur. You shan't see him. Tell me the words.

Alchemist. Well, Master, you put the powder in a ring, wide enough to hold common feet, scarce larger than ours. And then, Master, if you must, you light it. If you must, Master, if you must. And it smoulders and the smoke goes away to the left and the right, and goes round the ring. And just as the two smokes meet, just then you say . . . (*He whispers.*) And you name the spirit that you would call up. And he must come. And he must grant one wish, the first demand that you make of him. And I wish I had never told you, and I wish I had never come.

Sir Arthur. Never mind that now. Let's get on with the business.

Alchemist. Well, Master; then there be many spirits. There's the Spirit of Death, the Spirit of Drought, the Spirit of Fever.

Sir Arthur (*now preparing the ring*). No, no. I'll have some jolly spirit.

Alchemist. Oh, Master, call up the Spirit of Death, the Spirit of Fever, even the Spirit of Terror, but not the Spirit of Laughter.

Sir Arthur. The Spirit of Laughter? Why not? I like the sound of him. We'll have the Spirit of Laughter.

Alchemist. Oh, Master, not that spirit.

Sir Arthur. Why not?

Alchemist. Why, Master, because all these spirits, they are all at enmity with man, and are overfull of ingenuity — it always was so. And they sit for ages planning how to prevail against man. For ages, Master. You would hardly believe it. And when they have formed a plan they won't rest until they have tried it; you would not credit their malice. And most of all are they like this, most of all when they have been compelled to grant a wish. They are like it then most of all.

Sir Arthur. Then we won't have the Spirit of Death.

Alchemist. Oh, Master, the Spirit of Laughter is the worst of all but one. His contrivances are beyond the wit of all the lesser spirits. You are not making the circle too wide, Master?

Sir Arthur. No, no. We'll only have the Spirit of Laughter.

Alchemist. Be warned, Master, and have none of him.

Sir Arthur. Come, tell me his name.

Alchemist. Be warned, Master.

Sir Arthur. I've paid you well for this.

ALCHEMIST. Yes, Master, but be warned.

SIR ARTHUR. His name, then.

ALCHEMIST. His name. Oh, Master, call never upon this spirit. His name is Hahalaba.

SIR ARTHUR. So that's his name. The spell again.

(SIR ARTHUR *now holds a matchbox.* ALCHEMIST *whispers in his ear.* SIR ARTHUR *ignites the powder and mutters the spell, ending with the name* HAHALABA. HAHALABA *steps through a curtain and stands in the ring, an athletic spirit, with small cloak slung over dark nude breast.*)

HAHALABA. What is your will of me?

ALCHEMIST. Oh, Master, nothing that he can turn to his advantage.

SIR ARTHUR. It shall be nothing. I have thought of all.

ALCHEMIST. Only a trifle, Master. Something too small for his contrivances, or —

SIR ARTHUR. It is only a trifle.

HAHALABA. What is your will of me?

SIR ARTHUR. Only a trifle. I wish to see a file of the *Times*.

HAHALABA. For what year?

SIR ARTHUR. For the year 1927!

ALCHEMIST. 1927!

HAHALABA (*pulling cloth from table and revealing a file of one year of the 'Times'*). It is there.

SIR ARTHUR. Ha!

HAHALABA. Within an hour of midnight it will vanish.

SIR ARTHUR. Oh. We have not long, then.

HAHALABA. It has far to go, and must be there by dawn.

SIR ARTHUR. Where?

HAHALABA. In the deeps of time. (*Exit.*)

SIR ARTHUR. Where has he gone?

ALCHEMIST. He has gone back.

SIR ARTHUR. To work, then.

ALCHEMIST (*as* SIR ARTHUR *gets half sheets and pencil and turns to the heap*). Oh, Master, I'm glad you asked for a little thing. It's a mercy, Master, a mercy.

SIR ARTHUR. A *little* thing, indeed!

ALCHEMIST. Aye, Master. For had you asked a great thing of such as him, he would have triumphed surely.

SIR ARTHUR. A little thing!

ALCHEMIST. Aye, Master, I know the ways of them.

SIR ARTHUR. A little thing be damned. I shall make millions on this — millions.

ALCHEMIST. Oh, Master, beware Hahalaba. Beware the Spirit of Laughter.

SIR ARTHUR. I tell you I shall make millions. This alone, for instance, this alone: December 31, 1927. I see he's got December on the top the way the newspaper people keep it — they put the fresh paper on top of the one of the day before all the year round, and keep the lot like *this.* This number alone is worth all the money I've got, or you either. Patangas, 104. You go down to the City and buy Patangas — but you don't understand.

ALCHEMIST. Master, I go to no city guided by Hahalaba.

SIR ARTHUR. He's got nothing to do with it. He's gone. But I read[1] in the *Times* that Patangas are 104. (*Jots down a word on half sheet, saying aloud, 'Patangas.'*) I shall soon know if this file is genuine by waiting a few days and checking these. (*He lays his hand on the edges at bottom of heap.*)

ALCHEMIST. Oh, it is genuine. He may not lie. But he is frivolous and cunning. I know Hahalaba.

SIR ARTHUR. If this is genuine (*reads a line or two*), as it evidently is, I shall make millions. There we are again, there we are again. Pocahontas, 37. Who'd have thought it? I have n't paid you enough, old fellow. I have n't paid you enough.

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[1] Present tense.

Alchemist. Master, I ask no more. I ask no more that comes from Hahalaba.

Sir Arthur. Nonsense. It comes out of the *Times.* And I'm the only man that's got a copy of November 20 — that is, 1927. And the only one in the world. If you'd care for half a million you can have it. It will be nothing to me.

Alchemist. No, Master. No.

Sir Arthur. Or a million, for that matter.

Alchemist. No, Master, I have no uses for it.

Sir Arthur. As you like. (*Lower down the file*) And here again. Tangerines at 80. Hullo! Here's old Perrot dead. He should have kept himself fit — he was no older than me. If he'd have played golf — Well, well. October 27. Fancy that. (*Takes another paper.*) Hullo, hullo. (*Makes brief note.*) I'll play hell with the Stock Exchange.

Alchemist. Master.

Sir Arthur. Ha, ha! Lord! Bolivian United. Well, I never. (*Makes note.*)

Alchemist. Master.

Sir Arthur. *And* Ecuador Guaranteed. Millions!

Alchemist. Master.

Sir Arthur. Well.

Alchemist. I have given you your desire, and you have paid me well. Our account is settled. May I go hence?

Sir Arthur. Go hence? Yes, if you like.

Alchemist. Thank you, Master; for of all spirits of evil I fear most the Spirit of Laughter.

Sir Arthur. Yes, you told me that. No one's keeping you. But wait a moment. Wait a moment. There's one thing I'll give you that you'll understand how to use. Wait a moment.

Alchemist. Master, I go not to that city.

Sir Arthur. No, it's not the City. Wait a moment. Ah, here we have it. The Derby. Aurelian won. You back Aurelian for the Derby. (*Writes on a half sheet and gives it to* Alchemist.) There. Aurelian for the Derby.

Alchemist. Master, I make no wager, lest in my hour of gain Hahalaba mock me. (*He puts paper down on a table.*) And, Master —

Sir Arthur. Well, never mind now. There's only a few more minutes, and I can't waste them talking. They're worth a million a minute.

Alchemist. As you will, Master.

Sir Arthur. Well, good-bye then, and thank you very much. (Alchemist *tries the door. It is locked.*) Ah, the door. Give me a moment and I'll let you out. (*He takes key from pocket, but continues reading papers and making notes.*) Another of them. Tromkins now. Why can't they keep themselves fit? Mexican Airways Limited! Well, well. (*Another note. Hastily turns over papers, making brief notes, till he nears the bottom of the heap.*) Yes, yes. Well, that'll be enough. There's millions in it. I'll let you out now. (*Walks to door with key in one hand, the last paper in the other.*)

Alchemist. Thank you, Master, thank you.

Sir Arthur. And your friend Hahalaba will find it hard to laugh over this deal, for I'm the richest man in England now.

Alchemist. Not yet, Master.

Sir Arthur. Well, I soon will be. (*Unlocks door.*)

Alchemist. And, Master. Read no more of these hidden things. It is surely enough. Tempt Hahalaba no further.

Sir Arthur. I won't. I've read all

I want. I've enough knowledge to put against the brain of all the financiers in London.

ALCHEMIST. Then read no further, Master. Put it down.

SIR ARTHUR. That? Do you know what that is? That is to-day's paper. January 1, 1927 — the last of the heap. I shall read to-day's paper before I go to bed. We're in 1927 now. Well, good-bye, and a happy New Year.

ALCHEMIST. Farewell, Master.

(*Exit* ALCHEMIST. SIR ARTHUR *returns to his chair and settles down to the British habit of reading the day's 'Times.'*)

SIR ARTHUR. Nothing of interest. Dull, I suppose, after the other. Hullo! What's this? What? What? But it can't be! But this is to-day's paper! But I'm alive! Good God! (*With breath coming short he goes to decanter of brandy, pours out, mixes, and drinks. He stands a little steadier, hand to heart now and then.*) Bit of a shock, that. Read that kind of thing. Silly Jugginses. Who can have been fool enough to invent a yarn like that? It's to-day's paper and I'm quite well. (*But the improvement was only momentary and he rings for* SNAGGS. *Then he goes panting to the sofa and lies down.*) Bit of a — shock, that.

(*Enter* SNAGGS. *Goes to* SIR ARTHUR *on sofa. All the copies of the 'Times' have vanished.*)

SNAGGS. Hullo. What's this has happened? (*Goes to table and sees* SIR ARTHUR'S *notes on half sheets.*) Patangas? Mexican Airways? Nothing to account for it there. (*Almost absently he crumples them and throws them in the fire; then turns to the business in hand.*) Now what should *I* do? (*A glance toward the sofa. Then he goes to the telephone.*) Ah, would you please give me the *Times*. I don't know the number. Yes, the *Times* Office, please. Is that the *Times?* Oh, could I speak to the Editor? . . . Oh, well, perhaps he'd do. But it's important. . . . Tell him something sudden. . . . Oh, yes. I'm butler to Sir Arthur Strangways. Mr. Snaggs is my name. . . . Well, I thought you'd like to know Sir Arthur has just died. . . . Sudden-like. . . . Yes. (*Leaving the phone, he passes the other table on which* ALCHEMIST *has put down his slip. He picks it up and reads.*) Aurelian for the Derby. *He's* no good.

[CURTAIN]

PUNISHING ONE IN TEN

BY JOHN BARKER WAITE

I

SHERWOOD DAVIS was indicted for assault upon Clio Godfrey. He had his trial and was convicted by a jury. Then he appealed to the supreme court because the evidence at the trial showed the girl's name really to have been Cleo Godfrey. Eventually that tribunal announced that Davis had not been properly convicted. In its opinion, 'Clio is the name well known in history as being that of an ancient goddess, while Cleo is a contraction of Cleopatra. These names are entirely different and have no such similarity, as commonly pronounced in this country, as that they may be said to be *idem sonans*.' There was a fatal variance between the indictment and the proof, therefore, and the court reversed the conviction.

This happened in Alabama, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-six.

Lest a too complacent North be tempted to whittle its finger, note also this case from Nebraska. Formal complaint was made against Edward Wagner, charging that he did 'unlawfully and feloniously drive and operate a motor vehicle, to wit a Studebaker automobile, at a greater rate of speed than thirty-five (35) miles per hour, to wit fifty (50) miles per hour, within the city of Falls City,' contrary to statute, because of which excessive speed and negligent driving he severely injured another automobilist. Under this charge, a jury duly convicted Wagner of driving at illegal speed.

The supreme court, however, realized that the crime of exceeding the speed limit must occur on some 'road, meaning public highway, street, or alley.' 'Neither of these words,' said the supreme court, 'appears in the information, nor their equivalent. The alleged acts might have occurred on defendant's own premises, or on premises lawfully possessed by him, or on a private way, so far as reflected by it.' Therefore the conviction was quashed and the case against Wagner dismissed.

This ruling too occurred in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-six.

In this same year, if one may judge the future by the immediate past, there will be punished less than one out of every ten of those who commit serious crime in the United States. In Alabama's neighboring state of Georgia, — there are no figures available for Alabama itself, — of those who are actually formally charged with crime only 53 out of 100 will ever be punished at all and 38 out of these 53 will have pleaded guilty. In Missouri, of those persons arrested on warrant and charged with serious crimes only 3½ per cent will be acquitted by juries, yet only 32 per cent will be punished. In Chicago there will be 3019 burglaries reported by the police — with no figures as to how many more unreported — and there will be just 179 persons punished for burglary. For 270 murders reported, there will be 65 persons penalized, of whom but nine will be sentenced to death. Of these nine, one will have his sentence commuted by the governor, two will be reprieved by him, five will secure from the supreme court a stay of execution until further proceedings can be had, and one will be hanged. Throughout the country there will be the same inefficiency in law enforcement. (These figures are taken from the reports of various crime commissions and surveys. But so lacking is this country in even the pretense of real record keeping that the accuracy of the figures is not vouched for even by the organizations presenting them.)

II

For this state of affairs Henry Flivverman will vigorously condemn 'the law,' and so will Mr. Lincoln. No doubt the law is very far from perfect, despite the 1173 statutes enacted last year in North Carolina alone and 812 more in Tennessee, and there is much to be done by the Commissions on Criminal Law springing into existence everywhere. In many places the law is antiquated and anachronistic. In some it is irrational. In a few it is ludicrous.

In California, for example, section 113 of the Vehicle Act makes it a crime for any person to drive an automobile on a public highway faster than 35 miles an hour. The section does not make exceptions or conditions, nor does it say merely that one ought not to exceed that speed. It explicitly declares speeding to be criminal. But section 155 of the same statute prohibits any court, in which a person is on trial for speeding, from considering evidence of the time required for him to traverse a measured stretch of highway, and it precludes judge or jury from hearing the testimony of any policeman unless such officer was 'at the time of such arrest dressed in a distinctive uniform and patrolling the highway in plain sight of all persons traveling thereon.' The legislature might have framed its ideas as to speeding with much less complicated expression. It might have used the simple declaration that anyone guilty of speeding while a uniformed policeman is in full view shall be punished. This would have hit the stupid and incautious, the unobservant speeder as effectively as does the more elaborate indirection of the statute. But Flivverman and Lincoln asked for just what they got, in respect to that law, and they are still asking for similar nonsensical legislation in other states.

It is not such peculiarities in the law, however, that account for 270 murders and but one execution, or for five convictions for a hundred burglaries. The scope of the criminal law in general is broad enough. It covers the acts of which we would convict the actors. The figures cited, which are representative of conditions throughout all the United States, show a real escape of offenders from the punishment which the law does provide. The law exists, it is sound, it is wise, it is sufficient. Yet those who violate its prohibitions go unpunished. Murder, rape, excessive speed, are legally punishable, but the murderer, the rapist, and the speeder go unconvicted. The law in effect is a failure.

But, using 'law' in the sense of rules of conduct which are obligatory, which must be followed by the judge as well as by the commoner, this failure is not the fault of the law. On the contrary, its failure, its inefficacy, is the fault of the human element through which alone it can operate. Messrs. Flivverman and Lincoln must direct the blast of their condemnation at the policemen, prosecutors, judges, pardoning boards, and governors who, from good motive and bad, constantly misapply or misuse the law and defeat its objective.

Consider, for instance, that reversal of Sherwood Davis's conviction. There was no 'law' which obligated the supreme court to reverse it. True, there is an unhesitatingly accepted and very wise principle of law to the effect that the conviction of one who has not had fair trial must be reversed, even though the judges of the supreme court may personally think him guilty. Our law imperatively requires fair trial and full opportunity for defense before a jury, in an orderly and customary way. Consequent on this is the requirement that every defendant be precisely informed, before the trial, of the specific facts upon which the charge against him is based. He must be informed whom he is alleged to have killed, for instance, in order that he may be prepared to prove, if possible, that the victim is still alive. The time of the killing, too, is important to the defendant, that he may be prepared to prove the fact of his presence elsewhere at the time. The allegation of certain material facts in an indictment and the unexpected proof of quite different ones at the trial might be extremely upsetting to a wholly innocent defendant, might catch him without available disproof, and might even result in a most erroneous conviction. Nor could a court of review, knowing only the evidence adduced and not that which might have been adduced, wisely do otherwise than order a trial *de novo*.

Based on this sound proposition, there developed during that period of English history when courts were scholastic rather than rational a judicial practice of treating every variance between allegation and proof as *ipso facto* prejudicial. The absurdities of these decisions would be incredible were they not so manifest. They were unreasonable, nonsensical in the extreme, even when the other conditions of society at the time are considered, but they were in fact the judicial custom.

Among these fungoids of the rational principle was the ruling that any variance in name between allegation and proof was fatal unless the two were *idem sonans*. (The reason for the exception is immaterial here, although it makes the adoption of the ruling by modern courts peculiarly irrational and ludicrous.) The judges of that period would have rendered the decision in the Davis case as a mere matter of course.

Nor in fact is there lacking a plenitude of decisions by much more modern courts, to which the Alabama court could have pointed by way of precedent. In 1913 the Illinois supreme court reversed a conviction of crime committed against a little girl, saying simply, very simply, 'The Christian name of the victim of the crime was alleged to be Rosetta. The proof was that her name was Rosalia. The variance is fatal.' And this despite explicit Illinois *law* to the effect that writs of error should be granted only when the court is of the opinion 'that there is serious or prejudicial error in the record,' and that 'no writ of error shall be sustained for any matter not affecting the real merits of the offense charged in the indictment'!

But no real principle of law to-day precluded the Alabama judges from disregarding those particular unprincipled and unsuitable old English decisions. No modern philosophy demanded from the court the decision of the Davis case. So far as legal philosophy is concerned, so far as personal liability to some other political authority is concerned, so far as anything save personal inclination and independence of mind is concerned, the Alabama judges might have declared that those precedents were unsuited to modern conditions, were inapplicable to the facts of the Davis case, because the status of a defendant is not what it used to be; that the decisions never were in their inception founded on reason; that no rule of property was involved, making certainty more important than reasonableness; that, in short, the decisions were not 'law,' and the court was under no real or theoretical obligation to follow them.

In fact, the Alabama court itself had already denied explicitly that a mere difference of name in allegation and proof was necessarily prejudicial. Only a month before the Davis case, that same court had affirmed the conviction of Ben Dinkins, charged with assault upon Gese Parker, although the proof showed Parker's name to be Gise. And a year before they had opined that the defendant was not at all prejudiced by the difference in allegation and proof between Burl Odam and Burrell Odom, Booth and Boothe, Burdet and Boudet, Edmundson and Edminson. If the court chose to find cause for reversal because of the difference between Clio and Cleo, it was the court's own choice and not the compulsion of an absurd law.

If there was no real potential prejudice to Davis in the difference of name, the court delayed and perhaps defeated enforcement of the law because it made an unwise choice and unnecessarily reversed a fair conviction. If the variance was in fact so probably potential as to make reversal necessary, the fault was that of the prosecuting attorney who allowed the prejudice to occur. In either event it was failure of the human element, not a defect in the rules or the philosophy of law.

So too of the Wagner case, did space and interest warrant its discussion, it might be pointed out that while an indictment must state facts which show a crime to have been committed, and while many preceding decisions have required that the showing be made with the utmost explicitness and meticulous exactitude, there is nevertheless no rational principle which compelled the Nebraska court to ignore the statement of fact by reasonable implication which runs with every other course of human communication. Such decisions are matters of predilection and choice, not of legal obligation.

III

In any number of ways it is the humanness of the judges rather than any law which accounts for failures of public justice and inefficacy of the criminal law. This is not said in derogation of the American judiciary. The writer yields to no one in respect for our judges, in appreciation of their character and abilities, and in admiration for what they have accomplished under the circumstances. Inasmuch as the primary requisite of an American judge is political ability, else would he not be a judge, it is matter for congratulation that they have so consistently been endowed also with the honesty and judicial capacities which they have shown in so high degree. Nor are the majority fairly to be painted with the technical peculiarities, or the deficiencies, which some have shown. Cases such as those here cited and those of which the public is most apt to hear are the spectacular ones, the unusual ones. The wise and efficient application and development of law, which are the daily routine, seldom come to the public notice. Nevertheless there are faults in that human element which, developing in the administration of justice, stigmatize the law with a false appearance of asininity and inefficiency.

When Cornelius Shea was tried in Illinois, 9425 persons were summoned to court as potential jurymen. Of these, 4821 were examined and discharged before a sufficiently unintelligent jury of twelve was selected to sit in judgment. In a San Francisco trial, 91 days were occupied in the sole task of selecting a jury, although when the famous, or infamous, Dr. Crippen was tried in England the jury was selected in eight minutes.

But again this extravagant, wasteful travesty upon rational procedure sprang from no defect in the law. The Illinois statutes exclude from jury service certain limited classes of people, such as public servants whose duties to the public are such that their time should not be otherwise required. The law provides further that persons whose natural interest in the success of one party or the other would probably prejudice them shall be excused from sitting in the particular case. But save for such limited exceptions as these, the law merely excuses from the particular case those persons who a preliminary interrogation shows would have a tendency to be biased, who would not probably render an impartial verdict. Beyond a limited number of peremptory challenges, the attorneys have no right to say that any particular man shall or shall not sit. Nothing more could be asked of the law. Impartial jurors are the fundamental requisite of our whole legal system. In permitting the calling and rejection of thousands of veniremen for a single jury, either that judge was confronted by the amazing fact that of nearly 5000 men presumably impartially called only 12 were capable of rendering an impartial verdict, or else he rejected qualified, suitable jurors in disregard of the law. In either event the law was sound, and the human element, veniremen or judge, alone to blame.

When one finds unfit juries, incompetent jurors of the lowest intellectual classes, 'professional' jurors, this too is frequently the result of some judge's laxity and indifference, or his political *laissez faire*. In some states the judge appoints the official whose duty it is to select for jury duty the names of citizens 'of good character, of approved integrity, of sound judgment, and well informed,' and he has power to insist on jury service by those who are selected. Whenever the so frequent undesirables, instead of citizens well informed and of good judgment, form the jury panel, it is the defect of those who have failed to follow the clear mandates of a wise law.

So too delay, which is the salvation from retribution sought by many a hard-pressed criminal, delay which cools the ardor of prosecution, blunts the edge of public interest, effaces the memory of witnesses, and — less valuable to the criminal but important to the public safety — weakens the deterrent effect of punishment when it does come, delay is a favor from the judge. Law which forbade any delay, which precluded postponement regardless of illness of attorney or witness, for instance, would be ridiculous. Law which rigidly limited the number of adjournments to one, or to two, would be scarcely less so. The right to adjournment of trial must reasonably and fairly rest within the discretion of the judge. The law which clothes him with that discretion is sound. But what of the judges who exercise that discretion, when a recent report covering the Chicago criminal courts shows a murder committed in 1920, the defendant on bond, 19 continuances granted by six judges; another murder committed in 1921, the defendant at liberty on bond, 34 continuances granted by ten judges; two other murders committed in 1921, the defendants all out on bond, 31 and

30 continuances respectively? In still other murder cases the list of ten or more continuances is lengthy. Over four years gone by to the date of the report in one case, over three years in the other cases, the defendants all at large, enjoying the liberty of any law-abiding and unsuspected citizens, the probability of ultimate conviction at a minimum!

A defect in the law? Not at all, but in elected officials.

IV

Not all inefficacy of the law is the fault of the judges, of course. When Dion O'Bannion was murdered amid his Chicago flowers the press made much of his record of unpunished crime. But it neglected to record that during his life, when the police asserted that they had caught him in the act of robbing a safe and he was duly indicted and tried, it was the twelve good men and true of a Chicago jury who declared him guiltless. To a query of probable bribery, the police answer was, 'Not necessary; the criminal jurymen all knew O'Bannion.'

It was a Chicago jury which found Martin Durkin, bootlegger, automobile thief, seducer, killer, guilty of murder without any extenuating circumstance, and then recommended a term of years in the penitentiary instead of the execution which Illinois law provides. It was a Chicago jury which declared Russell Scott too insane to be hung for the murder of which he had already been convicted. It was a jury which acquitted Harry Thaw, on the ground of insanity. If it be true, as the layman believes, that a pretty woman cannot be convicted, it is necessarily the jury which always acquits her. It was a woman of the jury quoted as saying, when Kid McCoy was acquitted of murder, 'Mr. McCoy is not the type of man that hangs.' In the words of an editorial, 'that verdict, from any point of view, was ridiculous.' It was; but it was the verdict of a jury, not a defect in the law.

The failures of the prosecuting attorney likewise account for much inefficacy in law enforcement — not only his failures to secure convictions, but his success in conviction through failure to prosecute the case fairly. Often, of course, he fails for one reason or another to get a conviction which justice demands. Sometimes that is attributable to unwise technicalities in the law, sometimes to his human deficiencies, quite often to force of circumstance, for which he cannot be blamed. But sometimes his energy is unwisely spent in success. Within three months of each other, two important cases from Cook County — one a conviction for homicide, the other for embezzlement — were reversed by the Illinois supreme court for prejudicial conduct of the state's attorney. In the embezzlement case the court said of the prosecutor and the expert accountant, 'Neither of them seemed to know what was needed to establish the guilt of the accused, or how to make the proof if they had found out what was necessary to be proven.' In the other it said, 'Respect for the law and its proper administration will not be established by the lawless and unprofessional conduct of those charged with the enforcement of the law such as shown by this record. . . . For the misconduct of the state's attorney and the errors of the trial court in permitting such misconduct the case must be reversed.'

During the year preceding, out of the 162 criminal cases that were carried to the Illinois supreme court on one ground and another, 13 involved improper conduct of the state's attorney and eight of the convictions were reversed on that account. Again be it said that this is not meant as a reflection on the character or ability of the thousands of prosecuting attorneys throughout the country who are carrying out honestly and well a particularly difficult obligation. Nevertheless, again the law itself cannot be bettered. It does not say that convictions must be reversed if the prosecutor misbehaves, but only that they must be reversed if such misbehavior casts suspicion upon the fairness and justice of the conviction. The rule could not be otherwise. If reversals occur where convictions are clearly just, only the members of the reversing court can be blamed; if the reversals are proper, the state's attorneys must bear the censure.

Parole commissioners too are human, though they hold office through the law. 'Big Jim' Morton was foisted on society, or nearly so, by the Ohio Board of Clemency. Six times he had been convicted of burglary and sentenced to imprisonment and six times he had been paroled or otherwise released from the penitentiary. Only once was he held for more than three years — in California, where he spent three years and a half in jail. Twice he was paroled and once returned to the penitentiary for violation of parole. Once he escaped prosecution for automobile stealing in Minnesota by jumping his bond. After that he robbed a bank in Cleveland. He was later arrested for a minor offense in Toledo; his connection with the Cleveland robbery was discovered and he was eventually convicted thereof. The Ohio supreme court reversed the conviction because he had not been allowed to take certain depositions. On a new trial he was again convicted and was sentenced to from one to fifteen years in the penitentiary. Then he began to ask for parole, on the strange ground that he would like to go to Minnesota or Michigan to stand trial for crimes which he was alleged to have committed there. Neither Minnesota nor Michigan asked for his release or appears to have desired it. Nevertheless the Board of Clemency held a special meeting and granted a 'conditional release to Michigan authorities, effective if and when called for, out of Ohio forever with no final release.' No official explanation for this was given, though those assigned in the press included the fact that it was too hot in the Ohio penitentiary, that Morton would probably be convicted of robbery in Michigan, and that he had promised to stay out of Ohio.

In due course Morton was delivered to the Detroit authorities. After many continuances it developed that, owing to lapse of time since the commission of the crime, he could not be convicted in Michigan. He refused to plead guilty. (He had promised to plead guilty to the Minnesota charge, but for reasons unknown had not been sent there.) The question became how to hold him longer. He had been 'conditionally released,' to be sure, but what were the conditions? The order of release did not state. He had been released presumably to stand trial in Michigan, and he was ready to stand trial. There seemed to be no strings sufficient to haul him back to Ohio. He was not a fugitive from justice for whom extradition could be asked; he had been voluntarily released 'out of Ohio forever.' A writ of habeas corpus was about to be asked by his attorney and might probably be granted, freeing Morton from any custody. Fortunately for society, the authorities themselves undertook to violate the law, for which they were afterward vigorously criticized in some quarters and by some judges. Three state troopers unexpectedly spirited Morton across the state line, and Ohio authorities locked him up again for a while.

Such a situation could hardly be foreseen or forestalled by the law. We cannot so far step backward as to abolish entirely the parole law. It is therefore to its very human administrators that we must look for avoidance of its abuse.

V

So the tale might run unendingly. Quite recently the writer sat in one of the criminal court rooms of a city sometimes noted for its prompt administration of criminal justice, listening to the arraignment of prisoners. The judge, for a laudable purpose of his own, asked each defendant when he had been arrested. Many had already been in jail for a fortnight, some for a month, awaiting trial. One man had been in jail for six weeks waiting for a chance to plead guilty. As it later developed, he had been given a preliminary hearing as soon as arrested and admitted his guilt. But judgment could not be rendered against him until a formal accusation was made — an indispensable of orderly, recorded procedure. Two weeks went by, however, while he lay in jail, before the facts of his case were sent to the prosecuting attorney. For two weeks more he waited in jail before that busy office could draw up an information and return it to the courts. Still another two weeks he waited before the assignment clerk brought the case up for hearing. At the hearing the defendant promptly pleaded guilty. And then the judge was compelled to remand him to jail for sentence at a later date, because no one had been notified to look up his history and previous criminal record.

Thus, from the failure of the police to arrest for crime, the failure to prepare the evidence, the failure of the state's attorney to prosecute the case, the failure of the jury to convict, the failure of the courts to sustain a fair conviction, the failure of the parole board to function wisely, to the failure of the governor to withhold his pardon, the inefficiency of the criminal law is a matter of the weakness of the human element through which it must function.

Crime commissions of one sort or another in half the states of the Union are busily gathering data and preparing proposals for revamping the criminal law. May their work prosper! There is everything in the way of fact yet to be learned, and the law needs revision. The danger is in resting content therewith. The situation is unfortunately not one to be cured by the comparatively easy method of a fit of enthusiasm and a bit of legislation at the capitol. It can be really alleviated only when Messrs. Flivverman and Lincoln correct their own failure to show a continuing and helpful interest in the conduct of the officials on whose service they rely.

INVISIBLE PRESENCES

BY JAMES H. LEUBA

I

How wonderful the human mind! It has given us mastery over the animal world and over physical forces stupendous in their might. It promises even to make us masters of ourselves and of our future development. But the possession of this wonderful capacity entails also unfortunate consequences. It leads primitive man into forms of behavior grotesquely absurd and at times not only useless but also harmful — habits of which no animal could ever be guilty. Did any animal ever attempt to kill otherwise than in what seems to be a rational manner?

That cannot be said of the natives of the islands of Melanesia. They seek to destroy their enemies with ghost-shooters made of a bit of bamboo stuffed with leaves, a dead man's bone, and other magical ingredients. The magician holds it in his hand, with the open end of the bamboo covered with his thumb, till he sees his enemy; then he lets out the magic influence and shoots his man.

Among the Papuans, when a house is to be built, the preparation begins long before the actual work. A variety of things, which do not seem to us to have any possible connection with building, have to be assembled: a few leaves from the thatch of a house, some ashes from a fireplace, certain things connected with the person of an enemy,—a little of his spittle, remains of food showing his teeth marks, trophies such as pieces of the skull of a slain enemy, — certain parts of a wild pig, a snake, the teeth of a dog known to have been very fierce. Only when all these things have been gathered is it wise to begin to cut down the trees for the building. When the poles have been prepared and the holes dug for them, another chapter of queer performances begins: the end of the main post is smeared with ashes mixed with water, and the remainder of the mixture is kept for daubing the men when they go out to fight; the snake is twisted round the lower end of the post; in the hole made for it are put the eyebrows, finger nails, and parts of the tongues of slain enemies.

I shall not weary you with further directions for the erection of a solid house, proof against accidents, in which a family may live happily ever after. I shall add only that every part of the life of the uncivilized — birth, marriage, hunting, the preparation of the game, sowing, reaping, death, burial — is regulated by magical and by religious customs regarded by us as altogether ineffectual.

It may seem a matter for wonder that among the first fruits of the great intellectual gifts separating man from the animal should be useless and absurd beliefs and practices, making men look ridiculous by the side of the apparently sensible and reasonable animals! But it requires imagination and powers of invention to create magic. The animal is preserved from errors of imaginative thinking by the absence of that superior form of thought.

We are not to suppose that, because magic and inferior forms of worship have disappeared from our highest civilizations, the mind has ceased to mislead us into striking and far-reaching errors. I intend to consider in this paper two related forms of illusion. The first is the conviction of the presence with us of a person, although the ordinary indicators of a presence — such as sight, sound, touch — are absent. Let us call that experience the Sense of Presence. The second is a failure to become aware of the reality of a person actually perceived by the senses; it is, therefore, the reverse of the Sense of Presence. We may call it the Unreality of the Real. The first experience is almost commonplace, in no way indicative of abnormality, and plays an important rôle in civilized humanity, particularly in religion. It is otherwise with the second; it does not come to healthy persons, and it is socially insignificant.

I shall illustrate these two kinds of related experiences by a sufficient number of instances, and then attempt an explanation of them. The same psychological principles will be sufficient to explain them both.

Before proceeding, however, I should like to comment briefly upon the attitude assumed by many persons — even by certain philosophers — toward any attempted explanation of things which, for some reason or other, have come to be regarded as mysterious and sacred. No less a personage than William James will provide us with the horrible example of romanticism and misplaced awe which I desire to bring to your attention.

In that famous book, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, there is a chapter entitled 'The Reality of the Unseen,' in which, among other things, invisible presences are taken up. The phenomenon is abundantly illustrated, but no effort is made to explain it. The author's purpose is not to analyze and to understand, but to set forth the wonder and to declare the inadequacy of reason to cope with it. Instead of attempting to do the work that might be expected of the psychologist, he launches into a tirade against rationalism: 'We have to confess,' he writes, 'that the part of it of which rationalism can give an account is relatively superficial. It is the part that has the prestige undoubtedly, for it has the loquacity, it can challenge you for proofs, and chop logic, and put you down with words. But it will fail to convince or convert you all the same, if your dumb intuitions are opposed to its conclusions. . . . Something in you absolutely *knows* that that result must be truer than any logic-chopping rationalistic talk, however clever, that may contradict it.'

I will take the liberty of saying that this last sentence might have come from the mouth of those who, in long-past centuries, wanted the Giordano Brunos and Galileos to recant their sacrilegious propositions and to stop their impious search after knowledge. We may imagine the cold, unflinching voice of the inquisitor saying, 'Our God-given eyes assure us that the sun turns round the earth. That assurance must be truer than any logic-chopping rationalistic talk, however clever.'

I must not forget to add that the passage I have quoted does not represent William James completely. It expresses only one, or perhaps two, of the several moods or attitudes of this great and many-sided writer: the mood of the scientist acutely conscious of defeat and limitation, and partly discouraged; and the mood of the romantic soul, lover of adventure and mystery.

I think we may proceed and seek to explain even the Sense of Invisible Presence without fear of making discoveries reserved for themselves by jealous gods.

II

I begin with the Unreality of the Real — that is, the failure to believe in the reality of someone whose presence is testified to by vision or some other sense. Confronted with his daughter, an unfortunate neurasthenic father would say, 'It seems to me that she is not my daughter, for if she were my daughter I should experience a great joy.' Another patient, in the presence of her mother, whom she recognizes very well, would nevertheless deny that she was her mother and even affirm that the person before her had no real existence.

This curious impression of unreality, or rather this curious absence of the impression of reality, varies in its extension. At times it bears mainly on one person or on one class of things, or yet upon a period of one's life. In other cases it affects everything, even the sense of one's own existence. Claudine, a patient of Janet, complains that things have become strange, that they have lost their reality. In Lætitia the disturbance spreads to her own self. Reversing Descartes's axiom, she had the audacity to say, 'Of course I think, but I do not exist.' And to Janet, her physician, she would say, 'Why do you want me to speak to you? You do not exist; neither do I. Good-bye.'

This absence of the impression of reality affects not only things actually perceived by the senses but also memories of past experiences. The past is not forgotten, memory remains; but the things recalled, like the things perceived, have lost their reality.

Janet reports very striking instances of this abnormality. A lady who had suffered throughout her life from neuropathic disturbances married at thirty-eight and enjoyed a few years of happiness. When the husband died fairly suddenly, the unfortunate widow returned to her earlier neuropathic condition. The disturbance took on a particular form. She accused herself of lack of the proper feeling for her husband. 'It seems to me,' she would say, 'that one must feel a peculiar sorrow for the death of a child, of a friend, of a husband. Well, I do not feel any particular sorrow for my husband, that excellent man—his personality escapes me. To have no appropriate sorrow—that is revolting and unjust. It is humiliating to live thus heartlessly. And the friendly visits of condolence; friends who come weeping and saying, "I understand your grief, I sympathize with your great sorrow" — they are more than I can stand. With whom do they sympathize? I feel no sorrow. It is painful not to be unhappy, and I should be happy if I could be unhappy.'

She searches her memory for past incidents which will bring back to her the affection and the love she knows she had for her husband. The memories come, but there is no life in them; she remains indifferent; they do not have the kind of reality which normally would belong to them. She says, 'I was proud to be his wife. Well, when I think of an outing with him, arm in arm, or of a visit, I do not get even a trace of pride or satisfaction. I try to imagine that he is going to come in — I remain indifferent. I think that he will never again come into this room — again I remain indifferent. It is as if my memories were not about him, as if they were not about myself.'

There is no need of adding other instances; the main features of these curious experiences have appeared clearly enough. We understand now that to perceive a person with the external senses is not equivalent to having a normal consciousness of the reality of that person; and, similarly, we see that a remembered experience — however clear and detailed it may be — may affect us as if it were not really a memory of that experience. Something must be added to what the senses give us, and to the recalled sensory impressions, in order to produce the conviction of reality. What that something is, is partly indicated in the instances I have described to you. The sight of the daughter leaves the father cold; he does not feel the joy he knows he would feel were that young woman really his daughter. And the idea of the beloved dead husband leaves the wife entirely indifferent. Let us remember these facts when, later on, we shall pass to the explanation of both the sense of the Unreality of the Real and the sense of the Reality of Invisible Presences.

We normal people may perhaps get a glimpse of the disheartening experiences of these poor neuropaths by seeking to realize what would happen within us if, when about to greet with joy an old friend, we found ourselves facing, not the friend, but some stranger who happened to be a perfect image of the friend. Our attitude, feelings, and thoughts would instantly be radically changed, and with that change would come the sense of the absence of the friend.

The obvious psychological lesson taught by these mental disorders is that the conviction of the reality of people and things does not depend merely on the impressions they make upon the external senses, but on the awakening within us, by these sensory impressions, of complex reactions among which the emotional reactions play a conspicuous rôle.

III

We may now pass on to the counterpart of these abnormal experiences — that is, the conviction of the presence of someone in the absence of any perception by the external senses. If the former variety of experience is of little social significance, the latter has been and is, as you will see, of very great importance in the history of individuals and of societies.

The writings of the classical Christian mystics contain numerous instances of the Sense of Invisible Presence. Here is one of the many reported by the great Spanish mystic, Saint Theresa. 'On the day of Saint Peter, as I was in prayer, I saw near me, or rather I felt — for I did not perceive anything either with the eyes of the body or with the eyes of the soul — I felt the Christ near me and I knew it was He who was speaking to me. . . . It seemed to me that He kept walking at my side; and, as it was not a vision of the imagination, I did not know under what form He was present . . . but He was always on my right side; I felt Him very clearly.' Observe how, in this description, Saint Theresa is puzzled by the assurance she has of the presence of Christ in the absence of any external sensation or even of 'vision of the imagination.'

A woman whom we shall call Mlle. V——, Protestant in religion, had suffered impatiently throughout her life from the lack of an intimate companion. One night, before falling asleep, she became suddenly aware of a friendly Presence. She calls it the Friend. His approach was not made known to her through the senses. She felt him somewhere in space and yet within herself. She talked to him more than he to her. The Presence was soothing, purifying. But although this Friend affected her like a really present person, Mlle. V—— did not long let herself be deceived. She knew too much and was too keen an observer to mistake the creation of her heart's desire for an objective reality. She said, 'I wish I was not so sure that he is merely a split in my personality, so that I might take it more seriously; but I see the ropes too clearly.'

A few months later, the character of the Presence changed. It was no longer a human Friend, but a divine Presence. It reappeared thirty-one times at irregular intervals in the course of sixteen months, and then the manifestation ceased. I wish there were room to add some details, to tell you in particular how Mlle. V—— convinced herself gradually that the whole affair was a creation of her 'subconscious self,' — that is her own expression, — and how, when she had made that discovery, the experience came to an end.

With these two instances before us, it is probably unnecessary for me to say that the Sense of Presence is something else, something more, than the mere thought of someone's presence. On hearing a door open or the steps of a person, I may infer that someone is there in my neighborhood. That inference of a presence is not at all the Sense of Presence, although it may well be its starting point. Usually, however, it remains a mere thought, a mere inference of the presence of someone. What difference there is between these two experiences we shall see more fully as we proceed.

It would be an error to suppose that this conviction of an impressive Presence, more concretely real than what the eyes see and the hands touch, occurs only in the religious life. Many are the persons who have experienced it outside of all religious connections. From a collection gathered from contemporaries I transcribe two instances that are little more than commonplace.

1. A young woman was sitting in the drawing room of her parents at half after eleven at night, waiting for her father's return. Her mother lay on a couch near her, dozing. She herself was completely absorbed in the reading of a book. No one else in the house was awake. As she read, she was slightly disturbed by the feeling that someone was in the room in the corner opposite her mother's couch. She looked up, expecting to see her father, but saw no one and began reading again. The same sensation came over her three or four times; but since, each time she looked up, she saw no one, she continued to read, being very deeply absorbed in her book. Suddenly she felt someone come from the corner and cross between herself and her mother. She felt it so vividly that she even thought she saw something, but could not say what the something looked like. She was perfectly certain, however, that someone had crossed the room. Startled, she cried to her mother, 'What was that?' Her mother had seen and felt nothing, but the girl insisted that someone had passed, and persuaded her mother to search the house with her. They searched the house in vain.

2. 'We had an early dinner, as we we were all going to a wedding. I was dressing in my room on the third floor, and the rest of the family were on the second floor. I could hear them talking, and I sometimes joined in the conversation, calling down the stairs. Altogether, we were having a most hilarious time. Suddenly, for no reason that I know of, a sort of terror came over me. The electric lights had not yet been turned on, and my bedroom, although not dark, was lighted only by the gas light from my study and from the hallway. I seemed to feel a Presence, and it was in the air, moving quite rapidly, about six feet from the floor. I did not look in that direction, but

tried to quiet myself by thinking that such a thing could not physically hurt me, and that, if it were anything spiritual, I should be glad to learn what it had to say. Then I turned — of course to find nothing. I was still nervous, and went downstairs as soon as I was dressed.' The writer of this letter adds that under ordinary circumstances she is never afraid in the house.

In this last instance the Presence was indefinite in character; whether it was a person or something else was not revealed. Such cases are not rare. The two following instances are more or less of that description.

Under date September 20, 1842, James Russell Lowell wrote to a friend: 'I had a revelation last Friday evening. I was at Mary's, and happening to say something of the presence of spirits (of whom, I said, I was often dimly aware), Mr. Putnam entered into an argument with me on spiritual matters. As I was speaking the whole system rose up before me like a vague Destiny looming from the abyss. I never before so clearly felt the spirit of God in me and around me. The whole room seemed to me full of God. The air seemed to waver to and fro with the presence of something. I knew not what. I spoke with the calmness and clearness of a prophet.' Note in this account that 'something' — Lowell did not know exactly what — filled the room with its vague presence. Nevertheless, he ventured the descriptive term 'God.'

My last illustration bears a deeper significance than the preceding; it comes from a university teacher of science, a woman very similar to Mlle. V—— in her profound loneliness and yearning for an adequate intimate companion. Throughout her early maturity, and until the events we are about to relate, her life had been a pathetic, almost tragic, experience of frustration. Satisfying human companionship having failed her altogether, she came to believe that the only hope of a tolerable and honorable existence was in a divine Companion who would understand her, sympathize with her, and love her. This period of her life culminated in a soul-stirring, mystical adventure which I relate in her own words: —

'Then one night, after a week of this sort of thing, the sense of God's presence came upon me with overpowering fullness. I cannot express the sense of personal intimacy, understanding, and sympathy that it gave to me. I felt the thing — whatever it was — so close to me, so a part of me, that words and even thoughts were unnecessary, that my part was only to sink back into His personality — if such it were — and drop all worries and temptations, all the straining and striving that had been so prominent in my life for years and years. Then, as I felt consolation and strength pouring in upon me, there came a great upwelling of love and gratitude toward their source, even though I was all the time conscious that that source might not be either personal or objective. It felt personal, I said to myself, and no harm would be done by acting as if it were so. This experience lasted for two days in nearly its original strength. Every time attention relaxed from my tasks, the Presence was there, and it was the last at night and the first in the morning in my consciousness. Gradually it became less vivid, but at times it still recurs with its original force.'

This substantial, intimate, and dynamic realization of the presence of persons, either human or divine, is fairly frequent. It should not be regarded as an expression of abnormality in the experiencer — not even though it should have to be regarded as an illusion. The normal mind is subject to deceptions of many kinds, in particular to those mentioned at the beginning of this paper: the universal, stupendous, and yet normal illusions of magic and of primitive religion, illusions which controlled for ages the life of poor humanity.

IV

The Sense of Presence is the expression of a mental activity so natural and ordinary that it can be reproduced in probably anyone willing to submit to simple experimental conditions. I have myself produced it in a number of persons. The subject of the experiment was seated in a dimly lighted room with his back to the assistants, who sat silent some twenty-five feet away. His eyes were carefully covered to exclude all light. He was told that at any time someone might come forward and stand behind his chair, and that he was then to indicate awareness of the Presence by raising his hand. The floor between the attendants and the subject was covered with heavy rugs in order to eliminate, so far as possible, all sound of footsteps. Under these circumstances I expected that the subject would have two different experiences, and would spontaneously separate them: the ordinary thought of and belief in the presence of someone behind him, and that other impression we have called the Sense of Presence. This anticipation was verified. Of the seven subjects who took part in the experiment, three experienced the Sense of Presence. Had we persevered, all of them might have. The following notes are extracted from the observations of the successful subjects.

1. 'Very suddenly there came a feeling that someone was near me; there was no visualization except to the point of knowing that the person was large. I was very sure it was a person, and that he or she was behind my chair, a little to the left, about one and one half metres away. [No one was in the room, nor had there been anyone there for about three minutes.] I had a slightly uncanny feeling. Almost immediately there appeared an intense desire to stand up and turn around toward the person, so as to be facing him during a conversation I felt sure would ensue. I had no idea what the topic of conversation would be, or why it would take place. But the idea of carrying on a conversation and the necessity of standing (more to have better control of my mental faculties than anything else — it was not out of respect to another person) were very clear and insistent.'

2. 'After an interval, there came a Sense of Presence not very clear. Then *It* became very clearly present. "Bearing down upon me" was the phrase that flitted through my mind. There was a growing feeling of terror tinged with awe. By this time there was a noticeable muscular tension all over, accompanied by an increased rate of breathing. Shortly after this I began to shiver, and later I had a feeling of cold not connected with the temperature of the room. The shivering ended in jerking all over. When the shivering began, I had the feeling of cowering in my chair. After a short time I could stand it no longer and I impulsively removed the bandage from my eyes, though I knew we had agreed that the experiment should last ten minutes.'

It is by the third subject that the distinction between the thought of a person present and the Sense of Presence is most clearly made.

3. 'The sounds made by people approaching and retreating, the tick of the clock, and so forth, had no effect upon me, for I was attending to my own psychic processes. The atmosphere

seemed thicker than usual and felt charged with what might be called "latent personality." Out of this more or less vitalized atmosphere I tried to form definite presences, determining their position with reference to my own — left front, right front, and so forth. I succeeded to some extent; but the fact that I was consciously imagining these figures detracted from their reality.' So far there is nothing unusual. She hears, as she thinks, steps approaching her chair from behind, and she thinks someone is there behind her. But after a while something more happens. 'Finally, without any effort or force, I felt a Presence standing at the table to my right, and a little behind my chair. It existed only in reference to me. It did not look at me [remember that her eyes were so covered that she could not see anything], but as it turned toward me, and put out its arms as if it were about to touch me, I was so overcome with terror that I lost the sense of its nearness and became aware only of my own tendency to shrink away — almost run — and of my quickened pulse.'

Attention should be called to an interesting feature of this experiment: several of the subjects made an effort to produce the Presence. They thought hard of a person and attempted to visualize him and to determine his position with reference to their own. These efforts remained invariably fruitless. If the Presence appeared at all, it came unexpectedly, after they had ceased the effort of visualization. This is exactly what the Christian mystics have recorded. They also desired and sought a Presence, — in their case it was generally Jesus, — but, do what they might, it appeared, if at all, when it pleased, unexpectedly, either when no effort had been made or when the effort had ceased.

This feature of the experience lends itself, as you understand, to a belief in the intervention of a personality other than the subject. The latter feels as if the Presence had not appeared in answer to his own bidding, but at the will of the Presence itself.

In order not to misunderstand the meaning of this impression of passivity and of intervention by another will, we must observe that it is characteristic not only of the Sense of Presence but of much of our ordinary mental life. Consider, for instance, what happens when you try to solve a problem, or merely to write a letter — writing a letter is often a considerable problem. You begin with some stereotyped remark and come to a stop. You do not know how to proceed. What happens then? You think for a moment and nothing satisfactory appears. For an instant you let go of the problem, or the problem lets go of you. You look out of the window, you light your pipe. Suddenly, unexpectedly, the idea you need has popped into your head. It seems to have come from outside. I insist upon this commonplace instance, for it represents the ordinary way of the mind in the process of thinking. Ideas pop into our minds unexpectedly, when we have ceased to make any effort to find them, — that is, while we seem passive, — just as the Presence jumps to our side, not as an immediate sequence to our efforts, but, as it seems, of its own volition. In neither case is the sense of passivity of the subject a sufficient proof of the activity of a person other than the subject.

Let me make two final remarks concerning these experiments. The subjects found no difficulty in separating the Sense of Presence from the conviction that one of the attendants was standing behind the chair. And the Sense of Presence never coincided with the actual presence of one of us behind the subject. I do not mean to imply that this coincidence was impossible; simply it did not take place.[1]

V

And now for the final part of this discussion. What can be said in explanation of this curious Sense of Presence? If we understood how the ordinary and veridical conviction of reality comes into existence, our problem would be near its solution. With that purpose in mind let us observe what takes place in the growing infant.

It is evident that the impression made by a person upon a newborn infant is something quite different from and far simpler than the corresponding experience of the adult, and yet the babe sees perfectly well. What is it that must be added to the bare original sight impressions of the infant in order to produce the full sense of the presence of a particular person?

The infant sees the mother not only in one but in a thousand different attitudes. She stands erect, walks, bends, sits. More than that, sensations from the other senses are added in countless numbers to the visual sensations. Her steps and other movements make noises, she speaks and utters pretty sounds while smiling at the child. She touches and fondles it in an indescribable variety of ways. All these sensations contribute in some measure to the formation of the sense of the reality of the mother. Her presence means not merely the bare sight of her; it means a great complex of sensations connected with her.

But we have so far left out a most important class of impressions produced by the mother. The child is not a passive receiver of sight, sound, and touch; he responds to these impressions. At first little is elicited from the child by the mother's presence — merely some uncoördinated movements of various parts of the body. The movements multiply and acquire significance. The child stretches out its arms toward the mother, moves its lips, and so forth. More important still than the movements of the external limbs is what takes place within the babe, beyond direct observation. One may say, speaking generally, that every part of the internal body of the child comes to be affected in definite ways by the presence of the mother. When it is hungry, the main though not at all the only effect produced by the approach of the mother is an increase of salivation and of the several other secretions connected with digestion. The smile with which the babe greets the mother is an expression of a complex physiological activity. It involves changes of circulation, of respiration, and of other mechanisms productive of pleasure. In short, the sight of the mother comes to call forth in the babe, not only readily observable external movements, but also an extremely complex system of internal reactions, including, more or less, the whole organism: respiration and circulation, the digestive organs, the glands of inner secretions, and so forth.

When the infant has reached maturity, the complexity of his reactions to persons he knows, and even to those he does not know, beggars description. Where is the novelist who could represent adequately the infinite variety of address, intonation, attitude, gesture, by means of which the accomplished society woman indicates to each person his or her relative position in her social world? These infinite nuances of behavior correspond to an infinite variety of impressions made upon her by different persons — impressions among which, we now realize, mere sight counts for little. Knowing a person does not mean chiefly familiarity with his features. That alone is almost nothing. Knowing him means being able to anticipate his thoughts, feelings, and actions; and that involves the production within us, by his presence, of certain feelings, emotions, thoughts, and volitions. It is the production of these effects which gives to the sight of a person the vivid, intimate meaning characteristic of a real presence. As a result of this complex inner activity we speak and act in a way appropriate to the particular person before us.

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[1] A fuller study of this and other aspects of religious mysticism may be found in the author's *Psychology of Religious Mysticism.*

This is enough, I trust, to prove that the more essential element in the realization of a Presence is not sight, or any other sensation coming in through the external senses, — such as sound or touch, — but the complex pattern of inner responses made to these perceptions. Whenever these are absent, the sight of a person seems utterly unconvincing. It is a person with the personality left out, a mere shell of the reality. Under these circumstances, Masselon's patient could not believe, despite the testimony of his eyes, that he had before him his daughter. You remember his saying, 'If she were my daughter I should experience a great joy.' You remember, also, the complaints of Janet's patients. The woman who had lost her husband repeats that she has not the feelings which a wife should have for the memory of her husband. Her remembrance of him leaves her cold, and she cannot realize that it is she, herself, who has lived happily with him. On the contrary, whenever these inner responses exist, the impression of a real presence is produced, *even in the absence of any sensation from the external world.*

Who the invisible person is supposed to be depends upon a number of factors. Chief among them is what we may call the dominant preoccupation or concern of the subject. The Christian who desires the presence of Christ realizes that presence. When there is no predisposition, no anticipation, the Presence is usually, at first, quite indeterminate, and then may acquire definiteness under the influence of the subject's guesses about it. But an adequate elucidation of this point would take us into channels too technical for a magazine.

Too technical also would be the answer to this question: When the occasion of the calling forth of the inner reactions constituting the essential part of the Sense of Presence is not an actual presence, what is it? I shall say merely that this problem does not appear with reference to the Sense of Presence only; it appears also with reference to hallucinations and to abnormal fears, the fears for which there is no appropriate cause. The subject is fully aware that there is no cause for fear, yet all the inner and outer bodily manifestations take place and the mind is filled with dread, just as if a cause were perceived. A complete answer to this problem would include reference to the function of the mysterious subconscious.

Some of my readers are probably wondering how the preceding explanation of the Sense of Invisible Presence affects the problem of the existence of God. The answer to that query cannot be, it seems to me, a matter for hesitation. Those who accept the explanation I have given will have to hold that the sense of a divine or other Presence is not at all, in itself, a proof of a real presence. The mystic is mistaken when he gives the sense of warm, personal intimacy he has experienced as proof of the reality of the Presence. We know that that experience, absolutely convincing as it *feels* to him, may be an illusion. On the other hand, the explanation given is not in itself a disproof of God. God might never manifest Himself in that particular way and yet exist.

Moreover, although the Sense of Presence is, let us say, usually an illusion, a God might conceivably, at times, manifest Himself in that way. There would be then both illusory and genuine instances of the Sense of Invisible Presence; and they would be indistinguishable from each other. That last point is not to be overlooked by the would-be believer in the occasional personal manifestation of a God.

The situation is here as in the physical world. Science shows that rain is produced by natural causes — temperature, moisture, wind. But that demonstrated fact would not prevent the occasional production of rain at the good pleasure of a God possessing the necessary power. In order to believe in this occasional action of a God, in the face of the satisfactory scientific explanation of rain and of the Sense of Presence, a rational being would, of course, demand adequate reasons. Should they be unobtainable, there would remain, as already said, the possibility of a God who does not maintain with man or with physical nature relations of a personal character — such a God would not be satisfactory to the mystically inclined; for the main attribute of the God of the mystic is that He enters into personal communion with man.

But in raising the problem of God we have passed beyond the intended scope of this paper. We began with the remark that mind, great and powerful though it is, deceives us grievously, that it has led the uncivilized into the nonsense and waste of magic and of crude forms of religion. We may close on the comforting thought that, even though the civilized are not free from similar deceptions, the informed mind can be turned upon itself in order to bring into the light its own deceptions. That is what we have tried to do in the case of the conviction of Invisible Presence and of the Unreality of the Real.

A DESERT OWL

BY ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

I

Miss Grey-Ashby had three things — money, a taste in dress, and a passion for processions. It was never too cold, too wet, or too early to go to a procession, which was an inclusive term and meant weddings at St. Margaret's, funerals at the Abbey, and, of course, the Opening of Parliament. It also included meeting foreign potentates at Victoria, as well as cabinet ministers and others on their return from the Continent. It was beyond counting, the number of times she had gone to meet the Prime Minister, Liberal or Conservative as it happened, and had stood in the crowd at the station, just to give him the welcome she was sure he deserved. As for the King and Queen, she had an engagement with them nearly every day, somewhere, when they were in London, and they took her to all sorts of distances and to all kinds of low neighborhoods, but she never faltered in her allegiance. Sometimes, of course, they went shopping in Bond Street, or held Court, or gave garden parties, which made it easier for her, but she never hesitated to follow them to the East End, to all kinds of queer places near the docks, or in Mile End Road, or wherever their duties took them.

Having money made these pleasures possible. Without independent means she could never have afforded all the bus fares and tube fares required. But of course there were many ceremonies that did not take a penny, being near at hand, just round the corner, so to speak, which is one advantage of living in Westminster, with Parliament and the Abbey a stone's throw away.

And most certainly she had a taste in dress. Because all these different spectacles required different sorts of clothes. Not that anyone in the crowds noticed her clothes especially — an elderly lady, well over sixty and painfully shabby, hardly attracts attention. But dress was due to the occasion, due to herself as spectator. Just as one is always honest about paying one's fare in the bus when the conductor has overlooked it — not that it matters to the omnibus company, but it matters very much indeed to one's self. So Miss Grey-Ashby had a variety of clothes suitable to different occasions, and each morning at breakfast she scanned the 'To-day's Arrangements' column in the *Times* — being able to take in the *Times* argues money in itself — to see what was demanded of her that day. Naturally one made a distinction between weddings and funerals, and prime ministers, and those funny little emirs and sultans who were perpetually coming over from Africa or Arabia to lay their troubles before the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to say nothing of the King and Queen. If one views a procession from a sand box, which is certainly the best vantage point for an elderly lady but five foot high, one is in a conspicuous position and must dress accordingly. Miss Grey-Ashby had an amazing knowledge of the location of every sand box in London — those great iron boxes painted silver or green, which hold gravel to be scattered over the roads on slippery days.

Now this wardrobe of hers, while fairly extensive and suited to a nicety to every occasion, especially when varied by hats and gloves, was surprisingly shabby. Archaic, to say the least. Cut in a style reminiscent of the early days of the late Queen, but of excellent quality. Which shows the advantage of buying good quality in the first place, for, however styles may change, quality remains. And it is quality, after all, that counts. Miss Grey-Ashby took intense pride in the wearing value of these clothes of hers — none of your modern materials would have stood up so well under so many years of rain and strain. And what modern skirt would have allowed one to scramble to the top of a sand box so modestly?

For her Sovereigns a distinct, final touch was reserved. An elegance, a homage for them alone. This was a tortoise-shell comb, of the kind known as Spanish, some inches high and of corresponding breadth. When worn, it could be well covered by a hat, high in the crown and capacious, and capable of hiding this elegance from the public gaze. Thus protected while pushing her way through the crowds, squirming in and out, ducking below elbows, and elbowing herself when necessary, there was no fear that the precious comb would be broken. Or worse, stolen. Such a temptation to have whisked it off, valuable as it was. But the hat made all safe. And once on a sand box, as the royal carriage drew near, the hat itself came off. A sheer mark of respect — one can't well curtsy from a sand box. And flaring from the highest rung of the comb, tied with a cunning that forced it to spring forth like a jack-in-the-box when released, was a glorious vast bow of cerise satin. No less. It had been acknowledged, time and again, by Their Majesties — once even from the great glass coach itself.

But apart from these ceremonies of life and death, provided for the cheering of little lives like Miss Grey-Ashby's, she had one more pleasure, equally keen — a love of animals. But none of your cats and dogs, mind. None of that. Her taste was for the exotic. But the exotic comes high — too high to gratify. Macaws, for example, run to guineas. One cannot pay a quarter's rent for a macaw, but one can go and look at them. One can look at chimpanzees for seventy guineas, or meerkats, which are cheap at five pounds. And, if one has asked the price of too many animals and cannot seemingly decide between a gorilla and a mongoose, it is possible to get out of one's embarrassment by buying a few pennies' worth of bird seed. The purchase of bird seed provides a dignified escape from one's predicament. These strategic retreats are always exciting — finesse is a game in itself. And fortunately there are many animal shops in London, so that one need not visit the same one too often. But because of her taste for the exotic, and because of independent means which were not independent enough, — except for bird seed, — it so happened that for many years Miss Grey-Ashby remained petless. Which was a pity, because her garret was so eminently adapted for pets. No black cat on the hearth was a distinct lack. But she wanted something tropical, not a cat. Perhaps it was as well, the high price of the tropical or exotic. It substituted perpetual planning and dreaming, and visits to remote parts of London, to Club Row on Sunday mornings, and to the great animal importers on London Docks. Once she had a nasty experience at that shop on the Docks, trying to choose between a small lion cub and a honey bear — deterred by the cost, yet trying not to give that impression. The man down there was very rude to her — the next time he saw a shabby little old lady asking for elephants he slammed the door in her face. But that was the sort of thing you might expect in the East End.

So, between processions and visits to animal shops, Miss Grey-Ashby led a very full life. Romance, and eternal hope — a good enough combination for anyone.

II

Like many of us in Westminster, Miss Grey-Ashby saved her threepenny bits. Like many people with a fixed income, she felt it possible to augment it by the discreet and occasional abstraction of certain small coins, which normally would have gone toward rent, or kindling wood, or some such necessity. But by bottling them in a clear glass bottle it was possible to make certain inroads on a fixed income without apparent loss. As weeks and months went by, as the coins in the bottle increased, she felt that without undue extravagance she might well spend the accumulation for a pet. A proper pet. Out of the ordinary, the kind she had always longed for.

It was one of those November days when the daylight gave out completely at three in the afternoon. A long stretch before tea time, a still longer one before supper. The clear glass bottle on the mantelpiece glowed in the firelight, and glowed still further when she lit the lamp to dispel such gloom as the firelight could not conquer. One is at a frightfully loose end at three o'clock in the afternoon, with the curtains drawn and nothing special to do, and no one laying corner stones or arriving at Victoria — nothing but long hours ahead of one till it is time to go to bed. A waste of an afternoon, a waste of lamplight and firelight, and no little live thing about the hearth to afford a diversion. Miss Grey-Ashby shook the bottle, and the threepenny bits rattled delightfully. She poured them out and counted them. Twelve shillings, a large sum to have collected bit by bit without feeling it. Why not spend it now? Surely *something* could be had for twelve shillings. Surely it was useless to go on saving for something more sumptuous than twelve shillings would buy. Miss Grey-Ashby felt herself giving way. Here now were twelve shillings, and a foggy afternoon, and not many people would be abroad in such a fog — a bargain might happen after all.

She took her bottle, and put on a shabby blue raincoat, and creaked down the garret stairs. The garret, her own floor, was shut off from the rest of the house by a green paneled door, at the foot of the steps. After locking this door, she stood a moment to enjoy, as she always enjoyed, the beauty of the drawing-room floor. The wide hall and fine Adams stairway, one of the best in London. The paneling in the spacious hall was a perpetual joy. She might live in the garret, but it was the garret of a very magnificent old house. And the entrance, the wide stairway, the paneled walls, the noble proportions, were quite as much hers as the garret itself. The ground floor was equally distinguished. She stood her usual moment at the front door, looking up the great stairway of the handsomest house in Old Westminster. Then out into the murky atmosphere, hurrying along the narrow street made bright by the flares from the open stalls, and by the gleaming lights of the shop windows shining out upon the road.

There was a delightful zoo in a certain West End shop. A cozy room, well heated for the sake of the monkeys, and quite a good place to come to on a raw, dark November afternoon. Miss Grey-Ashby wandered about before the various cages, scrutinizing the price tickets more carefully than the animals themselves. Finally a small owl caught her attention, a brown ball of fluff somewhat larger than a tennis ball, but not much. It stared at her unwinkingly, and the ticket mentioned that its price was ten and six. Well within her limit.

The shop assistant was polite. He said it was a desert owl, from Egypt. And exceedingly hardy — for a desert owl. Not many people cared for owls, which was why the price was so low — it was worth much more. Miss Grey-Ashby took it in her hands. It felt warm and amenable, and did not stir, liking, apparently, to be held. She placed it inside her coat — it remained immovable, very content. A perfect pet. All the earmarks of a perfect pet, including total resignation. So unusual for a bird. Miss Grey-Ashby decided upon it at once.

Now, as in most West End shops, you get a ticket and go off somewhere to the cash desk to pay. In this case the cash desk was removed some distance from the animal department, in an adjoining one, and Miss Grey-Ashby hastened off with her bottle of threepenny bits, the counting of which occasioned some delay. Finally, receipt in hand, she returned for the owl, but decided that she would first have a prolonged and satisfactory look round. She was entitled to it because of her purchase, and there would be no importunate salesman at her elbow to bother her. And her look round was more than satisfying — the sight of the other animals and birds confirmed her opinion that none of them, whatever their price, was quite so delightful as the little object she had just bought. In due time, well pleased with herself, well pleased with the inferiority of all the other pets compared with hers, she went to the counter with her receipt, and picked up the large, brown-papered box in which the owl was comfortably packed. They were generous in these West End shops — kind to their animals. No stuffing them into miserably inadequate boxes, to be stifled and cramped. She made her way from the shop and boarded a bus. Delightful little creature she had got! She tilted the box slightly on end, just to feel it shuffling gently to the other — nice, roomy box. Plenty of air space, to say nothing of the little airholes punched in the brown paper. How delightful it would be to take the little creature out and sit with it under her coat, before the fire. She had never had an owl. Nor had she known anyone who had.

III

The wide entrance hall was heavy with fog when she opened the front door. She felt her way up the stairs, the rail in one hand, the owl box in the other. Soon she was in her garret, dim with fog, except for the flickering fire. She mended the fire before opening the box — the room should be as warm as possible for the little bird just come from the Egyptian deserts. What a contrast, London, to the hot deserts! She would make the place as warm as possible, to welcome the little guest.

She untied the string with care, though it took some time. The knots were well tied, and she could hear a shuffling within, which added to her anticipation. Then, the paper removed, she gingerly raised one end of the lid, and instantly a large winged creature dashed forth and took to the air and the rafters, with whirls and screams. The next moment a second large bird flew out — they seemed rather smaller than peacocks — and instantly the room was in a turmoil. No meek owl, but two gigantic birds, of unknown species, were dashing and wheeling about the low-ceilinged room with wild, shrill screams of rage.

'He's given me the wrong box!' cried Miss Grey-Ashby, making a lunge at a frightened thing the size of a vulture. It eluded her, all but a handful of feathers. The second whirred past her head. She ducked, but reached gamely up and seized its tail. The tail came out, but the flight continued. Miss Grey-Ashby seized the fender and screened in the fire. 'They shan't go up the chimney,' she murmured, 'and they shan't break my windows, either,' she cried to herself, snatching at another tail, which likewise pulled out. In a few moments the place was a pandemonium. Eagles, at least. Both whirling madly about, steering erratically without tails, parting with handfuls of feathers at each swoop. In the flickering firelight, between the fog and the feathers, Miss Grey-Ashby dashed after the huge objects that circled this way and that, stumbling and clutching wildly, without avail.

A knocking came from below, at the door at the bottom of the stairs. 'What's up?' cried a voice.

'Everything!' shouted Miss Grey-Ashby. 'Wait a moment — I'll let you in.'

The tenant of the floor below entered the room. Miss Grey-Ashby darted wildly to and fro, only catching more feathers. 'Help me catch them!' she cried. 'It's an owl —'

'It's *not* an owl,' replied the tenant, ducking hastily.

'It's my owl,' cried Miss Grey-Ashby, 'that I bought myself half an hour ago — and this is what they gave me instead!' The lodger joined in the chase. Chairs were upset, pictures knocked off the walls, the clock fell from the mantelpiece with a crash.

'One sweet little owl,' panted Miss Grey-Ashby, 'and look at these — vampires!' she cried savagely.

'I wonder what they are?' exclaimed the lodger breathlessly, after a futile leap. 'Wild geese, I should think.'

The birds seemed to get bigger and bigger, but they were also growing balder and balder. The room was a snowstorm of feathers, — long ones, small ones, tail feathers, down, — almost suffocating.

'I've got one!' cried Miss Grey-Ashby in triumph.

'So 've I!' cried the lodger. Each seized a panting, bald bird, almost totally devoid of plumage. 'Can't tell what they are, naked like this,' said Miss Grey-Ashby, getting her breath. 'Let's put them back in the box.'

'And that box!' she continued indignantly. 'I thought they were so humane in the shop, giving it a big box to itself like that — my sweet little owl.'

The great birds were shut up at last, and Miss Grey-Ashby and the lodger surveyed the wreck. Then Miss Grey-Ashby sprang up again.

'I'll have to hasten back with them,' she exclaimed. 'Someone's got my owl — my precious owl. Besides, these things might get out again any minute. Though they can't fly much now,' she concluded, 'having nothing to fly with.'

The lodger and Miss Grey-Ashby took the bus back to the shop in the West End.

'You gave me the wrong box!' began Miss Grey-Ashby, as she entered. 'I bought a very charming little owl a short time ago, for ten and six —'

The manager of the animal department was agitated. He was almost forgetting his manners toward a customer. But another customer had evidently been giving him a bad time of it too.

'And you took away, madam, by mistake,' began the manager, 'a pair of very valuable —'

'Valuable!' snorted Miss Grey-Ashby indignantly.

'— very rare —' continued the manager.

'Rare!' retorted Miss Grey-Ashby. 'Rare, indeed! A rare time I've had with them!'

'—worth twenty-five pounds,' went on the manager.

'I don't believe it!' snapped Miss Grey-Ashby.

'And the gentleman who had bought those valuable birds, madam,' went on the manager, 'got, instead, a desert owl, worth ten and six.'

'My precious little owl!' stormed Miss Grey-Ashby. 'It's a perfect outrage! Where is it now?'

The manager proffered a small box, about the size of a teacup. Miss Grey-Ashby seized it. 'It's an outrage, being so careless. Giving me, instead of an owl, those disgusting birds!'

'Those "disgusting birds," as you call them, madam,' continued the manager coldly, taking the large box, 'are worth — and had just been sold for — twenty-five pounds.'

The lodger whispered something to Miss Grey-Ashby and pulled her hurriedly out of the animal department.

'Quick!' she whispered. 'Quick! Run! Let's get out of the shop and lost in the crowd before he opens that box! Before he sues us for damages! The demons may have been worth twenty-five pounds once — but they're not now! There's not a feather left on them — we've ruined them!'

THE MOMENT

BY ALICE BROWN

Last miracle of all the motes of time,
But now become my bride, my spirit's bliss,
Only to die in evanescent prime
Like love expiring upon a kiss!
Now while I have thee mine, I have the whole
This rounded earth has to her children lent,
The moon and sea and their pervasive soul
That is the breath of beauty's bodiment.

Go not! though thy dim crowding sisters throng
The sequence of inexorable days,
Daughters of bliss or pain, lament and song,
Pausing no more than thou for prayer or praise,
Still to my eyes let thy dear beauties be
The untroubled star in waveless memory.

A GIRL'S FRIENDSHIP WITH RUSKIN. II

NEW LETTERS FROM BRANTWOOD

EDITED BY LEONARD HUXLEY

I

I HAD now been a week under Kate's roof, and the day came when I was to see the Master in his own beloved home. That Monday morning was clouded by a note from Mrs. Severn telling me that owing to pressure of visitors at Brantwood she would be obliged to cut down my promised week to five days, and that I should return to the cottage on Thursday night. This was a very bitter pill, not swallowed without tears, but it had to be swallowed.

The carriage was to fetch me at five o'clock. The day was very wet and stormy, so I attired myself in the navy serge costume in which I had traveled. But when Kate came to my room to offer her services in packing she exclaimed in dismay at my choice.

'Oh, ma'am, are you not going to wear that beautiful peacock-blue afternoon dress?'

'Why, Kate, I am sure this is much more suitable for such a day! And I shall go straight to my room and change it before the Professor sees me.'

'Oh, no, ma'am, you won't be able to do that. The Professor will come out to welcome you, and he will take you straight into his study. And I know he would *so* like that dress.'

So at the last minute I had to allow her to unpack the dress she so much admired, to satisfy her affectionate zeal.

Her prophecy proved quite correct. In spite of a heavy downpour, Mr. Ruskin came out bareheaded to help me from the carriage.

He led me by the hand into the drawing room, but said directly, 'No! — this is a dreary, nasty room. Come into my study.'

He led me into that most delightful of all rooms, put me into the most comfortable chair beside the fire, sat down himself, and looked at me for a minute without speaking.

Then he gently lifted his hand and said in his slow, sweet voice, 'What a lovely gown you have on, Jessie! What an exquisite shade of blue!'

So Kate's choice of my attire proved correct, and I felt grateful to her. I told him that I had put off my mourning for a brother-in-law because I felt sure he would not like it.

'I object to mourning on principle,' he answered. 'The very essence of it is that you mean to put it off some day to show that you are consoled. Whereas a really noble grief is never put away, but abides with you for life. At my father's death I wanted to put the servants into dark blue instead of black, but I had to give way to my mother's wishes and bear the horrid black.'

Once during this first fireside talk he caught me looking earnestly at his face.

'Well, Jessie?' he asked with an interrogative smile.

I tried to get out of answering, but he insisted on knowing my thoughts.

'I was only wondering why none of the photographs I have seen are the least bit like you,' I blurted out at last.

This pleased him greatly.

'I am so glad you think so, for I have always hoped they were not really like me, but people will say they are very good! And it is very humiliating! They always seem to me just caricatures of my face!' And he added plaintively, 'The sun seems to have a spite against me — and I'm sure I don't know why! I have always spoken very respectfully of him!'

I wish it were possible to convey any adequate idea of the exquisite voice which lent an unforgettable charm to even the lightest speech — so musical that its memory rings in my ears to-day, 'forty years on.'

Here I will give from my journal a little description of Brantwood as it was in those days.

It is a long, low, white house, facing the lake, and sheltered at the back by steep wooded hills. There is a narrow strip of sloping garden, and a little road between the house and the water's edge. It stands some little height above the lake, and behind it rises abruptly the rocky hill covered with trees and shrubs which gives the house its name — 'Brant' being Cumberland for 'steep.' In the wood there are many paths and flights of steps, and a little stream which comes tumbling down from the moor above. Over this stream the Master has built with his own hands an arched stone bridge, built without mortar, of which he is frankly proud. He showed it to me during our first walk in the wood. 'The only help I had in building it was a little assistance from Baxter in lifting some stones too heavy for my unaided strength. And it will last for generations!' It was really a very pretty little bridge, planted with ferns and woodland plants in the crevices.

Near the house is a small level plot of grass which is sacred to the Master, and never invaded by gardening hands. Here he walks up and down in the sunshine when he wishes to be undisturbed, 'and to think out something particularly nice!'

Above this little wood there is a wide stretch of moorland whose bracken and heather offer a feast of rich color to the eye as one issues from the sombre woodland.

The wild strawberry grows freely in the wood and is a great favorite with the Master. He called my attention to one plant which had thrown its runners right across the path. 'So confiding of it. I do hope no one will be so cruel as to tread on it!'

In the square entrance hall of the house there hung some large and very fine cartoons by Burne-Jones. The drawing room gave me a great shock of surprise. We were then at the height of the 'æsthetic' craze — the 'greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Gallery' days, and I had pictured to myself an ultra-'artistic' room, all sage green, peacock blue, and old gold, with Morris papers and hangings, and so forth. In place of which I found a typical Early Victorian room, old-fashioned, but not antique — in fact, just such a room as might have been found in the house of any wealthy couple of the upper middle class, fifty years before. And that was exactly what it was, for nothing had been altered since the days of the elder Ruskins. Had they returned to life, they would have felt absolutely at home in that drawing room at Brantwood.

The chief additions they would have noticed were the wonderful Turners adorning the walls. These were all water colors, and were protected from injury by sunshine by light wooden frames across which was stretched dark blue glazed calico. All the drawings were framed to the same size, so that any frame would fit any picture. These coverings were removed at sundown, and in the Master's little bedroom, where many of the most exquisite hung, many candles were lighted when the room was prepared for the night, so that he might enjoy his treasures while dressing and undressing. Visitors were at full liberty to uncover any of the drawing-room pictures if they wished to examine them, but the covers must be replaced immediately you had finished looking at any of them, under penalties too dreadful to be faced!

The study was the room which faithfully reflected the tastes and character of the Master. It was a perfectly delightful apartment, but without a shadow of straining after effect. A long, low room, made by throwing two rooms together — books everywhere, the walls lined with library shelves, stands for portfolios, pictures and drawings on every side, cabinets full of minerals, tiers of drawers filled with sketches and engravings, a few comfortable chairs, and last, though by no means least, a small octagonal table by the fireplace.

I should think no famous author ever did his literary work with so little paraphernalia as did Mr. Ruskin. This small table not only served as his writing desk, but also served for the frugal meals which he took alone in the study when not inclined for society. His breakfast was always laid on it and also his afternoon tea. There was not much to be removed in order to 'lay the cloth,' for a large sheet of blotting paper laid flat on the table and a pile of foolscap were, with a small inkstand, all that was needed when writing. There was not so much as a penwiper to be seen. One day I said that I should make him one. He replied with comic solemnity, 'Jessie — there is no penwiper to equal the left-hand coat tail!'

It was a genuine workroom, with a pleasant amount of tidy untidiness — books on chairs waiting to find their homes on the shelves, pictures leaning against the walls waiting till he should make up his mind where to hang them, and parcels of mineral specimens waiting to be disposed of in the cabinets.

Three large windows down one side, with deep window seats, gave perfect views over the lake and the hills.

It was in this charming study that most of the hours of my stay at Brantwood were passed.

The first evening, when bidding us good-night, the Master asked me whether I liked to rise early and at what hour I generally came down. When I answered that in summer I came down about seven, Mrs. Severn exclaimed in dismay: —

'Oh, my dear lady, don't do anything so awful in this house, I pray you! You would n't find a place fit to sit down in before half past nine at the earliest!'

'Yes, Joanie,' said the Professor, 'she would! My study is always ready long before that. Would half past six be too early for you to be called? No? And do you like coffee? Yes? Then I shall send you a cup of coffee at that time, and you will find a good fire in my study whenever you are ready to come down.'

And, with a parting glance at one or two of the Turners, Mr. Ruskin left us. Mrs. Severn was quite dismayed at this arrangement.

'But this is contrary to all rules and regulations!' she exclaimed as soon as the door was closed. 'The study has always been sacred to the Master alone in the early morning! Nobody is ever allowed to be with him then.' But here Mr. Severn interfered on my behalf. 'Miss L. is the Professor's visitor, not yours, Joan! She shall do just what he wants.'

So, on my giving a solemn promise that I would neither talk myself nor let the Master do so, Mrs. Severn gave way gracefully.

I was down first next morning and found a housemaid busy arranging the bright fire.

'I have to be very careful, ma'am,' she explained, 'for the Master likes the room warm but the fire only just large enough to make it so. He says that getting the coal is such hard and dangerous work we must never waste a bit. Nothing makes him so vexed as to see a fire larger than is really needed.'

In a few minutes the Master came in, and after the morning greetings said, 'Now you will have to amuse yourself till breakfast time, Jessie, for I must be busy. Here are two things for you to look at — an illuminated thirteenth-century Missal, and *Woodstock*.'

We sat down by the fire, on either side of his little table. After examining the lovely Missal for some time, I took up the *Woodstock*, and to my surprise and delight I found it was Scott's original MS. The writing was beautifully clear and the corrections and interpolations very few. The Master broke silence for a minute to call my attention to a particular page — each page was dated.

'When he wrote that page Scott believed himself a wealthy man. When he wrote the following page next day he knew himself to be a ruined man. Can you find a trace of it in that clear, careful writing?'

And there was none. No more corrections than before — not a tremor in the script.

Each morning of my brief visit I was privileged in the same manner. Sometimes Mr. Ruskin would pass over to me the sheet of foolscap he had just finished writing and tell me to see if any correction was needed. Sometimes he would give me some proof reading to do, telling me to pay particular attention to the punctuation, as 'stops' always bothered him so.

At twelve o'clock he put away his writing and went out for a walk if it was fine, and, if not, to chop up firewood for the house.

The two young girls, Rosie and Peggy, and I were allowed to accompany him then, and also in his afternoon walk or boating on the lake.

More than one afternoon he took us all three to tea at the Waterhead Hotel, the recently widowed proprietress of which was an old friend of his. 'I like her to have a nice big bill to send me at the quarter's end,' he explained one day. So we feasted gayly on buttered toast, raspberry jam, and real homemade cakes. None of the hotel visitors got a taste of the raspberry jam; the whole season's making was religiously put away for 'the Professor' and the visitors he brought.

I cannot remember now how the subject was brought up, but I recall an interesting conversation at one of the Waterhead teas. I think it was mainly addressed to Rosie, and it was about marriage.

'Remember this: there comes a time in every married life when one partner or the other is tempted to believe that some other person would have been a more congenial mate. There is only one course to pursue if two, or perhaps three, lives are not to be wrecked. You must resolutely turn your thoughts away from the idea. You must deliberately, and with the whole might of your soul, resolve to think only of the good points and the virtues of the mate you have chosen, and of the weak points in the character of the one you are tempted to prefer. It may be a hard struggle for a time, but in the end you will win your way to safe anchorage again. Never forget this, any of you.'

In one of our walks he stopped to gaze lovingly at a violet nestling in a bed of moss by the roadside.

'How marvelously one's capacity for assimilating beauty varies! There are days when a roadside violet holds more delight in its beauty than the soul can contain — and there are other days when the whole majesty of the Alps will not suffice to fill the craving for beauty in the human heart.'

One day he mentioned something

which Turner had said to him once. Peggy opened her eyes in astonishment. 'Did you know Turner?' she asked.

'I knew Turner, Peggy, my dear, as well as a young, foolish, conceited man *could* know an old, wise, and modest man.'

Sometimes the Master dined with the family and sometimes alone in his study. This was when he thought there would be too much noise and talking for him. But after dinner he always joined his guests and the Severns in the drawing room for an hour or two. If he felt so inclined he would offer to read to us. And then we had a treat indeed! I have never heard reading to approach his in beauty. The voice, naturally one of rare charm, was modulated and inflected in harmony with his subject with the skill of a great artist. I had the great good fortune to hear him on several evenings. He read us several chapters from Scott's *Monastery* for one thing, and I well remember how vainly he struggled with the letter *r* in the verses beginning 'Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright.' No effort could prevent its becoming 'mewwily,' but it only added a piquancy to the charm of that lovely voice.

Another night he read us the whole of the story of 'Hansli,' which he had translated for *Fors*. There were several interpolations of his own, and when we came to one of these Mrs. Severn, sitting on the hearthrug against her husband's knee, would whisper in a stage aside, 'Arthur! Arthur! Are you listening? This is a bit of Ruskin's own! And I do so love Ruskin, don't you?' The Master would shake his head at her with a loving smile. 'Joanie! Joanie! Will you *never* grow up?' But he had to stop reading until he had finished laughing every time.

II

So the five happy days flew by and the sad Thursday came when my room was needed for another guest, and I must return to Kate's little house. But the Master softened the parting by promising to come to tea with me the next day and by telling me I should often be summoned to Brantwood for a few hours with him.

Alas! the next day brought a disappointment, for a number of people called on him and detained him so late that he was unable to fulfill his promise of coming to tea with me.

One day the young barrister, Mr. W., and the other 'boy,' Dr. D., came to tea with me at Kate's and we had a gay time. Mr. W. took far more liberties with the Master than anyone else would dare to do. I remember the latter complaining to me one day that 'Aleck' had made him put three whole sheets in the fire that morning.

Mr. W. told me one day how he first gained the Master's affection, and it was a very delightful tale as he told it.

'I'm almost the only person who dares to contradict the Professor, or to find fault with him, and that is the real reason of his fondness for me. I always tell him *exactly* what I think without fear or favor. That was how I first won his notice. One day he was showing some Oxford men — myself among them — a drawing he had just made of an angel. They all went into raptures over it. When it came to me I only said, "What made you draw one wing so much better than the other?" It was the first thing that struck me, so I said it. And the Professor was delighted. "Because I was tired and lazy and impatient. I did the first wing as well as I possibly could and then did the other anyhow because I was in a hurry to finish it. But you are the first person who has noticed it, or at least spoken of it."'

Early in the following week Mr. and Mrs. Severn left home to pay a visit to friends. And twice at least during that week I had the great pleasure of dining at Brantwood with the little party there assembled. A carriage was sent to fetch me and take me back at night. It was a long and hilly drive, but had it been four times as long the evenings would have more than repaid it. We were rather a small party — Rosie (the Sylphide of the letters) and I were the only ladies. Three of the Master's old Oxford pupils and present favorites, Mr. W., Dr. D., and Mr. C., were the others. I went in to dinner on the Master's arm each time; he took the head of the table and was the most genial and delightful host imaginable. He had not dined with us during my five days in the previous week, so I had not till then seen him act in that capacity.

I remember that on the first night the Master turned to his personal attendant, Baxter, and said, smiling at me: —

'Now, Baxter, this is a festive occasion, you know. It is the first time this lady has dined with me, so I think you must give us a little champagne in her honor.'

He sipped one glass of the champagne with much apparent enjoyment, but put his hand peremptorily over his glass when Baxter attempted to refill it.

When the carriage was announced for me at eleven o'clock, Mr. Ruskin said, as he bade me good-night, 'And if I send the carriage again for you to-morrow night, Jessie, do you think you would come again?'

At the next night's dinner the talk turned on the new æsthetic school and the Master said: —

'I can't quite make out what is meant by the term. If they mean that they are all followers of Burne-Jones, and mean to be led and taught by him, then they are on the right road and may get and do much good. But if they mean that they are each going to set up for Burne-Joneses themselves — and try and rival and outdo him — then it is all a pernicious blunder.'

Mr. C., who was an intimate friend of Burne-Jones, here remarked to Mr. Ruskin that that great artist felt a little sore at the Master's failing to speak more openly and publicly as to the high honor he held him in.

'But, my dear boy,' exclaimed the Master, 'Burne-Jones is much too far above me to want any aid from my words! I'm a mere dictionary maker, while he is a Heaven-sent poet! I have n't a spark of imagination in me, while he is nothing else. I can never see one iota beyond what is actually before my eyes. Whatever I can see, a telescope or a field glass could see. Nothing I ever wrote or painted would equal a square foot of one of Burne-Jones's pictures.'

'Well, all I know is that he told me not a fortnight ago that he owed everything he was, or could do, to you.'

'Oh, that's nonsense! I may have taught him a little years ago perhaps, but he has been beyond and above me for ages now, and I am only too thankful to get a chance of learning from him whenever I can. The only quarrel I have with Burne-Jones is that he likes girls with green-and-gray faces, and I like them with pink-and-white faces. And old gentlemen's faces, too, ought to be red, like a rosy-cheeked apple, not paper- or tallow-colored, like this!' — smiling at Rosie and me, as he touched his own pale cheek.

We enjoyed more reading aloud on these evenings. Over some bits from

Hood's Life the Master laughed till he cried, and his reading made us do the same.

These delightful evenings marked the zenith of my happiness in those memorable three weeks at Coniston. They were not to be my last, however. The dear Master had already issued a royally gracious 'command' to return there at Christmas — 'for the whole of the Christmas holidays, remember, Jessie.'

But both Mr. Severn and Mr. W. had most kindly given me gentle warnings that all those who came into intimate relations with the Professor, since his sad illnesses, must prepare themselves for sudden inexplicable fluctuations in his favor toward them, and for startling rebuffs at times, and they had begged me not to take these things too much to heart when my turn should come.

The sequel proved the wisdom and kindness of their advice. The next letter from him, received at Kate's only two or three days after these perfect evenings, came on me like a clap of thunder out of a clear blue sky, and nearly broke my heart in spite of their friendly warnings. Of course the fact that the main accusation it contained was wholly without foundation ought to have told me that the overtasked brain was once more on the point of breaking down, and had I known him better I should have realized this and been less overcome with grief and shame.

I have hesitated long before transcribing this letter, but without it much that follows would be meaningless. So I have decided to give it, heavy as is the blow to my pride, and that after forty years!

The 'Frederic (Ulric)' mentioned in it was a German story of Swiss peasant life which he had asked me to translate for *Fors*.

BRANTWOOD,
Monday.

DEAR JESSIE,—

I send you the paper and the Frederic, and I hope you will have had some pleasure in the hills to-day. I was surprised to see, when you were here, how little you had really understood that I wanted you to come to SEE the hills and Brantwood and me — but not at all to talk! You had not, I found, the least idea how much as a rule I dislike talking — how necessary it is for me that my friends should be able to amuse themselves without me. Think — for instance — in going over the lake yesterday — when my proper state would have been merely to watch the thunder-clouds and the wide waters — and let my thoughts go where they chose — what a sudden crash into the brain it is to be asked such a question as 'whether I would tell children how much I believed the Bible!'

I tell you this that you may not think me unkind in not allowing you to come whenever you like. I never do that with *anybody* — and I'm sadly afraid that in general those who want most of me see least, because I find the sense of responsibility too heavy. You must be content to learn from my books, not from me.

But I *shall* be more accessible, much, at Christmas — for the summer is always — rightly — a time of rest for me — and it is more liable also to casual interruption.

Ever affectly yours
J. RUSKIN.

Now I had never asked him such a question about the Bible, either on the lake or anywhere else. Of that I was perfectly certain. The nearest approach to it was as follows: —

On the preceding day I had been fetched early to lunch at Brantwood, and I remembered that as I sat quietly talking with the Master before lunch the conversation turned on the Bible, and I told him that the father of my two pupils had requested me not to enter with them on the question of Bible Inspiration. 'Let them read and study the Bible as they do any other book, without prejudice. I wish their minds left free from any bias on the matter, so that when they are of an age to use their own judgment they may do so untrammeled by any inculcated dogmas.'

Very likely I may have asked Mr. Ruskin how far he agreed with this attitude, but if I did so it was in a quiet Sunday-morning talk by the study fire, not in the middle of the lake!

He rowed me about for some time that afternoon in his own particular boat, the Lily of Brantwood, and the talk turned mainly on the difference in color between the Highland lochs and streams, with their cairngorm hues, and the colder gray slate color of the Cumberland waters.

And as to my resenting not being allowed to go to Brantwood except when summoned — well, I should just as soon have thought of resenting not being allowed to present myself at Buckingham Palace whenever I liked.

But I did not dare to attempt any denial or justification. I just wrote the humblest and most contrite letter of apology that I could compass, begging him to forgive my thoughtless chattering on the ground of the wild excitement and joy into which the wonderful visit had thrown me. I told him I knew I had not been myself all the time, but had felt as if I were living in Fairyland. Next day brought the reply, and the old signature told me that my apology had been accepted.

So I worked away diligently at the translation from the German with all my might. I sent him the first chapter when ready, and his next note gave further proof of forgiveness.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON,
Aug. 23rd, '81.

MY DEAR JESSIE, —

I knew quite well that you were not yourself — and allowed for *that;* only I wanted you, even out of yourself, to feel more distinctly the reasons which prevented *me* from being all that I could have been to you. I could easily have put you into heart and comfort by taking up anything with you seriously that interested us both — but the late summer is just the time of all the year when I am most languid — and wholly dependent on open air and play. When you come at Christmas I shall *D.V.* be actively busy with the hoarfrost and icicles, and you will share the interest and be at ease.

You shall come before it comes to good-bye — and then *I'll* come to say good-bye.

Meantime think only of your Carlyle and Ulric.

Ever your loving
J. R.

BRANTWOOD,
Aug. 24, 1881.

MY DEAR JESSIE, —

The Ulric seems excellently done — and the quantity — marvellous — you will find, to do it as well as you *can* do it — it must be slower!

If I order the carriage for you at Kate's at ½-past six, can you come and dine to-day, and hear some reading in the evening, and the carriage shall be put up here and take you home at ½-past ten?

Ever affectly yours
J. R.

The time of my departure from Coniston was now close at hand, for although Mr. Ruskin, in spite of my chatterbox propensities, most kindly pressed me to remain at Kate's as long as possible, I had to be in London by a fixed date to attend the marriage of my only brother. I was to leave early on the Monday morning, and the Master had promised to come to tea with me on the last afternoon. He was, however, unavoidably detained, but a tiny note reached me about tea time.

BRANTWOOD,
Sunday, Aug. 28th, 1881.

DEAR JESSIE, —

I'm so very sorry I could n't come — but I can't do the twentieth part of the things I want to — Don't have tea for me — but if its fair I'll try to come after tea this afternoon — just for a little chat — I won't say good-bye — I'm sure we can talk by letter just as well as words,

ever affectly yours
J. R.

About six o'clock I saw him come up the garden path accompanied by Sylphide, whom he promptly sent to the kitchen to chat with Kate. He came into my little parlor and sat down by the fire — for the evenings were chilly, though it was August. He sat in the same low rocking-chair as on his memorable first visit, and leaned back, looking very tired.

And then for nearly an hour he talked as only he could talk — mainly about myself, my prospects, the conditions and conduct of my life, and all so kindly, tenderly, and sympathetically that the very words seem graven on my heart. I am thankful that I wrote down much of what he said in my journal that night, for I would not willingly forget any of it. Very strongly he impressed on me that the chief part of all true happiness for all noble people lay in their power of *giving* sympathy, not in any sympathy they ever received themselves.

'For myself,' he went on, 'you know my life now, and you know that for me all possibility of personal joy is over forever. And yet I am able to find the truest and deepest happiness in seeing those around me happy. Just before I started to come here this afternoon I went to the Lodge to see Joan presiding over the nursery tea table. It is the baby's birthday, and Joanie and all of them looked so happy and peaceful and merry together that my heart was filled with the most exquisite pleasure in looking at them, and in knowing that to some extent they owed their happiness to me. Try to look at life in the same way. If you are denied great joys of your own, make joys for yourself by adding to the happiness of others. And then — you are still young — it is not likely that your life will always be what it is now. All sorts of possibilities lie before you. Have faith in the future. But make the present happy while waiting. I myself will do all in my power to give you happiness. I hope you will often be here with us again. And I shall send you whatever I write, and if you want books at any time you have only to write and tell me, and I will either lend or give them to you. Are there any you want now? Have you Wordsworth?'

I showed him a miniature copy in two volumes which I had brought with me. He examined it, and said it would do very nicely for me. As he gave it back, he took my hand and held it for a minute in a kind, fatherly way, while he talked on about books. Seeing how near I was to tears at the parting, he smiled. 'Whatever girls can find to like in a cross old man like me I can never understand!' Then he added more seriously, 'It certainly has been one of the greatest happinesses of my life that so many good women have found in me something to like, and I hope I am as thankful for it as I ought to be.'

Trying to cheer me, he spoke several times about the promised Christmas visit, and how quickly the time would pass until I saw them all again. Almost his last words were 'Remember, Jessie, you are promised to me for the whole of the Christmas holidays! Don't go making any other arrangements!'

I tried to stammer out poor thanks for all his goodness to me, but he hurried off in the midst of my blundering attempt. At the door of the room he turned round to say, rather sadly: —

'I wish I could have given you more pleasure, my dear, but I am a poor old dry stick now! Good-bye!'

And he closed the door gently and went to seek Sylphide in the kitchen. A minute later I saw him walk down the path with her and all was over.

Soon afterward Kate Raven came into the room — to find me broken down in a storm of weeping which I could no longer repress.

'Oh, ma'am, what *is* the matter?' she exclaimed.

'I have said good-bye to the Master,' I gasped out between sobs, 'and I shall never see him again!'

'Oh, don't say that, ma'am! He's just been telling me that you will be with us again for Christmas!'

'No, Kate. He thinks so, but I know that I have heard him talk for the last time. Something tells me so, and I know that the warning is a true one.'

Nothing she could urge could shake the woeful premonition — a true one, as events proved.

Three days later I received the following letter: —

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON,
Sept. 1, 1881.

MY DEAR LITTLE JESSIE, —

I feel every word you say about my kindness as in reality a reproach — for indeed I was very unkind to you — only I thought myself really treating you with more honour by showing you exactly what I was, and how you could — and how you could not help me — than if I had set myself to make you as happy as I could. You will not find that *any* sylph can make me forget you and I trust that your next visit will be every way pleasanter to you. Meantime I shall have little work to give you, because I am bound to take as little as I can for myself — but I am sure of your power and will — and shall send you many a proof when they are coming again here.

We all send you true and loving remembrances. Joan has a charming baby present to thank you for, but lets me do it to-day, for she's going to the sea with the children and has more to do than she is able for. Forgive the shortness of mine — it is not coldness — and believe me ever

gratefully and affectly yours
J. RUSKIN.

III

Alas! The brain excitement of which I had had a warning during my Brantwood visit returned in the course of the autumn, and for some long time after this letters were few and far between and not always pleasant to receive when they did come. I wrote seldom and very cautiously, but even so did not always escape sharp rebuke.

But I can honestly say that never for a single hour did the writer cease to be to me the honored Master, who had wrecked his own health in the lifelong struggle to warn and uplift his countrymen — often in the face of bitter opposition and cruel ridicule. I treasured every word of kindness and strove to forget the rest, well knowing how foreign to his own sweet nature was such passing irritability.

The following came to me just a year after my visit to Brantwood.

Dear Jessie, —

You don't give me Mr. Lovejoy's address — so you must take charge of enclosed letter for him.

Is it really a year? How dreadful! I was only 62 then — and now I'm 63.

Ever your loving

J. R.

Mr. Lovejoy was a widely known Reading bookseller and librarian — an intimate friend of Miss Mitford's (author of *Our Village*). He was quite a 'character,' and one of his eccentricities took the form of refusing all payment for the loan from his circulating library of any books by Mr. Ruskin, of whom he was a devoted disciple. He said their value was so great that no money payment would be adequate. There were no cheap editions of Ruskin in those days, and many of the volumes were first editions, whose money value no one knew better than Mr. Lovejoy. But no matter — they were lent 'for love' just the same. I ventured to suggest to the Master that a few lines of acknowledgment from him would give his old disciple intense pleasure, and he immediately wrote him a charming letter. And the dear old man's joy and pride in its possession were delightful to witness.

During the course of this summer, against my better judgment, I was overpersuaded into accepting an offer of marriage from a man of my own age for whom I felt the highest respect and esteem, but not the same strong affection which he undoubtedly entertained for me. He, however, urged so strongly that love would certainly follow the intimacy of an open engagement that I weakly yielded, but with the proviso that no blame should attach to me if, after some months of probation, I should withdraw from the engagement.

In writing to tell Mr. Ruskin of this arrangement I confessed that I was not 'in love' with my suitor, but was attracted by the prospect of a happy home with a good man who loved me sincerely and strongly, and whom I knew to be of high principles and sterling worth.

Three plans for our future life were laid before me, and the choice was to be left to me — either for him to continue his present employment of farming land in Yorkshire, or for him to take up a partnership in a cutlery firm in Sheffield, or for us to try our fortune in Australia or New Zealand. I asked the Master's advice in the matter, and here is his reply.

Lucca,
13*th Oct.*, '82.

My dear Jessie, —

I don't understand why you should have felt so guilty! — do you? I certainly never advised you to determine to be an old maid — and — so long as you did n't marry a bishop or a banker — what had you to fear in telling me about it.

I certainly anticipate great reforms in the matter of Dress, but I have not the least objection to the Sheffield — or any other — Yorkshire accent — and still less to the soupçon of brogue: and am on the whole only inclined to demur to the notion of 'polishing him up considerably' — the expression sounds to me more Sheffieldian than the subject of it. I am very glad, personally, that you marry into this family, for which I have great regard and respect:

and I am quite sure it is good for you to *be* married. — As for not caring enough for your husband, it's all nonsense. All women care a great deal too much for their husbands — unless they hate them! they always think there's nobody else in the world like them. But men, as a rule, take a much more modest and rational view of their wives.

I should think of the three alternatives of means proposed, the cutlery was clearly the right one, but I don't see why you should n't get your husband to realise my vision in 'Fors' of the Holy Tapster. I think that part of the old book commends itself to me, more when I'm travelling, than any other.

I'm just going to send a case of flasks of Italian wine to Brantwood (— *nominally* because the flasks are so picturesque!).

Anyhow don't go colonizing — I expect lots of work from you when you're 'settled,' in Sheffield. — It's quite a providential call to you, I think! I'm here just now on Sheffield business, you know, — not that I'm doing any — but anyhow I came to do it. — Write again as soon as you are minded to — Hotel de l'Univers here will be safe for a week after you get this.

With *sincere congratulations* to you both, I am, my dear Jessie,

Ever your affectionate
JOHN RUSKIN.

The few months' probation for which I had stipulated proved to us both that the engagement was a mistake, and just before Christmas it was broken off by mutual consent. The news did not displease the Master, as his next letter shows.

(LONDON, S E.)
20th — no — Shortest day, '82.

MY DEAR JESSIE, —

I could not answer till to-day, and I am a little shy of answering now, for I am not quite as sympathetic in the whole matter as you would like me to be, and on the whole am better pleased at its close than its opening. I did not think your letters were at all indicative of a mind prepared for marriage — nor — as far as I knew the G.'s, did I think the match suitable for you. My impression is that you may be much more useful and tranquilly happy, single, than in a marriage which left you much to wish for in your husband's ways or gifts. And you would probably at first bore him extremely with Fors Clavigera — and in the end — throw it out of the window — which *I* should feel sorry for.

I write however to-day only to wish you a quietly re-establishing and comforting Christmas, and to say that I am always your affectionate and grateful

JOHN RUSKIN.

I asked in one of my letters whether the Master would not allow that steam was legitimately used when applied to the steam roller, as it saved so much distress to horses by crushing the cruel and dangerous stones in the roads they had to use. This brought a very interesting and amusing reply.

HERNE HILL,
Sunday, 18th March, '83.

MY DEAR JESSIE, —

I have not been able to read your last letter till to-day, but carefully kept it to be read and answered.

Yes, all that you have learned — as to the truth of Romance, is extremely right and true itself — and never any more to be dubitated about.

Yes, — it is entirely ridiculous and entirely Unchristian that libraries should be shut on Sunday. They had infinitely better shut their Sunday Schools — which imply Manner of Work I suppose — and of the unpleasantest!

No — the Steam-Roller is one of the

wrongest and harmfullest applications of Steam that ever was. Rolling, after breaking stone is precisely the work for Men who are fit for no other. All the Bond Street Loungers should be harnessed to the Roller in Bond Street — *I*'ll undertake myself — in times of lounging — with Athletic Tourists who come to do the Hills to Time — to roll the roads of Coniston.

Yes — That is a quite natural consequence of Strikes. And a 'Liberal' Government means — Everlasting Striking. There never was, never will be — any other Law possible for labour than that which Carlyle and I have taught from the Beginning — *Just* Wages. *Compulsory* Work. If the Compulsion be of Honour and affection — it is well — If not, it must be, of lead or leather.

No — there's no new number of Our Fathers out, yet — but there will soon be two — probably three, if I keep well, which at present I have good hope of doing.

Ever affect. yours
J. R.

Another most serious and prolonged breakdown in health incapacitated Mr. Ruskin for all correspondence, and the only news I had of my friend and Master I owed to the kindness of Mrs. Severn. This break in the letters lasted from July 4, 1885, till September 27, 1887. Mr. Ruskin was then staying at Folkestone. I myself was on a visit to friends at Hythe, where my host was then mayor. One Sunday morning I was prevented from attending morning service at Hythe Church and learned afterward that I had thereby missed a chance of seeing my old friend once more. He had walked over to the service, and after its close was introduced to my host. They walked together some part of the road to Folkestone, and my name came up in the course of conversation. So, knowing that things were so much better, I ventured to write a few lines of greeting and congratulation, but without entering on any personal matters. This brought a prompt though brief reply.

Paris Hotel, Folkestone
27th Sept., '87.

My dear Jessie, —

I am only 'well' — and that in very qualified sense — on condition of never writing a word I can help to friend — (or against foe) — but I am glad to hear you are so well and happy — I suppose it was the Mayor of Hythe who spoke or wrote of me to you? I like his face — and if it was his daughter sate before me in church — I like her's and should think she must be a nice friend for you.

Tell me of your present surroundings and work — keeping your letters from flying or growing too high — your hand is a little too *sprawly* — for easy reading.

Ever affectly yrs
J. R.

Next and last letter.

Folkestone,
3rd Oct., '87.

My dear Jessie, —

Your letter is beautifully written — give me the sequel of it at your leisure — but do not think of seeing me — I absolutely decline all *see*ings — and being without my own people only makes me more savage.

You have borne much — I hope happier life is before you — what life remains to *me* depends wholly on my being left at rest.

Ever faithfully yrs
J. Ruskin.

In 1893 circumstances led to my taking up my residence on the Italian

Riviera, where I remained till 1914, only returning to England each year for the summer months. For years it was one of my greatest pleasures to send off to Brantwood at frequent intervals boxes of the choicest rosebuds and violets from my garden, and to hear from Mrs. Severn how much pleasure their arrival gave the Master. For his eightieth birthday I sent a large basket of fruit and flowers, and it gave me joy to hear from her that 'of all the costly and beautiful gifts he received nothing gave him more pleasure than your beautiful basket of roses and oranges; he has a bunch of the roses still on his table, and they are still fresh.'

But even this slight link was suddenly snapped when a young girl staying with me, looking over the newly arrived English papers, remarked with an abruptness which told how little she knew what the tidings would mean to me, 'I see that Ruskin is dead.'

And the world was a poorer place to me from that day onward.

UNEASY BUSINESS

BY A. W. ARMSTRONG

I

Following my resignation from Wall Street, I arrived at my new job on the morning of a great Company celebration, the first gathering of all local employees and executives, together with their families, in the something over forty years' history of the Mohawk Instrument Company. More than thirty thousand people had been admitted to the fairgrounds. It was a sparkling October day, and to watch the sturdy young workmen going through broad jumps, potato races, tugs of war, — all the sports of a typical field day, — the married workmen in their best and leading their children to one booth after another, where, free of charge, the children could float themselves in lemonade and pop and gorge themselves on 'wienies' and popcorn, must have been a satisfaction to the executives who had built up this organization. Forty years without a strike, this company could honestly boast.

My new chief, Mr. McGill, was being congratulated on every side on the huge success he had pulled off in the Company's first big affair of the sort. A newcomer, he was the Company's first manager of industrial relations, and was reputed to be a brilliant man who could get things done.

Since I had been informed by Mr. McGill that he liked to have his staff on hand promptly at eight in the morning, it was with almost as much nervousness as I had suffered on my first day in Wall Street that I hurried along toward the high building that housed the executive offices. The hilarity I had witnessed on the previous Saturday had hardly prepared me for the austere atmosphere in which I found myself on entering the spacious vestibule.

From correspondence with Mr. McGill prior to my coming I had gathered that I was to be his first assistant. His own field was assumed to cover labor relations, not only at the executive offices and at the manufacturing plants in the city, but at the Company's offices or plants all over the country. First of all, I was to establish a modern employment department such as I had built up at the International Investment Corporation in Wall Street. Each of the manufacturing plants had its own employment department, but, although some fourteen hundred people worked at the executive offices, thus far the 'hiring and firing' had been done in the old way — each department head finding his own help, with little coöperation between departments.

The higher executives to whom I was introduced met me with a heartiness that was in marked contrast to the aloof attitude I had encountered in Wall Street. Another contrast struck me. In Wall Street things moved at a furious tempo. Here, in spite of the whir of machinery and the enormous volume of business, there was a leisurely atmosphere. In the executive offices I had already observed a good deal of aimless sauntering around and some unconcealed loafing. No one I could see anywhere was hurrying except my own chief. The new manager of industrial relations was dawning on the Company, I suspected, as an amusing but rather terrifying example of Western 'push.' I was all the more surprised, since I had been chosen by this energetic man as his first assistant, to find myself consigned at the start to almost complete inactivity.

Each morning the letters were brought in to me from my chief's desk — a high stack, but rapidly dispatched, as it was hardly necessary to do more than classify them and hand them to a typist. There was no mention of my doing anything else, though my chief himself continued to fly hither and yon, busy keeping tab on the many enterprises he had instituted in the course of a year.

I employed my leisure in looking over files, studying the Company's past history and present structure, and cultivating acquaintance with the porter sweeping outside my door, the boy who filled my inkwell, the electrician who came to change the bulbs, the carpenter putting up walls to another cell. News spread that I was not a formidable person, and very soon visitors of all sorts were dropping in.

One day I had a visit from a quiet elderly gentleman with no pretensions of dress or manner, but his call, I learned later, had created a stir. He was Mr. Coleman, the president. He said he hoped I was going to like my new home — both the Company and the city. My thoughts darted back to Wall Street. This was a better start! I wondered, however, what Mr. Coleman — vastly wealthy but likewise thrifty — would think if he knew of the waste in bringing me from New York to do what any fifteen-dollar-a-week clerk in his organization could have done quite as well.

I tried to curb my growing impatience, and at last cornered my chief. 'Mr. McGill, I must have an understanding. Why should I have left New York —'

'Oh, now, be patient,' he interrupted; adding in an undertone, 'Industrial relations work is on trial. We have to go very, very slowly.'

'But was n't it understood —' I began, to be cut short with, almost in a whisper, 'The sales department is unwilling that you should have anything to do with employment. There's to be a meeting this afternoon.'

He came in with an air of elation

next morning to tell me the result of the meeting. The sales manager had said some caustic things, but had been overruled by other executives present, and I was to start at once interviewing applicants.

I began with the idea of very gradually taking over prerogatives that had formerly belonged to others. But the job I had planned to pace slowly paced itself. The comptroller, with many departments under his general charge, immediately saw the advantages of an employment department at the executive offices. He gave me his support from the start. Lesser executives followed his lead. In no time at all I was as busy as I had ever been in my most rushing days in Wall Street.

It was during these first months that the cashier blustered into my office one day and, without preface, shouted: 'Say, did n't you know we had an agreement with —— and ——' (mentioning two other large concerns in the city) 'not to take their help, and they're not to take any of ours?'

I nodded. I had heard rumors of this gentlemen's agreement.

'Well, what did you mean, then,' he asked excitedly, 'by sending that girl up for the paymaster's job?'

'She seemed just the type the paymaster's looking for.'

'Where's her application?' The cashier began tearing through the papers on my desk. 'See where she's working?' He pointed to the sheet in his hand.

'Yes, but she's going to leave, whether *we* take her or not. Notice what she's getting! Says she's wanted for a long time to find something else, but has her mother. Did n't dare look around.'

'Look around!' the cashier echoed scornfully. 'That's it! They're all shopping around.'

'Why should n't they, if their own company won't recognize they've got to have more to be even as well off as they were a year or so ago?'

The cashier looked at me a moment without speaking, and then burst into a laugh. 'Gee, you sound like the *Labor Herald!*'

'You read it?'

'Read what? The *Labor Herald!* Say, you're joking, ain't you?'

'I find some valuable suggestions in the labor press.'

The cashier leaned over my desk. His voice dropped to a confidential pitch. 'You'd better not let 'em find out upstairs that you're reading those Bolshevist papers!'

'Some of us had better find out what they're saying, had n't we? We ought at least to know their state of mind if we're to cope with "Bolsheviki."'

'Might be something in that,' the cashier admitted, with a shrewd look, as if the idea had occurred to him for the first time. 'But watch your step!' he counseled, a twinkle in his eye.

If the question of more production was in the very air, no less was 'Bolshevism.' Every discussion in business hours drifted toward it, and at dinner tables where I met socially some of the executives of the Mohawk Company, besides other business leaders, and lawyers, judges, and doctors of the city, conversation invariably centred on this latest bugaboo.

An organization that apparently, in the main, during the four decades of its history had treated its workers with consideration might reasonably have been expected to escape the current hysteria, but the Mohawk Company fell in line, circulating a fevered 'Letter from the President,' in which employees were warned of 'the poison that had gained a foothold in the community,' and exhorted 'to crush its vile head.'

In spite of ominous signs that attention to 'the human factor in industry' was still far from being a need acknowledged by industry itself, and though the sales department remained on its dignity, refusing me recognition, yet my work of employing and conferring grew with unbelievable rapidity. Immersed in my work, I saw Mr. McGill only occasionally. Did I only imagine that his 'Hello' was not so cheery as formerly, his color less brilliant, and that he looked tired? When I asked him if he was well, he answered with all his old vigor, 'Oh, yes — never ill!'

Mr. McGill's programme for increased safety and for better medical supervision was apparently meeting with hearty response. Furthermore, there had never before been such activity in athletics. And his 'foremen's meetings' were so popular that tickets of admission to them were fought over.

Everything the new manager of industrial relations had started was, in Company language, going with a bang. But I caught unflattering innuendoes whenever his name was mentioned. The salary he was drawing, higher than that of executives who had been with the Company for years, had leaked out. It seemed to rankle. Was Mr. McGill conscious that regard for him was not growing?

II

But I had little time to dwell on these things. Complaints were growing louder and more widespread. Office workers, and many hundreds of others at the executive offices whose work was manual, were anxious and irritable from having to go into debt to provide themselves and their families with even the bare necessities. They were keenly resentful that wages at the executive offices were not only lower than elsewhere for the same grade of work and workers, but considerably lower than elsewhere in their own company. There had been little effort to have wages keep pace with the cost of living, and no effort at all to standardize wages, which at the executive offices often varied by a number of dollars a week for identically the same work on opposite sides of the same wall.

The employees' resentment was in no wise soothed by knowledge of the Mohawk Company's enormous profits. Each extra dividend declared added fuel. Department heads were besieged by demands for more money. They ignored so far as possible the round robins that were being circulated, lest they should be called on to fire the signers; their departments were already undermanned.

When I asked the harassed department heads why they did not try to have the wages in their departments equitably adjusted, I received the invariable answer that it was of no use. From time immemorial the cashier had been entrusted with the sole responsibility of deciding wages at the executive offices, and department heads had so many times been roughly 'turned down' when they presented a list of increases to him that they were unwilling to risk it again.

In strictly office departments, even more workers were leaving. More than one of the higher executives complained in my presence that help was not what it used to be when workers took what they got, glad to get it. The modern tendency to ask for more wages they looked on as an impertinence, as disloyalty to the Company.

I was considering what course to pursue when a caller one noon decided me. Recognizing him as an employee that had left the packing department about two weeks before to take a job with another company, and remembering that Mr. Peacock, the head of the department, had told me, 'I'd rather lost twenty men than Jack Dowling,' I insisted that Mr. Dowling should sit down.

'How are you getting along in your new place?' I inquired.

'Well, I'll tell you,' he started. 'I hated like sin to leave. There ain't another boss in the Mohawk Company equal to Eddy Peacock. I think something of that man, I'll tell the world! He's been like a father to me. All the fellers think the same, or there would n't be a gol-darned man left in the department.'

I waited for my caller, twisting about, to dispose his long legs more comfortably.

'Well, I'll tell you,' he started over again. 'Peacock ain't to blame. He knows his men are n't getting enough, but he dass n't ask for more. You see, Mr. Peacock was a kid, like me, when he come here. He's just "Eddy" to 'em upstairs. They kid him along and don't pay no attention to what he says. That's the way I've doped it out. And you see, Mr. Peacock's like myself: he ain't got much education. But if there's a man in the U. S. A. knows the packing game better'n Eddy, I wish somebody'd show him to me. He sends the goods out of this company right, *you* bet!

'Say!' he continued, leaning his arms, with their frayed shirt cuffs, on my desk, and suddenly looking at me with an earnest, almost wistful gaze, 'I hope I ain't fresh, but do you suppose *you* could do something for the fellers? I would n't 'a' asked while I was working here myself, but I ain't got nothing to lose now — or to gain, comes to that. I'm out. And maybe —' He paused, to add breathlessly, 'I'll tell you the truth. There's men in there,' nodding toward the packing department, 'men with families, good workers too, ain't getting what they ought to eat. There's some society or other takes their kids to the country in the summer and feeds 'em up. I want to get married sometime, — I've got a girl, — but good night, I ain't going to let the town buy milk for my kids 'cause their dad can't! And — would you believe it? — there's a lot of the fellers in there buys everything they've got on secondhand. I ain't come to wearin' secondhand shirts yet!' he wound up, with fine young scorn. 'That's why I left, before I got there.'

After closing time I was closeted with Mr. McGill. He looked downright distressed when I repeated to him part of young Dowling's talk. But when I suggested that there should be a wage survey, to prove by statistics that adjustments needed to be made, and that the industrial relations department should propose the survey, Mr. McGill jumped up and began walking back and forth.

'We can't touch the wages! We can't touch the wages!' he cried, in an agitated but subdued voice.

'If industrial relations work has nothing to do with wages,' I said finally, 'then, Mr. McGill, we have different conceptions of the term.'

'Oh, I grant you, I grant you,' he replied, 'wages stand in the very vestibule of industrial relations. But we dare n't touch them! The department's not strong enough yet.'

'The situation won't wait till the department grows a beard,' I said. 'If hundreds of men walk out now, in the busy season, and we have n't lifted a hand — well, it would be the death of an industrial relations department in this company if *I* were its president!'

'But the executives don't look at it that way.'

'Who's going to bring them to if *we* don't?' I hazarded. 'And what department is going to probe and right such matters as wages if ours does n't?'

I left, feeling I had said, in the heat

of the moment, too much — a feeling confirmed when Mr. McGill found it inconvenient to confer with me through several days that followed. There were but two courses for me to take: to make another effort to arouse Mr. McGill, and, failing, to resign, or to go to the general manager, perhaps to the president.

I had about concluded that to resign was the better course when Mr. McGill met me in the hall and, with the most jubilant expression I had seen on his face for weeks, announced: —

'A wage survey starts to-morrow. I'm putting three men on it. We'll have the data ready in short order.'

The survey finished, department heads were asked to confer with me. My lengthiest sessions were with Mr. Peacock. Nearly two hundred of his men were entitled to more pay, but as Mr. Peacock went over their names he would fall from time to time into a state bordering on panic.

'They'll never pass it — that long list!' he would exclaim. 'I have n't the nerve, really I have n't, to send it up.'

He would add a few more names and then go all to pieces again, recalling the many times the cashier had 'knocked him over the head.' Twenty-five years of this had done its work on one of the most sensitive and compassionate natures ever encased in a rough-and-ready form. One of his foremen had told me that Mr. Peacock had nothing himself because he had gone down into his own pocket too often for doctor and hospital and undertaker bills for his men.

It was on the very eve of presenting the lists that Mr. Burlington, the general manager, telephoned that he would like to see me. I found Mr. Sweet, a vice president, in close consultation with him.

'I've been wondering,' said the general manager, in his thoughtful way, 'whether this proposed wage increase is really necessary.'

I glanced at Mr. Sweet, who was examining a carved-ivory paper knife.

'You saw the report, Mr. Burlington,' I said. 'With rents what they are, and the present cost of coal and food, it's not possible for some of the men to —'

'What have *we* got to do with that?' interposed Mr. Sweet, tossing the paper knife on the desk. 'The employees would be all right if they were let alone.'

I looked directly at him. 'Has anyone been stirring them up?'

'It's been our policy,' he resumed, after a silence, 'to keep wages confidential.'

'But can you keep them confidential, when James Jones is getting seven dollars a week less than his brother, doing the same thing in the same company?'

Apparently I had been summoned in the forlorn hope that the inevitable might be averted. I heard nothing further, but continued to be anxious till the committee had actually come together.

The general manager presided. Mr. Ball, the burly sales manager, growled that there was n't a man or girl in his department earning his or her pay as it was, and registered a blanket objection to any and all increases. The comptroller tried to talk down the sales manager. He believed in paying people, and then getting work out of them. Less loafing, fewer people, and more pay for the few, summed up his position. A third member of the committee expressed himself as inclined — if not warmly, at least inclined — to the side of the employees.

At this juncture, Vice President Sweet slid into the room and took the place made for him at the right hand of the general manager. My heart sank.

He was not a member of the committee, but had come, only too plainly, for the purpose of bolstering up the general manager against his tendency to give the workers their due.

The reading of the lists began. Vice President Sweet proved to have an uncanny memory for even the most obscure workers. For each name that was read he had an anecdote that made the employee in question appear either a knave or a fool.

But the fifth member of the committee, hitherto silent, now had something to say. He knew even more about the employees personally than did Mr. Sweet — knew good of them, as well as bad; and every story that Mr. Sweet told he capped with a better, until the whole committee rocked, even the general manager wiping his eyes.

The fifth member knew more about wages, past and present, inside the Company and out, than all the rest of the committee put together. He fought for the increases with such force, coupled with such fun, that more than a thousand went rollicking through, marked with the general manager's almost unconsciously penciled O. K.

The astonishing fifth member was the cashier. The most reviled man in the organization, and he knew it. The man who for a quarter of a century had systematically opposed every penny's addition to the pay roll. The man who had done the job expected of him in the only way he knew how to do it, and according to the general procedure of his time; but who was withal so shrewd that he saw, before many others, a turn in the tide, and of so robust a kindliness that even years of tyrannous practice had not completely dulled it. The responsibility of his ungrateful office having now been handed on to a committee, he rebounded with characteristic vigor.

III

It was reassuring to see Mr. McGill driving at things with all the exuberant energy he had displayed when I first joined his staff. In the late winter he arranged a foremen's meeting that he planned to have the largest and best he had ever attempted. He persuaded Mr. Coleman, the president, to give a brief talk, preceding the speaker of the evening, who was coming, as usual, from out of town.

Higher executives, as well as foremen, opened their eyes when broiled live lobster and celery replaced the customary roast veal and mashed potatoes of such occasions, and I caught a whisper that the manager of industrial relations knew how to spend the Company's money. But everyone praised it as a 'wonderful spread' before settling down to the hush that preceded the president's remarks. Many of the foremen had never seen the president before.

Unaccustomed to speaking, and very pale, the president addressed the gathering as his 'fellow employees.' His quietly spoken words sent a visible thrill through the great crowd of middle-aged foremen leaning forward to listen, with an almost yearning expression, to the first speech their president had ever made them. Tears clouded the eyes of many when in ending he spoke of his age, of the fact that he would not always be with them, but would trust them to carry on.

Thus moulded into a receptive mood, they gave the visiting speaker of the evening the closest attention. It was, I thought, a good speech — not strikingly original, a bit over the foremen's heads, perhaps, but calculated to provoke thought in the higher executives present. I felt slightly disturbed when the speaker referred not only to the 'living wage' but to the 'family wage,' and when he pleaded for more effort on the part of industry to satisfy man's instincts. It would never have occurred to me, however, that there was anything revolutionary in the address, and I was delighted to hear many executives, with whom I talked as we left the hall, commend it. After all, they were more open-minded than I had credited them with being.

Next day rumors were afloat that the president had been displeased. He believed, and perhaps rightly, that under modern conditions, with the subdivision of labor into the minute parts required by quantity production, you could not satisfy a man's instincts in industry. If he was to satisfy them, the president held, he must do so after working hours. The president considered it a grave mistake to have a 'talk to foremen' along lines that might lead to fruitless agitation.

Lesser executives were quick to trim their sails, and men who had spoken of the speech as 'splendid' were now vying with each other in abuse of both speech and speaker.

Mr. McGill stopped at my office long enough to admit that the president had been displeased, but he added, with a cheerfulness apparently forced, that he thought it would 'all blow over.'

Less than a week later he asked if I would come to his office after closing time. This was not an unusual request and his manner was not unusual when he made it, so I was entirely unprepared for what he had to tell.

A meeting had been called, the day before, of plant managers, directors, all the high executives. The president had sat at the head of the table, and Mr. McGill had heard each one of the executives present say what he thought of the value of the industrial relations department, which had now had a year's trial. There was no reference at all, as I remember Mr. McGill's story, to the recent talk to the foremen. Someone mentioned the lobsters.

'I'll never forget old Sweet's face!' said Mr. McGill. 'He sat during the whole meeting with a sly smile on his face — did n't look me once in the eyes.'

It was the one hint of resentment in Mr. McGill's recital. He had proved unacceptable to the executives of the Mohawk Company, and he admitted their right to tell him so. I had never seen the manager of industrial relations more a man than in his account of his dismissal. A mention, without dwelling on it, of his wife, his children, and the home he had bought, was the only intimation that he was cut to the quick.

'I never knew where I stood with them,' he ended, a little wearily. 'It's a relief to have it all over.'

IV

From the first of the year men in some of the plants had been working only part time. By summer it was apparent that, instead of a revival of business, there had been further decline. Talk of a wage cut now became general. Report of a flat cut, the same per cent throughout the Company, was being circulated.

The five factories had set their wage rates, as they did everything else, quite independently of each other. There had been the least possible effort — if, indeed, any at all — toward standardization. At the executive offices, only recently had wages been brought near the figures for like work elsewhere, though even now they were not up to them. In general, wages had received only such attention from the management as was forced upon it from time to time.

Not a word had been said to the manager of industrial relations or to myself — not a word, that is, by the executives. The employees talked of nothing else. I kept waiting for a summons to the president's office or to the general manager's office. Surely nothing affected the welfare of employees more vitally than a wage cut.

I was still waiting when one day Mr. Jewel, my new chief and Mr. McGill's successor, came into my office, carefully closing behind him the door I always left open. Mr. Jewel was not an outsider. He had been promoted from within the organization.

'I wonder if you've heard,' he said with a serious look, drawing a chair close to the desk. 'The cut's been decided on.'

'Decided!'

He nodded. 'Fifteen per cent.'

'Without a word to us about it! How *can* they do such a thing?'

Mr. Jewel agreed that the cut decided upon would be thoroughly inequitable. 'But it's decided,' he said. 'I have it from reliable sources.'

'It's not announced yet!' My excitement was growing every minute. 'We must go to the president, or to the plant managers!'

'They have n't asked our advice,' Mr. Jewel reproved me. 'Yes, it's bad, but there's nothing to be done. The managers have decided and they'll hardly reconsider.'

'Why should n't they reconsider?' I persisted, to Mr. Jewel's discomfort. 'What are managers, anyway? Are n't they just human — and fallible?'

Mr. Jewel looked a trifle shocked.

'They don't expect us to interfere with wages,' he said, with an air of finality. My thoughts flew back to his predecessor, who had said the same thing.

'*They* may not expect it, but we should! How can we ever look a worker in the face again if we let this thing go through?'

Had the managers ignored us deliberately? On reflection, I realized that management's habit of arbitrary decisions in regard to workers was an old growth, deep-rooted. In matters of this sort it functioned almost automatically.

In any event, I had better go to the president. The president was the most reasonable man in the Company, the least ruled by his emotions. In the way of this action stood my aversion to going over the head of a superior. The longer I worked in the business world, the more I respected organization. I decided on the middle course of discussing the matter with another high executive, a scientist, and, according to the nature of scientists, liberally inclined, though not to a point where business profits would suffer from philosophic considerations. I frankly stated to him what seemed to me the absurdity of a company maintaining an industrial relations department if the department was to be disregarded whenever an industrial relations crisis arose.

This scholarly and agreeable gentleman was one of the few executives in the Company on an easy footing with the president, respecting without fearing the shy but compelling genius at whose least word so many men trembled, often men of no mean attainments themselves. Within a few hours a special meeting was called. The manager of industrial relations and I were invited to be present.

The wage cut eventually decided on was as high as twenty per cent for certain classes of labor, but it exempted entirely certain other classes, and averaged, instead of fifteen, as originally proposed, about nine per cent.

Winter was coming on. In every factory men sat dumbly before their machines waiting for the foreman's tap on the shoulder. 'Sorry, Bill, but it hits you this time!'

At Mohawk Works No. 1, nearly

two thousand men were laid off one noon, with only a few hours' formal notice. The manager, 'Big Bob' Welsh, who looked like a gorilla, the most beloved man in the Company, — or, for the matter of that, in the city, — had been seen standing at a window in his office with the tears streaming down his face as he watched the laid-off men file out.

All the previous winter his men had worked half time. The many months of half time had largely exhausted their savings. Things were getting acute. Some factories in town had resorted to putting two men on the same job, working alternate weeks. Even among the Company plants Mohawk Park had adopted this expedient in preference to laying off men entirely. Strangely, inexplicably, at Mohawk Works No. 1, under Bob Welsh, the most sensitive to human suffering of all the plant managers, it had not been attempted.

One case of distress after another in families of the Mohawk Works' laid-off men was discovered. Finally I asked the general manager why Mohawk Works had not tried, as other factories were doing, to distribute such work as it had among more of its men.

'Mr. Welsh thinks it would n't work at his plant,' Mr. Burlington told me.

'Would n't work?' I repeated. 'Why not?'

'I did n't ask him.'

Taught by many sessions with busy executives, I knew better than to come unprepared, and I quickly produced my evidence. Jobs of the same type as those at Mohawk Works were being satisfactorily split and shared at numerous other up-State factories.

The general manager looked thoughtful. 'I hardly see how it can be suggested to Mr. Welsh,' he said, with characteristic delicacy of feeling, 'if he has n't seen it himself.'

'It would n't be appropriate for *me* to point it out to him, but I should think it would be a perfectly proper suggestion to come from — from the seats of the mighty!'

Mr. Burlington's nobly moulded features relaxed in a slight smile. Although always reluctant to exert pressure, he informed me a few days later that Mr. Welsh had been prevailed on to put the matter up to a division of his works to see whether the five hundred men still working there would share their jobs with five hundred laid-off men. The workmen should decide for themselves.

I awaited their decision with mixed hope and fear. At Mohawk Works, employee representation was in force. Only Bob Welsh, with his twinkling eyes, inimitable nasal drawl, and irresistible stories, could have achieved employee representation in face of the united disapproval of all the other upper executives. The Mohawk Works employees had not been permitted to pass on such major matters as the recent wage cut and lay-offs, but for several years past they had decided many internal affairs. How would the Company's sole experiment in allowing employees a voice in things stand the terrible test that was now to be put upon it? Would men who had been out of work much of the year before vote to put themselves still deeper in the hole in order to let the other fellows come up a little nearer the surface?

It was Bob Welsh himself who came over to tell me. He was a frequent visitor, always poking in his head when he passed my door and saying in a mysterious whisper, '*You* still here? Thought you'd been given the sack before this!'

Mr. Welsh's huge apelike figure filled the doorway now. He came slowly toward my desk, — his broad shoulders habitually a little stooped, his long arms dangling, — looking right at me, but not saying a word. His eyes were swimming as he came near, his face working, as he said in a hoarse, halting voice: —

'Five hundred — *every man jack of them* — voted to give up half their jobs! You think employee representation has hurt my boys much? Hey? How about it?'

V

I think I had never before realized till that winter the high cost of being sick, the high cost of being born, and the still higher cost of dying. It was doctor, hospital, undertaker bills that had wiped out the men's surplus in nearly every case and left them little or nothing to go on when one of the ever-recurring periods of unemployment, which their fathers had known before them, struck them again.

Our Company employment offices were no longer crowded. The first stage of unemployment had passed. The second stage — apathy — had succeeded. There *were* no jobs.

And if a job did turn up here or there the Mohawk Company's laid-off men had a slim chance, they soon found, to get it. The very stability of the industry, relatively speaking, its great prestige, worked against its men. As soon as an employer learned they were Mohawk men he would say, 'Nothing doing! About the time we got you broken in, they'd call you back.'

It was at this juncture that a thoughtful, and captivating, Englishman made a visit to the United States. He talked before various organizations on his personal effort to meet the problem of unemployment by a plan he had put into operation in his own factory. He talked in a way that made universities listen, the Academy of Political and Social Science take notice, and even some American manufacturers warm up.

A few of the Mohawk Company's executives had chanced to hear Mr. Rowntree. I thought about it a good deal, and at last one day asked the president if he would appoint a committee to study the problem of unemployment as it affected his own company, the committee to make any recommendations its study might suggest.

The committee met almost weekly, sometimes more than once a week, for the greater part of a year. It included a brilliant young statistician, the Company's ranking industrial engineer, an expert accountant, and three production managers. Four of its nine members were deeply interested in the subject from the start, another speedily became so, and two more were open to argument. The chairman remained from beginning to end good-naturedly vague as to what was going on.

The member whose attitude mattered most was one of the Company's higher executives. Able but unassuming, Mr. Staub revealed himself at the very first meeting. 'I never thought,' he said, quite simply, 'that we had any responsibility whatsoever toward men we laid off.'

An idea such as Wolman's, — that industry which depends upon the workers to keep it alive should take care of them when they are unemployed, — or Rowntree's, — that if, in order to function efficiently, industry retains a reserve of workers to meet its varying demands, it should make provision for the maintenance of the reserve when it cannot be absorbed, — struck Mr. Staub with the shock of complete novelty.

It was not long, however, before the committee was working as a unit under the conviction that, if the Mohawk Company had to pay for its own unemployment, it would take pains to reduce the evil to a minimum, with Mr. Staub not only concurring in this view but offering invaluable suggestions for the unemployment benefit plan which began to take shape.

Practically everything that had been printed on the subject of unemployment was studied and discussed. The Company's own habits were scrutinized. Was it accustomed to planning so as to avoid the necessity of taking on hundreds of men to-day, only to turn them off to-morrow?

The committee tried to keep its proceedings confidential. But no group gathering regularly over so long a stretch of time could fail to arouse curiosity. What it was occupied with leaked out. It trickled outside the Company, to our astonishment as far west as the Pacific coast. From industries all over the country came letters of inquiry.

There were many encouraging signs. The plant managers kept inquiring in regard to the committee's progress. The president was apparently not much interested one way or the other. But, judging from the past, if his plant managers registered their approval of an unemployment benefit plan, he was agreeable to having one. To offset what might have been regarded as the president's indifference, I had never seen the general manager so unmistakably favorable to any proposal of the sort. It appealed both to Mr. Burlington's reason and to his conscience.

It seemed as if the plan in all its detail would never be ready. Spring approached. The unemployment situation, if not materially better in the Company, was generally slightly improved. The committee frankly recognized the fact that the plan had less chance of adoption with every day that the unemployment situation grew better. We harried the clerks to give us their figures. The chairman, to the other members' consternation, ran off for a holiday. He was pelted with telegrams to return or to authorize his signature, that there might be no further delay. At last a day was appointed for the plant managers to consider the plan. The committee had requested that I should be present at the meeting.

The plan was not intended to afford any relief to the existing situation, and would not become operative till a year after its adoption. It was proposed that a fund should be built up adequate for disbursements in the next period of depression, estimated, if prophecy could be based on industrial history, to come in 1928. Whether it came in 1928 or not, it would recur within an appreciable period.

Copies of the plan were sent to the plant managers in advance of the conference. We expected some, though not insuperable, opposition. I was not, myself, altogether sure of the general manager. We counted, however, on Bob Welsh, the workman's friend.

As fate would have it, during the time the managers were allowed in which to familiarize themselves with the plan before meeting to vote on it, the Chamber of Commerce issued a promised 'Survey.' Offering it as an exhaustive and dispassionate study of unemployment, the Chamber warned its four thousand members against any and all 'panaceas.' The effects of the British dole were dwelt on at length as a horrible, if far from apposite, example. It became plain, among other things, that a movement was on foot to forestall any such bill as had been introduced in the legislatures of Massachusetts and Wisconsin, and to render anathema the very term 'unemployment insurance.'

A startling whisper now began to go around. Mr. Welsh was working hand in glove with that powerful organization known as the Associated Industries.

The afternoon before the conference, Mr. Welsh telephoned to ask if I would come to his office. He sat humped over his desk with the committee's report before him. 'Sit down,' he said, and I took the chair by his side.

'Sounds,' he said, still reading, and talking out of the corner of his mouth, 'as if it had been written for a woman's club.'

I winced, and my heart began to beat fast, but I answered in the bantering manner in which Mr. Welsh and I had always conversed together, 'I suppose that's your flattering way of intimating that *I* composed the document.'

'Bears your earmarks.'

'Now, Mr. Welsh, abuse is not argument. I plead guilty to being a woman, and to belonging to a few women's organizations — none, however, so far as I know, that maintain a lobby at ——.'

'What do you mean by that?' he caught me up, scowling, with a sharp look from under his shaggy eyebrows.

'Come! When was the Associated Industries, Mr. Welsh, ever on the side of ——?'

He stopped me again, this time with a short laugh, not altogether pleasant. 'Oh, here!' Then, more in his accustomed tone, he asked, 'You know O'Shea?' — a well-known lobbyist. 'You'd like Mike.'

'I don't doubt it,' I said. 'Some of the most delightful men of my acquaintance are thoroughgoing rascals.'

By this time Mr. Welsh was in fairly good humor and we could get down to discussion. My hopes were reviving a little, when he suddenly picked up the report and, waving it in the air, said, 'This thing's Socialism!'

'Socialism!' I laughed outright, in spite of myself. 'What do you find in it that is socialistic?'

He read mockingly from the first paragraph: —

'Fear of unemployment and the sense of injustice associated with this fear in the mind of the worker are two of the most potent causes of labor unrest.'

'You call that Socialism?' I asked.

'Oh, it's the whole thing,' he said impatiently, 'the tone of it.'

'Socialism! That's just what it is n't. It's Capitalism. It's an effort to tinker up the old machine, so there'll be no danger of its breaking down.'

'Pure Socialism!' Mr. Welsh reiterated unreasoningly. No other word, unless it might be its recent rival, 'Bolshevism,' was so devastating. With this word Mr. Welsh could destroy, I realized, all the work of the unemployment committee.

We talked till the light of the early spring afternoon had faded and Mr. Welsh's secretary had covered her typewriter and reached for her hat. I said all that I knew how to say, but it was talking against a wall.

I had jested with Mr. Welsh many times in the past, but I did not even attempt to smile as I stood with my back to his office door.

'God Almighty, Mr. Welsh, intended you and Mr. Burlington, with your great gifts, to be leaders, not followers — great liberal leaders!'

Mr. Welsh answered me with a prolonged stare.

Next morning I had hardly glanced at the first batch of mail before Mr. Welsh walked in.

'You kept me awake last night,' he said.

'I'm honored. I'd hardly dared hope I had made so much impression.'

'You kept me awake — thinking,' he repeated, and with the word 'thinking' again my hope revived.

'Still friends?' he asked, coming closer.

I nodded.

'We're friends?' he asked again.

'Never better,' I assured him, but I knew now, from his insistence, that only a miracle could save the plan.

VI

The meeting held surprises. Mr. Welsh sat perfectly glum while members of the committee answered questions put to them. The general manager, as chairman of the conference, delivered a sort of charge to the jury, prior to the vote, which must be unanimous if the plan was to be adopted, clearly manifesting his own desire that a favorable verdict be brought in. There was a minute's silence. Then he turned, as if in duty bound, to the manager of Mohawk Works.

'What do you think of it, Welsh? You have n't said.'

There was another minute of silence.

'Damned drivel!' came from Mr. Welsh, half under his breath, followed by the word I had waited for in dread, 'Socialism!' — then by another parrot phrase, a little louder and equally distasteful to the average manufacturer, 'Paternalism!'

Everybody was straining to hear now.

'You'll soon get the workman so you'll have to feed him pap out of a spoon. It's folderol! Help him through periods of unemployment, the way this thing proposes, and you deprive him of all motive to save.'

'All?' I had held myself in check up to this time. 'All motive, Mr. Welsh? What about owning his own home, educating his children, sickness, old age, death? The workman's not embarrassed, if you'll permit me to disagree with you, sir, by any scarcity of objects to save for.'

'Bravo!' called out the manager of Mohawk Park, down at the end of the table.

It came to me that, if I should picture to these executives just one of the scenes my eyes had rested on during the two winters their men had been out of work, they could not fail to respond. What were these men around the table? The most thoughtful and indulgent of husbands, the kindest, most tender of fathers. Why not tap this well? But would it be playing the game? My momentary struggle came to an abrupt end with the sound of Mr. Welsh's voice, his old familiar nasal drawl, with all its humorous inflections. He was telling a story — apropos, side-splitting, deadly. The only chance was a better story. But if there was anyone living who could tell a better, I had never heard him.

The conference broke up, left the room in little groups of two or three, talking together lightly, as if nothing had been at stake. There was only one thing for me to do — to demonstrate that if business had taught me nothing else it had taught me to be a tolerably good loser.

‘THE SCENTED YEAR DRAWS TO ITS CLOSE’

Outstanding Events of the World: Armistice Day, 1925–Armistice Day, 1926

BY HENRY W. BUNN

I

The appointment of the Morrow Air Board was the most statesmanlike act of the present Administration. That board submitted its report in December 1925. Its recommendations, based on exhaustive investigation by disinterested experts of first ability, furnished out a fairly complete guide for Congress in legislating for the needs of army, navy, and commercial aviation. I make no doubt that the future historian will find that its aviation legislation (following, in a general way, recommendations of the Board) was the most important achievement of the late session. Commercial aviation has not yet found its stride, but it will ere long; suddenly, amazingly. Aviation will soon be in the very forefront of the nation’s activities.

I am of those who believe that we should consult, not justice merely, but even ‘enlightened self-interest,’ by total cancellation of the war debts; but the debt agreements (except the British, of which no generous American can think without disgust) probably represent as near an approximation to ideal justice as may be hoped for under present conditions in this our world of so fantastic a political and economic structure. Of the important agreements, only that with France remains to be consummated. Really, it’s quite absurd. The French, so often ‘stung’ that they are morbidly suspicious, hold out for explicit statement of certain considerations implicit in the general terms of the agreement as signed but not ratified, and we stiffly refuse to indulge them; with consequences sufficiently sad for France. Now would the British act that way? Certainly not. At Downing Street, whatever they lack, they possess humor, magnanimity, the grand style. At Washington they are innocent of all three. Otherwise, with inward chuckle and a grand and gracious air, they’d give France her ‘safeguarding’ clauses; Olympus rocking with ‘sweet laughter.’ There’s no more humor in Washington than there was in old Jerusalem. There’s a Bœotian quality in the air. For example: a typical Washingtonian statement presents us as ‘the Good Samaritan in civilization.’ No doubt, no doubt. But why say so? Why not enjoy our own virtue in silent bliss, ‘ourself our own delight,’ as Shelley would say? Why render ourselves obnoxious to the Comic Spirit? The British accepted the above statement, but with the trifling substitution of ‘Shylock’ for ‘Good Samaritan.’

It is by no means certain, but it is probable, that we shall ultimately find ourselves on the World Court; though a further ferocious logomachy threatens in that connection. ’T is to be hoped the closure rule will be applied, as in the original debate on the resolution of adhesion. Indeed, there are few persons in the world whose views on any subject cannot be fully expressed well within an hour; and this applies peculiarly to some of the Senatorial opponents of our adhesion to the Court. The human intellect never appeared to worse advantage than in their attack on the resolution, which did to death a strong case. It is sweet to reflect that, if we do join the Court, we shall be quite adequately protected against League taint, and, indeed, against any other danger. 'Safe' is the word, down by the Potomac.

The Congress devoted the better part of its energies in the long session to the agrarian problem. All that labor, only to bring forth a silly little mouse, the Coöperative Marketing Act. I am, I shall confess, nonplussed. Anyway, it was a nice, genuine little mouse; not the hideous abortion so many of us feared. It is at least reassuring that Congress, despite its desperate embarrassment in view of the coming elections, did muster the courage to reject vicious (using the word in the technical sense) proposals. I will even concede that the gentlemen on Capitol Hill discussed the great problem with as much sincerity, as little selfishness, as is possible to gentlemen who face elections, each and every profoundly convinced that the prime interest of the State is not salutary legislation but that he should be returned to his seat. So much conceded, yet it has to be admitted that little light was struck out by the clash of oratorical weapons.

The problem remains, presumably not to be seriously dealt with in the short session. A solution must be found. The Coöperative Marketing Act is excellent, but the relief called for is far beyond its scope. It is quite evident that the farmers, the indispensable, the supremely important element of the community, are at a disadvantage in comparison with other elements of the population; and this through defects of the economic structure. It 's up to Congress to find a solution that shall at once harmonize with genuine economic principles and remove the farmer's disabilities. Sir, did I hear you, in course of defending the nefarious Haugen bill, pish at my citation of 'the law of supply and demand'? Did I hear you wickedly assert that the very idea of a tariff runs counter to the free operation of that law? Oh, sir, let's change the subject.

No doubt the late elections would have been fought out on the good old tariff issue but for intrusion of the prohibition issue. Wholly apart from what may be said for or against prohibition, it is a cold fact that the intrusion of that issue has utterly confused American politics; has made it quite impossible to obtain a clean-cut decision on other issues; has done away the natural dichotomy between Jeffersonians and Hamiltonians. And one can see no end to this chaos.

Oh! yes, one can. J. B. S. Haldane, in his astounding little book entitled *Dædalus*, assures us that within 120 years a completely satisfactory diet will be produced by synthetic chemistry; sugar and starch, for example, from cellulose, the proteins from coal and atmospheric nitrogen. 'This will mean that agriculture will become a luxury and that mankind will be completely urbanized.' In 120 years no agrarian problem, and, if you please, no prohibition issue. When all are urbans, prohibition will die of innocuous desuetude. Moreover, time, we have learned, is only a shadow of the fifth dimension. Presto! we're in A.D. 2046, and everybody jolly.

Next to the failure to enact adequate legislation (or, perhaps, modify or abolish existing legislation) in aid of the farmer (for which sin I have absolved the Congress), the most serious sins of omission in the late session were two. One is in the highest degree disgraceful; namely, the failure of the House to reapportion the House seats to accord with the 1920 census. The letter of paragraph 3, section 2, Article I, of the Constitution will not have been violated if reapportionment is made at any time prior to the end of 1930; but it is clearly the intention of that paragraph that lack of correspondence between the populations of the several states and their voting strength respectively in the House and the Electoral College should be corrected as soon as possible after completion of each census, and in postponing reapportionment the House has impudently flouted the spirit of one of the most important provisions of the Constitution. No language of reprobation is adequate to characterize the action of the House in that connection.

The other great omission was the failure to ratify the Turkish Treaty. The Treaty would put us on the same footing as Allied nationals in Turkey — the usual footing of aliens in a country recognized as civilized and fully sovereign. We may, of course, have our mental reservations on the question of Turkish civility; but one can't do business with the Turk except on the basis of such recognition, and surely we want to do business with him. Indeed, candor must allow the Turk the right to question the perfection of our civility; the which, as a matter of fact, he does.

We handsomely maintain our position as the criminal nation par excellence. It is pleasant to note that a National Crime Commission, directed by terrific bigwigs, is making a sweeping survey of crime in this country. It is proper to assume that those gentlemen regard their function as that of art critics and historians, who would discover the origins, trace the development, and set forth the beauty and majesty of our national art. One pants to know what share of the credit for the magnificent development of recent years they will assign to the movies.

Automobile accidents in the past twelvemonth were more numerous by six per cent than those of the previous twelvemonth, happily supplementing Malthusian arrangements by ridding us of the aged and unfit and weeding out the unalert children. Our annual automobile bill now tops fourteen billions.

The two most striking achievements of the twelvemonth by Americans were the discovery by Dr. B. S. Hopkins, Professor of Inorganic Chemistry at the University of Illinois, of a new chemical element to which he has given the name 'illinium,' and Commander Byrd's flight to the Pole. Illinium is the first chemical element to be discovered by an American, and Dr. Hopkins's exploit came in good time for our national self-esteem, as there now remain but two elements in Moseley's series of atomic species yet to be discovered. Not impossibly the discovery will in the end bring to the University of Illinois a glory equal to that bestowed by Red Grange.

Commander Byrd was, to be sure, greatly favored by Fortune, but no man has better deserved that lady's favors. There was no flukiness about his performance, which was based on the most elaborate scientific study and experiment. Science, plus a stout heart, plus good luck; result, immortal fame.

The most lamentable and discouraging episode of the twelvemonth was the demonstration upon the occasion of the laying-out in state of Valentino, the movie actor. But one's disgust should be tempered by reflection, how brief is the interval since man transcended the pack.

The day that Valentino (a capable artist in his way) died, there died a really great man, Charles Eliot; one of those men who indicate the possibilities of the race. Will those possibilities ever be approximately realized? Only by the right sort of education; the sort of education Dr. Eliot did as much as any American has done to promote. 'Quick about it,' friends!

II

I'm afraid we shall have to say that in regard of the coal-mining problem Mr. Baldwin has just muddled along. One may not deny him impartiality, good will, magnanimity; but one does not discover in his conduct of that business the required imagination, large address, masterfulness.

Apparently Mr. Baldwin has failed to recognize that the coal-mining industry is the central industry to which all other British industries refer themselves; that it is a transcendently national interest to which private interests should be postponed; and that in dealing therewith, though nationalization is not the answer, the principle of laissez faire should go by the board. Reverence for the principle of property should not be carried to the fanatical degree of allowing Economic Bourbonism — whereof the majority of the coal owners are the outstanding champions — to ruin the country.

The coal-mining industry was in the doleful dumps; was, as a whole, being conducted at a loss. The coal export trade was dwindling, dwindling. A Royal Coal Commission of thoroughly competent experts was appointed to investigate and recommend. Their report supplied all necessary directions for cure of the sick industry, involving drastic economic surgery and physic. Had the main recommendations of the report been implemented at once by vigorous legislation, compulsory at least as to organization, along with discreetly generous financial aid, by way of subsidy over a reasonable period followed by a loan, it is possible that there would have been no strike and fairly certain that a strike would not have lasted long. But economic statesmanship was lacking to the Government, and the chiefs of miners and owners have fiercely contested for the superiority in stupidity and intransigence; in which contest the owners have won by a hair. As I write, it seems probable that the strike will soon end in complete victory for the owners. But, belike, a Pyrrhic victory, my masters! I note astonishing Laborite successes in recent municipal elections. Meantime the industry, not having received the treatment prescribed, continues sick.

But no doubt, the strike over, the coal-mining industry will muddle on, *more Britannico*, sullenly and slowly reforming itself as, willy-nilly, it must do to carry on in face of the fact that the foreign market for British coal will never again be what it was; will, indeed, in all probability, practically fade away — done to death by oil, white coal, and larger and cheaper output by competitors. And the industries so hard hit by the strike — iron and steel worst of all; almost, indeed, to the point of complete cessation of output — will pick up and recover a degree of prosperity, even in face of the keener competition threatened by reason of the new West European Steel Trust.

How much greater, however, would be that prosperity were cheap coal available! But it will be! Again Heaven has shown peculiar kindness to Britain. Rich new seams have been discovered in Robin Hood's country.

The Bourbons of the old Mining Association, deaf to the incursions of reason, blind to the Spirit of the Age, selfish and arrogant, must heed this Nature's handwriting on the wall. Humorous Nature has solved the problem, the while the Conservatives, by weakly yielding to the Economic Bourbons, by subordinating the interests of the commonweal to a grotesque conception of the principle of property, have muffed a magnificent opportunity; whence the very strong likelihood that, unless they redeem themselves by salutary belated legislation, they will be constrained to yield the power to a much-chastened Labor. For one happy result of the strike year is the recovery of control in the trades-unions and in political Labor by the moderate leaders. Should the British people become convinced that their leadership is securely established, another Labor Government would be on the cards. It is deserving of remark that from the younger members of the Conservative Party a note of revolt against Economic Bourbonism, clear and formidable, is heard.

So one great lesson of the strike year is that Economic Bourbonism is not the ticket. I have dwelt on that lesson at such length because it has not received sufficient attention. Obviously, another great lesson is that extreme radicalism is equally not the ticket. The two lessons combined, the grand truth, declared by Philosophy since its Ionian dawn, emerges, that in generous compromise, which looks before and after and is thoroughly informed by the Spirit of the Age, lies the true solution of all great problems. The ignominious fate of the General Strike demonstrated that extreme radicalism is 'no go' in Britain. It opened the eyes of organized Labor to the fact that the middle classes, hitherto regarded by them as incapable of effective coöperation, as 'submerged,' so to speak, are really the great power in the nation; courageous, resourceful, dead-set for constitutional as against revolutionary action. Incidentally, the General Strike exhibited the general temper of the nation in a most pleasing, a most reassuring, light; so sportsmanlike, so humorous, so good-natured. Really, you see the makings of a new 'Merrie England,' once the present discontents are past. That popular fallacy, the General Strike, has been exploded; that Grand Sham has been relegated to the Limbo of the Fatuous; that absurd, though horrific, Djinni has been put back in his bottle.

But to return for a moment to Economic Bourbonism. Speaking generally, that great bane of Britain is being fast eliminated from the industrial structure; the which fact increases our astonishment at the excess of tenderness shown by the Government for the coal owners. The first effect from conning the reports of the Board of Trade is of consternation at the falling-off of foreign trade shown; but analysis substitutes amazement that, all considerations weighed, the showing should not be a vast deal worse. The explanation is that 'silently, invisibly,' British industry is adapting itself to a quite new face of the world. Probably the heavy industries will never quite recover their old position; but other industries are growing up answerable to fire-new opportunities, new markets, especially those provided by imperial development. Most significantly, the automotive industry has of late taken great strides, though still only a lusty infant. Why? It is developing to meet the growing requirements of the outlying parts of the Empire.

So, then, in this so dismal strike year the coup de grâce has been given to extreme radicalism and Economic Bourbonism, and thereby the ground has been cleared for a phase of prosperity for Britain and the Empire compared with which the Victorian period will seem pelting and drab. Let me list what my prophetic vision presents to me as the chief elements of the development which is to have so glorious a result.

1. Reorganization of the coal industry so as to put it on a handsomely self-supporting basis and so as to provide, through low-temperature carbonization of crude coal (or kindred process), for the necessities of the realm in respect of fuel oil, motor spirit, lubricating oils, Diesel engine oil, gas and sulphate of ammonia, the 70 per cent residue after distillation being a smokeless fuel of calorific value equal to that of the best raw coal and capable of far more economical use.

2. General reorganization and reconstruction of industries and transport on the basis of electricity and oil, provision being made for distribution of electric power cheaply throughout the realm.

3. Adaptation to British industry and trade of what is best (and only what is best) in American methods, whereof the British have been making an intensive and very intelligent study; a new psychology to be induced by stimulation from the contacts with America.

4. The relations between Capital and Labor to be immensely improved; another leaf out of our American book.

5. Institution of a thorough general anti-waste programme.

6. Elimination of smoke and grime, through use of smokeless fuel, whence a neater, sweeter Britain and happiest physiological, psychological, and æsthetic results.

7. An immense development of the sparsely populated territory of the Empire (which totals ten million square miles, a very large part immensely rich in sources of wealth, agricultural and mineral, waiting to be tapped), chiefly through use on the grand scale of roadless motor vehicles, all-tracked or half-tracked. The problem of imperial development is mainly one of transportation, and here is the solution. The possibilities thus opened up stagger the imagination.

No, no — Leo Britannicus has had many hard knocks in recent years, but the reports that he is in a mortal decline are greatly exaggerative. No, he's tough and hale and 'a good enough man.' If we gaze low, the prospect seems bleak. But up eyes!

> . . . Look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
> Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.

As I write, the Imperial Conference of Premiers, which opened in London on October 19, is about to close. As our information of its proceedings is meagre, the more delicate discussions being secret, I may be excused for brevity in dealing with a business so important. The considerations that enter into the grand problem of imperial federation are about equally economic and political. I doubt we shall find that the conferees have given a clear answer to the question: Is the Empire to be henceforth a self-sufficing, closely interdependent federation, or not? Before that question can be answered, the following subsidiary question must be cleanly answered: How is the demand of the Dominions for extension of operation of the principle of Imperial Preference to be acquiesced in without fatally prejudicing the foreign trade of the British realm? I venture the opinion that we shall find that the conferees have soft-pedaled on the main issues of the constitutional relations of the Empire and imperial economic policy. These issues relate themselves intimately to the project of European federation (to include all the non-Soviet States of Continental Europe) and to the coming

International Economic Conference under League auspices. Would realization of 'Pan-Europe' promote solidarity of the British Empire and aloofness of Britain from Continental Europe? Or would the effects be quite the opposite? It is significant that the conferees devoted perhaps their main attention to imperial aeronautical development. It may be that hereafter as hitherto, though in a new sense, the Empire is to be held together mostly by aerial bonds.

Exigencies of space forbid my discoursing, as I should like to do, of intra-imperial developments and foreign policy. Britain has remarkably solidified her position in the Near and Middle East, and her relations with Egypt, thanks to the firm wisdom of Lord Lloyd, have been considerably improved. Apparently, also, the situation in India is developing happily both from the standpoint of the British Raj and from that of the Indian people. Especially notable is the Canadian wave of prosperity. No praise could be excessive for the magnanimity of the British Government and Parliament in procuring a settlement of the Irish boundary question by forgiving the Free State's considerable share of the debt of the United Kingdom and of war pensions.

III

After painful study of the matter, I find it improper greatly to blame the French (Government, Parliament — least of all, of course, the great body of the nation) for the unfortunate fiscal developments from the outbreak of the war until the demonstration of the failure of the Ruhr experiment. I do not blame them for their long subjection to the illusion that the greater part of the costs of the war and of reconstruction would be recovered from Germany. Man is preëminently a gullible animal, and, especially where Patria or Helen is concerned, believes (your hard-headed Poincaré being no exception) what he passionately wishes to believe. *Le fantôme des Réparations!* It may not be doubted that the phantom was honestly believed to be the real Helen until, with the failure of the Ruhr experiment, eyes were unsealed. With eyes on the lovely phantom, France was treading the primrose path of the borrower toward the bonfire of the franc. Yet, in a manner of speaking, the illusion was a blessing. Under its spell the worst of the ruin in the devastated area was repaired. Had disenchantment come quickly, that work might have lagged disastrously.

Up to that point of the unsealing of the eyes, then, the French authorities were more to be pitied than censured. But the behavior of Parliament thence, until the supercrisis of July this year, deserves censure more than sympathy. The eyes unsealed, the necessary programme of rehabilitation was clearly indicated; to include (*a*) a supereffort of retrenchment and reorganization; (*b*) genuine balancing of the budget, without the slightest *soupçon* of camouflage, however cruelly burdensome might be the additional taxation involved; (*c*) debt agreements with Britain and the United States, preconditioning stabilization of the franc, as opening the door to foreign credits and loans without which stabilization could not be consummated; (*d*) finally, revalorization of the franc at a low par, knelling *ad Avernum* the hopes of the rentiers. Instant action was called for.

But two and one half years went by and you noted, not, on the whole, progress toward realization of the indicated programme; rather, on the whole, regression. And the reasons? Some, to be sure, of honorable import, but the chief, sans doubt, selfish, vicious politics; all the vices of the French political system (not less numerous or vicious than those of our own) in full flourish and clamant assertion. Not even the magnificent efforts of Briand could avail to disembroil the confusion worse confounded. Meantime, the franc went slithering, slithering down. Early in July last it had fallen to 1.94 cents on New York exchange and looked in posture to take the final irrecoverable plunge. But at this point the conviction suddenly established itself in the minds of all except the international Communists and the scatterbrained Socialists (that is, the Socialists proper, the so-called Unified Socialists) that only by a common effort under the ablest direction, only by postponement of Party to Patria, could the Republic be saved. As to the ablest direction, there could not be two minds: Poincaré was the man.

Having formed an exceedingly brilliant cabinet of all the talents, and fairly representative of the entire Parliament except the extremists of Right and Left, Poincaré vigorously resumed the task begun by him more than two years before, for the which beginning he was sent up Salt Creek — namely, the task of realizing the programme above outlined. He perceived the first and main desideratum to be restoration of self-confidence. He has gone very far to restore it; whereof sure evidences are steady renewal of National Defense bonds and return of expatriated capital. The condition of the Treasury and that of the Bank of France have been very greatly improved; the franc has appreciated to the equivalent of 3.30 cents; again you see favorable foreign trade balances; a sinking fund for amortization of the internal debt has been established on a sound basis; revenue has risen correspondingly to expectations from the new tax legislation promptly enacted at Poincaré's instance (increasing the total of taxation by 25 per cent), so that the budget is now genuinely balanced; Poincaré has cut to the bone by way of retrenchments.

Yet it is probably true that the limit has nearly, if not quite, been reached of improvement possible under his programme of pure self-help. Those best qualified to speak are fairly agreed that the next step — namely, definite stabilization of the franc — waits upon ratification of the debt agreements, at any rate that with the United States.

As I write, the French Parliament is about to reassemble. To ratify or not to ratify! I eschew prophecy, but speculate gloomily on the probable effects of refusal to ratify.

Ratification, stabilization, revalorization — the indicated sequence; revalorization at too low a figure to allow of much comfort to the rentiers. Alas! ye rentiers, for that by your misfortune that beautiful thing, the French civilization, suffers shrewd tort. Your hope of recovery of the franc to pre-war par or anything like: purest illusion, like *le fantôme des Réparations!* No doubt much will be done, in the not distant future, toward correcting the monstrous injustice of the present world financial structure; but too late for your relief. Meantime, ye're shent.

IV

The great events of the year for Germany were the signing of the Locarno pacts in London, the admission of Germany to the League of Nations and to membership on the League Council, and the formal announcement by Stresemann that the People's Party, the party of the great industrialists headed by him, had renounced the cause of monarchy and was now irrevocably committed to support of the Republic and the Weimar Constitution. The important implication of Stresemann's announcement is that the Reichstag now has an overwhelming majority friendly to the Republic; and presumably there is a corresponding popular majority. The Nationalists are out of the Government; and I am inclined to think that the time is not far distant when they will be as inconsiderable, both as to number and as to influence, as the French Monarchists. At last one should be justified in confidently asserting that the Republic is securely established.

Of course Germany's entrance into the League was epochal. She thereby well-nigh recovered full status as a member of the society of nations and as a Great Power. Not quite; certain servitudes and disabilities still obtain. Much depends on how she goes about to have these removed. She will be narrowly watched.

It is not to show lack of magnanimity, it is to show just plain common sense, to ask the questions: Is Germany actuated by a genuine strong desire to coöperate with other nations toward peaceful settlement of issues, or does she propose cynically to use the League and to repudiate it should it prove insufficiently amenable? Has the Hohenzollern taint been purged out? With just the faintest lingering shadow of doubt, I would answer those questions favorably to German honor and candor. There seems to me a fairly conclusive body of evidence that the majority of the German people regard latter-day Hohenzollernism with aversion and are yearning back to the Germany of Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe. If it be so, the world is indeed to be felicitated upon Germany's entrance into the League; that faint whiff as of an African in the woodpile is an olfactory illusion.

The coming year will be Beethoven Year, the one-hundredth year since the death of Germany's most puissant genius, of him who is joined with Shakespeare in a 'couplement of proud compare,' whose soul is concentual with the Ninth Sphere. Why can't Europe be reconciled to the strains of the Ninth Symphony? Through the medium of those strains there may be a free intercourse of souls across frontiers, past all barriers of race, tradition, and prejudice. Did someone suggest a total suspension of Jazz throughout Beethoven Year? Oh, blessed thought!

That question of war guilt! That reiteration of the claim of German innocence in respect of the origin of the war! This writer is profoundly convinced of the guilt of the German war lords, but why not forget it? Why not leave the matter to the quidnuncs and pundits of a generation hence? Or, better yet, let's say it all began when Cain slew Abel, and let it go at that. Let the Germans, to 'save face,' call their reparations payments contributions to equalize the burden of the costs of a war whereof the grand result is to be the eternal friendship of the French and German nations and a United States of Europe. Cease, you Germans, to harp on that discordant string, to the prejudice of the Thoiry programme.

V

Perhaps the most important developments in the world during the past twelvemonth were the acceleration of the movement toward a Franco-German economic accord and the acceleration of the larger movement toward leveling of the economic barriers throughout the European peninsula (plus Scandinavia). Consummation of a comprehensive Franco-German economic entente would inevitably be accompanied or followed by a cordial political understanding between the two nations, and a politico-economic federation of Europe — United States of Europe — would be the logical sequel of a general leveling of economic barriers. The two movements dovetail. Realization of the larger plan must presuppose a close Franco-German accord; while on the other hand it may plausibly be contended that a completely invulnerable Franco-German entente would not be possible outside a general European federation.

The smaller movement was 'featured' in the course of the twelvemonth by the provisional Franco-German commercial agreement of August, by the formation of the West European Iron and Steel Trust, by sundry conversations looking to combinations of other French and German interests similar to the steel cartel, and by the famous trout luncheon at Thoiry (of a politico-economic bouquet). The larger movement was 'featured' by the first Pan-European Congress, held at Vienna in October under the inspiration and direction of Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, whose book, *Pan-Europe* (which everyone should read), is the manifesto of the movement; and by a 'plea' signed by international bankers of note and captains of commerce and industry and a similar document issued by the International Chamber of Commerce at Paris, urging general leveling of European economic barriers.

Perhaps the Count exaggerates (though I do not think so) the military danger to a Balkanized Europe from a recovered and imperialistic Russia. Be that as it may, continuance (and, by the same token, exacerbation) of the intestine economic strife would alone suffice to wreck European civilization. It is difficult to answer the arguments that the strife may only be ended by federation and that only by federation may Europe hold her own in the industrial and commercial competition with those great federations, the United States of America and the British Commonwealth of Nations. Note, please, that the concept 'Pan-Europe' excludes the British Isles and Russia, but includes the colonies of the Pan-European States; by which inclusion such a federation should be practically self-sufficing as to foodstuffs and raw materials.

You say the conception is Utopian? It is not. To be sure, man is such a ninny that it will probably not be realized. But it is not Utopian; it is, in fact, under cold consideration by statesmen, bankers, and captains of industry and trade. The French Government was officially represented at the First Pan-European Congress. The President of the Reichstag and the President of the Reichsbank are ardent champions of the Pan-European idea. These be grand matters, whereof I might only touch the fringe.

Realization of Pan-Europe would go far, very far, toward ending war on this planet; and of course only a prime scoundrel could wish otherwise. Yet for the passing of war as chivalrously waged wistful regrets will persist, *pace* the Pacifists.

I had a dream the other night as follows: —

Behold a highway flanked with cypresses and aspens, and a sign with an arrow and the inscription 'To Lethe.'

But who are these, this gallant mounted company? Slowly they pass, with downcast mien, while

In the white aspens sad winds sing.

Hector and Achilles, Æneas and Turnus, Lancelot and Tristram, Si Peh and T'ai Tsung, Roland and Oliver, Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin, the Black Prince and Bayard, Percy and Douglas, Sidney and Garcilaso de la Vega: all the noblest heroes of war and tournament. Once Sir Lancelot broke out with a 'Tirra lirra,' but his voice suddenly died in his throat. They are gone the road to Lethe. As the cavalcade passes from view, a glimpse of the Spirit of Locarno wistfully smiling and waving adieu.

VI

Though by royal decree the Military Directorate was abolished last December and civilian government of sorts (in what you might call an Hispano-Pickwickian sense) restored in Spain, Primo de Rivera has remained at the head of affairs; his subordinates in the Government (mostly military men, if you please) being drawn from the new party, the Patriotic Union, organized by him to carry forward under 'a restored régime of constitutional normality' the programme of the Military Directorate.

The programme is an admirable one, but in the expression quoted one scents that rich, woody odor made familiar to us by American party platforms; the odor, namely, of bunkum. For there was n't any 'régime of constitutional normality' to restore; the old constitutional system being a preposterous sham. However, bunkum waived, it would seem that the Marqués proposes to bestow upon the Spanish people a measure of representation in the form of a 'National Assembly.' The precise character of the proposed body has not been disclosed, but apparently a leaf has been taken out of Mussolini's book, and the representation is to be on the basis of 'occupational interests.' Oh, no! the Italian text has not been slavishly copied — the new body will be quite Hispanic; just as Spanish Gongorism, though deriving its inspiration from Italian Marinism, was yet emphatically of the *Cosas de España.*

For the rest, the Marqués has probably made all the progress possible toward realization of his programme in face of multitudinous obstructions; of which, not Catalonian separatism, nor insubordination and hugger-mugger intrigue in the services, nor clerical obscurantism, nor this nor that, but the deservedly famous Spanish inertia, is the chief. Something he has done and much more has been definitely planned in respect of irrigation; the same as to education. He is now addressing himself to the grand task of fiscal reform; next to reform of the services, the chief desideratum for Spain. He must proceed warily as to both; softly, most softly, as to the latter, as results from his initial efforts have demonstrated. Many will have it that his hold of power is most precarious. I opine, to the contrary, that his seat is firm enough. Wish, however, may be father to the thought; for I consider Spain happy in his leadership. Call him Dictator, if you like. But there are dictators *and* dictators. Most of them, to be sure, pests, as we have had sufficient occasion within the last decennium to note; but now and then, in the course of the rolling centuries, a good one, answerable to the temporary need of his country. Such an one, it seems to me, is Primo de Rivera; cool, sensible, magnanimous, and (most precious of qualities in a dictator) humorous. Though pointed toward efficiency, he lacks fanaticism in that sense. Like Confucius, but unlike B. Mussolini, he 'is not desirous to have things done quickly, lest they be not done thoroughly'; he is a Confucian man.

The foreign policy of Primo de Rivera is pacific and nonimperialistic, but he has conceived for Spain a far more splendid rôle than her old imperial one; namely, that of leadership of what might be called an Hispanic Spiritual Commonwealth. It was in that imagined capacity that Spain held out for a permanent seat on the League Council. But ah! the pathos of it! It would seem that the twenty daughters do not respond with any show of enthusiasm to the mother's call. You may say that the mother was not of old a good mother and so deserves the rebuff. True, perhaps, but nevertheless infinitely pathetic.

VII

Had Mussolini allowed a reasonable measure of autonomy to his experiment of a modern adaptation of Guild Socialism, the world in general (if not, perhaps, Italy) would consider itself in his debt. But by subjecting it to the most rigid autocratic control he has completely vitiated it.

It is quite evident that Mussolini has completely lost his head; that he no longer has any sense of limitations. There is scarce another instance in the modern history of civilized nations of such assumption of autocratic power as Mussolini's; so great or so swift. A main lesson of that history is that any great departure to Right or Left is followed by a reaction; the greater and swifter the departure, the swifter and more violent the reaction. If Fascismo does not quickly regress toward the Centre, it will come to grief.

To be sure, the economic achievement of Fascismo (that is, of Mussolini, for the Duce's assertion that he and Fascismo are one and the same is quite simply accurate) is considerable; but it is largely due to supereffort, supersacrifices, responsive to high incitement and not to be indefinitely maintained. The new efficiency must needs lapse when the excessive effort falters, when the limit of sacrifice is reached. You must not drive a people too hard; you must respect human limitations. Except, perhaps, for a brief period of a war *à outrance*, it is not proper to subject a people to unnatural incitements. In both respects Mussolini has egregiously offended; and I do not hesitate to prophesy that he and the politico-economic system he has constructed will pay the penalty. It is a great pity. It behoved that the old constitution be scrapped; that the old parliamentary system, a travesty of British parliamentarism, go into the discard. But only on condition that there should be forthcoming to replace it a far better system, at once corresponding to the peculiar genius of the Italian people and establishing on a firmer and more genuine basis the popular rights and liberties. Instead, Mussolini has produced a system of which the outstanding feature, which completely overshadows all others, is autocracy.

To be sure, a great part of mankind seem to be edified and pleased by Mussolini's relegation of 'rights' to Lethe's wharf and substitution of 'duties' therefor, and by his elegant funerary discourse on 'the corpse of Liberty'; and they will tell you that Mussolini has given the Italians a system corresponding to their genius, as proved by their enthusiastic acceptance of it. The answer is that the Italian people are ensorcelled.

But though this ensorcellment is no doubt the most extraordinary instance of the sort in history, it is by no means novel. Germany, great, competent, intellectual Germany, afforded a similar instance the other day; we in America are now affording an instance not too dissimilar. There is nothing peculiarly discreditable in the Italian condition; men are what humorous Nature has made them, though perhaps she was in an especially whimsical mood when she created the Italian complex. Anyway, the doings of the Italians during the past year (particularly at this time of writing, the eve of Armistice Day) are out of all cess.

But what is the very head and front of Mussolini's offending? It is the character of the incitements by which he holds the Italian people up to the mark, keeps 'em on the move, maintains their dander. The chief note of his policy during the past year has been the arousing of a 'colonial consciousness.' And to what, pray, is this colonial consciousness to direct itself? Not to any great degree, certainly, to the present colonial possessions of Italy. Those colonies could not by utmost effort of reclamation and development be made to accommodate more than a small part of the Italian surplus of population. Whose *tuum*, your Excellency, dost thou propose to convert into *meum?* Tunis, say, or Nice, or Abyssinia, or Anatolia, or Syria; belike every region o'er which the Roman legions thundered, the Roman eagles screamed?

Ah! forget it, forget it, good Benito! Thanks to William of Doorn, your fashion of thought is outmoded. 'Trade follows the flag' is 'old hat.' Keep on aspiring till the cows come home, but the Roman Empire is not going to be revived. In certain respects it's a glorious, but in others a hideous, memory. You must reconcile yourself to the idea that, as the Italian population increases, thousands upon thousands of emigrant Italians will in steady succession identify themselves with their adoptive countries and be politically lost to Italy. Remember William of Doorn! Remember William of Doorn! Seeing that you have failed to pierce the irony of the great Italian, substitute for *The Prince,* as your constant guide, the Four Books of the Confucian Canon. Cultivate the Happy Mean. Hold thy wild horses, sweet chuck, lest worse befal!

But of course there are other aspects of Mussolini. You might say that but for that notable man Europe might be altogether under the spell of the spirit of Locarno. That would be a pity; some day there would be a terrible reaction, as from every extreme. Europe hath need of all three: Realpolitik, the Spirit of Locarno, and the Comic Spirit. Mussolini may be counted on to supply whatever may be needed of Realpolitik.

After previous attempts on his life Mussolini, to his great credit, displayed a share of the Cæsarean clemency; but apparently the last attempt has hardened his heart and bewildered his head. One may scarcely blame the Duce; three hair's-breadth escapes within six months! Under such circumstances even a Cæsar's equanimity might suffer a shade of impairment. But 'ware dictators when the fear of assassination has sensibly wrought upon their nerves, when magnanimity has given place to vindictiveness!

VIII

I regret that I must forbear discourse of a myriad other matters which have contributed to make the past twelvemonth in 'this courtly and splendid world' (as the great Sir Thomas called it) a more than usually interesting one; as:—

Of Portugal and her coups, and how little the latter signify.

Of Austria and Hungary, and of how the Hungarian Counterfeit Plot created a stench that pervaded the planet and called for a cosmic fumigation.

Of Greece. General Kondylis's gem of a coup and the fall of 'Passionate Pangy.'

Of Russia, or Eurasia; and that, because of the meagreness and vagueness of reports from that great quarter, my silence should be esteemed golden.

Of Turkey. How she has completely reorganized her judicial system on a Western basis, taking over the Swiss Civil Code in toto and large parts of the Italian Penal Code and the German Commercial Code. Of how Turks did riot, fight, and die in resistance to the order from Angora that hats replace fezzes; and that men have died for worse causes. What joy to the shades of Swift and Carlyle! — the crowning joke of the matter being that the fez is of Greek origin.

Of Persia. Her new monarch, Riza Shah Pehlevi, and how one could wish to have witnessed his coronation, the greatest show of the year.

Of China. The chaoticity of the political chaos; and of how day by day and in every way the Chinese mess grows more messy and China never ceases to outgo herself in incredible fantasticalities and *chinoiseries* to make the fabulist gasp.

Of derring do; for the year has known sporting adventures of the first rank. In particular (for I already have noticed Byrd's great exploit), of the flight of the Norge; how her gallant company were the first of mankind to supervolate the top o' the world from Europe to Alaska, to gaze on the Pole of Inaccessibility, to pass completely over the 'unexplored region.' They were the first that ever burst over that silent sea. But, a saddening thought! When the last great secret of earth's superficies has been unveiled (the polar regions fully explored, Everest topped), must there be an end to grand adventure? No, no — Nature cannot, having given us such 'aspiring minds,' cannot be so cruel. On to the Moon's Sphere, on to the region of the planet Hercules!

JINX OR JEOPARDY?

BY CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER

I

DISPATCHES from Guantánamo Bay, late in October, giving the details of a gun explosion on the U. S. Scout Cruiser Trenton, the second accident of the kind on that ship in two years, both resulting in fatalities, brought in review the subject of accidents in the Navy, of which, since the World War, there has been a long and decidedly harrowing list. It is not surprising that the nation at large is distressed and much concerned because of these disasters. The public is asking whether the accidents in question are preventable or are to be endured as a necessary evil, and if it may not be true that 'our ships and personnel are being jeopardized by official inefficiency, bureaucratic stupidity, and, perhaps, political expediency.'

Including the loss of the Shenandoah, but excluding other accidents in the Naval Air Service and the post-war mine-sweeping operations of 1919 in the North Sea, the Navy has sustained forty-six major accidents since World War demobilization. Sixteen of these have been destroyer accidents, nineteen have been submarine accidents; the others include turret and gun explosions, the disappearance of a naval tug en route to the Far East, damage to two cruisers, and the shore-station disaster at Lake Denmark Magazine. Two hundred and fifty-nine lives were lost in these accidents; forty-three when the tug Conestoga vanished, one hundred and thirty-five by the explosions and fires, twenty-eight by destroyer losses, thirty-nine by submarine collisions and sinkings, and fourteen when the Shenandoah broke up and crashed.

In the Naval Air Service since the World War, including flight training, the hazards of experimental flying, the dangers of intricate evolutions involved in squadron flying in day and night manœuvres, the development of catapult launching, and the new science of taking off and landing on plunging and rolling carrier decks, accidents have resulted in one hundred and seventy-seven fatalities.

As a matter of justice to all concerned, it should be remembered that naval aviation is an extrahazardous service; no other activity in the entire Navy is quite comparable with it from the standpoint of potential and actual danger to personnel. It has been computed from records in the Navy Department that officer deaths in the air service are as forty-nine to one compared with those of officers in general service, submarine duty included. It is obvious that by its peculiar status aviation should have separate treatment at greater length than can be accommodated in this discussion; suffice to say that improvements in planes and engines and added facilities for control and navigation are making the service less hazardous as time goes on. Recent statistics, covering the period from 1919 to the present, show that fatalities in relation to hours in the air and to miles flown are decreasing in constantly diminishing ratios.

Through personal contact one recognizes that in connection with these disasters there is a certain amount of naïve resignation if not vicarious professional martyrdom among naval officers. One is not aware that the Navy as a whole feels that it is on the defensive. Honest, constructive criticism is apparently welcomed as a stimulating goad to progress and achievement. But the silent, dogged application on the part of its personnel, to the outsider a seeming indifference to critical opinion, bewilders the public and leads to the conclusion that 'there's something in this naval woodpile besides wood.'

Perhaps one of the chief glories of this nation is the ability of its people to face fact and fight it, to grasp unpleasant truth and wring from it the essence of ultimate success. This being granted, let us test the somewhat brutal facts surrounding these naval tragedies, to determine, if possible, remedies for their minimization if not for their final eradication.

Because they are most familiar to the public, let us select these disasters: the Honda accident, when seven destroyers rammed the rocky shore of California, with the loss of the vessels and twenty-two lives; the turret explosion on the battleship Mississippi, resulting in the deaths of forty-eight men; the wrecking of the rigid airship Shenandoah in a storm over the Ohio Valley, at a cost of fourteen lives; the sinking of the submarine S-51 by the steamship City of Rome, with a toll of thirty-four lives; and the explosion and fire at Lake Denmark, which snuffed out twenty-two lives and destroyed forty millions in property.

II

Trite but true is the statement that ships alone do not constitute navies. Ships are merely tools; the character of its personnel is the index of a navy's efficiency. I am aware that 'efficiency' is a relative word, like 'power' or 'size,' and that the unremitting efforts of skilled and loyal men may be most seriously handicapped by insufficient appropriations for matériel maintenance, by high administrative incompetence, and by outside political influence; but personnel characterized by high morale will go far to offset other handicaps. Consequently our first consideration is the present morale status of our Navy.

When the destroyers went ashore on Honda Point, the lives of eight hundred men were in jeopardy. The heroism of these men, caught between grinding rock and relentless pounding wave, saved all but twenty-two. When the powder charge exploded in the Mississippi's turret, killing nearly all the men in it, the men in the powder-handling room remained at their posts, closed the doors to the magazines to keep out the flames, and made every effort to extinguish the burning powder grains falling into the room. One man in the turret reached up his dying hand and pulled the lever operating the sprinkler device, an act which prevented the burning of several hundred pounds of powder that, once ignited, would have sent the ship to the bottom and her twelve hundred men into eternity.

Facing destruction, Commander Lansdowne, from the control car of the Shenandoah, in quiet conversational tones gave his orders for the management of the doomed ship; and, after the car had broken away and the ship had split into storm-tossed sections, the men in those sections calmly manœuvred them to earth. Most of the loss of life in this accident occurred when the control car fell, breaking the ship to pieces as it tore loose. Again, the opening of the hull of the S-51 after her recovery from the bottom of Block Island Channel revealed that her officers and men died at their posts, with hands on control levers and radio keys; while the men killed at Lake Denmark were all hurrying *toward* the points of greatest danger.

It is not too much to say that the conduct of these men points to the fact that the morale of the United States Navy may well serve as an inspiration to the country's manhood. Such high morale is not gained by accident, nor is it maintained without constant vigilance; even allowing for outside influences, its worst enemies are probably within the service itself.

An example is the case of the admiral who, without warning or explanation to the loyal men affected, so coaxed and cajoled a newly appointed Secretary, intent on a policy of 'economy,' that that functionary disenrolled thousands of naval reserves and put out of commission an organization which, through years of hard and patriotic work, had grown to worth-while efficiency and had proved to be one of the mainstays of the war-expanded Navy. Although the Secretary made what belated amends he could, this admiral has never been called to account; indeed, his act has been officially excused on the mere plea of economic necessity. The pen stroke that disenrolled these men, on whom had been spent millions in training, could have been better employed in transferring them to Class VI in the Reserve, a class volunteering to serve without retainer pay. Efforts on the part of sympathetic and able officers through several trying years have partly repaired the damage, and a new Naval Reserve is gradually rising upon the ruins of the old.

Such deeds place almost unbearable burdens on loyalty. What derogatory effect they may have on general morale, and what indirect contribution to accidents they may make, are difficult to determine, but it is plainly evident that they are pernicious handicaps to administrative success.

III

Instant obedience, fortitude, courage, heroic devotion, the outstanding attributes of morale, cannot in themselves always stop or forestall disaster; to such characteristics must be added knowledge, skill, aptitude, and experience. This suggests an appraisal of the professional fitness of the officers and the techno-mechanical skill of the enlisted force now manning the Navy.

From the time that men enter the Naval Academy at Annapolis until they leave the service, life is one round of competition. Academic standards at Annapolis are established by the mental capacity of the leader in each class and subject. This system forces out of the Academy the majority of each entering class. Once graduated, the young officer is subjected to the competition of his fellows, a competition increasing in keenness as the years go by and he approaches the charmed circle of 'high rank.' Few may enter that circle, for a ship needs but one commander at a time, the fleet but one commander-in-chief at a time; the staff cannot absorb many 'brass hats,' and there is no royal road or short cut to the admiral's bridge. Of an average class at graduation, numbering some two hundred and eighty ensigns, only one per cent will reach the grade of rear admiral, only four per cent that of captain.

Laggards drop by the wayside; physical disabilities bring retirement. The mere navigator, with his colleague the sailing master, has been sunk without trace, for now that specialization, demanded by mechanical developments put to maritime use, has arrived, naval officers must needs become engineers and technicists of the highest attainments. Success in these channels is evidenced not only by the fact that the foremost industrial leaders of the country are constantly turning to the Navy for their chief executives, but also by the fact that most of the industries contributing to the public wealth and welfare have been greatly aided by developments in the fleet and at the Navy's yards and plants, where naval officers have solved electrical, mechanical, and metallurgical problems incident to the service but adaptable to civil industry.

Except in actual battle, there can be no greater test of the tactical knowledge, both theoretical and practical, of the officer personnel than during the evolutions of the fleet in the vast and complicated yearly war games at sea. To watch the majestic weaving columns of turreted dreadnoughts, the wide flanking rushes of the cruisers, the crisscross dashes of lance-prowed destroyers, the mysterious appearance and disappearance of crash-diving submarines, the wary steaming of the train, and the spectacular stunts of darting aircraft high aloft, leads to but one conclusion, that naval officers are particularly competent tacticians.

Perhaps the strategical knowledge of our naval officers lies outside an inquiry into the causes of naval accidents. Strategy is that phase of an officer's professional quest having to do with war plans, matters of guarded secrecy, to disclose which is akin to, if not actually, treason.

I have been unable to find a more striking peace-time recognition of superior tactical and strategical competence than that accorded to our naval leaders at the Washington Conference of 1921–1922, a recognition broadly patent in the haste with which the invited Powers accepted the Hughes proposal to limit the number and tonnage of American capital ships to a ratio within their own industrial and economic reach; a recognition which, at Geneva last summer, was further accentuated by the refusal of those same Powers to reduce their strength in cruisers and submarines to a ratio parity with our voluntarily reduced strength.

As for administrative experience and ability in the fleet, that is the foundation upon which the naval officer builds his whole professional career. Our officers have to give daily exhibitions of their qualifications in that field, for they have between eighty and eighty-five thousand boys from the wheat fields and asphalt to educate and train, indoctrinate, and eventually turn back to civil life equipped to win success in industrial pursuits and to take their places in the community councils of the nation. That naval officers are eminently successful in these tasks is, of course, partly due to the excellent quality of the enlisted personnel recruited for the service.

In this latter connection I recall a conversation with Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon, R. N., the one-time commander of the famous Dover Patrol controlling the troop movement between the British Isles and the Continent during the World War. Observing our enlisted men detailed to ships, aircraft, and shore stations as units in the Patrol, Admiral Bacon asked me how long we could keep sending him such remarkably competent sailors. I assured him that the standard would not be lowered, and that the men were representative of the entire American Navy.

'Well,' he declared, 'in all my naval experience I have never seen anything like your enlisted men. Their courage is undoubted, but it is their skill in mechanical lines that impresses me. No task is too difficult or complicated for them to solve; their knowledge is astonishing, but their ingenuity and resourcefulness are amazing. In these qualities they outshine the British sailor. It must be due to the fact that British lads enter the navy because they have to, — there's nothing for them ashore, — while your lads desert the factories because they want to, because they love the sea. In this respect you officers are lucky chaps.'

There is much truth in what Admiral Bacon said. Our men willingly accept discipline, cheerfully attack hard work, and require little urging from the officers. They know that discipline and hard work win trophies in gunnery and engineering, the goals of a year's incessant training, and they know that teamwork with their officers as well as among themselves is the prime factor in 'playing the game.' The survivors, officers and men, of such an exacting régime prove their professional fitness by the mere fact of survival.

But perfection is not a human attribute, and naval officers are human. There are some who do not measure up to the standard that the service has set for itself. These men are generally 'passed over' by the promotion selection boards and are then retired for age in grade. Some few, because of past meritorious service, are given berths within their rated qualifications until they are automatically retired for age. Happily, officers within these categories are becoming rare birds, and, through a careful appraisal of each individual by the detailing authorities, these men are relegated to perfunctory duties of pure routine, having little to do with operations afloat. Thus these officers cannot be made the scapegoats in fixing responsibility for naval accidents. Strange as it may appear, such disasters are almost invariably found in the wake of officers who previous to the accident have had unblemished records and brilliant reputations.

IV

Hence it may be taken as almost axiomatic that accidents in our Navy, aside from minor mishaps resulting in scratched paint, a bent rail stanchion now and then, a few skinned shins and smashed thumbs, are traceable to abnormalities, either of judgment or of policy, or else come under the somewhat indefinite classification, 'acts of God.'

Abnormalities of judgment constitute one infrequent cause of serious accidents. An example is that of the officer who, as a result of the constant professional grind, develops a mental quirk, generally unconsciously, in one direction or another until some day he astounds his associates by committing an error in judgment that, coldly analyzed, appears to be nothing less than the act of a downright blockhead. Fortunately these victims of a relentless competitive system are few, and so numerous are the checks and balances against individual judgment in the Navy that their errors have seldom caused serious damage. The single instance in recent years where abnormal zeal in one direction led to erratic judgment of a costly character is furnished by the man who piled the destroyers on the rocks at Honda Point.

Though quite unforgivable, this accident is understandable. There was a heavy fog that day; certain radio compass bearings given the navigator did not check with his dead-reckoning position, and unusual ocean currents prevailed. These conditions called for pronounced caution; but the commanding officer, whose zeal for punctuality in carrying out orders had become a fetish, and who had been directed to bring his division to anchor with the fleet at a specified hour, threw caution overboard, cracked on speed, and led his ships to destruction on the rocks. He and his navigator were heavily punished, although he gallantly assumed all the blame; but punishment does not hide the fact that here is a potential cause of disaster directly chargeable to personnel faults, which, while it may be more closely controlled, can never be wholly eradicated, because it is a human frailty common to men in all walks of life.

Coming under the classification, 'acts of God,' are those accidents which may be ascribed to the hazards of the sea, where the natural phenomena of wind and wave in combination outweigh all that men may do and that the stoutest ship may stand. There are times when Nature, speaking through the typhoon, the hurricane, the tidal wave, and even the prolonged gale, is not to be denied. Naval vessels, although generally more fully manned and under better discipline than commercial ships, thus having a better fighting chance than the liner or freighter, are not immune from maritime disaster. The baffling and mysterious disappearance of the collier Cyclops in the Caribbean Sea and that of the tug Conestoga in the broad Pacific are cases in point.

Another abnormality responsible for too frequent naval accidents is the marine road hog, the 'hit and run' mariner, the merchant-ship commander who laughs at the international rules of the road and sideswipes or rams anything and everything afloat in his erratic path. In this category comes the S-51 tragedy. We have a submarine on the surface, observing the rules of the road as it proceeds on its way, its course and progress visible for miles by the aid of its brightly burning running lights. The City of Rome, eastward bound, bears down on the submarine. But there is no cause for alarm; the rules of the road take care of such situations. Under those rules the S-51 has the right of way; she holds her course. But right of way and rules of the road are somehow quite neglected, and the heavy stem of the City of Rome sends the S-51 and her law-abiding crew to the bottom. When raised, the wreck of the S-51 proved, by the position of her rudder and steering gear, that her helmsman kept a legal course until it was realized that the City of Rome would ram; then he shifted his helm to escape, but too late to avoid the crash.

Once in a while the tables are turned — it is the road hog that gets rammed and the naval ship that does the ramming. But the cause of this type of accident, in the majority of cases, can be traced to the neglect or ignorance of the rules of the road of some party or parties outside of and not an agency within the service. The Navy is not always blameless, but this kind of accident points to a serious situation demanding harsh corrective measures, at least something more harsh than a few months' license suspension, the penalty usually meted out to offending merchant officers.

V

We have bared some of the relatively infrequent causes of naval accidents. Undoubtedly the most frequent cause of such accidents, directly and indirectly, is the present abnormal administrative policy.

None more clearly than naval officers themselves understand the fact that the Navy does not exist for itself alone. It is an agency of the Federal Government, fed or starved by the Congress, moved at the beck and call of the State Department, shackled by the treaty-making authorities, subject to the political whims of the party in power, and exploited by the press. Naval administrative policy does not originate within the Navy itself. The policy of the times has for its very essence the political slogan, 'Economy in governmental expenditures.' The chief agency for enforcing this 'economy' policy is the Bureau of the Budget; but so potent has the slogan become that it has been adopted by the Congress, which, despite its claims of liberality toward the Navy, and to the discomfort and chagrin of a truly sympathetic and well-informed Naval Affairs Committee in each Chamber, not only refuses appropriations to bring the fleet up to the strength provided for by the Washington Conference treaty ratio and to provide sufficient personnel to man and operate what ships we have, but further refuses to appropriate the funds necessary to keep in repair the undermanned ships that the Navy Department is directed to keep in commission. To require the Navy Department to accomplish the tasks for which the Navy is maintained with the meagre sums appropriated is demanding that the Department make bricks without clay.

For example, take the appropriation for matériel maintenance. Before the Washington Conference left us with a treaty-bound Navy, a number of new ships were built each year to replace obsolete, obsolescent, or worn-out craft. This policy served to maintain an average age in vessels; thus an average yearly expenditure for repairs could be readily controlled. But since the Conference there have been few replacements through shipbuilding, the average age of craft is constantly increasing, and the necessity for repairs is growing by leaps and bounds.

This state of affairs is well known, yet when the Navy's budget is under consideration by the Administration, the Bureau of the Budget, and the Naval Affairs Committees of the Congress, the first declaration on the part of those authorities is that there shall be no increase in appropriations beyond those of the previous fiscal year. This fixation of appropriation does not take into account the increasing deterioration of ships, so that where, in the fiscal year of 1925, needed repairs to motive machinery and its adjuncts were two and a half million dollars in excess of available funds, for the year 1926 the excess was nearly five millions and for 1927 will reach about seven millions. Nor can money be spent and a deficiency appropriation be asked for; instead, the work accumulates and the repairs are not made.

The Navy Department bureaus allocate the funds available to the various navy yards to be apportioned among the ships scheduled for repair and overhaul as far as the amount will go toward keeping the ships seaworthy and safeguarding the lives of their crews. Almost superhuman efforts on the part of the personnel make up for many deficiencies, but no ship in the Navy, with the possible exception of some of the ten new light cruisers, is actually in complete repair and ready for war. If war were forced upon us, so many ships would have to be rushed to the yards for refitting and reconditioning, at a time when the yards would be needed to arm and condition merchant auxiliaries, that congestion would reach the stage of actual calamity. The ships in commission are seaworthy — witness the overseas mission of the fleet to Australasia a year ago, and the annual grand manœuvres. Seaworthiness and battle condition, however, are two separate and distinct things; a ship may be seaworthy without a single gun on board.

Ships that are never in quite complete repair, that always have some patched-up equipment, are more liable to accident than even naval officers themselves are wont to admit. Disaster may result from seemingly trifling causes — a stripped screw thread, a short circuit in a steering device, a worn-out boiler. Under such conditions only the most minute and constant attention and vigilance spell safety, and even the personnel cannot tell at what moment some vital but overpatched apparatus may fall to pieces.

Notwithstanding the abnormally dangerous conditions imposed by this policy, the Navy Department must carry on. Ships must be moved in fogs, in storms, in dangerous waters at night, and in complex tactical formations in time of peace if they are to be so moved in time of war. And if guns and torpedo tubes are to be effective in battle, target practice during peace must be a constant activity. Nor can aircraft be utilized to advantage in battle unless they have been made to fly in peace-time evolutions under conditions similar to those of war.

The more prolonged and intensive these battle drills are made, the greater the risks to ships and personnel, and it is not too much to say that the hazards are compounded out of all reason by the abnormal financial policy now visited upon the service, for its blanketing limitations practically wipe out the factor of safety in operations gained by tempering tactical boldness with caution.

This statement is not conjectural on my part. To make up for deficiencies due to reduced personnel, the lack of submarines for fleet duty, and a shortage of scouting and screening cruisers, and yet weld the fleet into a fighting unit trained for battle, despite its general condition of inadequate repair, it has been found necessary to put in force an operating schedule which has no respite other than the short intervals when favored ships are docked for overhaul. Speed and yet more speed in gun practice, ever-increasing use of submarines submerged in the midst of dashing squadrons, closer and closer ranges in night attacks by destroyers, faster and faster aircraft for shot-spotting in night battle practice — these are the activities which make up the inescapable abnormal operating schedule, a schedule responsible for serious accidents, such as the turret explosion on the Mississippi and the gun-house explosions on the Trenton, and promoting the possibility of submarine collisions, destroyer collisions, and aircraft crashes. Behind that schedule is the 'economy' policy, the real responsible factor in naval disasters, the continuance of which is the surest if not the quickest means of sweeping our Navy off the seas — or under them.

Under this régime, responsible for dangerous shore-station improvisation and neglect, we find the old magazine at Lake Denmark, built many years ago, greatly enlarged and expanded to meet the demands of the World War, overstocked with explosives, and right in the track of electrical storms drifting westerly from the lower Hudson Valley — a huge mark inviting what it got when lightning struck it. Although accustomed to living over floating powder mines aboard ship, the naval authorities realized that there was an added danger at this enormous cache of explosives and took what steps the circumstances permitted to reduce the hazard. The proper step, the building of other magazines in less exposed locations, was never taken. What representations were made to the appropriating authorities in this connection I do not know, but when it is impossible to secure funds to keep the fleet in repair it is a forlorn hope to expect the Congress to build new magazines, no matter how great the need.

Five years before the Shenandoah accident, four years before that ship and the Los Angeles were placed in commission, and in anticipation of those events, Commander Lansdowne and I, on duty together, reported the need of additional weather-reporting facilities in the area between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi and south of the Great Lakes. The Weather Bureau went before the proper Congressional committee with a request for forty thousand dollars to supplement the existing service. This request was repeated each year without success. The same policy which, in the face of the fact that the Navy was acquiring two rigid airships, had refused the funds to extract helium gas for more than one would not permit the installation of this vital aid.

There being no facilities for reporting sudden local storms, Commander Lansdowne timed his trip to avoid the season when such storms are most prevalent. The fateful voyage of the Shenandoah may be likened to that of the Titanic, the latter ship starting her tragic voyage before facilities for reporting the location of icebergs had been established. The Titanic dashed to her doom against an uncharted iceberg. The Shenandoah went to her destruction in the grasp of an unreported windstorm. It required the loss of the Titanic and the sacrifice of many lives to bring international iceberg patrols to the aid of ocean navigation. It required the loss of the Shenandoah and fourteen of her crew to break down the barriers of 'economy' and assure the establishment of twenty-one weather-reporting stations in the area where the disaster took place.

VI

Before suggesting a remedy for this situation, it is necessary to trace the policy behind it to the source of ultimate responsibility. The press has repeatedly placed this responsibility, first, upon the Secretary of the Navy, secondly, upon the editorially christened 'bureaucrats' in high administrative position in the Navy Department. Not even the reckless sensationalism with which these indictments were broadcast to the four winds could add to their ridiculousness. General Herbert M. Lord, the man at the head of the Bureau of the Budget, has more to say about how many ships shall be kept in commission, how many enlisted men may be retained to man them, how much shall be spent on matériel alterations and how much for maintenance, than Secretary Wilbur and his entire council of bureau chiefs. As far as the Navy is concerned, General Lord is a dictator.

But the genial and efficient Director of the Bureau of the Budget is not a usurper; he is a dictator by appointment, and as an appointee he carries out, perhaps too faithfully, the commands and admonitions of the appointing power, the Administration. Thus it is the Administration, supported by the Congress, that must be held responsible for the policy of the day, and therefore responsible for the disasters that such a policy promotes. The cock-and-bull theory that the people, the voters, are ultimately responsible for the acts of an elective Government fails miserably in this case, for the people have not hitherto been in command of the facts.

Nor is it proposed by the Administration that the facts shall be broadly known. When certain naval officers undertook to inform the public of conditions in the Navy, through the medium of press releases, the White House 'Spokesman' declared that the releases were nothing less than 'propaganda' from 'big navy' advocates intent on raiding the Treasury, and that further 'propaganda' from such a source would not be tolerated. And the public has been subjected to the confusing platitudes of the 'Spokesman,' who juggles with the phrases, 'limiting armaments as a means of reducing taxation and preventing wars,' 'an eye single to the defense needs of the United States,' if the number of ships 'falls below the treaty ratio the country is not to be concerned,' and so on, until the whole issue is befogged beyond intelligent comprehension.

To what further lengths this political naval policy will be carried in the name of 'economy' is hard to foretell, and whether or not enlightened public opinion, alive to the actual needs of the Navy and aware of the pernicious effects of the policy, will force its moderation or abandonment is just as difficult to foresee; but it is not difficult to observe in the collective group mind sponsoring this fetish an abnormal mental tangency, no less apparent and infinitely more destructive than that of the tragic figure at Honda Point.

Obviously the remedy for the nasty situation lies in the hands of the public. The voters may well demand that the Navy — and all the agencies of the national defense — be removed from politics; that appropriations be made to maintain a Navy in accordance with the 5-5-3-1.67 treaty ratios; that adequate repairs and replacements be made and complete modernization be effected to safeguard the personnel; and that in the future the policy of fleet maintenance be placed on a financial basis that will forever make it impossible for political expediency to 'save' money at the expense of life and limb.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IN THE LEE OF THE WOODS

There are winter days when you can see frost particles shining in the sun. This fairy snow never seems to reach the ground, yet is always on its way thither; and sometimes you must look sharp to see it, even though the air is filled with its shining.

On a windy clear day you can find this fairy snow in the lee of the woods, but hardly elsewhere. If the woods chance to be evergreen, so much the better; look across the low-rising sun and you will see the silver particles dancing against the green boughs and black trunks.

A power saw stands beside the woodhouse door — an ancient tool, veteran of many a battle with the knots and fibres of what until yesterday were trees. When the gasoline engine is running, the whole assembly rocks on its base like an old man; but, like a staunch old man, it keeps going somehow. *Phut-phut!* We're off. Five of us — four men and the antiquated engine of destruction, and the greatest of these is the engine. It will do more work in a day than twenty men could do by hand — an obedient, palsied slave, *phut-phutting* its life away, oblivious of heat or cold or frost particles glinting in the sun.

Pacemaker, too! All our dispositions of man power are made for the purpose of keeping the saw supplied with wood; all our nicely adjusted coöperative movements are timed to accord with those of the saw. Two of us pass wood to the sawyer, who owns the saw and to whose ears every bark of the motor and every squeal of the steel speaks a message. He places our offerings on a platform, tilts it; the teeth begin to bite, sawdust flies. Meantime the fourth man, standing across the platform, has placed his mittened hands firmly upon the other end of the stick, and when the cut is complete he whisks the sawn end away and into the shed, there to season under cover until wanted.

In time we acquire a nice technique, each going through his part of the task without lost motion, each being where he is supposed to be at every stage. The spirit of the group, the will to common labor, takes hold of us. Though we say nothing whatever about it, or about anything else, the conviction grows that we are a grand gang of wood sawyers, and that we could hold our own with any outfit in the country.

Sooner or later the top sawyer is sure to lift a detaining hand. We stop in our tracks, fumbling in our pockets for pipes and tobacco. Not a bad thing that machines occasionally have to be fed water, oil, and fuel; otherwise their human assistants would likewise have to be made of iron in order to stand the gaff.

'Great day for outdoor work,' I observe.

'It is, you know,' answers one of the men promptly and decisively. That is a colloquialism I have noticed nowhere outside of our bit of country. Say the most obvious thing to one of our neighbors, and the odds are you will receive in reply that complete and dignified rejoinder: 'It is, you know.' There is no taint of smartness about the phrase — just matter-of-fact decisiveness. I cannot imagine a light, vain people using such a phrase habitually.

Before starting the motor on its

second run, a debate ensues as to whether the saw should be moved. Question of bringing the wood to the saw or the saw to the wood. Decided by the top sawyer; it appears that he was merely sounding out the common sense of the gang by raising the question, and in no sense abrogating his authority as gang boss. He canvassed the delegation and then did as he pleased. The good old democratic way. As paymaster I might have had my way; but long ago I discovered that whosoever crosses a craftsman loses, and that he who enters a new country should watch his step.

There is a song of the saw for someone to write; it has a different note with each kind of wood — now rising to an angry snarl, now whining abjectly, now singing triumphantly. A native versed in such matters will recognize these notes as far as sound carries, and say, 'Taylor's working on ash this morning,' while yet it requires an effort for a dense-eared immigrant like myself to hear the faint whirr of a distant saw.

Always the top sawyer keeps an eye on the safety of his staff. We carters are not permitted to down our logs helter-skelter, because many a good man has gone to his death during sawing by tripping and falling upon the whirling teeth. So the two of us stand there at rest, the dead weight of the wood sagging our shoulders, until the platform is clear for our burden. I have often thought a painter might make something of us thus, with the snow-lighted forest for a background, the sun dancing on our revolving wheel, and the men poised in the unconsciously noble attitudes of toil. From time to time, too, we scatter fresh sawdust over the snow, the better to keep our heavily shod feet from slipping. A painter who caught that blend of warm brown and cold white accurately would have something to show for his pains.

Toward evening, the wind still holding from the west, we rake the trash of our operations together, and start a little bonfire of chips, branches, and sliced ends. Our working space must be clear for the morrow. The others troop off at dusk to their homes and chores; I stay to tend the fire. Prompt Venus glimmers into sight even before true dark sets in; but there is an early full moon these nights, and the green beauty of the planet fades before the dazzle of Earth's satellite. This is the best of all ways to end a day — on a log beside a fire under the stars. As the moon tops Whitbeck's pines, I kick snow over the glowing embers and set out for the house, in my body a growing languor and in my mind a raging curiosity over what we shall have for supper.

WHAT KIND OF A BORE ARE YOU?

Some months ago I read a little essay entitled 'What Kind of a Snob Are You?' which assumed that among the fifty-seven varieties of that genus each person would inevitably find his own particular niche. I am tempted to present a companion piece, in which another four-lettered bugbear looms as an even more obnoxious social pest. For I think I am not underrating human nature in believing that most of us would dislike more to be branded with the word 'bore' than with the label 'snob' — and this in spite of the fact that while a bore *may* be a thoroughly admirable person, a snob must always carry a taint of something rather contemptible.

It is difficult to define accurately that 'society offender,' as Ko-Ko calls him in his incisive little song, whose name appears in the 'little list' of those who 'never will be missed,' and whose manifestations are so varied. There is the Bore Rampant, and there is the Bore Couchant. The bore who talks too much, too loud, and too insistently, who fixes you with his glittering eye and will not let your attention wander, who comes too often and stays too long, who talks about himself, or — if it is a woman — about her children or her diseases. This, in a general way, is the Bore Rampant. The Bore Couchant is a heavy, sluggish creature, devoid of imagination or tact, a social drone, who refuses to play his part in the game we all tacitly take part in when we mingle with our fellows.

An endeavor to enumerate the qualities that go to make up a bore is as difficult as to define charm. Both elude analysis, and what makes the matter still more confusing is the fact that one man's charmer may be another man's bore. But it is a thought not without comfort that, whereas each of us has probably been dubbed a bore by some charming person, it is equally probable that we have also been considered charming by certain bores. I shall set an example of truthfulness and confess to a trait by no means admirable: I should prefer to be called a liar, a hypocrite, a fool, or a knave rather than a bore. I should much prefer to be stupid than boring — and there is a distinction between the two. I should rather be detained at Ellis Island for moral turpitude than marooned in isolated virtue in a crowded drawing room, wearing the badge of social leprosy involved in the word 'bore.'

I have tried, for my own guidance, to tabulate a few general rules to avoid catching a disease that is, alas, contagious. The first essential is to talk too little rather than too much. Second, avoid detail. A sketch may be crude, inaccurate, and badly executed, but it is *not* boring. Cromwell's 'wart and all' theory should never be applied in conversation, in which the quality of selection is of its very essence. Third, if you *must* tell a story — and please don't do so if you can help it — *never* imitate the mannerisms or intonations of the people you are describing. I issue this prohibition thus definitely knowing that the real mimic, the artist among raconteurs, cannot be prevented from practising his talent by any dogmatic directions of mine, and thank goodness that it is so. But most of us, when we practise the tempting art of mimicry, are more boring than convincing. Fourth, *look* interested, and, if possible, *be* interested in what other people say. Do not let your eyes or your attention wander. A good listener is never a bore. We cannot all handle foils with skill, but we can all toss back the conversational ball when it is thrown at us, and it should be tossed back lightly — not hurled in the face of our opponent, who should be regarded as a partner in the social game rather than as an antagonist.

Of course all these headings may be summed up under the one essential quality — a sense of proportion. For those who like positive and affirmative rules, I append the following recipe for making

A Bore's Head

Take a mass of unleavened egotism. Chop a cupful of trite conversational chestnuts into small pieces, shells and all. Add a quart of dry facts, from which the juice of humor has been extracted, and a cupful of dates, stuffed with statistics. Stir in — very slowly — a pint of personal anecdote from which all imagination has been strained.

Flavor with the essence of complete indifference to anybody's taste but your own.

Pour into a mould stamped with your own image, and turn on to a platter garnished with plenty of thyme.

This dish has frequently appeared at social functions of the Rich and Great.

I have given you the rules — it is for you to avoid following them.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

The advertising psychology of the newspapers is a peculiar thing. They will mutilate a news story to avoid a specific mention of advertised goods and on the same page present millions in publicity to another industry. The distinction between news and publicity is one which editors face daily, but which few or none can decide. Remember the space given to the Dodge stock, Valentino, and the Prize Fight and see what **Earnest Elmo Calkins,** a pioneer in advertising, has to say. ¶In the next war there will be no civilians; women and children and doughboys, let us educate them now so that they will know poison gas and high explosives when they meet them. **A Progressive Militarist** displays the full courage of his conviction. ¶In reading **Carl Christian Jensen's** account of his American marriage, remember that he was a twenty-year-old Dane, working as an electrician's apprentice, educating himself in English and science at night school, and earning and living on six dollars a week. **Rudolph Fisher,** one of the younger Negro writers, graduated with honors from Brown University and is now practising as an X-ray specialist in New York City. ¶President of St. Stephen's College, Annandale-on-Hudson, **Bernard Iddings Bell** stands us up against our ancestors and literally shames us into high thinking.

* * *

Amory Hare is a poet of whom we and Philadelphians have had occasions to be proud. ¶Adventuring through **I. A. Richards's** dizzy paper, we paused to catch our breath and wonder why it is so few Americans follow this sport at home. **Lord Dunsany,** the eighteenth baron of that title, is almost equally devoted to playwriting, prose, and the hunt. **John Barker Waite** gave up an experienced practice in order to become professor of law at the University of Michigan. In a series of articles of which this is the third, Professor Waite has sought to divide the blame among those who are responsible for the present failure of our law enforcement. ¶Author and professor of psychology at Bryn Mawr, **James H. Leuba** spent last summer in Holland attending the International Congress of Psychology. ¶In her more serious moments **Ellen N. La Motte** is an authority on the opium problem. Her present narrative was written in old Westminster, not far from the Abbey. ¶True to tradition, **Alice Brown,** poet and novelist, follows the seasons from Beacon Hill to Newburyport and return. ¶The Ruskin letters, the first installment of which we printed in the *Atlantic* for December, were originally written to Miss Jessie Leete, an English teacher whose death occurred shortly before this correspondence was delivered to **Mr. Leonard Huxley.** We are very glad to print these delightful letters in connection with the *Cornhill Magazine.* ¶As an employment manager on Wall Street and 'Up-State,' **Anne W. Armstrong** came into contact with business policies admirable and otherwise. Her earlier experiences on Wall Street appeared in the *Atlantic* for August 1925.

* * *

While on active service in the army, and, more recently, in journalism, **Henry W. Bunn** has for many years made an intensive study of European politics. ¶Although at the present he has no connection with the Navy Department, **Clifford Albion Tinker's** thirty years' naval and military experience must emphasize his downright opinions.

* * *

The Reverend Mr. Swisher's paper, 'The Passing of the Prophet,' has evoked this striking description of modern prophecy:

Geneva, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Swisher, —

I realize that I shall be only one of many who will arise in passionate defense of prophets after reading your article in the November *Atlantic.* Still I feel that your collection of testimonials will be incomplete if I do not add my small contribution.

Would it surprise you if I were to tell you that within the last eighty-two years three men have given evidence of their prophethood in connection with one religious movement? The first man, the Forerunner, was shot at a public execution; the second man, the Prophet, was incarcerated for life in a pestilential prison; when the third man, the appointed interpreter of the teachings, was released from the prison after forty-two years of confinement, he traveled through the cities of Europe and the United States founding groups of followers recruited from every race. Each of these prophets has written numerous books expounding the tenets of this belief, which have been translated into many tongues. It is estimated that this religion has had three million adherents.

I myself and my family belong to one of the many groups of American believers. Were you to look in on one of our biweekly meetings in which we study the teachings of our Prophet, you would make the acquaintance of two scientists from a State Agriculturalist Station, an Italian and his wife born Roman Catholics, a farmer (my husband) who began life as a college instructor in geology, a doctor and his wife, the registrar from the local college, and two one-time high-school teachers of whom I am one. About half of us had no religious belief up to the time we came in contact with these teachings, the others were ardent Christians; now we believe in Buddha, Confucius, Moses, Christ, and Mohammed, and One Other who has taught the underlying verity back of all religion.

Will you allow me to answer a few of the questions so vividly put forth in your article?

1. The world needs a prophet since it is no longer influenced by the spirit of Christ. Because this is so, self-love has become a more prevalent motive than the love of God.

2. It needs a spiritual leader who will furnish inspiration sufficient to carry into effect his teachings; who will give explicit directions as to what should be done; his message should be universal, with a view to uniting the peoples of the world.

3. History shows that the world in general will not recognize him when he comes. Fortunately the influence of a prophet does not die with him on the cross. The Idea which he brings lives after him and exercises a subtle influence upon the life of the world.

4. What is a prophet anyhow? A prophet is an inspired teacher and leader who introduces a new spiritual cycle. He reiterates the universal and eternal teachings of the earlier prophets and reorganizes the world to fit the exigences of the day in which he manifests. Christ, when accused by the theological sticklers of his day of being anti-Moses, said, 'I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.' He set aside the obsolete part of Moses' teachings, but renewed the eternal Truth which has to do with man's spiritual growth.

A word about the mechanics of present-day prophethood. What are the means by which the shepherd may collect his sheep? It is more systematized than in the old days. First the Forerunner announced the coming of the Prophet and collected a nucleus of prepared believers. At the appointed time the Prophet declared himself, increasing his followers by thousands and promulgating certain principles. He was exiled and imprisoned; but, unhampered by these obstacles, during his long life there he wrote over a hundred books, in which he detailed the spiritual and practical arrangements for the world for another cycle of time. When he died he appointed his son to be the Centre of the Covenant and to be the Interpreter and Promulgator of his Message. This man in turn, who himself manifested the characteristics of a world teacher, arranged in his will for a succession of Guardians to protect the purity of the original teaching and to carry on the complicated executive work of the system. The affairs of the movement are handled in each of the different countries by a committee of nine outstanding men, and the world is becoming honeycombed by local groups who by representative government are united with the central plan of action. This religious system, although still in its infancy, has an organized corps of workers many thousand strong who are striving through their lives and teaching to spread the tenets of their belief throughout the world.

DORIS H. MCKAY

* * *

A father of Amazons.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR EDITOR, —

Claiming the privilege of a regular subscriber, dear to the heart of every publisher, I am venturing to suggest to you a symposium that would interest thousands of your readers, on the 'Repair and Upkeep of Athletic Daughters.'

How are we parents to adjust ourselves to the new type of offspring growing up in our homes? Stimulated by gymnasium instructors and coaches in preparatory schools and colleges, these daughters of ours are becoming so large and strong, physically, that they have grown beyond the capacity of the furniture of our ancestors. The antique beds and chairs that served our pioneering forbears are not only too frail to accommodate these daughters, but the beds are too short and the chairs too low and narrow, and they splinter, crack, and collapse and must be replaced by larger and more strongly made furniture. We have several antique beds that have been in the family for generations that these modern athletes can use only by lying across diagonally.

The other day I noticed that the shelves of a bookcase in the room of a thirteen-year-old daughter had fallen to the top of the books below, and upon examination I found that the child, wishing to move the bookcase, had taken hold of one side and split the back panel its entire length, and had pulled the side entirely away from the case.

Yesterday I paid for two pairs of shin guards for my daughters, and I tried to visualize my mother or my grandmother, or even my great-grandmother wearing such decorations, and yet they were all stalwart women of the pioneer type. Hardly a day passes but some daughter comes home with a sprained ankle or a wrenched arm, and must go through the long list of specialists for repairs. (Splints, bandages, and an occasional plaster cast are often in evidence after a well-fought hockey or basketball game.) There should be some provision made in the Federal Income Tax Law, permitting parents to write off depreciation on damaged children.

We have rather a frail French governess to whom the children are devoted, but the love taps she receives from these well-intentioned youngsters have shattered her health. An affectionate thump on the shoulder is apt to send her reeling.

These athletic activities necessitate clothing so nearly resembling masculine attire that my pipe remains about the only article I possess that our daughters do not appropriate. My neckties, collars, pajamas, golf stockings, and riding togs are all drawn on when occasion requires.

I have often wondered if the Venus de Milo was not a faithful portrait of the remains of some athletic Greek girl returning from an intercollegiate match with the cheers of victory ringing in her ears.

W. S. P.

* * *

The healing power of light.

New York City

Dear Atlantic, —

I have just put down the September *Atlantic* with a sigh of deep satisfaction and understanding, as I finished Jane Steger's paper entitled 'Some Notes on Light.' Because it was connected with one of the two most poignant memories of my life it had not occurred to me that I should ever feel drawn to write about it — but an impelling force is guiding my hand and these words must be written whether I will or no.

When I realized that the crisis had come in the desperate illness of one whose life was dearer to me than my own, I felt as if I had been training all my life to meet it. I was told by the doctors that the ensuing three hours would be the turning point; that absolute silence was necessary, and that it would be best for everyone to leave the room except the nurse. My reply was, 'Ever since C—— was a little child, when facing difficult things, she always said, "Mother, think for me." This is her greatest need and I must stay.' There was immediate acquiescence on the part of the two doctors.

I sat down, away from the bed, behind a screen placed there to secure protection to the patient. I had no definite thought in my mind, but my whole being concentrated on the one I loved.

As I sat thus, hearing only the more and more difficult breathing, I gradually became aware of forces; powerful forces, generating around us in the room.

I soon became aware of currents, or, to be more exact, of wide waves of white light flowing in from the eastern windows. I felt these waves being augmented from the hills surrounding the valley and rising to the house which stood upon one of the ridges. I knew the light to be flowing in and around and over the bed.

Again and again, continuously as the hours passed, I felt myself able to direct the light, as one would a powerful electric current or a searchlight, up and down the body of the patient, pausing to concentrate with overwhelming force upon the lungs, which were the seat of the infection.

Slowly, slowly but surely, as I sat passively with eyes closed, I seemed to see the white light shaping a marked space over the bed, which increased and pushed back inch by inch a heavy blackness. As time passed, the white space grew larger and more aggressive, and gradually spread and spread until there were only fringes of blackness at the outer edges of the room. Then they too were gone and all the room seemed clear and light in spite of the shaded windows.

I rose after my four-hour vigil, left the room, and walked across the wide hall as if on air. Far from being fatigued, I felt a sense of rejuvenation and well-being. I had not been aware of the nurse. I felt no desire to ask about the temperature or any of the physical conditions. I knew that all was well.

I can prove nothing. The doctors rightly and naturally felt that their judgment and skill, the coöperation of the faithful and efficient nurses, the wonderful constitution of the patient herself, accounted for the turning of the scales. I cannot but agree that all this counted greatly, but I still believe that something beyond all this counted more. I cannot explain. I can only write down faithfully as it happened this most vivid experience of my life.

In varying and lesser degrees, before, I have felt myself the channel of this marvelous healing force. Once twenty years ago, when I sat many hours at the bedside of my dear father and felt dimly that my fervent hope helped to draw him back from the threshold. Again, some years ago, when for eighteen hours I did not leave a beloved one, a strong bond woven by destiny between us, as well as a sense of light, seemed to hold him to life against powerful but unavailing forces.

To the few who may have had the patience to read this far, and have decided that I am a visionary or a lunatic who ought to be restrained, I would like to say that I run two homes for my husband, who seems to approve of my stewardship; I paint and sing and generally enjoy life with him and our child and family and friends; and I also earn a salary in a vital and splendid business.

C. W. P.

* * *

Good tools, and no one will use them.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have read 'Home-making and Careers' by Louis I. Dublin, published in your September issue. He says, 'Such evidence as we have concerning early marriage does not indicate any real hazard, but rather real gain for all concerned. . . . Those teachers who would marry should be encouraged to do so and should by this fact not forfeit their position or standing in the community.' This and more of like nature that Mr. Dublin says is nothing but a fine ideal to lead astray the unwary. For, as beautiful as the idea is in theory, so wretchedly abominable is it in practice! Oh! am only I unfortunate?

After teaching one year, I married and now have a four-year-old daughter. My husband is a mechanical engineer whose income is $2500. After deducting a reasonable amount for necessary life insurance — what father dares to remain uninsured? — and paying a cruelly disproportionate amount for shelter even in a mediocre locality, barely enough remains for food and such clothing as cannot be remodeled out of the time-honored trousseau. As for a margin to be devoted to cultural pursuits, there is none — that for people whose standards of living have been moulded by a college education! Where, pray, where is the real gain in this early marriage?

In order to ensure ourselves and our daughter some latitude for the enjoyment of music, art, and travel, I have for two years been trying to get back to teaching. Invariably I have met with the same reply: 'In the face of tens of applicants for this position, we can easily secure someone with more experience, also someone who can give her whole attention to teaching.' Why, pray, why should teachers be encouraged to marry early, if to marry at all?

What matters it if their hearts are breaking with yearning and longing for the fine things in life? All that matters is that college women marry and rear a half-dozen imaginative children to the glory of the race. As for marrying and teaching too, society as we find it makes that generally impossible. What of the new teachers that yearly arrive upon the scene in proportionally larger numbers?

A. R. B.

* * *

These postscripts to the discussion of divorce, initiated by Bishop Fiske, must conclude a debate which, through the responsive interest of our readers, we could indefinitely prolong.

New York City

Dear Atlantic, —

In his article entitled 'Marriage — Temporary or Permanent?' in your September issue, Bishop Charles Fiske says: 'In six states a girl of twelve may marry, with the parents' consent; in one state she may do so without such consent.'

May I call your attention to the fact that the conditions are more than twice as remarkable as Bishop Fiske has reported? There are at present thirteen states which allow the marriage of a girl of twelve years, either by statute or by virtue of the fact that the common law ages remain in those states unchanged. The thirteen are: Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Mississippi, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, and Virginia Until this year New York was also in this class.

The general legal doctrine is that the marriage of a person of the age of consent is valid regardless of parental consent, though in a few cases annulment may be granted for the absence thereof. It is even probable that in some states the marriage of a child of seven years, the old ecclesiastical law age for absolute nullity, would be valid until annulled at the suit of one of the parties.

Geoffrey May

Observations of an Old Maid

Evidently unhappy marriages are not confined to the present age. The Dean of St. Patrick's wrote, back in the seventeenth century: —

'The reason why so *few* marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.'

A cage might be useful at times, but give me a good, strong net!

M. E.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1927

THE STUMP FARM

A CHRONICLE OF PIONEERING

BY HILDA ROSE

[The author of these valiant letters was once a young and ardent school-teacher in Illinois; but tuberculosis sent her to the highlands of the West, where, after five busy and health-giving years of tent life, she married a man much older than herself and, as a farmer's wife on a stump farm, gallantly shouldered his burdens and her own. Followed years of hardship and intellectual dearth, until at last, one bitter winter, she 'had the courage' to write to the Chicago *Tribune* for something to read — 'the books that nobody cared for any more.' Her modest appeal brought her friends as well as books, and the letters which we print were written to those friends. That they were ever to be printed was farthest from her thought. — The Editors]

June 21, 1919

We are friends now, so we won't stand on ceremony. At last! At last! I am going to have friends who will be glad to see me when I go back to the world for a visit or to stay. Time will tell, but I presume that it will be when I am old and gray.

I can see one farmhouse from here, but it's about a mile off and the inmates are impossible. The nearest 'shack,' about as big as a henhouse, on the east, is inhabited by a crippled grandmother and her son. I tramp through the woods to see her once in a while. She is very poor and ignorant, but I like her, and she treats me like an equal.

On the west I am bounded by the woods, and also on the north. So there is n't much to see, as we live in a depression, or small valley, on this shelf or bench. I can't go anywhere very often, though I do get out for at least one picnic every summer, given by the Farmers' Union. I belong to it, but I have to go alone, as Daddy is so old he does n't like to go anywhere any more. So whenever I can, I take the boy and go. But it's the winters that are trying. That is why I had to have something to read, or go crazy.

You don't know how anxiously I look in the glass as the years go by, and wonder if I'll ever get to look like the rest of the natives here. You have seen overworked farmers' wives, with weather-wrung and sorrow-beaten faces, drooping mouths, and a sad look.

I want to go back, I don't care where, and have friends once more. I must not look like that — No! No! I want to be elected president of a club, and go to socials, and I want to eat ice cream. I also would love to live for a few years in a college town. Would n't that be grand? And then I'd teach kindergarten a few years, and join a card club. But the truth of the matter is that I'll probably spend the rest of my life right here. But dreams don't hurt — nor do air castles, and maybe they'll come true.

For the third year we are having a drought. Each year has been a little dryer, until this summer, and I don't believe we'll get any hay at all. Daddy and I thought we were getting along well until the dry years came. Then we sold the old cow and bought feed for the calves. Last summer they went, all but a few head, to buy feed for the team, and food for us, and we got into debt besides. I could n't stand it. Daddy was nearly beside himself with worry, so I wrote to the *Tribune* for reading matter. All winter I have read aloud to Daddy and helped him to forget. We went through a siege of the flu also this winter, so our dear Daddy is practically an invalid. He may get stronger after a while. Ruth and I do the chores, which are not many. What we are going to live on this winter I don't know. Something may turn up. We may get a rain before it is too late.

By religion I don't know what I am. I never could decide. Daddy says I'm an atheist, but I hope not. Sometimes I doubt if there is a God. He seems so terribly cruel to his children. And what is he and where? My brother says I am an agnostic. They don't believe anything, you know.

December 12, 1919

I imagine you are in a garden, and roses are in bloom, with calla lilies as tall as a man. That is California, I am told, even in winter. It is nice to dream about it, and forget for a while that the thermometer is thirty below, and it seems next to impossible to get my feet warm even when I put them on a piece of wood in an open oven.

I undress the children and then I dress them for the night. I have plenty of comforts, but still they'd be like ice in the morning if I did n't dress them up warm. I put one of Daddy's old patched shirts on the baby, then an old pink faded eider-down dressing sacque of mine, then a crib blanket over his shoulders for a shawl, and then he is wrapped up in an old wool shawl that belonged to his dead grandmother.

I expected cold weather, though not so early. The drops of water I spill on the floor freeze at once. Why, my milk freezes on the table with the hot stove going. But this bad cold spell will let up soon, I think. It seems unusually long, though.

The drought was broken after fourteen weeks, but it was so late that we did n't even get a spear of hay, and had to buy straw. That is poor stuff to make milk on, and I am quite short, having butter to use only one day a week. And the horse is very poor indeed. My riding pony, who is used to good feed and is getting old, will hardly survive the winter, though Daddy is doing his best by giving her the chaff.

I never thought that I would go through the horrors of a drought, but this is the third year now. Last year I helped Daddy take the straw that had bleached for ten years on an old log henhouse, put there to keep it warm, and we fed it to the starving horses. I lay on my knees many times in the empty hay barn, after scraping the ground carefully for one more forkful of blackened old chaff to give the poor animals, and I prayed as I have never prayed before, as I looked up at the stars that shone through the roof where the shakes were gone. They looked down on me so cold and pitiless that at last I could n't see them for tears and I went back to the house, washed my eyes, and tried to smile, for Daddy had the flu, and Ruth and Boy were just getting over it. Daddy would get up and try to work, and then get sick again. He's only sixty-six, but already broken in health, and is n't well yet. I have straw enough this winter, but it's not paid for, and I don't know how it will end.

Another drought and we leave in a wagon, if there are any horses to pull it. Very likely we'll go on foot. Where to? Daddy says Alberta, Canada, to take up a homestead. I can just see him, feeble and gray, with a frail wife and infant son and two orphans, starting life anew on the frontier.

Don't worry about us this winter. I have beans and five sacks of potatoes, and lots of berries canned up. You see, when the cupboard was getting bare last summer, I slipped away and picked berries on an irrigated ranch, and took my pay in vegetables and berries. I'm not very big, and I have to jump around quite lively with my big family so sort of helpless on my hands. Sometimes I'm too tired to sleep.

Am I an atheist? Well, I don't know. I believe I would be happier if I felt nothing, feared nothing, hoped nothing, and believed nothing. Life is breaking me on its wheel because I have wanted so much of life.

Spring, 1921

Thanks for the package. Daddy and I are enjoying the literature immensely. And the children will love the 'pretties' you picked up for them.

Since my last letter to you girls I have had my parents come to live with us. I went down on the prairie and borrowed a cow for her milk. She gives about six quarts a day, and that is luxury for us.

Potatoes are plentiful, and there is no sale for them. They sell for twenty-five cents a hundred pounds, and last year I had to pay ten dollars a hundred for them. If there is no change in conditions the farmers will be sold out, as nearly everybody is in debt up to their ears out here too. I'm in debt for seed and taxes for last year and there will be seed and taxes for this year added to that. Then if we don't get a crop you can send for the undertaker.

But if Daddy can stay well and work, — he's a dreadfully hard worker for his age, — and if we get hay, and if we get that pig fat enough to butcher, and if we have good luck with the cows so we get lots of milk, and if our vegetables grow, we'll have enough to eat anyway next winter. Daddy wants to hew out some ties for the railroad and I wrote to three roads, but they all say they are not buying any, but maybe they will later on.

I have a lovely flower garden. There are three rose bushes, a peony (red), some jonquils, a bleeding heart, a pink tulip, some flags, London pride, a lemon lily, Shasta daisy, sweet Mary, sweet William, southernwood, pansies, a lilac, and a bush honeysuckle. Only the jonquils are in bloom yet. I take much comfort from my flowers. We have a square bed 20 x 20, and it's only pretty until August 1. After that it is a brown, dusty, dry patch, but it always revives with new green every spring. I spend lots of time on it; odd moments when my soul is weary.

It has taken me years to collect these flowers, a root here and a slip here, and each has a story of its own. A robin is building a nest in a bush, a wren has rented a coffee can I nailed to the house. I made a hole in the cover. A pair of martins (bless their hearts) rented a flat I made of an old cigar box by putting a roof on it and nailing it to the house too.

So I have lots of bird neighbors. The bluebirds are occupying their old house on a post, and the swallows have already new babies in their clay houses under the eaves.

July, 1921

At last I have found time to write to you in answer to your many beautiful letters to me. I have read the three religious papers and was surprised to find them interesting and worth keeping, too, to read over again next winter when I'm snow-bound. Another little paper that comes regularly is the *Cheerful Letter,* and it's fine. The *Good Housekeeping Magazine* came, and it was such a treat. I've read it even to the ads.

The nomad life you speak of in your letter would suit me, but with the bunch of invalids, or what you call semi-invalids, that I have to take care of it is impossible. My father (76) and mother (74) and Daddy (68) are too old to travel, and I dare not take the risk of moving anywhere just now. Father is partially paralyzed, but not in his legs, so he can walk yet, and Mother is too feeble to be up all day, so she lies down after each meal for a while. And Daddy is so tired he goes to sleep if he sits down anywhere, so you have a picture of my three old darlings, and can readily see that as long as I have a roof over their heads I have to stay there.

You think I still believe in God, but I don't. Three winters ago I gave him up. It was on a cold winter night, and Daddy was in bed with pneumonia. This was in February. I left Ruth to watch him while I went out to feed the stock. I gave the horse some straw that I got on the floor of an old log henhouse. There was no hay, no straw, and the poor cows got nothing. I knelt on the dirt floor of the old barn. The roof was old and broken and the stars looked at me, bright and cold, and I prayed for help. I begged and prayed and cried until I was cold. There is no God. That was the beginning of the end. Twelve head of cattle died and the rest were all but dead when spring came.

The earth is beautiful and life could be so pleasant if it were not for the terrible struggle for existence.

Two weeks later. — I could almost believe in God. I wish you could have seen Daddy out in the rain doing up his chores this evening. With his white beard flying in the wind, and his old white dog, he reminded me of old Rip Van Winkle. Are we happy? Did you ever go through a drought on a farm? If you have, then you'll appreciate rain. So we're all happy, too happy. Yesterday we were blue and worried. Daddy looked so tired, and I knew he was worried, and he helped me to water some of the vegetables. I was so tired I could n't sit up to write you even a line and I'm glad I did n't, I was so blue. I set out four dozen cabbage plants a week ago, and carried each of them a pail of water. It was so dry and dusty, and the hens got in one day and ate up all but four of them. Well, I finished replacing them yesterday, some way, and carried water to them until I was too tired to talk.

Since the rain came there is sure to be a crop this year and I can't tell you how good it seems. It is July now, and I have onions and lettuce on the table every day, and green peas will be on in a week. My garden is small, but ample for our needs when it grows.

And what do you do in California all summer long? Do you read and tatt and go to the movies? What a life! Or do you do things and keep moving? I can't sit still. I love to work, but this God-forsaken country gets me discouraged.

Just now it is a little taste of heaven. I heard a lecture at our little schoolhouse last Sunday entitled, 'Millions now living will never die.' It said the Millennium would start in 1930. Have you heard about it?

December 27, 1922

I think of you often, and of your kindness to a little unknown mortal up here in the hills. The 'thing' that I feared has got me. I'm afraid. I wanted to keep up with the world outside, wanted still to have ambitions and dream of better things; but the never-ending struggle for existence and the lonesomeness are telling on me, and I feel so old, so drab, and so hopeless. I quit writing, and yours was the only Christmas card I have received. The girls, N. and her friends, must think I'm terrible and ungrateful, but I'm not ungrateful, just too tired of life and living to write.

Daddy is more and more feeble, so I have more to do than before; getting wood and water is hardest, and I must do the milking too very soon. I planted and raised a good garden, and potatoes too; dug them and put them in the cellar myself, about one hundred bushels; but they are not worth ten cents to sell, so I am feeding them to the cows and the hens. I sold all the old hens in June, and bought a good hand pump and pumped water on my garden from a spring, so this year I have the cellar full of vegetables, thank God. Daddy has been going to make a pump for years, but I saw plainly that I must take the helm and work.

Ruth, poor child, died in April, at the Home. Then, as if I did n't have enough to bear, the father who deserted the two children about eight years ago appears, and takes the other one away, and disappears into the big wide world. So once more I am alone with Daddy and Boy.

Daddy talks every day of his birthplace in Canada. He wants to die on Canadian soil among the Indians. It does n't matter to me where I go, or when I die, and I have told him I'll go to the end of the world with him whenever he wants to pull out. I would do anything to make him happy, my sage and poet; and if a tepee will do it, he shall have it in the land of his birth. So some day you may get a letter from a village up North among the 'Yellow Knives' or some similar hair-raising name. Perhaps I'll start a kindergarten for fat brown babies.

I took Boy and went to the Christmas tree at the little schoolhouse up here in the woods. Boy spoke 'Little Jack Horner' for them. The first thing he did was to bow till his head almost touched the floor and then throw back his head and laugh gleefully. Then his voice rang out loud with the four lines of the rhyme, and the lumberjacks nearly raised the roof with their noise. It was Boy's first appearance, and he won all hearts, he was so dear.

I was snowed in for about seven weeks; it was only about five feet on the level, but it drifted terribly. A horse could n't go through at all. Then two days before Xmas it changed suddenly from ten below zero to forty above, and started to rain, something very unusual, and it is still raining. I hope it continues, so the snow will sink down to something reasonable.

Daddy's only sister came to see us this summer, a very prim old lady who is determined to have Boy. This is the second visit for this purpose since Boy came to us, and I can't give him up. Boy is getting braver than he was, and in time his fear of the woods and the creatures that inhabit them will wear away, I think. I speak of the 'good wolves' and 'good cougars' and 'pretty deer' and weave his bedtime stories about how they feed their babies, and so forth. He did n't seem a bit shocked when a man told us that a large cougar had crossed our place a week ago following a deer. A year ago it would have terrified him so he could n't go to sleep.

December 28. — I just heard from a man who went by that a Rural Delivery is almost certain to go through the coming year. Won't it be wonderful to see every day? And to run out to see if there is a letter in the box! When I was snowed in I did n't see a soul except a neighbor woman in a small shack near by. I wallowed over there every week to see if she was all right, as she was alone with two babies under two. Her man is a lumberjack, and got stalled forty miles north. He just got back.

January 24, 1923

You surely have accomplished what I thought was impossible. I had given up hope of ever feeling real cheered up again. Life is so hard on a stump ranch when things go wrong. How lovely those violets must have been when they were picked! They still retain a little fragrance. They reminded me that summer would come again if I only have patience.

Boy goes out to play with his sled every day now. It is hard to keep a lively child in the house all day, but I have to when it's from ten to twenty degrees below.

His aunt lives in New Haven, Connecticut, so it is quite a trip for her. I'll never give the boy up as long as I can work for him. She offers him a college education if I give him up. I tell him he must work his way through college, and perhaps, now that hope springs again in my heart, I may get to be a writer and help him.

I was not joking about going to the ends of the earth. That is, the civilized part of it. It's a grim reality that is steadily coming closer.

You know that one's childhood is a happy state of mind. Nothing you eat now tastes half as good as the same things in childhood, nor is anything half as nice as the place where you were born.

That's how it is with Daddy. He is seventy, getting older every day and a little slower, and just a little dearer to me as he depends more on me. He got what you call second sight this year, and reads without glasses now. But he does n't live here any more. His body is here, but his mind is in Canada, where he was born. Land in Quebec is sky-high, so we must go far to get a free homestead, you see. Maybe we'll never get there. He has talked about it for the last four years. If we go it does n't matter, for it can't be harder than here.

I can't teach school and take care of Daddy too. So I thought I would get some traps and try for some furs up there; live like an Indian; shoot and fish and trap. Boy will soon be quite a lad and able to help me. His education won't be neglected, for one of my greatest pleasures is teaching him. I have a map of the world pinned up on the wall, and he is learning geography from it. I have Gray's *Anatomy*, and he just loves it. That is his best picture book. At the table when I have cooked a hen he gravely tells Daddy to give him the femur or the radius and ulna. The old white dog is lazy and won't play with him, but a stray pup about ten months old came Christmas week. Boy is sure Santa Claus sent him, and they have great romps together. I named the dog 'Bonny Lad,' but Boy shortened it to 'Barney.' So Barney is his name now. He is a beautiful black shepherd dog with a wonderfully kind disposition, and I had n't the heart to turn him away after Boy welcomed him so joyfully.

March 22, 1923

I have been ill, and it is hard for me to write, but I must thank you for the reading matter which you so kindly sent. I can't tell you how much I appreciated it. First I had flu and then quinsy. I am writing this down on the prairie. At home I could n't write. I had no peace. Daddy is poorly, and I'd drag out and milk and feed up, and I'd get so tired I was all in. I've run away to-day and left it. The cow won't be milked or fed, poor thing, till to-morrow. The roads are so bad I can't get back the same day. It is six weeks since I have had any mail, six long weeks, and we had the worst blizzard in forty years in this six weeks. For three weeks we could n't get to the barn. It drifted as high as the second story of the house. The north and south roads are muddy and heaving; the east and west roads I could hardly get through, as the drifts are piled up so sidling. I slid and tumbled once in a while, but managed to arrive at last.

March 23. — After a good sleep I feel more like tackling the road back than yesterday. Last Saturday we — that is, a dozen women who live in the woods around me and on the slopes of the mountains — gathered at the schoolhouse. I wrote the posters and sent them out to be tacked on trees on trails that I thought would catch some eyes. For the first time we have a teacher with a vision. Why could n't we have had one before? She is forty-five, I guess, and born in Ireland, which accounts for it. She called on me and we warmed up to each other and she said, 'Let's start something.' 'Call a meeting of the mothers and I'll come and talk to them,' I said. She did, and we organized a club, and they made me the Queen Bee, as none of the others had ever belonged to a club. We decided on a box social to raise some money. In a poverty-stricken community a few dollars can do much when there are births and deaths or forest fires wipe out a homestead. So Saturday we had our box social. We each brought a box with food in it. We made coffee. I brought cream, as my cow is fresh, and the teacher brought coffee. One woman brought bread, another meat, and so forth. The lumberjacks poured in till the little room was crowded (even the standing room) and you could n't get in. The programme was just stunts. The teacher played the organ, and anybody in the audience who could sing a solo came up and did his best. Some of the men had good, though untrained voices. Everybody brought a lantern, so we had plenty of light.

The teacher sang 'The Wearing of the Green' till our hearts were breaking, and the men stamped and whistled till she had to do it all over again. One fellow did handsprings and one played an accordion with his back to the audience, he was so nervous, but he played 'Marching through Georgia' real well. It was not a critical audience.

The programme lasted three hours and then the boxes were auctioned off. The auctioneer would hold up a box trimmed up with a bit of colored paper. I cut clover leaves and pasted them all over mine. And he'd say, 'Only a dollar for this box! Why, just see the purdies on it!' And somebody would offer a little more and get it. Those that did n't get boxes could buy a plate with a sandwich, a piece of cake, and coffee for twenty-five cents. We took in $28.75 and I thought that was pretty good. You'll wonder why I did it. Just one instance. In a shack a few years ago a dainty, well-educated woman gave birth to twins. They had had bad luck, there was no doctor, there were three other little ones, and the neighbor woman who stepped in had to wrap the babies in a dish towel. One died. I'm sick of seeing it and doing nothing. These I. W. W.'s who work in the camps are hungry for a good time and won't miss a dollar or two. We are going to repeat it later in the spring maybe.

I must close now, and walk back again. Daddy and I enjoyed the magazines, all of them, but the *Atlantic* the most.

October 11, 1923

I am sorry to have delayed so long answering and thanking you for the good reading you sent, but I have to work all the time. It's work, work, until I feel as if I had only a body and the soul is gone. Then night is the happiest, when I can lose consciousness for a short time. To-day I cut cornstalks for fodder. They are very short, but there is an acre of them, and I'm glad I had them to cut. Winter is almost upon us. I am worried about the prunes. They are so nice this year, and a black freeze is liable to come any time. Shall or shall I not get them picked in time? I picked one pailful to-day, but will devote every spare minute to them from now on. We have never seen a year like this since we came here. It has rained and rained. I have never seen such prunes before and I'm almost sick with fear I won't get them in on time. Winter will be here any day, and I still have some carrots and potatoes out.

October 28. — Since writing the above I have dried ten bushels of pears, slicing them by hand and drying them around the stove. I did a bushel a day. Then I picked ten bushels of prunes. They are safe now, and now my work begins on them. This is the third time in twelve years I have had prunes ripen. Usually they freeze.

November 10. — The prunes are well under way. Two more weeks will finish them. Boy and Daddy are both sick with the whooping cough. The ground is frozen a little, not deep yet. I keep digging away at the potatoes, and get a sack most every day. I have fifteen sacks in the cellar now, and I went over to T.'s and picked apples and have ten sacks in the cellar. Culls, but good eating.

One night I worked four hours on Daddy, putting compresses on his chest until he could breathe properly. Twice I have smoked both my invalids so they could get a little rest.

Monday. — Boy is still in bed. He has bronchial pneumonia now, and Daddy is worse. I am more afraid for Daddy than for Boy. I was up nearly all night, but got a little rest in the morning. It would be a comfort to have a doctor, but that is impossible with six months of winter ahead. Queer that doctors are prohibited to the poor. Out here the women get their babies without them, just their husbands doing for them. I have several sad stories laid away in my brain about them, and now I am in the same class. I must struggle on. I have no woman to talk to, so I will write to ease my brain.

Conditions are very hard. The struggle for bare existence is awful, but one gets used to it. Every penny should be used for at least a dozen such urgent needs that I have carried a dollar with me for days, laid it in front of me when I ate, debating what it should go for. Time passes, we live on, and get through somehow. If I accept money it burns me, it seems to lower me somehow. I will never accept any of it any more, for now I see I can never pay any back. This is my diary. It is true, and not written for money. The brain forgets, so I will write down each day.

(*To be continued*)

HARDSCRABBLE HELLAS

BY LUCIEN PRICE

I

THERE is a lost fatherland for which the modern world goes homesick. Yet not always lost, for at odd times, in obscure places, it lives again. And this was the distinction (for the high gods delight to visit the humble) which befell a poverty-stricken academy in a Middle-Western small town. Queerly disguised this ancient fatherland was, but exiles know home when they see it.

History tells us that Periclean Athens was the Great Age. A great age it assuredly was, but not the only one. The years of youth between sixteen and eighteen are another, and the place to spend them is in a boys' school. There is a fine chapter in a fine English novel — the fifteenth chapter of *Middlemarch* — in which George Eliot relates the awakening of an intellectual passion in boyhood. Such was the passion which this out-at-elbow transplantation of Periclean Athens enkindled in a handful of young barbarians at play. It was the miracle which the whole world of education goes forever seeking. For, once wrought, it transforms youth, and youth thus transformed transforms the world.

So I tell the story of this harassed school as it was a quarter of a century ago, a story with an ending which, had it been predicted to us then, would have sounded like the most extravagant of poets' dreams. Yet poets' dreams, let us remember, have a way of coming true.

September was minting its gold coinage on the campus elms when Hardcastle Academy opened its doors for the seventy-fifth time — and opened them with misgiving. It was a question whether the school could weather the year. Two decades earlier, when its parent college moved away to the city, one fourth of the college income was allotted to the academy, along with full possession of the grounds and buildings which it had formerly shared. Impecunious, even under the wing of the college, the school had always been. But could it live on next to nothing a year? And little did anyone guess what a stormy year it was to be.

But the normal weather at Hardcastle was one of storms. If you doubt it, ask any new boy after he has been there twenty-four hours. Oh, it opens peacefully enough! Here in the chapel room beside a fireless stove a shy youngster quakes inwardly. His hour has come, the hour when the world must be faced alone. The world? Eighty boys and four schoolmasters — a world ardently desired yet acutely dreaded, for out of it have trickled tales to freeze young blood. It is a boys' world of rough-and-tumble that gives no quarter and asks none. Plunge into it, and be bare fists and wits your only weapons.

Into this chapel room tramps a burly, handsome youth, affable as a Saint Bernard puppy, a dozen lads at his heels. He spies the newcomer, offers a huge paw, and accosts, 'I'm Newbury. Who're you?'

The dozen are introduced. They step forward, friendly and courteous, to shake hands. They make shy efforts to put the stranger at his ease. How it warms the cockles of the heart! What is so very dreadful about this world? It has been slandered!

It has other pleasant surprises. Dinner at the clattery boarding house tastes good. This is clear gain, for, being kept by a Mrs. Slaughter, it is naturally called 'the Slaughter House,' and the 'Slaughter House yell' is not reassuring: —

Baked potato, mashed potato,
Hash, mince pie;
Stewed prunes, and cabbage soup —
Oh! . . . . *My!*

Likewise, the first evening in the gaunt dormitory beside a green-shaded student lamp which Uncle Horace used in this very room thirty years before; an ancestral lamp and very learned, for it has already gone through this academy four times and through college twice. Roommate? A necessary evil, somewhat arbitrarily chosen by one's father because he and the other boy's father happened to have been comrades in the Civil War. If roommate wants civil war let him start it! At any rate, here you are, in a room with windows looking on the noble elm grove of the back campus, and your own boss. On your own at last! This is the life!

Yes, but — Oliver Newbury and that dozen friendly lads are not the whole eighty. There is another gang, hoofed, horned, and fork-tailed. New boys begin coming into morning chapel looking like wet wash put through a wringer. Whose turn will be next? When you were sent away to school the understanding was that you were to take your medicine like a man. Hazing, though bad for the hazers, may be good for the hazed. I do not see how any self-respecting boy can join with a dozen to pick on one. All the same, it is a satisfaction to have taken one's dose without a whimper. The first night comes blanket-tossing. The next, rooms are stacked. The night following we are taken out on a country road and run behind a horse and cart. Poor Andy Dwight has a close squeak. They did n't know he had a weak heart. The night after that comes ducking under the chapel pump; then a course in humiliation, singing and speech-making to a jeering audience. Next, run the gauntlet of barrel-stave paddles, drink a brew of asafœtida, and be shut in a room with a smudge of burning red pepper.

In retrospect this may be amusing. To adolescents it is grim. And the inevitable followed. Homesickness. It swept the school like an epidemic. Boys went down before it in windrows. Did you ever have a good stiff dose of it? If so, you have been at pains to forget. Allow me to remind you. First symptom: an all-gone feeling in the pit of the stomach. Second symptom: dull ache in the region of the heart. Third symptom: this ache travels to the head, where it becomes an acute pain. Queer results follow. Food ceases to taste. Music, once a delight, becomes torture. Try to study: two streams of thought go on at once. With one you learn the Greek alphabet; with the other you ache. It is curiously exhausting. People around you become unreal shadows. They speak: you can hear your own voice make answer. But the whole transaction is a dream, and a most unpleasant one. Sunlight looks strange. There is darkness in its glitter. You are sick, dreadfully sick, and you don't dare tell a soul. The queerest part is that, long for home as you may, not for anything would you *go* home. That would be defeat. No; stay where you are and sweat it out.

On goes the hazing. The hours after 10 P.M. are a world of paw and claw. Is there no end to this ingenuity at inventing uncomfortable antics? None! 'On your own,' remember! So this is what it means to be one's own boss? It has its drawbacks.

Suddenly it stops. The whole hazing system collapses overnight. The fellows who officiated at these amateur Inquisitions slink into chapel slack-jawed and hangdog. What has happened? It appears that the faculty know everything — names, events, dates, places, down to the last detail. How did they find out? No one has the least idea. But their bland omniscience strikes a chill of superstitious awe into the whole school. The culprits are closeted, quizzed, and outfaced. They confess. Their penances are far from enviable.

The landscape turns right side up again. 'And there was evening and there was morning, the sixth day.' Now at last it is possible to draw a quiet breath and look about you at your world. And behold! it is very good.

II

An oddly romantic little world it was. 'More like New England than New England itself,' travelers from the East used to tell us. We boys always supposed this remark twaddle. It was not. That transplanted academic village amid the rolling richness of Middle-Western woodland and farming country was what New England had been half a century before and would have remained but for the invention of machinery and the importation of Southern European mill hands.

It was, that autumn, just a hundred years since Connecticut farmers had begun jolting over the Alleghenies with their pewter dishes and grandfather's clocks stowed in canvas-covered oxcarts. Hardly had they felled the oaks and planted their corn when they set about founding a baby Yale. A rugged infant it had to be. All told, the founding of this college in the pioneer wilderness took twenty-five years. First, it burned to the ground. Next, it barely survived the War of 1812. Then its location had to be changed. Finally, David Judson, a farmer in the village of Hardcastle, outdid John Harvard. He gave the college 160 acres and $7500. These scholar-axemen designed their own buildings, following Yale's Bastille architecture. The first fifty thousand bricks crumbled. They bought a brickyard and made their own. The better brick for chimneys was hauled by oxcart from the Great Lakes port twenty-five miles away. For professors they shanghaied young Yale graduates. The judgment of the press gang was excellent. This backwoods college for fifty years was a breeding place of great scholars: a Barrows in Hebrew; a Loomis and a Young in astronomy; a Morley in chemistry; the two Seymours, father and son, in Greek. It sent presidents to Dartmouth and Williams. It sired authors, senators, governors, and chief justices.

Neither was it only and merely a tranquil seat of academic learning. Through these halls blew great winds of life, brusque and bracing. Missionary zeal swept the college like a forest fire. Antislavery rocked and rent it. What wonder, with John Brown living in Woolwick only eight miles away? So notorious a station on the Underground did it become that professors' wives left pies cooling on window sills for runaway blacks to filch. Trustees were conservative.

Faculty and students were red-hot liberators. Ructions and resignations. Then the Civil War depopulated dormitories and lecture halls. The college was forever dogged by debt. Its revenues had to include cattle, grain, books, clocks, a sleigh — even a tombstone. Imagine professors obliged to accept, as part of their salaries, heifers, calico, potatoes, and tallow candles. That college, to keep alive, had to gnaw the bark off trees! The president who finally raised this incubus of debt died of his exertions. Not a foot of these academic groves but had been trodden by heroes and martyrs of learning.

Thus the struggle went on for half a century. Then a rich man offered it liberal endowment if it would move to a port city of the Great Lakes twenty-five miles away and change its name to that of his dead son. It accepted. The Vergilian elm wood of its campus, its frowning fortresses of dormitories, its Faculty Row of red brick professorial residences, and its 'Athenæum' recitation hall were bequeathed to its academy, along with that fourth of its income which was to prove so unstable a prop.

In youth — or any other time — the one thing needful is imagination. Give us that and we can put up with any amount of hardscrabble. Over this little academy hung a glamour of romance. In these dooryard gardens greatness had hoed its own cabbages, feet on earth and head in clouds. Around yonder orchard you still might see the crumbling high board fence which old Professor Seymour had built to shut the world away while he wandered, hands clasped behind back, alone with his moods and syntaxes. That vacant stone castle fronting the campus, called 'the Pentagon,' was once the business centre of the Mississippi Valley. Here was a scene of departed grandeurs. The place had known better days. No doubt of that. Good! Now to imagining what it was like in its prime.

Plenty of hardscrabble, meanwhile, there was to put up with. Central heating plant? Bless us! A stove and a coal hod centrally heated each study. As for bedrooms! The west wind had clean sweep across fifteen miles of snow-smothered river valley. That wind never met anything until it struck these dormitory walls. Sleep with windows open you determinedly would, but on zero nights the only efficient heating was to pool quilts and blankets and sleep three in a bed. On rising, you broke the ice in your water jug and built a fire to thaw out your face cloth, which was frozen stiff as sheet metal. Shower baths? On the whole campus was not so much as one stationary tub — no, not even one solitary spigot of running water. Open plumbing? Oh, very open plumbing indeed; open *air*. Out behind the chapel is a pump. Take a bucket and lug. Did we bathe? Oh yes; heroically; standing ankle-deep in snow and slashing pails of icy water at each other from crown to heel, as sturdily as ever Homer's warriors. That we much objected to this arctic existence I do not recall. We sons of farmers and country-town professional men were far from having been pampered at home. Besides, in healthy youngsters runs a congenital streak of the Spartan. You rather like these rigors. They suggest that you could stand the gaff quite as well as your favorite heroes in the *Anabasis* and the *Iliad.* If the windy plains of Troy were much windier than these bedrooms on a January night, Helen showed poor judgment in ever leaving home.

Was it any wonder that the school at Hardcastle got nicknamed 'Hardscrabble Academy'? It would n't take a gang of boys long to think of *that!*

It was in the autumn when weak-minded people began losing their wits trying to figure out whether the century should rightly be deemed to end in 1900 or in 1901 that the pittance income of the academy was discontinued by the college. And now it was scratch gravel with a vengeance. To instruct these eighty adolescent pirates were four schoolmasters and four only. Vacations they had to spend rustling out their own salaries, heaven knows where! How they maintained the high quality of their teaching remains a mystery of brains and energy. Not one of them but could have done brilliantly in business. They had repeated offers. Not one of them but scorned to exchange his career of learning for one of earning. These four men — three were married — lived each on less than $1500 a year. Even in 1900 that meant scrimping. A good share of the boys worked their way through school. Where the money came from I cannot to this day guess. We were all so short of cash that it was like the town where everybody lived by taking in one another's washing. To heat the large chapel for morning devotions was an impossible extravagance. Chapel was held in a large recitation room. Yet words of wisdom uttered from that humble rostrum have gone on ringing in my head for a quarter of a century.

III

I have dwelt on the poverty and meagreness of this school in order that no one might suppose we are discussing education de luxe. The current idea is that you must have gilt-edged equipment. But that forlorn little academy had the one thing needful — delight in hard mental exercise.

Delight in sharp physical exercise boys know in their games. Instinct sees to that. Yet this other delight is well within the grasp of boyhood, and lucky the boy who grasps it early, for it arms him with one of the few weapons which may enable him to cope with other instincts more unruly. Youth's religion? Could theologians look into the heart of youth, — a thing they appear tragically unable to do, — I wonder if they would recognize anything they beheld there. The heart of youth is not Hebraic. It is Hellenic. Youth's articles of faith are two. One is athletics — which no less competent a witness than George Meredith has pronounced 'the best philosophy youth can pretend to.' The other is this passionate delight of the awakened mind.

What a stupid superstition it is that boys naturally detest study! What they do detest is a bore. Youth is the hero-worshiping age. Give me a hero schoolmaster and I will guarantee that the intellectual passion gets kindled in any mind that is combustible. A hero my schoolmaster will have to be to embrace this greatest of all professions in a society so besotted with money lust as to have condemned it to poverty and disesteem. What would my hero schoolmaster be like? He would be as nearly like the young man of five-and-twenty who, in that little academy, put me through the thrilling grind of Greek as this good green earth could be ransacked to discover.

Rather a grim-looking customer, youthful though he is — black-haired, black-browed, keen-eyed, and clean-shaven, a wiry blue stubble of beard darkening the iron muscles of his jowls. His trim body looks all sinew and steel springs. Afternoons on the gridiron when he coaches the football squads he wears moleskins and a black jersey which sets snugly to a powerful back and square pectorals. The grip of his muscled thumb and fingers on chalk or pencil betrays huge surplus of energy. Reticent, self-contained, a shade taciturn — it is the mind of a stoic housed in the body of an Olympian athlete. His classroom discipline is not so much as a word. It is a look. Yet his power is not intimidation. Besides, he keeps us too interested to think of misbehaving. And grim though his countenance may be, was ever a better sportsman?

Finding late one evening all the chapel-room benches stacked on the campus, he returned them to their places (it took him till dawn) and never spoke a word of it to anyone until years afterward. He found it quite amusing enough to sit in chapel next morning and identify the guilty by their bewildered faces.

We respected him. We admired him. We would have loved him had we dared. Failing that, the game was to win his esteem. To do so one must be cultivating a vigorous body, an active mind, and a high standard of conduct. He despised cowardice; he despised meanness; he despised liars, sneaks, and squealers. On the other hand, he knew the weaknesses which the flesh of boyhood is prone to and was willing to make allowance. Perfection he did not demand. He did not even demand success. The one thing he did demand was effort.

A personality as dynamic as this with the fiery juices of life naturally generated action. In his classes it became a recognized sport, quite as definitely as football practice, not to flunk. Reading the *Anabasis*, he would call on us for the principal parts of all the irregular verbs. What gallons of midnight kerosene we burned getting ourselves primed to volley these verbs at him as fast as tongues could articulate. The reward was to watch his jaw set like a boxer's standing up to buffets. Not by so much as a syllable did he ever acknowledge the existence of this contest. No need to. His game was to stick us. Our game was not to get stuck. It was exhilarating.

What we were taking in was, I suppose, that it is not beneath the dignity of a male man to use his intellect for something besides money-grubbing. It used to puzzle us that a young man of such force and ability should not be making his fortune in a bank. 'Has he no ambition?' A legend was even coined to the effect that a siege of typhoid in college had drained him of all desire to 'succeed.' It was years before some of us learned to comprehend his fine unworldly ambition, his determination to 'succeed' in the noblest sense of that abused term, his resolution to reject a career of property getting in order to create in that most vital of all art forms, the minds and characters of boys. It meant poverty, it meant sacrifice; and this leads me to the other mystery about him. He was brilliant; he was gifted; he was magnificently male — and yet he had no 'girl.' In vain did the local college widows ogle and angle; in vain did the other masters genially endeavor to 'date him up' and marry him off. He merely laughed his grim laugh; and once, just once, he was heard to remark: 'I pity the fellow who lets Cupid get in the way of his life work.' All in his own good time he did marry, and most happily. But, meanwhile, what we boys were being privileged thus early to observe was a life ruled, not by emotion, but by intellect.

Hardcastle Academy had not one hero schoolmaster only: it had four. The fact spoke for itself. If they had not been heroic they never would have been where they were. In the Periclean period, — as indeed with any Great

Age, — the whole question was whether Athens and Sparta could come to terms. At Hardcastle they did. The school fed our bodies the black broth of Sparta; our minds it kindled with the spiced wine of Athens. These four men were inheritors of that stalwart Hellenic tradition of the New England schoolmaster which began before Harvard College with Boston Latin School and Ezekiel Cheever, a heritage which was the intellectual backbone of the rustic republic; and pray Pallas Athene that it never perish out of the land!

IV

Lest anyone suppose these boys were not perfectly average rapscallions, let me hasten to confess the usual escapades. Tying the tongue of the chapel bell was mere routine. Once it was stolen and gone for days. Finally the Principal wrote on the bulletin board: —

JAMES III : 5

The school consulted Holy Writ. There it read: 'Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' Up went a roar of laughter. The bell clapper as mysteriously reappeared. I have said that the dormitories were Bastilles of brick and oak. They declined to burn. We experimented. Overturn a red-hot stove; it merely made a smudge that drove you to open windows. Pack a trunk with coal hods and dumb-bells and roll it down two flights of stairs. Crash! Bang! It never dented a newel post. Fill every ewer and bucket in the building, carry them to the top landing, and let them all go at once. Hiss! Roar! For five minutes the stair hall is Niagara. Yet all it does is loosen one square foot of plaster. Were we caught? Ho! Not by ten laps. The fire escape is a knotted rope. Give the trunk its kick-off, dive for the rope, and slide. Our agility in going up and down those ropes verified every contention of the late Charles Darwin.

No. These lads were quite wholesome hell-raisers. Yet what a delight it was, after solid geometry and Greek prose composition, to find that ordinary reading had become a holiday. Carlyle's *French Revolution* turned out to be a thriller. Browning and Henry James, vulgarly supposed to be comic weekly jokes at the expense of cultured bluestockings, went like a house afire. Someone discovered Zola, Daudet, and Dumas *fils*. Now it was go to the city, perch in the top gallery of the old Lyceum theatre, and watch Miss Eugenie Blair — fair, fat, and fifty, making her last stand against oblivion and a waistline — smoke the cigarettes of Carmen, rack the cough of Camille, and display the dishabille of Sappho. Ah, that was wickedness!

Thus began an epidemic of scribbling; burlesques of Ibsen and Zola (very scurril and not seldom indelicate), read aloud amid guffaws; parodies of Vergil; football epics in the heroic couplets of Pope and Dryden (once get the trick, you can reel them off by the yard); and lovesick lyrics after the songs in *The Princess* (these deadly serious: none of us had ever been disappointed in love, but we earnestly hoped to be). All this, please remember, came quite in nature's way, with never a taint of self-consciousness. For this village, through half a century, had been a cultural centre of the Middle West, and the deposits were still on every hand. Opposite the campus in an oak-timbered ark of a house dwelt a retired lawyer who on winter evenings drew wing chair to glowing hearth and read his Pindar and Thucydides. Out on the old stagecoach road Andy Dwight encountered a farmer's wife who could discuss philosophy while she blacked her kitchen stove. The minister knew how to hold his tongue in five languages. An independent scholar, dwelling in one of the brick residences once occupied by the college faculty, delivered a lecture on the *Divine Comedy.* Most of it was miles over our heads. But though the ideas might escape us, we did get the glow. It was intellect warmed with emotion and it left us with the feeling that the *Divine Comedy* was a glorious work which some day we must read for ourselves.

On autumn evenings, especially, the whole place — campus, village, countryside — would seem haunted with poetry, the air drenched with music. The swish of night wind in elm tops to the toll of a church bell had a way of sounding like distant surf and the chime of a bell buoy; and this just when you were reading Milton: —

> Oft on a plat of rising ground,
> I hear the far-off curfew sound,
> Over some wide-watered shore,
> Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Or wild nights of October — flying clouds, flashing moon, trees lashing and leaves whirling — would orchestrate a thunderous symphonic poem, Saint-Saëns's *Danse Macabre:* —

> Winter wind blows and the night is dark,
> Moans are heard in the linden trees;
> Through the gloom white skeletons pass,
> Running and leaping in their shrouds.

Then, exactly at the right moment, Tennyson swam into ken. Here was the boys' poet; plumed knights in clangorous tourneys and great gobs of romantic melancholy as proper to the age as raiding orchards. There was a snowy meadow bordering a wood across which at any moment one could imagine Launcelot spurring in bright armor. And when spring came — believe it or not! — we youngsters would get up at daybreak, two hours before breakfast, and, taking books out into fields and woods, toil over our Homeric dialects to the tune of bird matins and by the beams of rosy-fingered Aurora. This study in the open became, in fine weather, a general custom. Boy fashion, all were paired off, chumming

> Two and two,
> The elephant and
> The kangaroo,

each pair to some favorite sanctuary of Pan — the green embankment of an abandoned 'air-line' railway, the crumbling stone arch of its bridge, brookside meadows, or the grounds of a mysteriously deserted residence, unlocked, and completely furnished down to soap and towels.

> The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
> And murmuring of innumerable bees,

sings Tennyson, and we read him to the tune of both, all in the budding May. Also someone far mellower and richer — no less a personage than Vergil of the *Eclogues.* To have read the rustic idyls of that gentle poet and superb stylist amid the mild splendors of these spring-fledged hills and new-ploughed farms was to have savored to its full youth's springtime hour of imagination and beauty. Work? Of course it was work. But what fun it was!

There was about it all a haunting sense of being English boys from an English school, leisuring in some placid English countryside — a spell wrought, I suppose, by Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and all that glorious dynasty of British poets whom we were reading. It came as a homesickness for some elder land far off and never so much as seen, yet felt somehow to be more homelike than home. Mother England!

It has often seemed to me that a room in which great poetry has been read or a hall where noble music has sounded is forever after sacred, raised out of insignificance by that hour of splendor. So is the spot where one has come to love learning. Look on a ramshackle building within which is a stage once trodden by Edwin Booth as Hamlet. Outwardly shabby; within, it has known the consecration and the poet's dream.

This, I suppose, is what distinguishes an academic town. Here dwell people whose lives are, for the time being at least, dedicated to some aim higher than getting and spending. These white-plastered walls and dusty blackboards may be chill and bleak, but in this room one has learned to read the sounding hexameters of Homer and has seen the long ships go ploughing the wine-dark sea. Holy places are of many kinds, and this is one of them. All winter we have toiled over the snowy mountain passes of the *Anabasis*. Then, one day in April, gaining a summit in Asia Minor, we hear the jubilant shout of Xenophon's soldiers: Θάλασσα, θάλασσα. ('The Sea! The Sea!')

Yes, afar off, afar off, we can spy the silvery shining of Homer's immortal sea, and hear on the salt strand of the ages the surge and thunder of the *Iliad*.

V

Nearly two years of this rustic Hellas of learning and boyhood; then one evening an old editor who lived in the village and went to the city every day came to talk to us. He published a farm journal which our fathers and grandfathers alternately swore by and swore at. His name was Chamberlain — one that recalls whole genealogies of New England schoolmasters, ministers, and journalists, and all of them the best. He was tall, burly, blue-eyed, spectacled, gray-haired and gray-bearded — a benevolent grizzly. For one hour he spoke of what a satisfaction it is to use our minds. That was twenty-five years ago. All of that talk I could still give in substance and much of it word for word.

This man, evenings after work, was keeping on with his Greek and reading the whole of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. With a small telescope on clear nights he studied astronomy. He told us how at first he had had to jot down the figures of his observations, but gradually he trained himself to carry the whole series in his head. Then he uttered this sentence, as it seemed to me, in words of fire: '*Make your brain do its work!*' You could feel the muscles of your mind stiffen. He was an elderly man then. Whether he still lives I do not know. But I do know what he did for me. To that casual hour's talk to a roomful of boys he probably never gave another thought — so little do we guess when our words fall like warm rain into a thirsty mind or our deeds like warm tears into a hungry heart. Many a time when tempted to skimp and give my second-best ('Who will ever know, or care?') the thought of that old man has hauled me up short.

On, meanwhile, went the routine of the school, hard work and harder play — golden-hazed Saturday afternoons of Indian summer for ideal football weather; marauding expeditions to cider mills; winter sleigh rides; spring pilgrimages to maple-sugar camps; all-day tramps to Boston Ledges and back with aching joints and ravenous appetites; a mock trial, plays, concerts, gymnastic exhibitions (but no gymnasium), a prize-speaking contest, the annual flag rush.

This glad, eager life was dogged perpetually by the spectre of dissolution. The school might have to put up shutters at any time. Perhaps that gave things half their zest. We were there only on sufferance. Each day was wrung from niggard destiny. And I seem to remember that the Periclean, that other Great Age, was likewise a gayly desperate stand by a handful of picked men holding their tiny citadel of light and learning against a beleaguering world of barbarian darkness.

The first of these two lean years the school contrived to weather. The second? Chatting with us youngsters about our *Iliad* as we encountered him on the rude flagstones under the leaky porches of the Pentagon, the old lawyer was fond of quoting in especial two hexameters — one which described the clang of Apollo's bow as he launched his arrows of pestilence against the Greeks: —

δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ’ ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο,

and another which pictures the leaping flames of the funeral pyres: —

βάλλ’. αἰεὶ δὲ πυραὶ νεκύων καίοντο θαμειαί.

Before that second year was out we had good cause to remember both.

VI

Abruptly, one February afternoon, the whole kit and caboodle of us were summoned to the chapel room and the doors locked. One at a time we were called before the four masters and quizzed. Back into the chapel somehow leaked the news. An epidemic of gambling had started from half a dozen harum-scarums who had been bounced from other schools and sent here in the hope of being made to behave. It had spread among twoscore of the boys. Gambling was explicitly vetoed. Again the faculty had found out everything, and a good half of the school had incurred expulsion. It looked like the death blow.

By nightfall it was known that the original half-dozen delinquents were marked to go; possibly a dozen more; perhaps even the whole forty. The dormitories buzzed like hives of angry bees.

Now Oliver Newbury had been with this half dozen a target of studied disesteem. Oliver's hatband, it is true, was a trifle stretched. How could it well help being? He was the pride of the school. And a beautiful fellow he was, six feet of brawn and sinew, well proportioned, and a face all glow and sparkle. Splendid athlete, excellent scholar — if you liked him, his robust self-esteem did not annoy you a particle; if you did not, then you organized a Greek-letter fraternity in order to leave him out. But it is worth noting that in his study gathered the militant minority of the uncompromised. The six marked for expulsion they were serenely willing to part withal. But the next dozen; the twoscore? It seemed unjust. Yet how to make the distinction? The debate went on till midnight. Then Oliver, in handwriting neat and round as copperplate engraving, drafted a petition. This was circulated through the dormitories, all the uncompromised being routed out of bed, blinking and bewildered, to sign.

It was now two o'clock in the morning. They were just deciding to call it a day when a rumor came that the recitation hall had been stacked. If true, and the masters found it in chaos on the morrow, this petition was waste paper. The only thing to do was find out for certain.

With an unlighted lantern half a dozen of the petitioners stole out of their dormitory across the snowy campus, crept along behind arborvitæ hedges to the building, let themselves in with a key obtained from the student janitor, and started on the prowl through the spooky old rookery. Downstairs, everything in order. Upstairs, class rooms quite unmolested. Was the rumor a hoax?

Oliver, who went ahead with the lantern, opened the door to the library. His foot struck something. He elevated the light. From all six came a gasp of dismay. The library, *sanctum sanctorum* of the school, had been stacked.

Then did the hearts of the well-greaved Achæans swell with black bile. All night they had been laboring to save their schoolfellows. Was this the payment? Then let them stew in their own juice!

'But what about Lawrence?' Out of the gloom came the voice of a rosy cherub known as Pat Ridley. 'We know *he* did n't do it. Do we want him fired?'

'That's so, fellows!' said several at once. 'It's worth cleaning up this mess if only for Lawrence.'

It was decided. They set to work.

Now as luck would have it one of those lads knew that library by heart. Four large bookcases, from wall to wall, from floor to ceiling, perhaps eight hundred volumes in all — he knew the titles by authors, by sets, by classifications; history, fiction, biography, poetry, science, works of reference, even to bound volumes of ponderous old reviews. The library was not catalogued. He carried a catalogue of it in his head. By the yellow beams of the single lantern the others collected and sorted; he restored the volumes to their places on the shelves. It was such an examination at once in literature and in magnanimity as few lads in their teens are summoned to undergo. And it was triumphantly passed. Not until months later did the masters discover that anything had been awry. Then it came out that each had in his own mind been accusing the others of carelessness in replacing used books.

A winter dawn was silvering the east when six boys crept dog-tired along the evergreen hedges back to their dormitory to snatch an hour's sleep before breakfast.

The petition now did the business. The masters were not anxious to kill the school by expelling half of it. And this act of the boys provided them an emergency exit. It was decided to expel the first half dozen; the rest were penalized but allowed to remain.

Then these schoolmasters arranged a final curtain that gives the measure of their wisdom and kindness. Once more the whole school was summoned to the chapel room and the doors were shut. The affair was to be talked over in the bosom of the family. Then befell a blend of Methodist experience meeting and Moravian love feast. One after another, culprits voluntarily hoisted themselves to their feet and spoke. Manly words, manly tears, repentance. It was agreed that no one was to repeat a word of what was said there — which was well, for, electrified by the courage of the gamblers' confessions, others rose and a good deal more got confessed than gambling. And to the everlasting credit of all be it said that never afterward was one word of what was uttered in that public privacy repeated as tattle or flung as taunt. Such is honor among boys.

VII

But the affair left everybody rather limp. Easter recess came as a distinct relief. Now things could quiet down.

Quiet down! Two days after school reopened Oliver Newbury was taken ill. His roommate, Howard Spencer, brought him his meals and rubbed his aching body with alcohol. In two days more the case was pronounced smallpox, and black smallpox at that. How many had been exposed? Probably half the school. Classes ceased. Quarantine was clamped down tight as a drumhead. Yes, Apollo had launched his arrows at the camp of the Greeks,

> And terrible came the clang of the silver bow.

Then again the school showed its mettle. Instead of loafing away these grim holidays everyone set to work. Mornings there was play on the athletic fields. Afternoons, since no one could leave the campus and it was too chill to sit out, there were study and reading. What did we read? I remember open sessions with Shakespeare's sonnets, Macaulay's essays, and comedies of Sheridan and Goldsmith. We kept on with Latin, Greek, and mathematics. The days seemed not too long, the evenings fairly cheerful.

But up there behind those second-story windows in a wing of the Principal's house Oliver Newbury was battling against a grisly death.

Four days of this. Then swooped one of those belated blizzards that vex late April. All day it snowed, and all night, and all the next day — snow that was wet, heavy, and packed hard. Down came wires. Trains stopped. No telegrams. No letters. For a while hardly so much as horse and sleigh. Here was quarantine with a vengeance.

On the bleak morrow of the storm, sullen clouds brooding stagnant over an arctic earth, someone came through the dormitories at six o'clock in the morning, rapped on doors and said, —

'He is dead.'

From room to room could be heard the sound of boys weeping. It was the first time death had struck so close to them — and such a death!

A funeral in the ordinary sense of course there could not be. It was even a question whether for a day or two there could be so much as a burial. But a grave was delved, three feet of snow and six of earth, and a way shoveled through the deepest drifts to the cemetery. While the coffin was being borne out there was a huddled funeral service at the house of another master. The hearse lurched away.

That evening came the first train in two days. Permission was granted to go down to the campus gate and meet a messenger from the post office. Returning in the bluish dusk of that vapory exhalation which rises at twilight from melting snow, and wading waist-deep in drifts, one saw among the stark elm stems of the back campus red flames leaping. They were burning Oliver's clothes, his bedding, his books, his very furniture. The fire had a ghastly glare. Into mind sprang that hexameter of Homer: —

> *βάλλ'. αἰεὶ δὲ πυραὶ νεκύων καίοντο θαμειαί.*

'He smote. And ever the funeral pyres of the dead were burning thickly.'

Had another case developed, it would have finished the school. Howard Spencer was watched for symptoms. None appeared. But the experience had cut deep into the boy. He talked and wept in his sleep. He and his chum went for long rambles in the country soberly debating the question of a life after death. They never could seem to reach any conclusion.

School resumed. The annual prize-speaking contest came round. One year from the night when Oliver, all aglow, had walked off with the prize, word went among the audience as it was pouring out of the chapel building that his body had been exhumed for reburial in the city. No one seemed to know for certain. Spencer and his chum resolved to find out for themselves. It was a clear spring night of full moon. Sharp frost was in the air. The cemetery was a mile away. They cut across lots. The creek was swollen with spring freshets and floating ice. They scrambled over it on a fallen willow trunk, crashed through underwoods, and clambered over the cemetery wall beside the grave.

A heap of freshly turned earth. A gaping hole glittering half full of water already beginning to freeze. And over it all the chill beams of the spring moon.

VIII

Hardscrabble Academy struggled on one year more. Up to the very last a stubborn hope persisted that it might somehow emerge from its trials a radiant Western Andover. Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* may have been able to live on nothing a year. A school cannot. In June it closed its doors.

What became of its poor little possessions I never knew. Campus walks grew up to weeds. Dormitories tumbled to decay. Roofs leaked and shutters banged. Plaster fell in and panes fell out. No haunted house was ever half so dismal. For these buildings were haunted by the departed spirits of youth. Everyone who had loved the place avoided it as he would have avoided looking on a beloved face coffined. Even to think of it was a heartache. Meeting old schoolfellows was like a funeral. We spoke of the dead.

Yet its loyalties were hoops of steel. Sitting one Sunday morning at breakfast in the Harvard Union, I noticed across the tables a face that would have looked familiar had this oaken room been six hundred miles to the westward.

'If that,' I remember ruminating, 'were really Arthur Dawson, Laurence Sprague would be sitting across the table from him.' (At Hardcastle the pair had been inseparables, but it was years since I had heard of either.)

I glanced at his table companion. Sure enough, there sat Laurence Sprague! That proved that it *was* Arthur Dawson.

Year after year Hardscrabble Academy lay mouldering in its grave. Then one autumn came such a tale as makes legend seem prosaic commonplace. In Hardcastle there had been a more or less mythical being known to us boys as 'the coal baron.' Born there, he had gone away to make his millions, and returned to build a Queen Anne villa on the old farm. There was in him evidently a streak of romance and creative imagination. He had already in the coal fields built one town which bore his name. Why not rebuild another, with the academy reinstated as its heart and centre?

Fable turned fact. The village voted saloons out and wires underground. It planted trees. The millionaire gave water works, sewage system, and lighting plant. On the site of the Pentagon he erected a parsonage of red brick Georgian embowered in greenery. The adjacent grist mill he rebuilt as a village clubhouse with classic white-pillared portico. On the campus one dormitory too ruinous was demolished and a new hall raised on its site. Other buildings were built or rebuilt. The school received an endowment of $200,000. A dozen years after its doors were closed they opened again. That was ten years ago.

And now, one hundred years from the time when college and academy were first established at Hardcastle, one reads in the newspapers the authoritative announcement that, by the will of the late Ellis W. James, Hardcastle Academy receives $4,000,000, making it, with previous gifts, one of the richest preparatory schools in America — if not the richest.

Hardcastle Academy? Poor, dear, little old Hardscrabble! So now you are rich! One hardly knows whether to laugh or to cry; whether to be glad or sorry. For how can we love the school as we did when it had little else to live on but our love and loyalty? What need of us has it now?

More, I venture to think, than ever. To 'emerge a radiant Western Andover.' Well, emerged it has. And now what? We have seen what this school could do without money. Now what can it do *with* it?

This question is a good deal larger than Hardcastle Academy, and that is why it is raised. It is a question which stares out of countenance pretty much the whole of American education. The heathen thought they should be heard for their much speaking. Our institutions of learning appear to think they shall be heard for their much brick and bullion. Yet the question is even larger than this. It is as large as the machine civilization of the Western world. Those Connecticut pioneers founding their school in an oak forest are type and symbol of the age and race that sired us. When we were young and poor, our poverty and struggle bred men. We grow prosperous. And now what are we? This wealth — is it to be a bed of ease or an alpenstock? These machines — are we to use them, or be used by them? I have likened Hardcastle Academy to Periclean Athens. Both perished. But both lived on. Both failed. Yet both triumphed. And these United States? Are we to be yet one more gluttonous and grasping Rome, physically powerful but spiritually sterile? Or is another Athens to arise? Shall the world's Great Age begin anew, the golden years return?

Owing what I do to schoolmasters, is it any wonder that I should admire them and think their profession the greatest one of all? Is it any wonder that just so surely as autumn comes round I find myself homesick for a study and bedroom in some Spartan barracks of a school dormitory? The dry leaf swirls of October; the rich dank odor of goldenrod and aster, of ripening apples and grapes heavy on the languid breeze; the plum-blue haze of Indian summer afternoons; the snap and ginger of autumn air spiced like cider with the bead on it, conjure up the studious lamplight of lengthening evenings, the flash of an open fire, and a table, commodious for knees and elbows, stacked with books which mean work and the grim pleasure of intellectual mastery. Owing what I do to Athenian schoolmasters, is it any wonder that I should cherish for my land and people this ideal of a new Hellas to ennoble and beautify the world? And if another Athens shall arise, the golden years return, what likelier place to watch for it than in just such hardscrabble schools? There, yes, and in the heart of youth, where Hellas never dies.

THE MODERN TEMPER

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

It is one of Freud's quaint conceits that the baby in its mother's womb is the happiest of living creatures. Into his consciousness no conflict has yet entered, for he knows no limitations to his desires and the universe is exactly as he wishes it to be. All his needs are satisfied before even he becomes aware of them, and if his awareness is dim, that is but the natural result of a complete harmony between the self and the environment, since, as Spencer pointed out in a remote age, to be omniscient and omnipotent would be to be without any consciousness whatsoever. The discomfort of being born is the first warning which he receives that any event can be thrust upon him; it is the first limitation of his omnipotence which he perceives, and he is cast upon the shores of the world wailing his protest against the indignity to which he has been subjected. Years pass before he learns to control the expression of enraged surprise which arises within him at every unpleasant fact with which he is confronted, and his parents conspire so to protect him that he will learn only by very slow stages how far is the world from his heart's desire.

The cradle is made to imitate as closely as may be the conditions, both physical and spiritual, of the womb. Of its occupant no effort is demanded, and every precaution is taken to anticipate each need before it can arise. If, as the result of any unforeseen circumstance, any unsatisfied desire is born, he need only raise his voice in protest to cause the entire world in so far as he knows it — his nurse or his parents — to rush to his aid. The whole of his physical universe is obedient to his will and he is justified by his experience in believing that his mere volition controls his destiny. Only as he grows older does he become aware that there are wills other than his own or that there are physical circumstances rebellious to any human will. And only after the passage of many years does he become aware of the full extent of his predicament in the midst of a world which is in very few respects what he would wish it to be.

As a child he is treated as a child, and such treatment implies much more than the physical coddling of which Freud speaks. Not only do those who surround him coöperate more completely than they ever will again to satisfy his wishes in material things, but they encourage him to live in a spiritual world far more satisfactory than their own. He is carefully protected from any knowledge of the cruelties and complexities of life; he is led to suppose that the moral order is simple and clear, that virtue triumphs, and that the world is, as the desires of whole generations of mankind have led them to try to pretend that it is, arranged according to a pattern which would seem reasonable and satisfactory to human sensibilities. He is prevented from realizing how inextricably what men call good and evil are intertwined, how careless is Nature of those values called mercy and justice and righteousness which men have come, in her despite, to value; and he is, besides, encouraged to believe in a vast mythology peopled with figments that range all the way from the Saints to Santa Claus and that represent projections of human wishes which the adult has come to recognize as no more than projections, but which he is willing that the child, for the sake of his own happiness, should believe real. Aware how different is the world which experience reveals from the world which the spirit desires, the mature, as though afraid that reality could not be endured unless the mind had been gradually inured to it, allow the child to become aware of it only by slow stages, and little by little he learns, not only the limitations of his will, but the moral discord of the world. Thus it is, in a very important sense, true that the infant does come trailing clouds of glory from that heaven which his imagination creates, and that as his experience accumulates he sees it fade away into the light of common day.

Now races as well as individuals have their infancy, their adolescence, and their maturity. Experience accumulates not only from year to year but from generation to generation, and in the life of each person it plays a little larger part than it did in the life of his father. As civilization grows older it too has more and more facts thrust upon its consciousness and is compelled to abandon one after another, quite as the child does, certain illusions which have been dear to it. Like the child, it has instinctively assumed that what it would like to be true is true, and it never gives up any such belief until experience in some form compels it to do so. Being, for example, extremely important to itself, it assumes that it is extremely important to the universe also. The earth is the centre of all existing things, man is the child and the protégé of those gods who transcend and who will ultimately enable him to transcend all the evils which he has been compelled to recognize. The world and all that it contains were designed for him, and even those things which seem noxious have their usefulness only temporarily hid. Since he knows but little he is free to imagine, and imagination is always the creature of desire.

II

The world which any consciousness inhabits is a world made up in part of experience and in part of fancy. No experience, and hence no knowledge, is complete, but the gaps which lie between the solid fragments are filled in with shadows. Connections, explanations, and reasons are supplied by the imagination, and thus the world gets its patterned completeness from material which is spun out of the desires. But as time goes on and experience accumulates there remains less and less scope for the fancy. The universe becomes more and more what experience has revealed, less and less what imagination has created, and hence, since it was not designed to suit man's needs, less and less what he would have it be. With increasing knowledge his power to manipulate his physical environment increases, but in gaining the knowledge which enables him to do so he surrenders insensibly the power which in his ignorance he had to mould the universe. The forces of nature obey him, but in learning to master them he has in another sense allowed them to master him. He has exchanged the universe which his desires created, the universe made for man, for the universe of nature of which he is only a part. Like the child growing into manhood, he passes from a world which is fitted to him into a world for which he must fit himself.

If, then, the world of poetry, mythology, and religion represents the world as man would like to have it, while science represents the world as he gradually comes to discover it, we need only compare the two to realize how irreconcilable they appear. For the cozy bowl of the sky arched in a protecting curve above him he must exchange the cold immensities of space, and, for the spiritual order which he has designed, the chaos of nature. God he had loved *because* God was anthropomorphic, because He was made in man's own image, with purposes and desires which were human and hence understandable. But Nature's purpose, if purpose she can be said to have, is no purpose of his and is not understandable in his terms. Her desire merely to live and to propagate in innumerable forms, her ruthless indifference to his values, and the blindness of her irresistible will strike terror to his soul, and he comes in the fullness of his experience to realize that the ends which he proposes to himself — happiness and order and reason — are ends which he must achieve, if he achieve them at all, in her despite. Formerly he had believed in even his darkest moments that the universe was rational if he could only grasp its rationality, but gradually he comes to suspect that rationality is an attribute of himself alone and that there is no reason to suppose that his own life has any more meaning than the life of the humblest insect that crawls from one annihilation to another. Nature, in her blind thirst for life, has filled every possible cranny of the rotting earth with some sort of fantastic creature, and among them man is but one — perhaps the most miserable of all, because he is the only one in whom the instinct of life falters long enough to enable it to ask the question 'Why?' As long as life is regarded as having been created, creating may be held to imply a purpose, but merely to have come into being is, in all likelihood, merely to go out of it also.

Fortunately, perhaps, man, like the individual child, was spared in his cradle the knowledge which he could not bear. Illusions have been lost one by one. God, instead of disappearing in an instant, has retreated step by step and surrendered gradually his control of the universe. Once he decreed the fall of every sparrow and counted the hairs upon every head; a little later he became merely the original source of the laws of nature, and even to-day there are thousands who, unable to bear the thought of losing him completely, still fancy that they can distinguish the uncertain outlines of a misty figure. But the rôle which he plays grows less and less, and man is left more and more alone in a universe to which he is completely alien. His world was once, like the child's world, three quarters myth and poetry. His teleological concepts moulded it into a form which he could appreciate and he gave to it moral laws which would make it meaningful, but step by step the outlines of nature have thrust themselves upon him, and for the dream which he made is substituted a reality devoid of any pattern which he can understand.

In the course of this process innumerable readjustments have been made, and always with the effort to disturb as little as possible the myth which is so much more full of human values than the fact which comes in some measure to replace it. Thus, for example, the Copernican theory of astronomy, removing the earth from the centre of the universe and assigning it a very insignificant place among an infinitude of whirling motes, was not merely resisted as a fact, but was, when finally accepted, accepted as far as possible without its implications. Even if taken entirely by itself and without the whole system of facts of which it is a part, it renders extremely improbable the assumption, fundamental in most human thought, that the universe has man as its centre and is hence understandable in his terms, but this implication was disregarded just as, a little later, the implications of the theory of evolution were similarly disregarded. It is not likely that if man had been aware from the very beginning that his world was a mere detail in the universe, and himself merely one of the innumerable species of living things, he would ever have come to think of himself, as he even now tends to do, as a being whose desires must be somehow satisfiable and whose reason must be matched by some similar reason in nature. But the myth, having been once established, persists long after the assumptions upon which it was made have been destroyed, because, being born of desire, it is far more satisfactory than any fact.

Unfortunately, perhaps, experience does not grow at a constant, but at an accelerated, rate. The Greeks who sought knowledge, not through the study of nature, but through the examination of their own minds, developed a philosophy which was really analogous to myth, because the laws which determined its growth were dictated by human desires, and they discovered few facts capable of disturbing the pattern which they devised. The Middle Ages retreated still further into themselves, but with the Renaissance man began to surrender himself to nature, and the sciences, each nourishing the other, began their iconoclastic march. Three centuries lay between the promulgation of the Copernican theory and the publication of the *Origin of Species*, but in sixty-odd years which have elapsed since that latter event the blows have fallen with a rapidity which left no interval for recovery. The structures which are variously known as mythology, religion, and philosophy, and which are alike in that each has as its function the interpretation of experience in terms which have human values, have collapsed under the force of successive attacks and shown themselves utterly incapable of assimilating the new stores of experience which have been dumped upon the world. With increasing completeness science maps out the pattern of nature, but the latter has no relation to the pattern of human needs and feelings.

Consider, for example, the plight of ethics. Historical criticism having destroyed what used to be called by people of learning and intelligence 'Christian Evidences,' and biology having shown how unlikely it is that man is the recipient of any transcendental knowledge, there remains no foundation in authority for ideas of right and wrong; and if, on the other hand, we turn to the traditions of the human race, anthropology is ready to prove that no consistent human tradition has ever existed. Custom has furnished the only basis which ethics have ever had, and there is no conceivable human action which custom has not at one time justified and at another condemned. Standards are imaginary things, and yet it is extremely doubtful if man can live well, either spiritually or physically, without the belief that they are somehow real. Without them society lapses into anarchy and the individual becomes aware of an intolerable disharmony between himself and the universe. Instinctively and emotionally he is an ethical animal. No known race is so low in the scale of civilization that it has not attributed a moral order to the world, because no known race is so little human as not to suppose a moral order so innately desirable as to have an inevitable existence. It is man's most fundamental myth, and life seems meaningless to him without it. Yet, as that systematized and cumulative experience which is called science displaces one after another the myths which have been generated by need, it grows more and more likely that he must remain an ethical animal in a universe which contains no ethical element.

III

Mystical philosophers have sometimes said that they 'accepted the universe.' They have, that is to say, formed of it some conception which answered the emotional needs of their spirit and which brought them a sense of being in harmony with its aims and processes. They have been aware of no needs which Nature did not seem to supply and of no ideals which she too did not seem to recognize. They have felt themselves one with her because they have had the strength of imagination to make her over in their own image, and it is doubtful if any man can live at peace who does not thus feel himself at home. But as the world assumes the shape which science gives it, it becomes more and more difficult to find such emotional correspondences. Whole realms of human feeling, like the realm of ethics, find no place for themselves in the pattern of nature and generate needs for which no satisfaction is supplied. What man knows is everywhere at war with what he wants.

In the course of a few centuries his knowledge, and hence the universe of which he finds himself an inhabitant, have been completely revolutionized, but his instincts and his emotions have remained, relatively at least, unchanged. He is still, as he always was, adjusted to the orderly, purposeful, humanized world which all peoples unburdened by experience have figured to themselves, but that world no longer exists. He has the same sense of dignity to which the myth of his descent from the gods was designed to minister, and the same innate purposefulness which led him to attribute a purpose to Nature, but he can no longer think in terms appropriate to either. The world which his reason and his investigation reveal is a world which his emotions cannot comprehend.

Casually he accepts the spiritual iconoclasm of science, and in the detachment of everyday life he learns to play with the cynical wisdom of biology and psychology, which explain away the awe of emotional experience just as earlier science explained away the awe of conventional piety. Yet, under the stress of emotional crises, knowledge is quite incapable of controlling his emotions or of justifying them to himself. In love, he calls upon the illusions of man's grandeur and dignity to help him accept his emotions, and faced with tragedy he calls upon illusion to dignify his suffering; but lyric flight is checked by the rationality which he has cultivated, and in the world of metabolism and hormones, repressions and complexes, he finds no answer for his needs. He is feeling about love, for example, much as the troubadour felt, but he thinks about it in a very different way. Try as he may, the two halves of his soul can hardly be made to coalesce, and he cannot either feel as his intelligence tells him that he should feel or think as his emotions would have him think, and thus he is reduced to mocking his torn and divided soul. In the grip of passion he cannot, as some romanticist might have done, accept it with a religious trust in the mystery of love, nor yet can he regard it as a psychiatrist, himself quite free from emotion, might suggest — merely as an interesting specimen of psychical botany. Man *qua* thinker may delight in the intricacies of psychology, but man *qua* lover has not learned to feel in its terms; so that, though complexes and ductless glands may serve to explain the feelings of another, one's own still demand all these symbols of the ineffable in which one has long ceased to believe.

Time was when the scientist, the poet, and the philosopher walked hand in hand. In the universe which the one perceived the other found himself comfortably at home. But the world of modern science is one in which the intellect alone can rejoice. The mind leaps, and leaps perhaps with a sort of elation, through the immensities of space, but the spirit, frightened and cold, longs to have once more above its head the inverted bowl beyond which may lie whatever paradise its desires may create. The lover who surrendered himself to the Implacable Aphrodite or who fancied his foot upon the lowest rung of the Platonic ladder of love might retain his self-respect, but one can neither resist nor yield gracefully to a carefully catalogued psychosis. A happy life is a sort of poem, with a poem's elevation and dignity, but emotions cannot be dignified unless they are first respected. They must seem to correspond with, to be justified by, something in the structure of the universe itself; but though it was the function of religion and philosophy to hypostatize some such correspondence, to project a humanity upon Nature, or at least to conceive of a humane force above and beyond her, science finds no justification for such a process and is content instead to show how illusions were born.

The most ardent love of truth, the most resolute determination to follow Nature no matter to what black abyss she may lead, need not blind one to the fact that many of the lost illusions had, to speak the language of science, a survival value. Either individuals or societies whose life is imbued with a cheerful certitude, whose aims are clear, and whose sense of the essential rightness of life is strong, live and struggle with an energy unknown to the skeptical and the pessimistic. Whatever the limitations of their intellects as instruments of criticism, they possess the physical and emotional vigor which is, unlike critical intelligence, analogous to the processes of nature. They found empires and conquer wildernesses, and they pour the excess of their energy into works of art which the intelligence of more sophisticated peoples continues to admire even though it has lost the faith in life which is requisite for the building of a Chartres or the carving of a Venus de Milo. The one was not erected to a law of nature or the other designed to celebrate the *libido*, for each presupposed a sense of human dignity which science nowhere supports.

Thus man seems caught in a dilemma which his intellect has devised. Any deliberately managed return to a state of relative ignorance, however desirable it might be argued to be, is obviously out of the question. We cannot, as the naïve proponents of the various religions, new and old, seem to assume, believe one thing and forget another merely because we happen to be convinced that it would be desirable to do so; and it is worth observing that the new psychology, with its penetrating analysis of the influence of desire upon belief, has so adequately warned the reason of the tricks which the will can play upon it that it has greatly decreased the possibility of beneficent delusion and serves to hold the mind in a steady contemplation of that from which it would fain escape. Weak and uninstructed intelligences take refuge in the monotonous repetition of once living creeds, or are even reduced to the desperate expedient of going to sleep amid the formulæ of the flabby pseudo-religions in which the modern world is so prolific. But neither of these classes affords any aid to the robust but serious mind which is searching for some terms upon which it may live.

And if we are, as by this time we should be, free from any teleological delusion, if we no longer make the unwarranted assumption that every human problem is somehow of necessity solvable, we must confess it may be that for the sort of being whom we have described no survival is possible in any form like that which his soul has now taken. He is a fantastic thing that has developed sensibilities and established values beyond the nature which gave him birth. He is of all living creatures the one to whom the earth is the least satisfactory. He has arrived at a point where he can no longer delude himself as to the extent of his predicament, and should he either become modified or disappear the earth would continue to spin and the grass to grow as it has always done. Of the thousands of living species the vast majority would be as unaware of his passing as they are unaware now of his presence, and he would go as a shadow goes. His arts, his religions, and his civilizations — these are fair and wonderful things, but they are fair and wonderful to him alone. With the extinction of his poetry would be extinguished also the only sensibility for which it has any meaning, and there would remain nothing capable of feeling a loss. Nothing would be left to label the memory of his discontent 'divine,' and those creatures who find in nature no lack would resume their undisputed possession of the earth.

Anthropoid in form some of them might continue to be, and possessed as well of all of the human brain that makes possible a cunning adaption to the conditions of physical life. To them nature might yield up subtler secrets than any yet penetrated; their machines might be more wonderful and their bodies more healthy than any yet known — even though there had passed away, not merely all myth and poetry, but the need for them as well. Cured of his transcendental cravings, content with things as they are, accepting the universe as experience had shown it to be, man would be freed of his soul and, like the other animals, either content or at least desirous of nothing which he might not hope ultimately to obtain.

Nor can it be denied that certain adumbrations of this type have before now come into being. Among those of keener intellect there are scientists to whom the test tube and its contents are all-sufficient, and among those of coarser grain, captains of finance and builders of mills, there are those to whom the acquirement of wealth and power seems to constitute a life in which no lack can be perceived. Doubtless they are not new types; doubtless they have always existed; but may they not be the strain from which Nature will select the coming race? Is not their creed the creed of Nature, and are they not bound to triumph over those whose illusions are no longer potent because they are no longer really believed? Certain philosophers, clinging desperately to the ideal of a humanized world, have proposed a retreat into the imagination. Bertrand Russell in his popular essay, *A Free Man's Worship*, Unamuno and Santayana *passim* throughout their works, have argued that the way of salvation lay in a sort of ironic belief, in a determination to act as though one still believed the things which once were really held true. But is not this a desperate expedient, a last refuge likely to appeal only to the leaders of a lost cause? Does it not represent the last, least substantial phase, of fading faith, something which borrows what little substance it seems to have from a reality of the past? If it seems half real to the sons of those who lived in the spiritual world of which it is a shadow, will it not seem, a little further removed, only a faint futility? Surely it has but little to oppose to those who come armed with the certitudes of science and united with, not fleeing from, the nature amid which they live.

And if the dilemma here described is itself a delusion it is at least as vividly present and as terribly potent as those other delusions which have shaped or deformed the human spirit. There is no significant contemporary writer upon philosophy, ethics, or æsthetics whose speculations do not lead him to it in one form or another, and even the less reflective are aware of it in their own way. Both our practical morality and our emotional lives are adjusted to a world which no longer exists. In so far as we adhere to a code of conduct, we do so largely because certain habits still persist, not because we can give any logical reason for preferring them, and in so far as we indulge ourselves in the primitive emotional satisfactions, — romantic love, patriotism, zeal for justice, and so forth, — our satisfaction is the result merely of the temporary suspension of our disbelief in the mythology upon which they are founded. Traditionalists in religion are fond of asserting that our moral codes are flimsy because they are rootless; but, true as this is, it is perhaps not so important as the fact that our emotional lives are rootless too.

If the gloomy vision of a dehumanized world which has just been evoked is not to become a reality, some complete readjustment must be made, and at least two generations have found themselves unequal to the task. The generation of Thomas Henry Huxley, so busy with destruction as never adequately to realize how much it was destroying, fought with such zeal against frightened conservatives that it never took time to do more than assert with some vehemence that all would be well, and the generation that followed either danced amid the ruins or sought by various compromises to save the remains of a few tottering structures. But neither patches nor evasions will serve. It is not a changed world but a new one in which man must henceforth live if he lives at all, for all his premises have been destroyed and he must proceed to new conclusions. The values which he thought established have been swept away along with the rules by which he thought they might be attained.

To this fact many are not yet awake, but our novels, our poems, and our pictures are enough to reveal that a generation aware of its predicament is at hand. It has awakened to the fact that both the ends which its fathers proposed to themselves and the emotions from which they drew their strength seem irrelevant and remote. With a smile, sad or mocking, according to individual temperament, it regards those works of the past in which were summed up the values of life. The romantic ideal of a world well lost for love and the classic ideal of austere dignity seem equally ridiculous, equally meaningless when referred, not to the temper of the past, but to the temper of the present. The passions which swept through the once major poets no longer awaken any profound response, and only in the bleak, torturous complexities of a T. S. Eliot does it find its moods given adequate expression. Here disgust speaks with a robust voice and denunciation is confident, but ecstasy, flickering and uncertain, leaps fitfully up only to sink back among the cinders. And if the poet, with his gift of keen perceptions and his power of organization, can achieve only the most momentary and unstable adjustments, what hope can there be for those whose spirit is a less powerful instrument?

And yet it is with such as he, baffled, but content with nothing which plays only upon the surface, that the hope for a still humanized future must rest. No one can tell how many of the old values must go or how new the new will be. Thus, while under the influence of the old mythology the sexual instinct was transformed into romantic love and tribal solidarity into the religion of patriotism, there is nothing in the modern consciousness capable of effecting these transmutations. Neither the one nor the other is capable of being, as it once was, the raison d'être of a life or the motif of a poem which is not, strictly speaking, derivative and anachronistic. Each is fading, each becoming as much a shadow as devotion to the cult of purification through self-torture. Either the instincts upon which they are founded will achieve new transformations or they will remain merely instincts, regarded as having no particular emotional significance in a spiritual world which, if it exists at all, will be as different from the spiritual world of, let us say, Robert Browning as that world is different from the world of Cato the Censor.

As for this present unhappy time, haunted by ghosts from a dead world and not yet at home in its own, its predicament is not, to return to the comparison with which we began, unlike the predicament of the adolescent who has not yet learned to orient himself without reference to the mythology amid which his childhood was passed. He still seeks in the world of his experience for the values which he had found there, and he is aware only of a vast disharmony. But boys — most of them, at least — grow up, and the world of adult consciousness has always held a relation to myth intimate enough to make readjustment possible. The finest spirits have bridged the gulf, have carried over with them something of a child's faith, and only the coarsest have grown into something which was no more than finished animality. To-day the gulf is broader, the adjustment more difficult, than ever it was before, and even the possibility of an actual human maturity is problematic. There impends for the human spirit either extinction or a readjustment more stupendous than any made before.

A STORY OF CONVERSION

BY OSWALD COULDREY

The Reverend John Portall dwelt upon a hill beside the sacred river of the Andhras. He was the manager of a kind of Protestant seminary, where young converts from the casteless underworld of Hinduism were trained as teachers, before being sent out into the many schools maintained by his mission throughout the district. A considerable village lay between the river and this institution on the hill; the plain white mission church, a last forlorn mumble of the Gothic formula, stood upon the hither outskirts of the village; and far out across the sand of the river itself, built upon heaped rocks that had withstood the floods of centuries, a Shaiva temple of much fame, an object far more grateful to the genius of the landscape, rose among a little cluster of priests' houses.

Devakonda was an ordinary village of South Indian cultivators. It was built mainly of earth and palm thatch — tiles were a symbol of social altitude — and painted gayly with old earthen pigments, white and red. In Portall's eyes it was a heathen village. Idolatry was enthroned there, and caste ruled supreme. Its folk respected Portall as a *dora*, a gentleman; they liked him as a man, for he had very amiable qualities; they even went to him sometimes for medicines, of which he kept a store for the use of his proselytes; but with all his personal and secular influence he remained, as he expressed it himself, an ambassador of Christ in an alien country, whose spiritual allegiance was owed and paid from of old to Nataraja, the Dancing Shiva, who dwelt in the temple on the island, and in a more immediate sense to his interpreter, the famous Swami Shivayya Shastri, the chief priest of the same shrine.

For, like Ephesus of old, Devakonda derived, not only spiritual comfort, but profit also and fame, from the fame of the temple and its priest; chiefly realized, of course, at the great bathing festival in the spring, when the whole district made holiday and went down into the river; but not without effect at other times as well. The Shastri, of whom we have spoken, was no ordinary temple priest. He was famous far and wide for his learning, his eloquence in prayer, his austerities, and the timeless ecstasy into which he would often fall in the course of his contemplation of his idol. The piety of the priest attracted almost as many and quite as earnest pilgrims as the reputation of the god.

But if the Shastri was no ordinary *pujari*, or temple priest, neither was Portall an ordinary missionary; and the meeting of these two eminent spirits was bound, sooner or later, to have notable effects. They took shape, however, gradually. The first encounter was commonplace, a mere deadlock of counter assertions; the mutual and barren imputation of counterfeit authority, fantastic fables, degrading ritual, and pernicious doctrine. Portall, in those days, was full of youthful confidence; still nursed, in fact, the hope of capturing single-handed, like Jonathan, that stronghold of the heathen — a hope that was to seem less convincing as he labored after it, and finally bade fair, like the pale blue slips of mirage which the heat of the sun perpetually raised upon the long sand horizons of the river bed, to vanish altogether upon a near approach.

The deadlock thus established continued for several years. The impetus of the missionary's first assault spent itself without apparent effect either upon the prophet of Nataraja or upon his populous following. I have said that Portall was no ordinary missionary; but at the time of which I am now writing his distinction was rather potential than obvious, and most of the methods of his first assault were of a strictly conventional, not to say obsolete, order. One of his siege engines, for instance, was a placard set up before the mission church with the following inscription in the vernacular tongue:

ETERNITY IS COMING
WHERE WILL YOU SPEND IT?

Devakonda returned no answer, nor apparently realized the implication of its silence. Portall made friends, won golden opinions, but no souls beyond the usual steady tribute which Christianity in India receives from the outcast population; and he began, like many of his brethren, to find his chief consolation in the routine of mission administration, in the improvement, especially, of dispensaries and schools.

This procedure, without his intention, was to carry him further than the other toward his original aim; and old hopes were suddenly revived when the Shastri came to him, like Nicodemus, by night, and said, 'Show me your God.' Portall read to him the Sermon on the Mount, and other sayings of the Son of Man out of the Gospels. The Shastri listened intent, and sometimes nodded and said, 'This was a great Rishi,' or again, 'Your Christ was an Advaiti,' or Monist, a name by which, as Portall afterward found, he styled his own philosophy. But when our new Apostle of the Gentiles spoke of the Resurrection of the Body, of the Atonement, and other points of doctrine, the philosopher shook his head and cried: —

'But you denounce us because we countenance the worship of idols, and now I see that you too worship them'; and then, in answer to the other's protest, 'These are idols, though not of brass or stone, yet of speech and thought; and you are right, for we also maintain that without idols is no popular religion possible.' And he departed grave, as who should say with the Athenians, 'We will hear thee again of this matter.'

Portall was at first quite confounded by this attitude of his questioner, but the other continued to come and to question at intervals month after month. Colloquy took the form, sometimes of debate, sometimes of exposition, the latter not always on the part of Portall. The missionary learned much, as well as taught, during this period. He took pains to understand the Advaita position, which declines to admit any ultimate or abiding difference between soul and soul. 'That which is eternal,' the Shastri said, 'can have no abiding limits, which are the marks of difference.' The same faith similarly finds the Eternal manifest in the individual soul, and says roundly to the inquirer after God, '*Tat tuam asi* (*Thou* art That)' — a sentence which appeared as frankly blasphemous to the Christian missionary as to the Jews of old that not dissimilar saying of his Master, 'Before Abraham was, I am.'

The Shastri, on the other hand, scented a corresponding blasphemy in the doctrine of Original Sin. He spoke, however, of Karma, of the inheritance of good and evil, and of the doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls, which he declared to be an image, an 'idol,' invented to impress upon unphilosophic minds the fact of the individual's interest in the generations before and after him. Portall also heard in a new sense of the ideality of things; he learned, we might almost say, philosophy, for in that field of inquiry he had hitherto received no instruction, and of a sudden felt it curiously alluring to his mind; and so began to wander in it, and 'found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.' But he withdrew the placard by the church, realizing that Eternity cannot be 'coming,' and cannot be 'spent.'

At one time the suspicion occurred to him that the object of this Brahmin, who came ostensibly to seek, and yet so often managed to impart knowledge, was the subversion of his own faith; but pride, as well as the sense of duty, and a belief that Hinduism does not proselytize, prevented him from bringing their converse to an end. Indeed, whatever his object, the influence of the Shastri gradually effected a fundamental change in the missionary's outlook. The Brahmin was a man of powerful intellect, curious and skeptical as well as fervent. He had attained, in the course of untold wanderings and multifarious conversation, a shrewd insight into the state of the modern mind and world, and he probed the foundations of the other's more dogmatic beliefs with burning questions, whose constant passage soon began, if not to loosen, at least to sublimate and alter them. Yet his attitude remained always impartial, interrogative, mysterious; and as often as not, when the missionary was at a loss for an answer, the Shastri would supply it. If at times he feared, Portall for the most part could not help but like him for his candor, his detachment, his power, and his humility.

This stage of their intercourse lasted some two years, until at last it was the turn of the missionary, with what precise intention he would not have been able at the time to say himself, to go to the Shastri by night and to say, 'Show me your God.' It was a night of the full moon in early spring, and Portall, crossing the wide white frith of sand that separated the temple from the shore, found the priest sitting in the moonlight upon one of the rocks that formed the foundation of the sacred island. He rose from his seat as the other approached, and asked, 'What would you, brother?' The missionary answered as aforesaid.

'Have I not endeavored to show Him to you nightly all these months?' the Shastri asked.

'Yes, but I would see Him as you worship Him, as the people see Him. I would see the Lord of the Dance in His Temple.'

'Brother, you know you cannot see Him so.'

The missionary suddenly remembered that all foreigners, or *mlechchas*, are numbered with the outcasts by the strict Hindu, and as such are never admitted to the inner sanctuary.

'I beg your pardon,' he said; 'I ought not to have asked you to transgress the rule of your religion.'

'That is not my meaning,' said the other quickly. 'With God there is no race or caste, and the Lord Shiva can dispense with such observance; but even if I should take you into His shrine you could not see Him, for to you He is merely an idol of bronze, molten in the fire, and cleaned with tamarind juice.'

'Have you seen Him yourself then? Is He more than this to you?'

'Not so often, not so clearly as before,' said the Shastri a little sadly; 'yet He still breathes and lives for me, a clear symbol of the Spirit that informs the worlds!'

'Then, if your conscience allows, let me also at least look at Him.'

The Shastri considered a moment, then his glance swept the vast moonlit sands of the river bed, and passed up the rocks to the pontifical spire that crowned them. He listened, and found silence vast as the empty river.

'Why not?' he said. 'You are a great Swami; you are the disciple of a great Rishi. You too shall look upon the Dancer in His shrine. Wait here, and I will see that all is prepared.'

He went lightly up the rock, and after an interval returned.

'Follow me,' he said. 'Make no noise, for we are breaking a custom, and this must not be known.'

And without more thought of the scandal and the danger these two unworldly seekers climbed the path between the rocks and entered the courtyard of the temple by the gate that looked outward to the open river.

The Swami carefully locked the gate and directed Portall to put off his shoes. He then led his visitor up the steps of the temple into a dark hall of columns, whose delicate carving was faintly lit by the reflection of a shaft of moonlight laid slant across the pavement near the entrance, and of a redder counter-shaft of lamplight thrown from the door of the inner sanctuary at the far end. Again inviting the missionary to follow him, the Shastri led the way into the sacred cell.

A brazen lamp with several wicks, and shaped like a tall candlestick, stood a little aside, and illumined clearly the impassive, abstract features of a fantastic idol of old bronze, about three feet high, which stood on a pedestal at the back of the cell. The figure was poised upon one leg in a vigorous but rhythmical dance posture, the verisimilitude of which was enhanced by the various and responsive spread of its four arms, and by a splendid scroll-work of lifted hair that sprang from either side of the head as far as the great ring of bronze, adorned with graven tongues of flame, by which, as with an immense halo, the whole figure was surrounded; so that the monstrous shadow that loomed and flickered upon the wall above and beyond it might well seem to dance indeed. It was a work that would have quickened the pulse of a connoisseur, a relic, perhaps, of the Chola dominion of the eleventh century in those parts; though the harmony of its proportions, the exactitude of the poise, the sensitive modeling of the extremities, and the beauty and delicacy of the decoration, had no conscious effect upon the missionary's mind, while for the Swami, apart from the endearment of custom, it was enough that the posture and attributes were, in the most obvious sense, 'according to the Shastra.'

With a mixture of horror against which his reason fought, of curiosity, and of a thrilling sense of adventure, the Protestant clergyman regarded the graven image.

'Does He say nothing to you?' cried the Brahmin, looking into the missionary's eyes. 'Do you not behold there the dance of all the worlds that is the sport of God? Look, He carries the moon upon His head, the Ganges springs from His hair; in one hand He holds the fire of renunciation; in another the drum that calls men from the world; another motions fear away from His people; another points to His foot as their sure refuge. I worship the Lord of the Dance,' and he turned and sang to his idol the words of a Sanskrit hymn with passionate devotion.

The sublime imagery of the conception thus expounded, the solemn strangeness of the place and occasion, the enthusiasm of his companion, and the trend of his own thought, drove the last vestiges of native repugnance out of the heart of the missionary, and he stood before the image filled with a sense of reverent inquiry, as of one who has been near to exaltation.

'The sport of God!' He thought of that other picture which he had been taught to worship from his childhood, the picture of God Suffering. Was not this a theme as great as that? Had not men, perhaps, as much need of this as that? Aye, said his conscience, it might be beautiful, helpful even, but was it *true?* And the impious materialism which dogs the European even to the horns of the altar of his religion answered, No.

Portall found that the Brahmin had left him alone in the sanctuary. Very reverently he withdrew, and joined him in the moonlit court. Secretly, as they had come, they opened the door and descended to the sand, neither saying a word. Then, with a spontaneous exchange of that salutation of joined hands as in prayer which the Hindus use among themselves, they parted.

Such candor as this of Portall's, however, is not to be indulged with impunity by mortal men. Having learned to look beyond the fortifications of his native dogmatism, and to inhale the sweeter air of pantheistic speculation, he presently began to remove those fortifications, stone by stone, as unnecessary and insalubrious; until finally the question occurred to him, why he should continue to occupy that isolated site at all. The difference which he had always been taught to maintain between his own and alien faiths lay almost entirely in the validity of its teaching as an account of quasi-historical events in time. When he discovered (as in the course of so searching an inquiry as that upon which he was now embarked he could not but discover) how uncertain, how difficult, these claims were to maintain in the face of science on the one hand (for the Christianity of his particular sect had not even been accommodated to modern science) and of impartial philosophy on the other, he was inevitably led to undervalue even what was left. It speaks much for the spiritual nobility of the man that he could thus see crumble about him all that he had been taught to regard as the reality of his faith, and still keep fast hold of its essentials. The material catastrophe was long in coming, but it came at last; and after a year more of reading, meditation, inquiry, the conversation of the Shastri, and the influence of that visionary and ancient land in the service of which his own middle years were also passing, Portall conceived a wish to renounce the strict profession of his Western creed, and to adopt the calling of such a seeker in spiritual things as is known among Hindus as a Sanyassin.

He placed the scheme, in a purely impersonal form, before the Swami; and when the latter asked him why a man should abandon, for want of a material sign, his own religion for another which had itself nothing more credible of the kind to offer, he remarked that esoteric Hinduism at least did not ground its claims on the validity of such signs. Hinduism nominally does not proselytize; but teachers of many different races have done their share in the development of Indian religion, and Portall believed that he would in time be able to gather, out of the great storehouse of Indian spiritual wisdom, truths of vital import to the world at large.

His resolution, for such in time his wish became, was inevitably not without its tragic side. For the scandal, the thought of which long held him back, the opprobrious terms like 'renegade,' 'apostate,' that he would earn, — 'insults,' as he described them, 'of an impotent bigotry,' — he now cared nothing. 'The scandal,' he declared, 'will do them good.' But exile in any form, and all wandering from the ways and world in which we were brought up and in which our fathers trod before us, are always bitter, at least to the unreasonable soul that makes so large a part of us all; and spiritual exile, even when it can be hidden, not the least bitter. Hardest of all it was, when the time came, to leave the administrative work of the mission, which had flourished exceedingly in his hands; and his schools especially had become a matter of great pride to him, and a source of much good, he knew, to the people at large. But he had not the type or habit of mind that could approve even of the good that was done on what he considered, with whatever justice, to be false pretenses.

On another night of another February, in the same quarter of the moon, but two years after the adventure already related, he turned his back upon the little whitewashed hostel and homestead on the hill and set his face toward the tiara tower that glittered upon the rocky island in the river.

He had not gone far upon the frith of sand before a cry of river birds from the direction of the island heralded the appearance of another wanderer; and in the very centre of the channel he hailed and met the Swami himself. There was a look of steadfast purpose in the eyes of the Swami also. Portall asked him whither he was going.

'My errand was to you, brother,' he replied. 'I was about to come to you on a matter of great moment to me.'

'What was it, brother?'

'I was going to ask you to give me the Christian baptism. I have come to the conclusion that your religion is better than mine.'

For some moments the vast silence of the river bed prevailed. Then the missionary broke it.

'Thus,' he cried, 'does God with one hand grant us our prayer and with the other take away the heart that prompted it. Three years ago, and with what a transport would I have heard you speak those words!'

'Yet grant my request, and do not *you* seek to change the heart that makes it,' said the other with a tranquil smile.

'Why do you desire this thing?'

'Have I not said? The truth is single, but I think your religion is better than ours. I have watched its working, and you also I have watched. Your idols are better than ours. Ours give only consolation to the wise and barren trance, but this Christ that you have imagined, this worker of compassionate miracles, this divine victim slain for the sins of the people, still walks across the world, a teacher and a healer. He has come among us, and I would enroll myself among His followers, and share the merit that is acquired in His name.'

'Would you forsake the truth?'

'What is truth,' said the Brahmin, 'when men are unable to understand it? The truth I can keep, but it must be shown to the world in intelligible shape, such as will command right affection, and bring forth good fruit, like this of yours, the work of your beautiful, invisible idols.'

The missionary considered long. He looked back at the shore; he looked at the temple on the sand-steeped island; he looked at the moonlight glittering like a rod of silver far out upon the living water of the actual river. Then his resolution was taken.

'Our idols are indeed beautiful,' he said, 'but they were made according to old rules long ago; they no longer have the aspect, nor speak the language, of reality. Already in Europe their altars are forsaken; nor can this good work of theirs continue long here unless they be somehow themselves refashioned. No, brother, the world to-day wants new gods, or at least a thorough regeneration of the old. Let us go together into the forest, you and I, and there converse and meditate, and consider what forms and aspects of the truth, as we have known it, may now most clearly and profitably be shown to the world. You shall speak of man that is the Avatar of God, and I of the Son of Man that was the Christ; you of God's dancing, and I of His dying; you of the Transmigration of Souls, and I of the Resurrection of the Body; and we will decide whether to speak the language of this or that old faith refashioned, or of a new one that shall embrace and harmonize the truth, and reject the error of all.'

And the Brahmin said, 'Let it be so.'

So there and then they set out together across the sand, leaving their worldly affairs without a thought, as Jesus required of His disciples of old. They left the village and the mission buildings far behind; they left unvisited the temple on the rock; and as far again beyond they came to the margin of the actual water of the sacred river. Here were spread nets and a bivouac of the fishermen, upon whose wide-eyed astonishment they at length prevailed to give them a passage that very night into the hills that bound the northern horizon, the hills of the great forest country where the Rishis used to dwell.

The world still awaits their return. Providence apparently finds no man indispensable, and it is given to few to carry out, on the scale and plan framed by their own conceit, the task they have set before themselves. Of these two curious and devoted wanderers it may at least be said that if the fame of their departure, which was much noised abroad, be the last news that the world will have of them, it formed in itself a message not unworthy of the hope that led them.

THE CHRIST AND THE BUDDHA[1]

A CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

BY KENNETH J. SAUNDERS

I

He is a bold man who will accept a challenge thrown down by L. Adams Beck and expect readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* to listen. But this I would do. I write in the beautiful city of Kyoto, for more than a thousand years a stronghold of Buddhism, where it can be studied in many attractive forms; and I have just been revisiting Hiei San and Koya San, two great mountain fastnesses where the Indian religion was carefully made over to suit the Japanese.

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[1] Suggested by 'The Challenge,' by L. Adams Beck, in the issue of May 1926. This article deserves a separate reading. — The Editors

Here in Japan, in fact, it has largely become a religion of salvation through faith; and its chief objects of worship are the compassionate Amida and Kwannon. The historic Sakyamuni and his appeal to reason are alike largely forgotten. Little do his followers here think of the fundamental doctrine of Karma, the inherent law of cause and effect, which was taken over by the Founder from earlier Indian thought, and which the writer of the challenge accepts as the essential philosophy of Buddhism. For them religion is rather a matter of comfort in this life, especially at times of sickness and sorrow, and of a life hereafter in some Paradise of the Blest. Popular religion is, in fact, in this Eastern land, very much what L. Adams Beck truly says it is in the West. It has always been so, even in India. I have just been on a pilgrimage of study to the great Buddhist centres: Sarnath, Taxila, Sanchi, Ajanta, Anuradhapura, Borobudur. Here this great faith flourished for a time, evolved new and strange forms, and has left noble monuments to tell its story. Its great pictures in the Caves of Ajanta and its noble sculptures at such places as Sanchi confirm my impressions of it as a living religion in Japan — one that has always thriven, not primarily because of its Indian philosophy, but because it held up to needy men the beautiful legend of the life of Sakyamuni the Compassionate, and of his former lives as animal or man. The painters and sculptors delighted to depict again and again the charming tale of how, as King of the Monkeys, he formed a bridge for his tribe to pass across when, manlike, the King of Benares was shooting them; and they enforced this doctrine of sacrifice for others by another story of him as King of the Elephants, yielding up his tusks to the queen who in a former life had been his jealous mate. As the Prince Vessantara, giving away all that he had — even wife and children — to the needy, he is at last the Ideal Man, ready for Buddhahood. They interpret these old stories as embodying the essence of Buddhism; and the orthodox schoolman, Buddhaghosha of Ceylon, has summed up in a famous phrase this work of salvation: 'More than the ocean has he shed of his blood; more than the stars has he given of his eyes.' Soon the original view that he did this seeking his own salvation gave place to the doctrine that he did it 'out of compassion for the world.'

Buddhism is in fact a religion rather than a philosophy, as it is commonly described by Western scholars. And after twenty years of careful study of it at its best in monastery and village, in literature and life, in art and in action, in southern countries like Ceylon and Burma, and in the Far East, I venture to accept the challenge thrown down in the May 1926 issue of the *Atlantic*.

That this article has much charm and truth in it goes without saying, and with a great deal of it Christians will be found to agree; but clearly they cannot admit its claim that Christ is challenged by Buddha as a guide to truth. Many of us to-day sit lightly to great parts of our Semitic heritage, while we cleave gratefully to the Prophets and Psalmists of Israel and to the belief that God guided that richly dowered people for the spiritual enrichment of us all. Few of us again will be found to argue that Christendom, as it now is, is an eloquent proof of Christianity; and we respond with sympathy to the bitter but just words quoted as from a Chinese writer — even if we suspect him to be an Englishman in disguise. Our record in Asia is dark enough. Yet we are not blind to signs of deepening spiritual life in Christendom and of an underlying idealism which is the fruit of the Christian faith — a discontent with things as they are, and an honest attempt to seek to apply the mind of Christ to our social and political life.

I am not sure that since the days of Asoka, in the third century before Christ, the Buddhist world has seriously attempted to apply the mind of its founder to social and political relations as Christians are to-day seeking to apply the mind of Christ; and it is very certain that here in Japan it is the little Christian Church, poor and small as it is, which is everywhere giving the lead in challenging the powers of militarism and imperialism, and is at work in what one of its leaders calls 'human architecture.' *Before the Dawn,* the novel which describes his experiences in the slums of a great industrial city, has had a record sale; and the example set by such Christian leaders is being followed by Buddhists. Not the least significant expression of the Buddhist revival is a new interest in social service. On Koya San — a centre hitherto remote from the people — I found a monk whom I had met in America and England; he was studying the work of such social centres as Hull House and Toynbee Hall, that he might introduce social service into the sect most noted for its mystical beliefs and magical practices. And thoughtful Asiatics everywhere acknowledge with gratitude that Christians have shown the way, and that the West is full of such service.

The current facile distinction between East and West so common on Indian lips and among admirers of India's great heritage, — of whom I am one, — that the East is spiritual and the West materialist, is surely based on a misconception of two different ideals of the spiritual. I have recently had occasion to challenge Indian audiences with the question whether the League of Nations, the work of tired and harassed men of the West, is not after all a greater spiritual achievement than the Noncoöperation movement. In the West we judge of a spiritual movement by asking what service it renders to humanity; and this practical test is not the least of the gifts which the West has to make to the East. That the West has much also to learn I am convinced.

I fully sympathize with the challenger in her resentment against the patronage of some of our Christian hymns; yet those who believe that they have from Christ a trust must hand it on, and this is at bottom the justification of the missionary movement.

'The Challenge,' while it scarcely mentions either the Buddha or the Christ, is in fact a plea for the Indian philosophy and the Indian ideal as against that which the West has accepted 'from a small Oriental nation in its decadence.' But the West has taken its ideal not only from the Jews, but much more from such Christians as Saint Paul and Saint Augustine, and from their Master; and its rich heritage comes also from Greece and Rome. Each nation has in fact contributed to it, and each age has shaped it until to-day it is very difficult to analyze our ways of thought. Modern science has profoundly modified the ordinary Christian's view of the world he lives in and of God's relation to it. Not many of us believe in a 'Deity who sits above Law and continually interferes with and breaks it.' The view of most of us is that God is immanent in His world, and that He yet transcends it. It comes from Him and moves on to realize His purposes. We tend, in fact, to hold together the two views which 'The Challenge' contrasts.

Those who are not theologians may make this contrast vivid to themselves if they will compare the first part of the striking film play, 'The Ten Commandments,' with the second part. In the first half we have the Semitic view of Jehovah revealing His laws in the thunders of Sinai; in the second half the same laws are shown to be still operative, but in ways more congenial to the modern mind. They are represented as working themselves out in the law of cause and effect. The dishonest contractor builds a shoddy cathedral; it falls in ruins and kills his own mother, and so on. Melodrama, no doubt; but truer to our ways of thought than the splendid drama on Sinai. Yet, as Heine said, 'Jehovah knew his public!' And the public changes from age to age.

Each age has its own modes of thought and its own revelation of God, and ours is in some ways more Indian than Semitic. We think of these laws not as a divine fiat so much as an expression of the divine nature. But we have not got this characteristic modern attitude from India so much as from modern science; and it is perhaps true to say that such Indian thinkers as Sakyamuni anticipated in their religious and ethical thought the great scientific discoveries of our times. They certainly applied the law of cause and effect with splendid and ruthless logic. Are we sure that Jesus had so different a view of His Heavenly Father? When we turn to the Gospels and reëxamine them we shall ask ourselves whether such words as 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father' imply an omniscient mind aloof from the world, or a mind that works in the world. The Fourth Gospel, with its lessons of a Father continually at work, has, as we have seen, approximated to the latter view. And in some of the fragments lately discovered and attributed to Jesus we have such splendid words as 'Lift the stone and I am there. Hew the wood and I am there.' The Kingdom of God was certainly for Jesus a present Reality working in men and things and ultimately to be fulfilled in God's complete triumph. It is 'within' man; it is also already 'in their midst.'

L. Adams Beck represents Christ as accepting the Indian view — transmigration and all — and finds in Him an Authentic Word which, alas! the doctors and theologians straightway neglected, and fatally misinterpreted. Some of them deserve this censure — yet the greatest of them, Saint Paul and his disciple, the Fourth Evangelist, can be seen at work, in those of their writings which have come down to us, at the great task of a cosmic interpretation of Jesus, which in many ways approximates to the Indian view of Reality. He is the indwelling Logos, through whom and in whom and unto whom are all things; the light that lightens all men blazes forth in Him; He is life, and all who are one with Him are sharers in that life. So far, however, as transmigration goes, it is never mentioned except once, in this Fourth Gospel, and here we see Jesus rejecting it as an explanation of the tragedy of the man born blind.

It is true that this Johannine doctrine of the Logos, or Immanent Reason, is at variance with much Semitic thought; yet Saint Paul and Saint John were both Hebrews by birth, and almost every word of the prologue of the Fourth Gospel can be found in the writings of Philo, the Alexandrian Jew. Tempting as it may be to some to vent their dislike of the Hebrews of to-day, — personally I think that America owes a very great deal of her best culture to them, — yet we must in fairness own that there is even in our Semitic heritage a view of God which is not unlike that of the best Indian thought.

There is the Wisdom literature of the Old Testament, for example, to which we owe very much; and there is everywhere the sense that God is just and not arbitrary. To say that 'the

Jehovah of the Jews is a variant of the Allah of the Mohammedans' is an anachronism; and even the Mohammedan has his Sufis, mystics who find Allah in His universe — not outside it.

It is this view which culminates in the Christian doctrine of the Holy Spirit; and the Fourth Evangelist sets this forth in words which have become classical in the Christian Church. A well-known Buddhist author has called the Johannine writings the 'Buddhism in the New Testament.' At a recent Buddhist conference, when a missionary of great sympathy and insight had expounded the prologue as the essence of what Christians believe about God and the world, the great leader of the Buddhist revival in China, Fassu, arose and with a smile exclaimed: 'Now we realize that your Christ is the true Tao (Logos); but,' he went on, with true Chinese humor and logic, 'what is more important is that we incarnate Him in our lives.'

This is the point which the Sermon on the Mount and the Epistles of Saint John kept pressing upon the early Church, and it is this which Christians are more and more realizing to-day. If God is love indwelling in the universe, He is most present where men live together in love. As Shinran, the Japanese Buddhist Wesley, sang in the Middle Ages: 'Thy mind is perfected in us when we shed Thy love upon our fellow men.'

II

Buddhism and Christianity have come to agree in so many things that it is one of the tasks of our time to make it clear in what they differ. The first task of scholarship is necessarily to rediscover the historic Founders. The quest of the historic Jesus has concerned Western scholars for more than a century, and the quest of the historic Sakyamuni is beginning. Perhaps the first step is after all a very simple one. It is to realize that when the early Church acclaimed Jesus as Christ it made the great claim for Him that He was the fulfillment of the Messianic hopes of Israel. It hailed Him as God's Anointed. In the same way, when Gautama is called Buddha it is the acknowledgment by his followers that he is the Awakened — that he is in line with the great seers of the Upanishads. This is an elementary step, but it must be taken before we can get very far in this understanding of the two great figures. The next step is to realize that each great Founder acknowledged the title in his own sense. So revolutionary was the interpretation put upon His Messiahship that His contemporaries killed Him for it. So different was the Buddha's conception of the ultimate Reality to which he had awaked from that of his contemporaries that his teachings soon formed the basis for a new and heretical sect. Buddhism, like Christianity, became a new religion. And both showed in their missionary zeal their sense of this newness. Each was a New Evangel.

Thus the challenge of the Buddha to the Christ is by no means the same as that of orthodox Indian to orthodox Hebrew philosophy. It is rather the challenge of one great 'son of fact' to another. It is the challenge of one type of religious experience to another type. These two Himalayan figures tower above our understanding of them. And yet, by making it clear that the one is in the line of the great Hebrew prophets, the other in the line of the great Indian yogis, their outlines become clearer, even though their summits are still obscured by mist. For Sakyamuni is more than an Indian yogi, and Jesus much more than a Hebrew prophet.

And so the controversy goes on among scholars. The laity can only follow it afar off. Is the Buddha to be reckoned as rationalist or as divinity? This is one great issue lately joined by Dr. Keith of Edinburgh, who finds in him one who deliberately challenged the great gods of India and set himself up as their rival. Or, to turn to the artists, is he the solitary yogi of the great Anuradhapura statue, seated with hands folded and eyes shut in ecstatic contemplation, or is he the Socratic Teacher of other artists, who, with a quizzical smile on his lips and finger and thumb joined in exposition, is driving some unseen disciple to choose the Middle Path? Is he, in fact, the Great Teacher of a middle path between skepticism on the one hand and credulity on the other, as he is between the life of the senses and the life of asceticism? He is no doubt all of these. Like Jesus, he towers above our categories.

And of Jesus what shall we say? Is He the great Ethical Reformer of the Hebrews, or is He the Apocalyptic Teacher? The Church is to-day splitting on the question whether it is to read His strange apocalyptic sayings literally or not; and indeed it has always been splitting on the question of what is poetry and what is prose in this simple yet enigmatic Teacher. The fact remains that His ethic was so revolutionary that it maddened the orthodox. Imagine what they felt at the story of the Good Samaritan. And His apocalyptic teaching was so different from that of His contemporaries that the New Testament itself is divided as to its interpretation. Saint Paul in his earlier epistles takes one view, and another in his later writings; the Fourth Evangelist gets rid of it almost altogether. A great man condemns the world to the task of understanding him; and it is not difficult to sympathize with both Fundamentalist and Modernist Christians; nor with the Buddhists of Ceylon, who find in the Buddha the loving elder brother of mankind and yet accept the view of the Neo-Buddhists that he was the prince of rationalists, who set up reason where faith had been enthroned. Both views are found in the orthodox Pali Canon.

It is also easy to sympathize with those masses of Buddhists who find this rich and complex figure so divine that they are content to call him 'God above the gods.' He has in fact been for great masses a compassionate savior; and if to-day the Christian missionary is right in seeking to replace him by the Christ, what arguments is he to use? He will clearly want to rid himself of that race superiority which the author of 'The Challenge' rightly resents and repudiates. It is utterly unchristian. But he will none the less maintain that the Person of Jesus, with its more distinct outlines, its more passionate love of humanity, its readiness to suffer to the end rather than to compromise with evil, is a wholesome substitute for the beautiful yet vague figures of the Buddhas. The historic Founder is to-day hard to find in most Buddhist lands, and Buddhists, like Hindus, are arrested and attracted by the Christ.

As to the essential nature of its Founder, the Buddhist Church is almost hopelessly divided as to whether he was after all so much the compassionate one as the unpassionate one; one part of it sets up as the moral ideal the arhat, — aloof and cold, — while the other acclaims the bodhisattva, who refuses Buddhahood 'out of compassion for the world.'

III

A religion must be tested ultimately by its ethical ideals; and while there is very much in the gentleness and courtesy of Buddhism which we may well admire and imitate, yet we miss in it that passionate hatred of evil and that shepherdlike care for the needy which is of the essence of Christianity. The Buddhist is bidden in his most orthodox books to stand aloof from a suffering world. The great mass are 'fools,' and he had better not mingle with them.

The Indian ideal of sainthood is an ideal of detachment, as a recent writer in these columns showed very clearly in his wonderful picture of the Saint of Benares: 'Souls are entangled as much by good deeds as by evil deeds,' and the pure one is to be 'like the lotus leaf, from which the drops of water pass lightly away.'

It is no accident that the symbol of Christianity is the cross, with its emphasis upon the suffering love of God, and that the symbol of Buddhism is the lotus unsullied in the midst of slime, or the wheel of the victorious conqueror. Here in the symbolism of the two religions it will become clear, even more than in the titles of the Founders, that they have at bottom two complementary views of the world and two ideals of conduct, but that these views and ideals must ultimately conflict. The Christ accepts the challenge of the Buddha. He claims to fulfill all that is good in the past of His own people, and especially those wonderful ideals of the Suffering Servant, and of the spiritual Messiah who comes to lift up all that are downtrodden, and to open the Kingdom of Heaven to the poor and needy.

And the Fourth Gospel sets Him forth as the Logos, as the light which has been coming continually in all men now fully ablaze. It is the confident claim of the Church that its Lord fulfills Greek and Roman ideals also; and when He is challenged by the Indian concept of an indwelling Reason it becomes clear, as we have seen, that He had such a view. But Jesus refused to allow this view to overcome that other view of His people, that God is greater than His world and transcends it. The ethical teacher cannot forget that a purely immanent view cuts at the root of human personality, just as it destroys that of the divine personality. We are bidden to be perfect, as God is perfect, and this means to realize the ideal perfection of character. We are to think of God as even more sublime and wonderful than the myriad worlds which He has made, and as only adequately expressed in the perfection of human life. He is personal, and we are struggling toward personality. Here, then, is a corrective to any pantheistic world-view; and not the least of its great contributions to human thought is the Semitic emphasis upon personality, which is indeed one of the keynotes of our modern thinking.

If, then, Indian thought reënforces our scientific thinking and affirms the truth of the Logos doctrine, we in turn are helping India to see in the Person of Jesus and in His Gospel of the Kingdom a new world of Reality. He is becoming to Asia, as He became to Greece and Rome, the Touchstone of Truth. To accept One who became the Lord of Greek philosophers and of Roman men of affairs India and Japan may well be proud. The Gospel which won ancient Europe will not be rejected by Asia.

THE BESTIARY

BY LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

Unicorn In pale moon fields the unicorn,
Crowned by his diamond-piercing horn,
Is hunted, though with poor success.
Man's trespass he will not endure;
Woman, to tame him, must be pure.
Alas! This causes awkwardness.

Sea Serpent Through hoary legend and old rhyme
He swims Atlantic tides of time.
Andromeda was once his prey,
And rumor says to Jonah he
Showed depths of hospitality,
And that he sails the blue to-day.

Scapegoat He was the ancient Hebrews' friend
That to the desert they would send
With all their sins for company,
While, good and dull, they stayed behind.
The emissary did not mind:
'Why, these are pleasure trips,' said he.

Salamander About the blacksmith's red forge dance
Elves whom King Francis First of France
Bore on his shield. And, leaping higher,
Around the family hearth they flit.
But men grow bald if on them spit
These glowing scarlet sprites of fire.

Scylla Twelve-footed, with a puppy's whine,
On sea salts only did she dine
(Homer himself has told us this).
Thrusting her six heads through the wave
She snatched up sailors to her cave,
And had for neighbor Charybdis.

Pegasus White-pinioned steed whose flight is far —
To realms beyond the utmost star,
Where is your glory soaring now?

Here lies a feather from your wing;
There, in your hoofprint, flowers spring;
But men have chained you to a plough.

Gargoyle
Cathedrals are the habitat
Of these unlovely creatures that
Perform their sacred office well.
The sins loosed in confessionals
They spout, with water, from the walls,
Ejecting thus both rain and hell.

Herd of Diomedes
Horses that fed on men were these,
Captured by mighty Hercules
In sanguine pasture fields of Thrace.
Then on Arcadian hill and hollow
They roved till wild beasts of Apollo
With redder fangs destroyed their race.

Porphyrion
The webbed and clawed porphyrions
Abode with family skeletons
Because their magic was to know
When wives betrayed, and then they cried
On husbands' bosoms till they died. . . .
They were extinct long, long ago.

Centaurs
Once, through old sacred mountain glades,
Galloped the man-horse cavalcades.
Ixion, their bright sire, then
Wheeled overhead; their dam, the cloud,
Bathed their sleek sides. . . . O base and proud,
Now your sharp hoofs tear hearts of men!

Griffin
This lion-eagle's flaming breast
Guards in the sun his golden nest
And orbs of fire strike thieves dead.
So, to his treasure, men are blind —
Still . . . one or two declare him kind;
Poets can charm him, it is said.

Phœnix
High-eyried on an Eden palm,
His gold wings dripping sweetest balm,
One sings with everlasting breath
Whom Eve sought vainly to entice. . . .
Now, nowhere, save in Paradise,
Dwells Beauty free from taint of death.

THE WITCHES OF ANDILAMENA

BY RALPH LINTON

I

I DOUBT if I ever should have heard of the witches of Andilamena if I had not taken the house on the hill. I wondered at the time why it stood vacant, for it was one of the best in the village, and the rental, three dollars and twenty-five cents a month, was ridiculously low even for the back country of Madagascar. I should have been warned by the owner's eagerness to rent it and by the fact that he hardly bargained at all, but a careful examination showed nothing wrong and it seemed ideal for my purpose. It stood on a slope, so that there was very little mud, and was far enough from the village to give some privacy. Moreover, a single night in the regular rest house had shown that that was out of the question for a month's stay. I still do not understand how its bloodthirsty inhabitants contrived to keep alive between the infrequent visits of white men.

Late afternoon saw me comfortably installed, and when the cook reported that he had found a can of corned beef (United States army stores, age eight years) in the Chinaman's store, I felt altogether at peace with the world. Wishing to take a look around, I strolled up to the crest of the hill, about a hundred yards behind the house. When I reached it I found that it had been leveled off to form a small plateau, on which stood three large tombs. The slope hid these from the house, but I felt sure that I had found the reason for its standing vacant. The natives have a lively fear of ghosts. As the tombs were evidently very old and seemed neglected, I ventured to climb to the top of the highest and seat myself on its fallen memorial stone.

North, east, and south, as far as the eye could reach, there stretched a waste of treeless mountains, banded with bright red and white like agates and overlaid with an iridescent green film where the new grass was springing up after the rains. To the east my hill dropped away almost sheer into a valley many miles wide. Little black antlike things that I knew must be oxen moved ever so slightly on the side of the nearest mountain. Little rice fields, some brown, some green, and some blue with water, made a curious mosaic of the valley floor. A tiny plume of white smoke marked a village, and from miles away I caught the rhythmic flash of the sun on a burnished wooden paddle with which some farmer was beating the sides of his rice stack. To the west lay the lake, ringed by its deep green, mile-wide reed beds. The wind was ruffling the water, so that it looked like a slab of some dull blue-gray stone that has been ground smooth but not polished. In the foreground, outlined with a thin line of white where the waves broke against it, loomed the rocky bulk of the sacred island of the Sihanaka. I had passed near it in a canoe two days before and my paddlers had told of the last stand which their ancestors made there against the all-conquering armies of the Hova king. The Sihanaka fought well, under the eyes of their gods and beside the tombs of their kings, but their nobles were slain and their gods broken, so that they ceased to be a people. No man of their blood ever set foot on the island now. It was given up to the ghosts.

The sun went down with tropical swiftness, the clouds began to glow, the hills took on new and ever-changing colors. Forgetful of everything else, I sat there until the stars came out and the last band of light faded from the lake. As I rose to go I heard an exclamation from somewhere down the slope and the sound of feet running. Some native passing by must have seen my figure against the sky and I laughed, knowing that he probably thought he had seen a ghost.

It had been a long, hard day and we all turned in early. My own bed was set up in the front room; Rabary, my interpreter, had a smaller room running across the right end of the house; and the cook slept in the kitchen. They closed every possible crack in their quarters, for they were civilized enough to have acquired a great fear of night air from the French. I left both my windows open, for I knew that with a people as wild as the Sihanaka there was little chance of theft. I was disturbed a good deal during the night by the hooting of owls. Once, when I was asleep, a call came so loud and close that it awakened me with a jump. I thought one of the birds must have blundered into the room, and got up and lit a light to look for it, but found nothing.

At breakfast I noticed that both Rabary and the cook looked unhappy; both said that they had slept poorly. When I came back from my morning's work in the town there were no signs of dinner, only a small native boy with a message from the cook that he had had to go to see a relative and did not know when he would get back. This meant that he had left for good, forfeiting a week's pay I owed him. It was impossible to get another, and after one or two attempts I gave it up and took my meals with the missionary. When I told Rabary this he asked very earnestly whether the missionary would not have a bed for me as well. He was sure I should be much more comfortable there, and he would stay with a friend in the village. I said I was all right where I was, and thought no more about it.

The second night in the house was a repetition of the first, with the owls very busy, and again I was awakened by a call which seemed to come from inside the room. I did not get up this time, and toward morning the calls quieted down and I fell into a heavy sleep.

It was bright daylight when I awoke, and as I lay half dozing I noticed that some of the papers had fallen from my table to the floor. Then I saw something that brought me up standing. One of the sheets bore the unmistakable print of a rather small, muddy bare foot. I called to Rabary and told him a thief had been there during the night and asked him to help me check up and find what was missing.

He shook his head. 'I think that there are not the things lost,' he said. 'The Sihanaka are a race very *sauvage*. There are not any thieves of here.'

'Well, then,' I asked, 'what the deuce did someone crawl in through my window for?'

'I think it is one *mpamosavy*. I think he wants to make the charms against you or the other things of that sort. One tells me in the village yesterday this is a very bad place for all people after dark. One said the mpamosavy rode the last man here living like a saddle ox one night so that he was soon dead.

I think it is much more better for us to discover a place of sleeping in the village, but if you wish not I will rest here with you. I am a good Christian of many years and I believe not that the mpamosavy spells can make harm to us. I am for three years in Europe and I know it is all foolishness. Also I am now a man old, without wife or child, and I have contrived all arrangements for the final disposal of my properties. I think is it better we go away during the night, but if you stay here I stay here.'

I already knew a good deal about the mpamosavy, the Madagascar counterparts of European witches and warlocks, but I had hardly hoped to meet any of them, for they are usually very shy of interfering with white men. They have the reputation of being expert poisoners, but they never carry weapons on their night expeditions and are quite harmless to those who do not fear their spells. I really felt rather elated at having a chance for a little first-hand experience of them.

At dinner that night I mentioned my visitor to the missionary, and he agreed with Rabary that the invader was probably a mpamosavy. He had been the victim of their attentions himself when he first arrived and had found it hard to keep servants, but the importation of a mixed bulldog and mastiff the size of a well-grown calf had put a sudden stop to their activities. It seemed that the dog was immune to spells and he never accepted food from natives. The missionary had never seen a mpamosavy and said very few people had, even among the natives. It was said that they stripped completely before going out on their night runnings and painted and oiled themselves so that it was impossible to catch or recognize them. They danced upon the tombs, rode cattle, and played all sorts of queer and seemingly purposeless Halloween tricks, but they also sold and administered poisons and would guarantee to get rid of an enemy for you. Like European witches, they often had familiars in the shape of owls, cats, or snakes. In the parts of the island which were Christian they sometimes broke into the churches and performed travesties of the regular service, somewhat like the mediæval Black Mass. In general they had little malice toward the Christians and a rather kindly feeling toward the *vazaha* (Europeans), for the latter had abolished the poison ordeals which took a heavy toll of them in the old days. Their real enemies were the *ombiasy*, or benevolent sorcerers, who knew how to cure their poisons and counteract their spells.

II

It was with something very much like pleasurable anticipation that I settled down to my work that evening. About nine o'clock there came a sharp knock at the door. I opened it, but there was no one there. A few minutes later the same thing happened again. Then Rabary came in from his room looking rather gray around the lips and said that the mpamosavy were trying to pull his shutter open. He had been wakened by its creaking and by the scratching of their nails as they tried to get a grip on it. I pointed out that if they really wanted to enter they could come in through either of my windows, for they were both wide open, but he did not relish the idea and I finally closed and bolted my shutters.

A few moments later Rabary gripped my arm and pointed toward the door, and I saw that the latch was being slowly and noiselessly lifted from the outer side. Then something pressed against the door so hard that it creaked and bulged inward. This was too much, so I went outside and made a thorough search around the house and kitchen, but I found nothing. When I got back Rabary said he had seen a death's head looking in at him through the half-open door. We waited about an hour; then, as there were no further manifestations, turned in and spent the rest of the night undisturbed.

I made a long trip the next day and got back so late that it was nearly ten o'clock before I settled down to list my specimens and write up my notes. I was working with my back toward one of the open windows, and in a pause of the typewriting I was sure that I heard a slight scraping noise on the sill behind me. I turned quickly and thought I caught a glimpse of something white or yellow disappearing at the side of the window, but could not be sure. A few minutes later I heard the gentle scratching again. I did not want to be 'had' a second time, so I typed on for a little while, then stopped, stretched, and took off my shoes. These were of the trench variety, weighing about four pounds apiece, and I knew that they would make excellent missiles. I laid them to the right of my chair, where I could reach them with the minimum motion, and when I heard the scratching again I whirled and let drive with all my force. I distinctly saw something this time and I heard a grunt that made me hope I had scored a hit, but although I got to the window as quickly as I could, there was nothing there. A search next day proved that the enemy had retired in good order, for he had taken the shoe with him.

Nothing happened the next night or the next, and I began to think the incident was closed. Rabary, on the other hand, got more and more nervous. He insisted that the witches would have changed from play to earnest after one of them was hit, and that they were quiet because they were preparing serious trouble and wanted to get us off our guard.

I began to believe him when, on the third morning, he pointed out that someone had smeared our threshold and lintel with oil during the night, for this is a sure sign of an attempt to lay a spell on someone who will pass through the doorway. However, I had more important things to think of, for fate threw a very valuable specimen into my hands.

Early one morning a man came to me apparently laboring under great fear or excitement, and begged me to come with him to see something he had at his house. When we arrived he carefully closed the door and window, and, going to a hiding place under the eaves, drew out a long parcel, which he handed to me and asked me to undo. I found that it contained a four-sided, rapier-like iron instrument nearly five feet long and a polished black cow horn filled with a mixture of little sticks, beads, and bits of silver. I recognized the horn instantly as an *ody* or charm, but the iron instrument was new to me. The owner insisted that I buy both at my own price and seemed to be in a pitiful state of terror, actually shaking all over. He explained that he had become a Christian some months ago, but before that he had been an ombiasy. He had derived his powers as such from the charm and iron stave which I then held, and when he became a Christian he had been at a loss what to do with them. As they had been able to help him before, they were now equally potent to harm him, and the only way for him to escape dire consequences was to find someone who would pay him for them so that they could be formally transferred. He had had a bad spill in the lake the day before, which had brought matters to a head.

I told him that I should be glad to relieve him of them if he would tell me exactly what were their virtues and how they should be used, and I found him more than willing to comply. The ody was of a common sort designed to bring good fortune, but the staff had rarer virtues. It could turn away bullets in battle or render void the most powerful spell, while the lightest touch from it would blast and kill a snake or a witch like a stroke of lightning. It seemed a handy thing to have around the house under the circumstances, and I carried it home concealed in a length of bamboo. Once there, I stood it up in the corner, in plain sight, hoping that some of my native visitors might be able to add new details about its powers.

III

There was an old native man who had half attached himself to my household, dropping in for a chat whenever he passed by and bringing small odds and ends to sell. He was especially captivated by my typewriter and would squat by the hour watching me work it, so I paid no attention to him when I was busy.

This afternoon he came in and was just settling down against the wall when the staff caught his eye. He gave a smothered ejaculation and stood up hastily, drawing his mantle across his mouth, then started for the door. When I rose he retreated to the far side of the room, trembling violently, and as I came toward him he fell flat and seized me by the ankles, a most unpleasant sensation. With his face on my shoes he began to talk rapidly. As my Malagasy was not equal to the occasion, I called in Rabary, who interrogated him for some time. What he said was briefly this: —

He admitted that he was a mpamosavy and begged me not to kill him. He would do anything I wished if I would put my staff away and promise not to hurt him. He would never have made spells against me if he had known that I had it. He and the other mpamosavy would never have thought of interfering with a vazaha if one of their number had not seen me walking about on a tomb in the twilight. From this they had concluded that I must be a mpamosavy myself and they were sure of it when they heard that I wanted to buy charms. They thought I must have come to Madagascar to increase my powers, just as they themselves liked to get charms from other tribes. Everybody knew such charms were stronger than one's own. The tombs on the little plateau behind my house were one of their favorite dancing places, and the owl calls I had heard on the first and second nights of my stay were meant to let me know that they were about and to invite me to come out and join them. On both nights one of them had come into my room through the window and given a call beside my bed, to make quite sure I heard. By the third night they had concluded that I could not be a mpamosavy after all and had tried to frighten me in a spirit of mischief rather than spite. My indifference had annoyed them and after the affair of the shoe they turned spiteful. They did not like to have anyone living so near the scene of their night revels, and as their tricks had failed to drive me away they had begun to make spells against my health and business.

My captive's work had been to smuggle malevolent charms into my house, and I do not doubt that during much of the time he was squatting near me, ostensibly watching me at work, he had really been repeating spells against me. When I threatened him with the staff he began to unearth charms from various hiding places in the room. One, some herbs tied up in a scrap of red cloth, had been put behind some maps in a corner. Another, which seemed to be mostly a mixture of castor oil and honey, had been smeared under the edge of my table. The most curious had been thrust under a loose board beside the door. It was a knot formed by two intertwined tendrils. Such knots are commonly used as love charms, but can also be made to breed discord if prepared with the proper spells. This one was designed to cause quarrels between myself and my interpreter.

When he insisted that all the charms had been removed I began to question him about the general activities of the mpamosavy and he talked quite freely, even giving some information about the manufacture and use of poisons. When I tried to get at the beliefs underlying their black magic, however, I found myself against a blank wall. The only explanation he would or could give was that all mpamosavy did certain things and would not be mpamosavy if they did not. Even the custom of dancing on tombs was explained by the same formula.

I gave it up at last, as it was growing late, and turned to arrangements for the future. It was plain that the man would prove a mine of information and I dealt gently with him, promising not to hurt him or tell his neighbors that he was a wizard. In return he promised to give me a good collection of witch charms, to see that the witches left me alone in future, and to return my shoe. To ensure the carrying out of his part of the contract I took a lock of his hair and the dust from the floor under his right foot. As magicians we both knew that with these I could work his destruction, body and soul, if he played me false. At parting I gave him a little money to soothe his wounded pride, and he seemed quite cheerful and even ventured to boast a little of his powers. He promised to return in three days, that length of time being required for the making of certain charms he would bring.

The next morning I found the shoe outside my door, but by noon I was down with one of those short but violent attacks of fever that make Madagascar so dangerous to white men. I have only a hazy recollection of what happened during the next three or four days, but I seem to remember a visit from several natives and that they stood outside the door and talked for some time. When the fever had broken, Rabary told me that the people in the village had been very much afraid that I should die and that the government would punish them if I did. When I was able to work again I sent for the wizard, and when he did not come I went to his house. The door was unfastened, but there was no one there and the ashes of his cooking fire were quite cold. None of his neighbors could tell me anything about him. At last I called on the headman of the village and asked him if he knew where the man was.

'Nobody knows,' he said. 'He has gone away.'

'It is strange,' I said, 'that he did not take his clothes with him.'

'Yes, it is strange,' he agreed. 'But perhaps he does not need them.'

MERCURY

BY D. H. LAWRENCE

It was Sunday, and very hot. The holiday makers flocked to the hill of Mercury, to rise two thousand feet above the steamy haze of the valleys. For the summer had been very wet, and the sudden heat covered the land in hot steam.

Every time it made its ascent, the funicular was crowded. It hauled itself up the steep incline, which toward the top looked almost perpendicular, the steel thread of the rails in the gulf of pine trees hanging like an iron rope against a wall. The women held their breath, and did n't look. Or they looked back toward the sinking levels of the river, steamed and dim, far-stretching over the frontier.

When you arrived at the top, there was nothing to do. The hill was a pine-covered cone, paths wound between the high tree trunks, and you could walk round and see the glimpses of the world all round, all round: the dim far river plain, with a dull glint of the great stream, to westward; southward the black, forest-covered, agile-looking hills, with emerald-green clearings and a white house or two; last the inner valley, with two villages, factory chimneys, pointed churches, and hills beyond; and north the steep hills of forest, with reddish crags and reddish castle ruins. The hot sun burned overhead, and all was in steam.

Only on the very summit of the hill there was a tower, an outlook tower; a long restaurant with its beer garden, all the little yellow tables standing their round discs under the horse-chestnut trees; then a bit of a rock garden on the slope. But the great trees began again in wilderness a few yards off.

The Sunday crowd came up in waves from the funicular. In waves they ebbed through the beer garden. But not many sat down to drink. Nobody was spending any money. Some paid to go up the outlook tower, to look down on a world of vapors and black, agile-crouching hills and half-cooked towns. Then everybody dispersed along the paths, to sit among the trees in the cool air.

There was not a breath of wind. As you lay and looked upward at the shaggy, barbaric middle world of the pine trees, it was difficult to decide whether the pure, high trunks supported the upper thicket of darkness, or whether they descended from it like great cords stretched downward. Anyhow, in between the tree-top world and the earth world went the wonderful clean cords of innumerable proud tree trunks, clear as rain. And as you watched you saw that the upper world was faintly moving, faintly, most faintly swaying, with a circular movement, though the lower trunks were utterly motionless and monolithic.

There was nothing to do. In all the world there was nothing to do, and nothing to be done. Why have we all come to the top of the Merkur? There is nothing for us to do.

What matter! We have come a stride beyond the world. Let it steam and cook its half-baked reality below there. On the hill of Mercury we take no notice. Even we do not trouble to wander and pick the fat blue sourish bilberries. Just lie and see the rain-pure tree trunks like chords of music between two worlds.

The hours pass by, people wander and disappear and reappear. All is hot and quiet. Humanity is rarely boisterous any more. You go for a drink; finches run among the few people at the tables; everybody glances at everybody, but with remoteness.

There is nothing to do but to return and lie down under the pine trees. Nothing to do. But why do anything, anyhow? The desire to do anything has gone. The tree trunks, living like rain, they are quite active enough.

At the foot of the outlook tower there is an old tablet stone with a very much battered Mercury in relief. There is also an altar, or votive stone, both from the Roman times. The Romans are supposed to have worshiped Mercury on this summit. The battered god, with his round sun head, looks very hollow-eyed and unimpressive in the purplish red sandstone of the district. And no one any more will throw grains of offering in the hollow of the votive stone: also common, purplish-red sandstone, very local and un-Roman.

The Sunday people do not even look. Why should they? They keep passing on into the pine trees. And many sit on the benches, many lie upon the long chairs. It is very hot in the afternoon, and very still.

Till there seems a faint whistling in the tops of the pine trees, and out of the universal semiconsciousness of the afternoon arouses a bristling uneasiness. The crowd is astir, looking at the sky. And sure enough, there is a great flat blackness reared up in the western sky, curled with white wisps and loose breast feathers. It looks very sinister, as only the elements still can look. Under the sudden weird whistling of the upper pine trees there is a subdued babble and calling of frightened voices.

They want to get down, the crowd wants to get down off the hill of Mercury before the storm comes. At any price to get off this hill! They stream toward the funicular, while the sky blackens with incredible rapidity. And as the crowd presses down toward the little station the first blaze of lightning opens out, followed immediately by a crash of thunder, and great darkness. In one strange movement the crowd takes refuge in the deep verandah of the restaurant, pressing among the little tables in silence. There is no rain, and no definite wind, only a sudden coldness which makes the crowd press closer.

They press closer, in the darkness and the suspense. They have become curiously unified, the crowd, as if they had fused into one body. As the air sends a chill waft under the verandah, the voices murmur plaintively, like birds under leaves, the bodies press closer together, seeking shelter in contact.

The gloom, dark as night, seems to continue a long time. Then suddenly the lightning dances white on the floor, dances and shakes upon the ground, up and down, and lights up the white striding of a man, lights him up only to the hips, white and naked and striding, with fire on his heels. He seems to be hurrying, this fiery man whose upper half is invisible, and at his naked heels white little flames seem to flutter. His flat, powerful thighs, his legs white as fire, stride rapidly across the open, in front of the verandah, dragging little white flames at the ankles, with the movement. He is going somewhere, swiftly.

In the great bang of the thunder the apparition disappears, the earth moves, and the house jumps in complete darkness. A faint whimpering of terror comes from the crowd, as the cold air swirls in. But still, upon the darkness, there is no rain. There is no relief: a long wait.

Brilliant and blinding, the lightning falls again; a strange bruising thud comes from the forest, as all the little tables and the secret tree trunks stand for one unnatural second exposed. Then the blow of the thunder, under which the house and the crowd reel as under an explosion. The storm is playing directly upon the Merkur. A belated sound of tearing branches comes out of the forest.

And again the white splash of the lightning on the ground; but nothing moves. And again the long, rattling, instantaneous volleying of the thunder, in the darkness. The crowd is panting with fear, as the lightning again strikes white, and something again seems to burst, in the forest, as the thunder crashes.

At last, into the motionlessness of the storm, in rushes the wind, with the fiery flying of bits of ice, and the sudden sea-like roaring of the pine trees. The crowd winces and draws back, as the bits of ice hit in the face like fire. The roar of the trees is so great, it becomes like another silence. And through it are heard the crashing and splintering of timber, as the hurricane concentrates upon the hill.

Down comes the hail, in a roar that covers every other sound, thrashing ponderously upon the ground and the roofs and the trees. And as the crowd surges irresistibly into the interior of the building, from the crushing of this ice fall, still amid the sombre hoarseness sound the tinkle and crackle of things breaking.

After an eternity of dread, it ends suddenly. Outside is a faint gleam of yellow light, over the snow and the endless débris of twigs and things broken. It is very cold, with the atmosphere of ice and deep winter. The forest looks wan, above the white earth, where the ice balls lie in their myriads, six inches deep, littered with all the twigs and things they have broken.

'Yes! Yes!' say the men, taking sudden courage as the yellow light comes into the air. 'Now we can go!'

The first brave ones emerge, picking up the big hailstones, pointing to the overthrown tables. Some, however, do not linger. They hurry to the funicular station, to see if the apparatus is still working.

The funicular station is on the north side of the hill. The men come back, saying there is no one there. The crowd begins to emerge upon the wet, crunching whiteness of the hail, spreading around in curiosity, waiting for the men who operate the funicular.

On the south side of the outlook tower two bodies lay in the cold but thawing hail. The dark blue of the uniform showed blackish. Both men were dead. But the lightning had completely removed the clothing from the legs of one man, so that he was naked from the hips down. There he lay, his face sideways on the snow, and two drops of blood running from his nose into his big, blonde, military moustache. He lay there near the votive stone of the Mercury. His companion, a young man, lay face downward, a few yards behind him.

The sun began to emerge. The crowd gaped in dread, afraid to touch the bodies of the men. Why had they, the dead funicular men, come round to this side of the hill, anyhow?

The funicular would not work. Something had happened to it in the storm. The crowd began to wind down the bare hill, on the slippery ice. Everywhere the earth bristled with broken pine boughs and twigs. But the bushes and the leafy trees were stripped absolutely bare, to a miracle. The lower earth was leafless and naked as in winter.

'Absolute winter!' murmured the crowd, as they hurried, frightened, down the steep, winding descent, extricating themselves from the fallen pine branches.

Meanwhile the sun began to steam in great heat.

DOOMSDAY

A SAGA OF TO-DAY

BY CARL CHRISTIAN JENSEN

I

When my legs dangled on a rough church bench in my childhood, and the preacher implored the Holy Ghost to 'fill' his flock, things beyond nature were revealed to me. For something unearthly crawled into my legs and hung on like frost, with a thousand tiny fingers, growing dead heavy. This something never did fill all of my body, — I always feared that it might, — only my legs. And when I limped out of church it sank to my toes like sediment and simmered out peacefully.

After that time I grew aware of other wonders. A dozen times I eluded sudden death. I lived my days of adolescence brimmed with bliss. I found a mate, sound as her native soil. And I learned that chance had won me more than my ancestral share of wealth: brawn, blessed by the great goodness of nature; brains enough to catch a truth or two on the wing; and the greatest of all, because a universe in miniature, blood that could 'feel' beauty. My feelings floated in my veins. Yet in the narrow sense I gave neither God nor Devil any credit. My anchor was held by many million chains.

Once I had failed to find God — at eighteen, during a raging spring fever. 'Too large an order! God is the universe,' a friend whispered. 'Too small an order! There is no God,' roared another. 'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein!' a third quoted. 'A child's a functional fool,' snarled a fourth. 'The purest of poetry!' murmured my blood.

As I grew older I came to love the church, save when hymns were sung like jazz, or when the house of God was built of spruce, or when the man of holy orders was very young and raw with tonsilitis. I even joined a church; though I never grew so intimate as did my friends with God and

Devil. And I was flustered. Resolved on finding God, though He had once declined to come to me, I set out for an unknown world, eagerly as when I ran away to sea seven years before.

My flight from earth began the spring Margaret took year-old Junior East. Home was hell without her. Restlessly I walked the rounds of the rooms, patting the furniture as I would her little hand. And I lost my appetite and relished nothing save sorghum and pancakes. A mountain slide starts with a pebble. Who can tell whether pancakes were not the prime cause of my flight from earth? Our young Saint Bernard, Fenris, which poor Cameille had given Margaret, died.

When later at college I veered off to other poles, — even becoming an intolerant atheist, — a noted Dante scholar called me 'a rolling stone that gathers no moss.' And a fellow of Norse and Gothic nicknamed me 'Peer Gynt.' They were both wrong. I was more of a Brand, crying, 'All or nothing!' And I gathered moss a plenty, till a mountain toppled over. I was a Brand, but plus and minus. For I ducked when I saw the mountain coming.

There were other causes, beside the pancakes, for my fierce fanaticism. Yet even a raindrop cannot be fathomed fully until the universe is fathomed. And like all reasons, few and simple, which retrace the winding path of truth, my own, no doubt, are 'rationalizations' — a useful word of science, and a hideous word that stings my ears, eyes, and larynx.

Mathematics had already pushed me beyond nature by depicting events long ago dead, such as a solar eclipse ages back above a famous battlefield, and by predicting things before they occur, such as the nothingness of matter at absolute zero temperature.

My work pushed me very near the unknown world beyond nature. The X-ray was starting to split the atom. And among the country's master mechanics I drew and designed huge, powerful X-ray machines. Daily I juggled with a hundred thousand volts, once with a full million, and played with my own bone shadows — from those embracing a gland within my cranium to those which the Holy Ghost of my childhood clutched in my feet.

My work took me to a scientific laboratory and to several medical centres and private clinics, where I found the scientist, whose craving for new knowledge was contagious. I fear that I have angered many a wife during supper, when doctor and I were tossing our thoughts upon swift Tesla waves. These great Americans treated me as they would their equal. Healers, teachers, preachers, they were, healing the sick, teaching man the safest road to life, and preaching about a vast unknown world.

Everywhere I found a milestone pointing toward the mystery beyond nature. At an institution for the insane near Chicago I saw and heard the restless mind grope in a morass of 'telepathic thought,' 'revenge by radio,' 'God's eternal wrath.' My own thoughts and feelings found excuses to set sail for unknown shores. My will became a bundle of subtle deceptions that furnished me with passport as delusions did these inmates.

Above all else my desire for higher learning drove me out again. But I dared not foster my longing for college until Margaret began to encourage me. In the old country, only nobility and clergy rose to such heights. I sprang from the lowest layer, where a trade ranked and was a climb because of its long apprenticeship.

Before my flight from earth I had planned on electrical engineering. I wanted so badly to grasp the mystery which from the day at fourteen, when

I was lineman with my father on the coast of Jutland, had filled me with awe. For until I cut the first metal wire that we strung I had believed a telephone line was but a hollow speaking tube. This mystery had drawn me into serving years as electrician apprentice, had lured me through the night life of Manhattan's power houses and through Cooper Union's laboratories, and had drawn me close to my experimental bench and drafting table in Chicago.

My adventure was wide in scope, peddling Doomsday books through the West, hibernating within a Doomsday seminary, hurling fire and brimstone at lumberjacks. And these were useful prerequisites for the State University. For the first secured us rent, tuition, books, during my freshman year; the second gave me seven out of fifteen precious high-school credits needed; and the third trained my tongue to persuade the registrar to give me a trial. Mathematics and physics I had at my finger tips. I tutored co-eds. Blueprints of modern X-ray machines I offered the registrar in lieu of high-school credits; also parchments of three years' apprenticeship from firms in Manhattan; also a scrawly note from a skipper with the word 'sobriety' twice underlined, — for reasons good and true, — and endorsed by an old chief of my stoker days and by a consul somewhere in the Caribbean. Lucky for me that italics are used for emphasis as well as irony. For the last credential filled the gap — unless it was the verbal one, still of the future: 'Medical missionary to China.'

But I am running ahead of my story. My growth had really been quite logical until Margaret went East. I was then efficiency expert at an electrical plant, timing human motion in fractions of a second, and reducing the fraction. One noon when the whistle blew I smashed my stop watch vehemently against the factory floor amid a group of girls. Two hours later, at a down-town rooming house, a man interviewed me. At night I set out with his crew of magazine canvassers, swamping the towns of old Illinois.

II

'Junior is dying of summer complaint. Come at once. — Margaret'

'He is not dying, darling. Please come West,' I wired back, with fare as far as the Mississippi. His viscera revolted against the heat and sudden weaning. Two days later we rushed him to a sanitarium supplied with saintly nurses. Margaret stayed at his bedside night and day, struggling with death and aiding life in his little body. I slept on a slab in the baths.

The patients there were mostly worn-out farmers, whom the nurses rejuvenated by ice, steam, and water baths, and by kneading their muscles in creams, soaps, salts, and powders. I gave a hand scrubbing the stiff old men, and learned some of the arts of hydrotherapeutics.

A night nurse was pondering over a Greek testament — a young Sister with a voice like Margaret's and eyes like Joan of Arc's. She told me that Doomsday was close at hand; she could prove it mathematically. And mathematics appealed to me — a penniless stranger, stranded with a young wife and a dying child. The magazine canvassing had been a crooked game. A sheriff arrested the manager for pocketing subscription money.

By dawn the night nurse had proved that the day of doom was fast approaching. She was skillful, like my teacher at Cooper Union, both hands working pencils simultaneously at left and right of the equation. Doomsday was at hand. The old historic prophecy grew plain as fact. She showed me the formula in King James: —

'457 B.C. + 2300 years + threescore and ten = DOOMSDAY.'

And there were many other numbers: days and weeks, months and years, times and generations, hours even. How all pointed to that fatal day! And there was the 'number of wisdom' of Revelation xiii, 'Six hundred threescore and six,' which none, not even poor Cameille, could 'count.' But her answer to this passed judgment upon one of the Holy Fathers, whose picture, for æsthetic reasons and because it resembles Cameille, at present hangs in my library.

'VICARIVS FILII DEI' was his title. She scribbled the Latin phrase down on paper. 'Count the Roman numerals of that title,' she whispered like an oracle through the quiet summer night. And thrills ran down my spine at the harmony of numbers.

I began to peddle five-dollar Doomsday books in tooled morocco. A country doctor, whose old obsolete X-ray machine I revived, was the first to buy the book. He was hilarious, inviting me to lunch and taking me to his attic to show me a pickled corpse which he was writing a book about.

The next to buy was a young farmer, who was laid up with 'rheumatics.' I massaged him as I had seen the nurses do the patients, punching his bones and squeezing dirt out of his joints and knuckles. I buttered his skin for lack of cold cream and rolled and pinched his muscles. I scoured his flesh from neck to toes with sand and salt and scrubbing brush. Soap was scarce, and he had not been washed for moons. I flushed him with well water and rubbed him with wheat sacks — empty ones, of course. His rheumatism vanished that very day.

While I held up another farmer his mare leaped over a fence and got part of a fence post into her thigh. With a halter I hoisted one of her legs up under her belly, crawled beneath, and with my razor sliced out the sliver, sewing up the wound with a fish line. And the owner bought my book.

Farm hands who at night slept beside me — and in heavy underwear — bought the book with a smile and a cheer of good luck. I helped with the chores at dawn.

Whether I found a prim bride in her kitchen, cooking, or a picturesque old farmerette, milking barefoot in the barn, a word of praise brought added beauty into her eyes and opened her heart and pocketbook. The women looked up to me with reverence, for I was to be a missionary. One woman who had a passion for confessing clung to me. The sale of the Doomsday book was at stake. Gently, like a shy girl, I freed myself.

Farmers and townspeople along the Mississippi, and west through Iowa, treated me as though I were Saint John of Patmos. They offered me their best top buggy, riding pony, flivver, bicycle, once even a launch. The Doomsday book sold. I had never in my young life seen so much money. Each week I saved fifty dollars. Yet I should have disliked the canvassing trade if I had peddled dime novels or stereoscope sets or pictures of Washington crossing the Delaware. Money came rolling too easily, as in a poker game among drunks. But I was on a mission, zealously warning the Western farmer. The book had led many a man to sell his farm and go preaching.

I suddenly began to embrace the globe. Doomsday was not pigeonholed because of my fortune. China should know the formula too, while it was yet time. I was in dead earnest in preparing myself and family for the mission field. At the seminary a short course in Doomsday mathematics! Then off to

China trumpeting! And Margaret was game, though she insisted — and wisely so — on my becoming a 'medical' rather than a 'Doomsday' missionary. This would mean the university.

Junior survived. And sixteen weeks from that day in Chicago when I smashed my stop watch we were headed for a seminary located in a fertile Minnesota valley.

III

The Doomsday seminary was a cloister-like building. Its basement was used for laundry, kitchen, dining room; its first floor for office, classrooms, chapel; its second floor for the women's dormitory, and its third for the men's. A farm of thirty pure-bred cows, bathed twice a day, supplied food for two hundred ascetic men and women.

The Bible teacher there was a Lincoln-like graybeard, married to a very young girl suffering from heart trouble. He carried her to chapel in his arms. He was the author of a pamphlet that I memorized from cover to cover, in which he traced the scattered seed of Adam through Biblical generations and up through all the races of earth. But beside being an historian he was a Doomsday mathematician of repute. When he placed a thumb upon a prophecy, and words broke through his beard, Doomsday loomed. It was strange indeed, I thought, that so few people knew of the world's end, though the doctrine was American and had sprung out of New England soil a whole century before.

The teacher of music was a violinist blind from birth. He taught me hymns on the organ and Margaret minuets on the piano. He groped for my fingers on the keyboard until I felt creepy. When I failed to get the tempo right, his grunts of agony sapped my energy. And I came out of the music room sweating. Margaret quit him. 'Too much finger trouble,' she said. Yet he was a great musician.

I found a gentle doctor from Heidelberg there, with pearly teeth, rosy cheeks, strong blue eyes, a curly beard, and a succulent voice and language. He and his wife were fond of literature, German and English. He was the first to cultivate my taste for the literary arts. And the more orthodox faculty members were not a little disturbed about his worldly influence on me.

We arrived a fortnight early, in the midst of the canning season, and found the teachers busy rinsing, boiling, and sealing the students' winter 'grub,' and wheeling it into huge cellars. No work was too menial for these saints. We adored them from the start. Especially did we love the president. He was a baldheaded philosopher, small of stature like Zacchæus, and, like him, acrobatic. He climbed the cellar stairs on his hands swifter than Margaret on her feet. And he had always time to play, though Doomsday was near. For he worked twice as fast as his spiritual siblings. Yet he was never frivolous.

On a limb of an oak a swing was suspended, upon which one noon he and Margaret faced each other. They swung so high that I gasped. They might whirl around the limb. 'Higher!' shouted Margaret. The rope burst. They flew through the air, arms spread like divers, and vanished behind a privet hedge. And they returned stained, not with blood, but with tomatoes. On my shoulder Junior bounced with joy. 'Higher!' he shouted.

This man ran the seminary like a clock. Students and teachers alike chummed with him. From seven in the morning until eleven at night he drove us. And we never grew tired of toiling. For he worked harder than any and 'performed' while he worked. If

Doomsday had come he might have entertained the heavenly host.

Margaret grew popular at once because of her skill in vegetarian cooking. Where had she ever learned that? She was cook of the canning party. I found work also before the students arrived. I mopped floors, cleaned windows, tore down walls to make classrooms larger, nailed up a metal ceiling in the laundry and kitchen, doctored droplights in a hundred dormitory rooms, shortened the chandeliers in the chapel to even out the light, and installed washing machines for the two hundred students, who I soon found were as cleanly as angels.

The president gave me a hand. His rickety ladder 'stepped' while he stood on the top rung, stretching on tiptoe. He painted more ceiling than I. In my eagerness to beat him I spilled a quart of white lead. The dear old fellow chuckled and never so much as frowned. And he rinsed jars by the thousand, and gave Margaret a whole gross, and tomatoes and crab apples to fill them, besides twenty bushels of potatoes. He granted me a full year's free tuition, and paid me forty dollars in cash, and called us 'a pair of perfect gophers.'

And he never took the matron to account when she smuggled a jar of jam and a dozen of fresh eggs down to our two-room flat above the millinery shop on Main Street. She was very fond of Margaret and too wise to discuss Doomsday. No one knew what she believed. The jam and the eggs did all her preaching.

The students were past the twenties, some in the forties and fifties. They were shy and awkward, yet always on the watch for a Doomsday debate. And they were sly and cunning when they argued. None could rouse their ire. Bible debating was their sport. They told of their debates with men of other faiths as a soldier would about his battles.

At chapel some would whimper, greatly disturbed that they might lose out on Doomsday. Unlike the 'bums' of the Bowery mission, they did not brag of their sins. It would be a close competition even for the purest of saints. Slightly more than one eighth of a million would be chosen on the great day. This prophecy puzzled me. For what was the use, then, of my spreading the Doomsday doctrine among China's half a billion heathen?

After the seminary started its regular schedule the students did two hours' manual labor daily. And the distribution went as smoothly as in a beehive. Each teacher had charge of a group and completed the work assigned him. The manager of the farm headed the squads that dug potatoes, cut sorghum stalks, bathed and milked the cows, cleaned the barns. The president himself ran a repair shop, printing shop, business office. There were squads for cooking and mopping, sewing and laundry work, painting and blacksmithing, building sheds and barns, breaking new land. The women worked for the matron.

Beside being house electrician I was official architect, drawing up plans for a much needed Greater Doomsday Seminary, which to-day stands strong and massive, but 'for sale.' At two bits an hour I also made mechanical drawings for a fellow student, who — Doomsday or no Doomsday — believed himself the inventor of *mobile perpetuum.*

IV

During the Indian summer of Minnesota we wandered through woodland, enchanted by a thousand gorgeous tints and hues. And as fall advanced we speared black bass through thin ice in the river rushes. When snow fell we bobsleighed down the mile-long seminary hill. And on mild winter nights we skated on the mill dam with Junior packed in a beer box.

Beside all our friends at school we found good friends in the village. A grizzly farm hand, whom I met at the village library, paid us weekly visits with lollipops for Junior and Margaret, and Thomas Paine, Thomas Huxley, and Thomas Browne — always doubting Thomases — for me. His own name was Tomas Tomassen. Margaret grew intimate with a lovely girl of her own age, who was somewhat ostracized for having been betrayed by her sister's husband. Junior and Franz played together. When the grandmother butchered a pig she sent us pickled pig's feet and blood bologna. And I would nibble at these favorite dishes of my childhood, though this was a cardinal sin, since pork and blood were taboo, according to Leviticus.

The house we lived in was the oldest on Main Street. Within the woodshed we discovered a well, clean enough for washing. A neighbor's pump supplied us with water safe enough for cooking. For drinking I fetched butter milk by the bucket, thick with floating butter lumps. Once a week the surplus from a dairy flooded Main Street. A land 'flowing with milk and honey.'

At country clearings I found fuel. Farmers even paid me for pulling shrubs. A penny for each root they paid. One single day I pulled as many as two hundred roots; but then I began at four in the morning. When I hauled a trainload of soft coal from depot to seminary, the president once gave me a wagonful. It was then thirty-five below zero. Our potatoes froze hard as rock. I split them with an ice pick. And our precious jars of tomatoes began to burst.

We loved our little home best when the real northwestern winter came. One room was small but lofty, and filled with winter forage. The other was just the reverse, very large but lowly, — it was not designed for tiptoeing, — and furnished in saintly simplicity for an ascetic Doomsday family. A single cot — we slept spoon-fashion and Junior rocked on my chest — slunk elusively along the southern wall. A kitchen table, long-legged, wabbly, and calf-like, leaned against the western wall. An old ten-dollar organ, on which I practised hymns and Margaret minuets, stood against the northern wall, broad and important, and with its two square bellows pedals protruding like peasant feet. If we stepped on one the organ growled, even without our touching the keys. Against the eastern wall, and used in lieu of chairs, lay a flat trunk of clothes and a box of books, salvaged by Chicago friends the day the landlord dumped our worldly goods on the sidewalk.

A trio of wood, coal, and oil stoves stood at attention in the centre. Margaret called them 'the Trinity.' She had bought them from a student and his bride of a week, who to-day are missionaries in China. Sixty-five cents she paid. And the name stuck, even through our college years. For one was a zealous sheet-iron blazer, another was a meek, warm-hearted cannon heater, and the third was a burner for cooking, with a wick and a tank and a warning which we ignored once too often: 'Do not fill when burning.'

During long winter nights in this, our 'holiest of all,' we watched Junior grow. At birth he had been a bundle of body tissue. At eighteen months he was two bundles; and one was made up of loud thoughts and feelings. His words became flesh, or his flesh became words — I knew not which. He turned into a living soul, or a living soul turned into him — I knew not which. He became a child within a child.

The energy he had, despite his recent

illness! He followed me into the woodshed, where his one little hand clung to my knee and the other helped me heave a bucket of water, while he leaned over the well to watch the spill dribble. He crawled through a neighbor's bramble hedge, where a mastiff with slavering flews leaped at him. Ever after I was sure the Lord of Heaven dropped a brick at my feet that very moment.

A bearded student took him cow-riding from the pasture; and twice he climbed over the Holstein horns, down into the drinking trough. I tied a halter round his waist so that I might worship God in peace at chapel times and let him play in a classroom; but he crawled down a ventilator, almost hanging himself. He found the seminary's coal hole — I shiver at the memory. And while Margaret was busy at the school farm, cooking for an outside threshing crew, he caused the only Doomsday stir of the year by exploring the crowded classrooms.

V

I was a rover like Junior, and, like him, in search of the unknown, sensitive to outside things and strong enough to stand the strain of change. I was a babe unfolding and grew aware of a mystery within. What were the *soul* and the *spirit?* What were *thought* and *feeling?* But I was not ready to explore the world within.

An idyllic Western village; a bucolic landscape of farms and pasture, hills and forests, lakes and rivers; the dizzy prairie star in frost — these were new things that took hold of my heart and pulled. Vegetarian food, potatoes and tomatoes, and a huggable mate whom I dared not kiss because of my Doomsday phobia — these were things that made my spirit flighty. Suddenly I was jerked back to mediæval times, to a monklike life among ascetic brethren in a crowded cloister, to early speculations and naïve theology, to fantastic formulæ and discarded doctrines. My feet lost their grip on mother earth. I soared beyond the prairie star, centuries behind the X-ray and stop watch. My eye was turned *out* and *up*, not *in* and *down*. But my inner world remained sound, unexplored till the time should arrive when I was strong enough to make my final voyage, and succeed by finding, not God, but myself.

As the winter crept on I grew more fanatic, even raising a beard to look like other brethren. Sabbath was kept religiously from sunset to sunset. But our sunset vespers never began on the dot; for Margaret could not keep track of the sun, which went down earlier and earlier before Christmas and later and later after Christmas. She would be washing the floor the very moment that the sun's edge began to disappear. And it was a race between the two, the sun always winning. The next night at sunset vespers — Margaret called it 'sun worship' — she would watch the horizon and even begin to pick up dishes that had piled up from the previous night. As the sun vanished she leaped at her work, chuckling at my mild exhortations. Then she tickled my chin coquettishly and sang a parody of a Doomsday hymn: 'If only thou wouldst eat a bloody beefsteak.' And she would dance a teasing gypsy dance to celebrate the passing of Sabbath, risking a splinter or two in her foot and showing an ankle. Never had she been so bewitching. I began to dream.

She had gotten me to join the regular high-school classes instead of matriculating in the famous Doomsday short course which within the winter turned farmers into missionaries. My history course was wide in scope and scant in detail. It began with Adam, 4004 B.C., and rushed me up through the ages of patriarchs, judges, kings, prophets, apostles, saints, stopping abruptly at Charlemagne. And from the last king of my Doomsday history to Gorm den Gamle, the first king of my Danish history, was but a small gap. Between Creation and Doomsday I was, therefore, oriented. I know the reigns of the Hebrew kings as well as I know the reigns of all the Danish kings. And I know Abraham's birthday and the date young Alexander drank himself to death, and the year Esther appeared before Ahasuerus, and the year Ruth gleaned after Boaz. Yet at the State University later I almost failed to earn my foolscap when I cut a compulsory history course, which I deemed superfluous, off my programme.

Languages were hard for me to master. And Latin was as toilsome as all my other courses put together. I was the dunce, though I did catch the grand system of grammar.

> 'Amavi, amavisti, amavit,
> Amavimus, amavistis, amaverunt.'

Margaret sang this stanza often — and thumbed her nose at Doomsday.

Perhaps it was the artist within that sought escape. Every child is an artist. His senses desire freedom like the beast's. Three tales in English literature made profound imprints on my heart: *Ivanhoe*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Ancient Mariner*. I identified myself with the heroes, something I had never done in my reading before. I had won fair Rowena and I was a knight. I was a pilgrim in search of a door to Heaven, almost taking Bunyan literally. I had killed, if not the albatross, many a warbling lark. The one nest of my childhood gave me 'a glittering eye.'

Three American poems entered my blood: *The Vision of Sir Launfal* — a quest that never ceases till one returns to himself; *The Raven* — a cry into darkness as yearning as the blind musician's violin; *Snow-Bound* — with that New England Doomsday woman, who like myself watched for

> The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
> Whereof she dreams and prophesies!

The blind musician's fingers, which wrung sensuous tones out of catgut, stroked the embossed code of a Bible, crawling limberly along the road toward the same unknown world that I was seeking, while his tongue smacked with thought, and his lips thought in whispers, and his eyelids signaled God as a woman her secret lover. At times he played me into a world of wilder beauty than the one in the valley. He was of Ibsen's viking stock, a melancholy man, brooding like my grandfather, and with the same power in his violin as the latter in his voice. His tones 'hung' upon my cheeks and shoulders, not unlike the Holy Ghost in my feet at church, or like those bottles of rare Caribbean rum. It was gravity upside down. I sank upward.

VI

Then came spring, and students scattered, either to peddle Doomsday books or to preach. I took a route straight north and peddled sacred wall mottos and a hydrotherapeutic doctor book. That summer's nourishing sunshine and open air, toil and food, pulled me down to earth again, though it took another year before I fully backslid.

From Hennepin Avenue in the centre of Minneapolis, where I bought Tony, a fine high-strung bicycle, I rode up through northern Minnesota, crossed the steep coulees along the border, rode up through Manitoba to Winnipeg, and farther up to a lake that looked like the ocean, then along the coast from one Icelandic settlement to another, and finally across forest and prairie. Like Louis Hennepin two centuries before, I broke new ground in Canada. And like him I became an adventurous missionary. China's half a billion was my goal still.

Tony and I encountered many dangers together. A wild-haired prairie minx and her broncho towed us through a strong head wind from a post office somewhere in the wilderness to her father's homestead. How that barelegged girl rode! And how I clung to Tony, whose pedals kicked my shanks! We were assaulted by half-wild huskies, which, the winter long, hauled the fisherman's catch from ice holes far from shore. They had never seen a bicycle, these huskies. And my feet, pulling the pedals, maddened them. We daggled through a swamp on Hekla Island, at times lucky enough to leap along a string of logs, which was the King's mail route. I lost my balance and clung to Tony till the mail came by — a sack conveyed by a barefoot Icelander. How did he ever get those massive books I mailed across that bog?

A tree in the northern timber woods fell just as we came speeding through a stumpy path. It was too late to stop. We hurried by and got entangled in a hill of branches. A thunderstorm that smelled of ozone drove us to a village of aborigines and to the hut of a squaw and her squinting infant. A gaunt chief one night drove us across untrodden prairie, thirty miles with horse and buggy. He had come to the lone prairie store where I found him to buy tea and crystal sugar. And at midnight on the prairie, while wolf and coyote howled, he made a tiny tongue of fire that licked a kettle trembling on a reed.

One night Tony overtook a heavy halfbreed, who was moving farther north with his pigs and horses, his mother and wife, and his daughter, called 'Almost-as-white-as-birch-bark.' That night we dug out an organ from under his wagonload of furniture. And beneath the prairie star, three days' journey from church, I played the hymns I had learned the previous winter. I taught 'Birchie' two, one of which was a Doomsday hymn of weird beauty by my blind music master. While she practised I gave her heavy father a ride on Tony, holding on to the saddle as I ran along. Tony groaned and bucked and at last threw him off against the organ. I still hear the finale of that prairie nocturne — the halfbreed's long gorilla snort, Tony's thrumming, 'Birchie's' crystal-clear cry, and the organ jamming the line, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' into a frantic, impatient yowl.

We lodged with many a rusty prairie bachelor. Once a half-blind senile, before I lay down to sleep beside him, searched my shirt to learn if I were lousy. His cows had died from poisoned well water, and his rain-water barrel was empty. His dog, whose broken leg I set, had been caught in a wolf trap hidden at the well and intended for the enemy. My host chuckled wickedly as he tied a string to the door latch and to the trigger of a shotgun trap that lurked between the ceiling beams. In my dreams of Margaret that night I tripped on a string.

During a hailstorm late one night we found shelter at another bachelor's cabin. Hail like hen's eggs had crushed his crop. I showed the frowning host my set of sacred mottoes. When his eye fell on one, 'God Bless Our Home,' his fist fell upon it heavy and he roared: 'Have you got a "God D—— Our Home"?' He put me up for the night. And in the morning he bought 'Though He Slay Me, Yet Will I Trust in Him.'

One week-end we made a lucky find in an English nobleman, who tilled a section of wheatland alone. He was a rank infidel; but his curses were fresh and poetic. He got his grub from Winnipeg. Eleven eggs for breakfast, eleven eggs for dinner, eleven eggs for supper, — thirty-three a day, — he cooked for me in a cast-iron frying pan with butter. A dozen tins of peaches I devoured. The leavings he fed to the gophers that swarmed on his land.

What a host he was! At mealtimes he hewed the two-by-fours along his kitchen wall to get chips for the fire. He urged me to stay a week, but I feared his roof might ramble down. He punctured panes of a distant barn window to show me his marksmanship. His horses were within. 'They are only plough horses, sir. They duck.' He took me crow-hunting in the northern summer night while aurora borealis sprayed the sky. I aimed his rifle at a solitary crow that slept on a stump, and missed because my host tapped my elbow. 'It can't fly,' he whispered huskily. I handed back his rifle, suddenly reminded of the Ancient Mariner. He shot two on the wing.

I lodged in the cabin of a French Canadian. He could not speak English, nor could any of his children. An altar with candles and the crucified Christ, half-size, crowded the living room. At bedtime he held vespers while his wife and children and I knelt in sand on a hand-hewn floor. His two oldest had taken the veil. That night I slept on the left of the old patriarch. At dawn he awoke me for matins. He kissed me Godspeed on both cheeks as I mounted Tony. And my heart quavered with joy at the sweetness of man. Why should the good God who 'loveth all' want to destroy him? That day I preached Doomsday to Tony. For a young doubt is conspicuous by its eagerness to shield an old faith.

I found an Icelandic pastor, whose noble name I could trace through the sagas down to another epoch of Western immigration a thousand years ago. He wrote me an Old Norse letter, praising my doctor book to his flock of prosperous settlers. And they greeted me as their forefathers would a son home from a viking tour, urging me into their cabins for curd of sheep's milk cooled in deep wells, and for a long talk of my travels. Icelandic maidens in homespun hose and hand-woven clothes and soleless sheepskin shoes sang native songs. I responded by singing songs of the sea, and revival jazz of the Bowery, and Doomsday hymns of the seminary. At night the howling huskies followed me in my dreams when I was searching far and wide for Margaret.

I found a log cabin deep in the forest. The owner was a lone Norwegian woman, who spoke an old dialect that I had learned from sailors at sea. Her forehead was queenly and her hemplike hair was twisted into a heavy hawser. She was a vigorous giantess, who ploughed her own fields, cleared the timber in her coulee, and once a month drove her team to town for mail. In her young days she used to ride to town, she told me; but she had grown too heavy for her broncho. Far into the night we talked about Ibsen and Björnson, Lie and Hamsun, and about the lyric poet, Wergeland, whom she quoted from memory. She knew literature from the *Elder Edda* up. Even the work of Hans Kinck she was familiar with — the least known, and perhaps the greatest. I was charmed by her marvelous memory span and by her poetic brogue.

She gave me the right of way by going to the barn to milk her sheep. I stretched my limbs in bed and was in the midst of prayer when she returned, handing me a drink of milk, warm from the sheep's udder. 'I shall not tempt thee (*Eg ska inta frista dokka*),' she said as she lay down beside me.

VII

In the midst of my canvassing I had a 'call.' And I drove Tony back to Minnesota to a lumber town on the shores of Lake Superior. An old man held Doomsday meetings there. He was once a wealthy farmer, but had sacrificed his land to the Doomsday cause after having read the same book which I had peddled in Iowa. A meek Christian he was, who seven summer nights a week sounded the warning to lumberjacks, and the day long tramped the coast with his good wife, cheering the sick. Like old Simeon, 'it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ.' On an empty lot next to the cemetery he had pitched his canvas tabernacle and his three camping tents. He called his camp the 'Bible Chautauqua.' There he lived, he and his wife and a younger singer, whom lumberjacks had nicknamed the 'Tent Lass.'

Yankee, Swede, Ojibwa, — they had all interbred, — flocked to the tent at night to hear the old saint prophesy and to hear the Tent Lass sing. A Swede who owned the sawmill came. The Tent Lass charmed him. Morning, noon, and night he came to hear the alluring melodies flow from her lips. For she practised 'voice' the day long.

I helped the tired saint a fortnight, giving the lumber town all that was in me — a dozen Doomsday lectures according to John the Seer. The day long I lay in a hammock within the shady tabernacle, jotting down mathematics and dreaming of Margaret. In the grass at the feet of the Tent Lass the mill owner sat peering into her eyes while a ripsaw down at his mill wailed, '*Y-o-u!—Y-o-u!*' in loud, heartbreaking tones, accompanying the singer.

The whole town mustered for my lectures — Yankee, Swede, Ojibwa, the conquerors of the Great West. And after each of these fire-and-brimstone meetings I took a swim at the mill owner's bachelor bungalow. I was hot. He came to meet me in the moonlight, naked — a stocky Socrates with muscles like a sack of eels. While we swam in the deep dark lake he pestered me with his love for the Tent Lass. And he dived down with a gurgling sigh to wash away his tears. When I was about to make a search for his body he shot to the surface alive, punching a hoary shoulder into my ribs like the sandpaper tail of a shark.

That same summer the old saint dropped dead. And he was buried across the road from his Bible Chautauqua. I had returned home. When the Tent Lass married the wealthy Swede, Margaret was at the wedding.

Our famous stoves stood ready for shipment. It had been a salubrious summer. Margaret had picked berries and had canned ten dozen quarts of fruit, packing them in frost-proof Doomsday magazines and barrels. Five hundred magazines she had purchased wholesale to peddle at a county fair; and she had sold exactly twenty. But during the four following winters at the State University dimes were dear. I disposed of the rest on the streets of Minneapolis.

We took a farewell ride up through Main Street together, Junior hanging on to the handlebar in front, Margaret straddling a grub box above Tony's hind wheel, and I in the saddle. We barely made the seminary hill. Gravity was no longer upside down.

The train pulled out of the depot with the three of us the only passengers, and Tony the only baggage, and our barrels and crates and sacks of new potatoes the only freight. Never before had we been so wealthy or so much in love.

THE GOLDEN ASSE — A TRIBUTE

Frater, Ave atque Vale

BY MARY ELLEN CHASE

Old books suggest old debts, acknowledged, yet unpaid. In this single and momentous respect they differ from those of our own immediate time. For, the manifold question of comparative literary value quite set aside, new books, except it be in their references to the old, rarely, if ever, recall obligations or exact gratitude. The treasures of memory, of long association, do not lie within their uncut pages. They trail no clouds of glory, conceal within their words and phrases no shadowy recollections. To Hazlitt, their idolater, it is the old books which are links in the chain of our consciousness, which 'bind together the different scattered divisions of our personal identity.' It is they that pervade the external and material life with a luminous and orderly sense of immortality, they that acquaint one early with the haunting, intangible notion of reality. *They* suggest old debts.

And of all old books surely the classics are the most wistful and reproachful to those of us who, a quarter of a century ago, were mightily concerned with parasangs and hexameters. Our names are written large upon their ledgers. To them we owe certain perceptions which an unalleviated Puritanism would have shorn of beauty — the sense of poetry latent in reverence for aged persons, the sudden apprehending of the power which follows any calm acceptance of the inevitable, the dawning, half-timid perception of a purely physical loveliness. We owe them, too, that train of old and long associations which forms the pattern of the tapestry of our lives. What Latin grammar, bearing on its green back the honorable imprint of 'Harkness,' ever failed to recall the white-columned academy of some New England town? My own dog-eared Cicero, relentlessly moved a few days ago to make room on the top shelves for the doubtful aristocracy of 1925, engulfed me in such waves of adolescent emotion that in abject apology I bade him come up higher; and the words 'Ithaca' and 'Odysseus' — the latter even in modern and forbidden guise — suggest always to me the high, rock-rimmed Maine pastures and the dark cliffs above the sea. These are among the long effects of the classics — these the debts we can never discharge save by maintaining in ourselves something of their mellowed and well-ordered dignity.

It was young Lucius Apuleius of Carthage, that juggler of colored words, that notorious magic-monger, that tireless wanderer among the mountains and about the ancient, weird towns of Thessaly, who but lately through his *Asse of Gold* recalled again an old debt, the verbal acknowledgment of which I had long contemplated but never performed. Willingly lost for perhaps the fiftieth time in his perennially fresh adventures with sorcerers and thieves, wolves and serving maids, and dazzled by the rich sparkle of a prose which eighteen hundred years and a poor translation cannot dim, I was yet not insensible to the tug of old associations. And when Lucius, the adventurer, in the house of the sorceress Pamphiles, by a magic ointment and many incantations turned himself into an ass instead of into the owl which he desired to be, his original shape only to be regained by a meal of roses, I made a vow to discharge my indebtedness with all possible grace. For, twenty-five years ago, I knew such a 'plaine asse,' fit also to be termed 'golden,' and in those years all roses held magic possibilities.

I

In the late nineties, among the more remote New England communities barter had not ceased to exist as a convenient and eminently respectable means and method of trade. The Congregational pastor of our Maine village received annually one third of his salary in farm produce and firewood, and gave in exchange theological disputations on the Logos and the Paulian interpretation of the Law. These, however, though given in full measure, pressed down and running over, were seldom mistaken for the grace of God; and no one felt that the minister was underpaid. Bargains were struck with the doctor, usually in January, by which he, in exchange for certain commodities, — potatoes figured largely in all deals, — would care for the party to the second part, his wife and children, during all reasonable sicknesses over a twelve-month period. And, to complete the professional circle, my father, the village lawyer, entertained few expectations of payment in cash; for warranty and quitclaim deeds were luxuries not included in the family budgets, and, when they had to be met, one went to the cellar, the pasture, or the stable for the wherewithal.

It was to the last-named repository that the Misses Evelina and Sarah Mansfield, maiden ladies of late middle age, repaired in the spring of 1898. They owed my father for successfully representing their rights over a period of some years in the much disputed matter of a boundary line; they had the highest sense of honor and small cash resources. But they had Richard.

Richard Mansfield, like Modestine, was a diminutive ass, in color a clear gray of the old-fashioned variety, untouched by taupe or mauve. He had been sent the Misses Mansfield on the Christmas preceding by a younger and renegade brother, who years before had run away from home to seek his fortune in the Far West — a chimerical district known to his sisters only through the risqué stories of Mr. Bret Harte. With the season's compliments and his own he had bridged the years by his gift of Richard, a somewhat tardy pledge of his continued esteem and, let us hasten to add, of his sense of humor. How Oliver Goldsmith would have delighted in the revengeful generosity of that black sheep of the house of Mansfield and in the comic situation engendered thereby!

It is quite safe to say that no fabled or historic personage, not even Henry VIII when he first saw Anne of Cleves in the flesh, was ever more bewildered as to what to do with a new possession than were the Misses Mansfield when Richard, his name unmistakably printed on a steel tag fastened to one ear, was forcibly urged up the slip of the Boston boat amid the guffaws of the crew and passengers. Nor did their bewilderment lessen after he had been placed in the one long-deserted stall of the family stable, his phaeton and glistening new harness inviting their participation in his legitimate activities. With commendable reserve they had told their neighbors that they could not understand their brother; and, indeed, it will be admitted that the case required perception rather than understanding. Miss Sarah, who possessed a fortitude quite lacking in Miss Evelina, had determined, as the snow gave place to spring mud and as Richard's three months of oats began to tell on him, to lend the only possible dignity to the situation by the demonstration of the utilitarian, if not of the artistic, nature of their gift. Accordingly she had harnessed Richard, adjusting his breeching with trembling fingers from behind an empty flour barrel which she had thought best to place between him and her, and had taken Miss Evelina for a drive — a drive so fraught with misery and disgrace because of certain distressing habits of Richard, for the first time revealed, that the cheeks of both ladies burned for hours thereafter. What wonder then that Miss Sarah, tormented in the night watches, did not tarry for the day to arouse her sister when my father suddenly appeared before her distracted mental vision, not in the guise of a relentless creditor, but in that of a deliverer!

According to the town veterinarian Richard was thirteen years old when in the spring of 1898 he made the inconsequential journey from the Mansfield stable to our own. His gray coat was shaggy with a winter's growth of hair, his brown eye was kindly, his underjaw determined, again like Father Adam's beast in Monastier. On his left side, well rounded with the Mansfield corn and oats, his thick hair had long since given place to two letters, T L, cruelly branded into his tough black hide. That neat Roman type afforded us material for endless cogitations — the meaning of the letters in terms of words, their importance as to time and place, the certain torture that Richard had endured on the occasion of their impress. His long ears differed from those of others of his species only in his manipulation of them. From him we early learned the significance of earmarks as a means of identification, for those two long features were the outward and visible signs of certain temperamental stages. Usually carrying them at a not unpleasant obtuse angle, he brought them far forward in a benignant expression when he was extraordinarily pleased or expectant, lowered the left when he was disgruntled or dejected, and in periods of reflection — for he was contemplative to the philosophic point — laid both closely back upon his neck. His short tail was easily disconcerted and melancholy in the extreme.

How often had we occasion to bless that Far-Western humorist! Those were the days of pride in large families, and no less than a score of children from the immediate neighborhood gathered in our field and orchard on Saturdays and during the long summer vacations to participate in new plays and games made possible by Richard. A kindlier creature never existed. Surely I can never forget his goodness, even though I have until now neglected to chronicle it. His was that 'sweet reasonableness' which, we are told, was characteristic of the saints. As the ridgepole of a tent he would stand still almost indefinitely while we crawled in and out under the blankets and old quilts which we had draped across his back. For as Thiasus of Corinth decked the ass Lucius 'with purple coverings, with a bridle of silver, with pictured cloths, and with shrilling bells,' so we hung Richard's neck with daisy chains, caparisoned his back with the discarded parlor portières, and led him in triumphal procession about the neighborhood.

He possessed, however, an impregnable self-respect, an integrity of nature which forbade imposition. In simpler phrase, he knew when he had had enough. He would willingly carry six children of varying sizes, stationed from his shoulders to that downward slope of his back which made riding perilous, across the fields or along the street until his dignity and sense of fitness reproved him. Then, suddenly stopping, he would bend his knees in a slightly perceptible motion which we children called 'crumbling.' If this warning passed unheeded — and, after having experienced the delightful sequel, we seldom heeded it — he invariably went on a few steps, and then, again stopping, crumbled unmistakably. Fair warning that! And yet we awaited the climax with excited giggles. It came. Simultaneously lowering his long neck and raising his hind quarters, he deposited us all, safely and gently, on the ground like a line of fallen dominoes, stayed for a moment to survey the situation, and then galloped away at an unwonted pace, granting only dark and threatening glances to those of us who were so unreasonable as to ask just then for more.

On holidays he shared in our high carnival. The 'barly and beans' which the Lady Charites fed the golden asse in gratitude for her safe deliverance from Thessalian thieves were but poor dainties when compared with Richard's Thanksgiving feast of vegetables and sugar. And on Christmas he was as a favored guest. For had not the minister, forsaking the Logos for a season, reminded us of the part played by Richard's forbears in the Bethlehem stable, during the anxious flight into Egypt, and on the Jerusalem streets, ringing with hosannas?

I can recall with a vividness almost painful every detail of our Christmas Eve pilgrimages to the stable — the warm, contented smell there in strange contrast to the cold in which we shivered, the high rafters and beams thrown into great, uncertain shadow in the swaying lantern light, the occasional heavy stir of the quiet animals, and the wide gray eyes of my sister Cynthia, watching Roger hang with careful deliberation Richard's great red stocking on a nail just outside the window of his stall. In four hours, while we slept, would they in the stable, on the stroke of midnight, kneel in dumb adoration — Lady, my father's thoroughbred mare, Constancy, the cow, and Richard? Or was it all just a tale told us like so many others? It was hard to imagine Lady kneeling. She was haughty in her blue blood, overbearing, not easily humbled. And Constancy was a creature who justified her existence by good works rather than by faith. But Richard — my sister Cynthia never doubted Richard, standing there in the light-shot darkness, his great ears expectantly forward as though at once awaiting the heavenly summons and challenging me to greater confidence. Nor would she ever consent to my desire for visible confirmation. For hers was that faith beloved of God — unassailable, and rendered tarnished and languid by proof.

II

In those beneficent pre-Ford days the country roads were open and safe for our journeyings; and the miles were many which Cynthia and I traversed with Richard. Those were the opening years of our teens — a time fraught with new sensations. The smallest details, heretofore unimportant, became monstrous with significance. There was a strange element of pain in all lovely things — wild roses against a gray boulder, the glimpse of the sea from a hilltop, a flock of goldfinches following the roadside in scalloped flight. Vaguely conscious that life was somehow different, we spent long days along the roads with Richard, calling on relatives some miles distant or driving to berry pastures inaccessible on foot.

Early he revealed to us the most distressing of his habits — that which had so fired the sallow cheeks of the Misses Mansfield and made further journeying with him incommensurate with prestige and position. He insisted upon periods of rest and complete relaxation, and never felt in any way encumbered by his harness or the shafts of his phaeton. His powers of selection were of the highest; I never knew him to choose an unattractive spot. Five miles from home — it mattered little whether he was approaching or departing therefrom — he would select a hilltop affording a sea breeze, or a mossy hollow by a spring, draw the phaeton to the roadside out of the sun in spite of our frantic tuggings upon the reins, stand still for a moment to assure himself that he had chosen well and that all was in readiness, and then with deliberate care lie down with a long, grateful sigh, his head invariably upon soft ground, some lush grass, tender alder twigs, or swaying buttercups well within reach of his eager nose.

His periods of rest were impossible of calculation. I have known him to lie for three hours in a particularly desirable spot on a particularly warm day. They were never less than an hour; and we early learned the uselessness of urging. Like his prototype, the wild ass of Job, he regarded not 'the crying of the driver'; nor did he pay heed to all manner of chastisements. There was nothing to do but to accept the inevitable.

In the second summer of his life with us, however, we discovered a possible means of inducement. He had, let it be known, an inordinate weakness for carrots. Never was the smallest exhibited in his presence without awakening a gleam in the depth of his eyes, an expectant uplifting of his ears, and in his underjaw a perceptible yielding to temptation; and not infrequently did the orange succulence and vernal fragrance of one of these vegetables, if held just without his reach, lure him to rise and continue on his way. Sometimes, too, one served in yet another capacity; for when his usual pace of two and one-half miles an hour became too tedious for endurance, either Cynthia or I, seizing a carrot, would spring from the phaeton and run at top speed ahead of him, always allowing him first, however, a scant but overwhelming nibble. By that simple device many a stretch of level road was briskly covered, with one of us perspiring onward and the other holding the lines and glorying in the increased rate of progress.

But the time came, and that soon, when the irksomeness of Richard's hours of meditation and refreshment gave place to beneficence, when the cups of patient waiters began to brim with old and heady wine. It was Cynthia who first proposed bringing books, and it was my father who proffered the huge green umbrella. Then, indeed, we wanted for nothing. Richard sighing grateful sighs, his head in the cool moss of some wayside brook; the warm sun tracing the shadows of buttercups and timothy upon the brown road; Cynthia and I reading from the same book beneath the green umbrella.

There was an abandonment in reading in those days which I would fain catch again. Books existed for and by themselves; they established no relations, signified nothing in my mundane world. Words were intoxicants. I tasted, smelled, touched them. They were unknown fruit, strange and delectable, fragrance floating across wide seas, moonlight on still water. They were as remote from my stupid, halting speech as I was from my immediate and material surroundings. I never said them al ud, but I dwelt with them 'in faery lands forlorn.'

True to the Apostle's injunction, we were then 'careful for nothing.' There was doubtless added abandonment in the knowledge that no household task or ruleless baby could call us away at the worst possible moment, that the only hindrance to two hours of unalloyed enjoyment was the extremely unlikely chance that Richard would want to move on. But be the reasons what they were, let them lie in early adolescence or in an unusual situation, it is certain that books had before held no such lure, nor have they since.

Cynthia always finished before me — she read in great, thirsty gulps, not pausing for breath — and when she was ready to turn the page she sighed and tapped her foot with exasperation against the dashboard. But I was obdurate. I wanted time to say words and phrases over to myself, and I took it. I remember that in beginning *The Lady of the Lake* I paused long over

In lone Glenartney's hazel shade.

That line engendered a thrill which I could not afford to lose, in spite of her very obvious irritation.

To this day certain hill summits, fern coverts, and wayside springs in that loveliest part of the Maine coast are sacred, and will ever remain so, to certain persons and situations in books. A flat, mossy rock on the top of one high hill — a hill commanding a far-reaching view of Penobscot Bay — is dedicated forever to the stout Marchioness of Castlewood and to her irate reception, from her curtained bed, of the king's soldiers. How grudgingly we acquiesced that afternoon in Richard's sudden desire to press toward the mark! A wild-apple tree in a roadside hollow recalls always our tearful accompaniment of poor Smike when he ran away from school and went on his pitiful journey in search of the Nickelbys. We had cried, silently and shamefacedly at first, casting surreptitious glances in order to be assured that each was not cognizant of the other's woe, until Cynthia, unable to bear it any longer, threw reserve to the winds and sobbed unrestrainedly in my blue gingham lap. By a roadside spring, sheltered from the sun by an overhanging bank of small firs and brake ferns, John Ridd made love to Lorna in such impassioned accents that Cynthia and I were cross and abrupt with each other in our efforts to pretend that such was but wearisome reading.

All those books which to-day beggar the attempts of the voluble moderns were ours in those days between grammar school and college — Dickens, Scott, Dumas, Marryat, William Black, Stevenson — and not a few of them were read by the roadside under the green umbrella. And as we read Richard rested, his eyes sometimes closed in sleep, sometimes wide in contemplation. Did he see the things to which, for the moment, situation and suspense blinded us — a dragon fly in blue and bronze, the jeweled shadow of a water spider on an amber pool? Who can tell?

We must have presented a most humorous picture to the passers-by — I can still remember their smiles — and yet I do not think we ever thought the situation itself really funny. One of the functions of early adolescence is to dull the sense of humor; and unlike the Misses Mansfield we were untroubled by the fear of a waning prestige. Recollection does, however, depict one occasion upon which Cynthia's sense of the ridiculous proved itself existent in spite of adolescence. The family was to spend an August week-end upon an uncle's farm six miles distant, and, to allow for Richard's pace and idiosyncrasies, Cynthia and I had started hours ahead of my father and mother, who were to follow in the surrey with the younger children. After four miles of the hot and dusty road Richard sought a convenient spring and stretched out his tired legs with a sigh that betokened a long and drowsy stay. The afternoon for once dragged — we had long since finished *Kidnapped* and had brought no other book — until Cynthia was seized with the aspiration to utilize her slight and recent acquaintance with Milton. Carefully unfolding the paper which held our week-end supply of accessories, she chalked thereon certain words with a stubby pencil, unearthed from my pocket, and pinned the sheet to the back of the phaeton. So that my father, driving up a half hour later with Lady, whose fine head twitched with scorn at the sight of the prostrate Richard, read, I fear with greater pride in his children than in the poet: —

> 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

III

It was my grandfather who, during his annual visit the summer following Richard's advent, told us of Lucius Apuleius and of his magic transformation into a 'plaine asse.' He was a prince of story-tellers, and forty years spent among the classics had granted him endless equipment. Moreover, he entirely lacked the mellowless pedantry that too often clings to college professors of seventy. His stories were rich with the richness of their background, sparkling with the light from his extraordinarily blue eyes, active with the movement of his quick and lively words. Sitting with him in the orchard, Cynthia and I listened, while Richard roamed near by, munching some late buttercups and hearing, we knew not how consciously, the tragic adventures of the Asse Lucius.

Even then, in the fragmentary form given to us, we thought it a golden tale, as thought Marius and Flavian in Pater's gracious and beneficent book. We had our favorite parts. Cynthia was inclined toward the sad adventures of the Lady Charites, kidnapped by thieves on her marriage day, her escape by means of the Asse, their recapture, and the savage plans for their terrible death, the final strategy which brought them once again safely home. She loved especially their triumphal entry into the Citie when the Asse 'cryed stoutly,' making the town to ring again with his shrilling sound; but the shining which was always in her eyes dimmed at the aftermath when the Lady Charites, like Juliet, must die for her love and loyalty. And, indeed, it is a fair story. She loved, too, the tale of Lucius's shadow on the wall, which mercifully discovered to the kind soldiers his hiding place and that of his wicked master. As for me, no part of my grandfather's recital matched in any way the conclusion, when the Asse, by eating the garland of roses, regained his human shape. There was wizardry in his tongue, I am sure of it; for, as he talked, there passed through our quiet orchard the procession to Isis. Masked figures in strange guises, women in white with wreaths of flowers, trumpeters with trumpets of gold and silver, priests in purple with vessels of gold, and at last the high priest himself bearing the roses which the goddess had sent to the prayerful Asse.

'So you see,' concluded my grandfather, looking in turn at Cynthia and me, 'so you see how Lucius Apuleius became himself again. Merely a question of roses. How do you know that this Lucius of yours is really an ass? He woke me this morning calling "Never, never!" just as the Golden Asse did when they accused him of stealing Milo's treasure. If you want to keep him like this, Cynthia, beware of roses.'

I felt sorry for Cynthia, for I knew the matter would stay with her until she had decided it one way or the other. There was never any middle ground for her. Either a thing was true or it was not. And at thirteen making up one's mind is neither simple nor easy.

My grandfather was, in fact, devoted to Richard — Lucius, he called him. He was greatly disturbed twenty-five years ago over the speed of the world. He did not like the way horse cars were everywhere giving place to electric ones, and the rumors of successful horseless carriages distressed him. He talked almost angrily about the invasion of the telephone. I think Richard's meditative ways reassured him. He used to ask the minister, who had been a college classmate, to drive with him; and the two white-haired old gentlemen would start toward the open country, quite overlapping the narrow seat of the phaeton with their black frock coats. Richard's insistence upon hours of complete rest delighted them both. At the supper table my grandfather would laugh uproariously at them, throwing back his fine white head. One August day Cynthia and I, returning from the pasture with laden berry pails, came upon the trio at Richard's favorite spring. Quite unaware of our approach, my grandfather and the minister continued some heated argument. They had twisted themselves about on the narrow seat until they uncomfortably faced each other; their straw hats were off; their white heads and anxious hands gesticulated eagerly. Cynthia thought the subject probably the Logos, but we never really knew. Meanwhile Richard lay in the cool grass beside the spring, his mind concerned with ultimate realities and not with those of time and space.

But I did not know until the second year of Richard's stay with us how seriously Cynthia had taken my grandfather's warning of the roses. We were driving one Saturday afternoon in July in search of meadow rue for church decoration when Richard stopped suddenly by a high bank which the spring rains had excavated sufficiently to form an agreeable shelter and over which blossoming wild roses grew in abundance. Before he had had time to complete the necessary arrangements for his rest, Cynthia had bounded from the phaeton, seized his bridle, and by mere force of will induced him to move on a few steps beyond the roses. When she came again to the phaeton with *Children of the New Forest*, which she had procured from the back, her cheeks were pink and she avoided my eyes. Then I understood what I have never since forgotten: that hers was a Faith Militant as well as a Faith Triumphant.

IV

Ten years were granted to Richard Mansfield after he left the Far West for the State of Maine. He died at twenty-three, a ripe old age. His last years would, I think, have tried one of a smaller nature. We were in college, negligent and very busy, and, I fear, we quite cruelly forgot him. But may he not well have reaped the confident fruit of those long hours of contemplation, have become careless of little things like neglect? He came of a noble race. To whom of us has it been granted to see thrice the angel of the Lord with a drawn sword, once in the way, again in a path of the vineyards, and yet again in a narrow place?

Remembering his patient acquiescence as a playmate, I contend that he was at once a Stoic and a practical Christian; recalling his sober delight in the things of this world, I dub him an Epicurean; seeing him again lying for long hours by the roadside, I even question if he was not a disciple of Plato, probing into the nature of Justice or of Temperance or of Fortitude. Finally, holding in thankful and lasting remembrance the long and luminous effects of those great and old books of my childhood, I salute him in the words of Catullus: *Frater, Ave atque Vale* — Brother, Hail and Farewell!

THE TIGERS OF WRATH

BY EDWARD A. THURBER

'We so loved our God that we cursed in his name all the deities of surrounding nations.' Thus spoke the prophet, Ezekiel, in vision to William Blake.

How, indeed, can a human being love without cursing what is unlovely? What power is there within us to segregate love and hatred? They are twin-born. When Pascal entertained a stranger who would oppose reason to his faith, he drew about him an iron belt studded inward with nails, and when the silly reason assailed his faith he tightened his belt of nails. Thus he cursed what was unlovely. The children of wrath, the haters, those who scourge the money changers, who send the Tempter packing, are the tigers of the earth, the unreasonable, the upholders of the ideal, the scions of rapture. Because they love, they hate.

How fortunate there are so few of them! For the world is so happy in its smoothnesses. It slips along in its Y.M.C.A., its Rotarian, its hundred per cent; it is so Volstead and Christian, so immersed in its properties and moralities, that it could not endure frequent haters. And as Providence is always careful that the earth shall remain a good deal as it is, it is slow in sending tigers; for with Providence a moment is as a thousand years, and the upheavals of a day would be immeasurable.

But the tigers of wrath, said Blake, are wiser than the horses of instruction. Who are these horses of instruction? They must be what Ibsen called the compact liberal majority, those foes of truth and freedom who are never right. They are also those who neither greatly love nor hate; they are the world's masters. They live, therefore, not by vision but by laws, rules of conduct; they would make the world safe for eternity. And when they note a desire, they restrain it, for a desire might bring sorrow or joy, and eternity has no place for these — it is merely time plus monotony. They would banish all ecstasy and torments to hell; therefore there is nothing left over for heaven but the drowsy afternoons of ennui.

They are indeed the conquerors; there are so many of them that the tigers cannot escape. By the pressure of their weighty nonentity they clear the land, and the trail of their footprints is a desert. They are so unmistaken that they fear eccentricity, yet it is not certain that they fear death; for as life is but a composite of absences, the world beyond will be but a more extended composite, and over it will preside a manner of speaking whom they call Love. In calling him Love they confound the tigers. Yet the tigers experience who Love is, but they combine him with Satan or the terrible Jehovah.

But do the horses of instruction never suffer? Indeed, they wear the garments of humanity; they weep in their thoughtless childhood. But when they reach the fulfillment of age tears are but a memory; they smile. Yet they half cherish these tears, — they are a bit proud of them, — for they would make a slight, ever so slight a difference between eternity and earth. Heaven, therefore, must be a place where tears are wiped away, and there shall be no more sea nor mourning. They would drag along the golden streets in a pale forgetfulness, in an eternal sameness of smiles. Thus heaven and earth are really two places, — this is their dual philosophy, — the one a going toward, the other an attainment of, monotony. Here again they would confound the tigers.

I do not wish to imply that it is easy to explain a horse. Though with him society is a hive, even bees are said to possess individualities, and if you should endow bees with higher sensibilities, and if you could imagine them as being so bold as to name their instincts 'intelligence,' their hives would turn complex and might become societies; they might even worship. Some horses worship; they worship dead tigers, and decrepit tigers often admire robust horses. Thus it might be said that these two creatures belong to the same general organization — they overlap. I mean, of course, that men, in their high sensibilities and in their notable intelligence, actually compromise; they live and let live in society.

But the tigers of wrath never compromise, and — the irony of it! — they cannot explain. Some of them, to be sure, are great talkers; they even preach. Yet so confused do they become in their telling, so unreasonable, such upholders of some ideal, that they never in their discussions come to terms with the unmistaken world about them. Philosophers, they make light of philosophy; poets, they disparage poetry; mystics, artists, lovers, haters, always great worshipers, first they act, and their life, therefore, is not a reason, but an achievement. No wonder they are misunderstood by the instructors! 'Are we,' the latter demand, 'without our reasonings to be even as worms? What a noble work is man! Life is compartmental; there are feelings and logic and will, but to be herded separately without their knowing it, and the herding must always be a little hushed. The slight difference between heaven and earth is that the former is governed more adequately by the rule of rules, the Moral Code.' Such are the conclusions of those masters who neither love nor hate.

But the tigers of wrath so love their god that they curse. In explaining them you can hardly become one of them, for if you loved as they love you would not find time to explain: you would act. Therefore the best that you can do is to try to understand them. The love of the tigers is Beauty, and they hate every form of ugliness. Yet, with all their worship and with all their striving they rarely make it quite clear what Beauty is, nor is it often appointed them to win it. Only a horse attains. But Beauty is shy and various, and to a tiger she is always beckoning and he pursuing. Some few have almost caught her; they have seemed to touch her, but straightway they have become delinquent, insane, and the world has arched its brows. 'We would be normal,' it says. 'This is sheer eccentricity; this is not the prudent road to heaven.' But the tigers maintain that they are normal; the world laughs at them.

The difference between these two groups — the majority and the singular — is a discrepancy in endowment, or, as the former would phrase it, the difference between certainty and sin. Here it must be confessed that the world's masters have it all their way. There are, of course, things within and things outside; earth, heaven; time, eternity; you, God. This is by no means a comprehensive wording; instead of 'earth, heaven' one might say 'heaven, hell,' or for 'you, God' one might substitute 'beast, man,' or better, 'finite, absolute'; but, whatever terms are employed, the essential is that everything goes into the ark two by two. These dyads, it will be noticed, if they are kept well in hand, always consist of a major and a minor member, and the firm ground of the world's masters is that they know more of the major than of the minor. This comes through erudition in the rules of conduct, almost akin to revelation, and is fitting so. If, for instance, one has a fuller comprehension of God than of man, the latter may be ignored. This is the mousetrap of worldly wisdom.

It is idle to dispute this doctrine; usage and study have made it exact, and, furthermore, if one is a horse, one is born to believe it; it is the inevitable monotone of those who neither love nor hate. And, strangely enough, the moment a tiger takes it upon him to preach, to come out of his rhapsody, not being able to tell what he lives, he picks up the words that lie about him and struts in the same terminology — with far more emotion, to be sure, he is so fierce; but unless one knew that he could not possibly mean what he says, one would be put to it to distinguish. Fortunately tigers seldom preach; they are weak in theology.

Swaddled in crime and ignorance, worshipers of Beauty, spitters upon ugliness, haters of all dyads, they irreverently but unconsciously seek God in themselves. This, of course, is the outpost of absurdity. More: to a horse it is damnable — he can but rage, but his rage is not the sheer rage of the tigers. Tigers are best when they renounce dogma and keep to fiction — all forms of pure knowledge and art and prophecy. For to them life is not a rule but an end, and they can only find beauty by realizing who they are, and they can only realize who they are in the joy of forgetting. This has always been the method of tigers. Its irreverence consists in its implications; that is, in the dyad 'God, man,' for instance, they drop all concern with the major member — he is adream in his excellence and to stir him would be unprofitable; they disdain the eternal gifts of heaven; they would achieve the immortal boon of earth, and though they may never capture the uncapturable, — for Beauty is a search, — something has whispered to them that she is not outside, but within. Such is the monstrous profanity of tigers.

Yet, as they usually keep to fiction, — which, with pure knowledge, all symbols, a horse does not understand, — the world rubs along with them, and it is discreet, if one speaks philosophically or poetically, to talk about them. But here is met a grave difficulty.

For, as tigers never explain, a diagnosis of them must needs follow the language of horses; otherwise there will be no audience — no one to talk to, no one to talk. One is constrained, therefore, if one is not a tiger, to pursue the dyad. What are reality and the ideal but dyads? Beauty, ugliness? Love, hatred? Even tiger, horse? To the compact liberal majority these words have meanings; to those who crave the earth and life they are just words.

The safest way, perhaps, to avoid this difficulty is to ignore it, to plunge forward in the discriminating language of horses. Might one assume for a moment that even reason itself, in its ultimate unfolding, is a gift, an intuition. Or say that, as you lived in the world as it lies about, you accepted it, not only its fair vistas, but its advertising, its chambers of commerce, its supposed truths and duties, its precepts and aims; and still further that you did not weep over these things or bring cheer, but that you accepted them wholly, were content to be a part, became, as it were, one with them. If you did all this, you would not be a horse. For horses, in their pallid smiles, are forever quarreling, readjusting, harmonizing; in their large approvals they disapprove. They are fond of bickering, of tripping one another, of discovering peccadillos of convention. They take comfort in the opinion that in the world beyond not only will tears be wiped away, but sinners will meet justice, the same machinery of experience will run more softly, and there will be a divine identity of organization. To them it is a soothing thought that there are swift angels of vengeance and a dyad of worlds.

And the tigers? Well, there are, to be sure, very few of them, and the words 'love' and 'hatred' are but terms for the same energy. Sometimes, when they become decrepit, they love too feebly or hate too long. This, indeed, is their tragedy, the tragedy of many a saint, an artist and prophet. For these personages, supreme and fortunate in their denials, are often laggard as accepters; in the ordinary parlance, there comes to them a time when their imagination deserts them. Of this, however, there may be no pity, for in their frenzied prime they so love their world that they blaspheme all the vacancies about them, some cursing the correctness of a nation, others excoriating the Moral Law. They blaze the immortal trail of death and sin. And this is the tigers' folly. Lovers of earth, they would fain destroy it, or rather recreate it in the flame of their desires. Their wisdom and their joy are in being unconsciously what they are; they are unvicariously, burningly themselves; and the union of the thunder of their hatred with the passion of their love is their symmetry.

BOBBIE SHAFTO

BY ISABEL HOPESTILL CARTER

I

MARTHA CUSHING, with the two children, joined her husband, Samuel Cushing, the captain of the Susan B. Lamb, when the Susan was upon the eve of leaving Portland for Baltimore.

Martha had put off this reunion for some time in order to allow their daughter to grow as old as possible ashore, but now that this daughter had attained the great age of six weeks, and the Susan B. Lamb was so near at hand and could be reached so inexpensively, it had seemed the appointed time. Charles Cushing, who was something over two years old, had already followed the sea for two years, and so constituted no particular problem, though he was not yet proficient in the use of either sea legs or land legs. He was fair, like Sam, and fat, like neither parent, and could talk quite well. Martha was so delighted to see Sam again that Charles, who had forgotten his father in the three months ashore, was afflicted with jealousy of this stranger; Sam furthermore showed too much pleasure in the pink-and-white idiocy of the daughter he was seeing for the first time. However, in the excitement an awkwardness between father and son went unnoticed.

The family established themselves in the cabin, where nothing had changed. A large box there seemed at once to strike a chord of memory in Charles; he walked around it uncertainly. The box was four and a half feet long and half as wide, and its sides were about two feet high and slatted in the upper half; inside and out it was smoothly finished; a bed had been neatly prepared on a mattress in the bottom.

'I think he remembers it,' said Martha proudly. That box had been Charles's bedroom and playroom for many months. 'Where are we going to put the baby?'

'Well,' responded Sam with a slight hesitation, 'I took out that deep drawer from underneath the port bunk, and I thought she could sleep in that all right while she's so little.' He laughed. 'It does n't seem very hospitable to have her sleep in a drawer!' Martha laughed, too, happily.

'She won't mind. She's an awfully good baby, Sam, and I think she's going to be as bright as Charles.' Maternal pride could go no further. 'Doctor Story said he'd never seen a healthier baby.' The parents beamed at each other. 'Gracious, I'm tired! Charles was awfully bad on the train and the baby cried all the time and mortified me terribly.'

'I thought you said she was a *good* baby,' objected Sam. 'Oh, I told the steward we'd want some tea when you got on board. Supper'll be a little late; they're going to pull us out of this berth at six, and we'll anchor out in the stream and sail at daybreak. Have you had anything to eat?'

'I did n't have much lunch. Your mother gave me some to eat on the train, but the baby was so exasperating that I did n't get a chance to eat any. Your mother's well. I stayed two nights at your father's. They're all well. Eli says he wants to sell the Susan — How do you do, steward? We've made you a lot of trouble, I'm afraid! Um! Does n't that look good!' The tea was ranged on the cabin table — thick white china and cheap silverware, splendid great slices of yellow cake studded with raisins. Charles came sniffing about with his nose raised hopefully toward the yellow mound.

'Fresh milk in that pitcher,' volunteered the steward proudly. 'I got it special. I thought you'd want some for *him*.'

'Dowanny milk!' The steward's glowing face fell.

'You 've got to drink some milk,' said the skipper firmly.

'Dowanny milk!' reiterated Charles rudely. The steward brightened.

'Don't want any milk!' exclaimed his mother. 'Is n't that nice! Now the baby can have it all!' The improbability of this statement was not apparent to Charles, who became suddenly anxious. 'You know, Sam, the baby cried all the time on the train because she could n't have any milk. Now she can have a lot!'

'She can't have *my* milk,' said Charles distinctly, scowling. The steward coughed and withdrew.

'I don't think that's the way to do, Martha,' commented Sam, contentedly watching his wife. 'You ought to say, "Do so and so," and make — insist on obedience. That 's the proper way — Thank you. What 's Eli want to sell the Susan for?'

'He did n't say what they offered — Oh, you mean why? I think you should be more explicit. Well, he says the Susan is old now, and he thinks it would be better to sell her while he has a chance and buy another. They have a new ship building at the Donnell yard. This cake is pretty good, Sam. Have you a new cook?'

'Yeah,' assented Sam. 'Last voyage. Well, the Susan is getting old, and her gear is in baddish shape. Is he thinking of buying the Donnell ship?'

'He did n't say. He's trying to persuade the owners of the Susan to sell. Eli thinks anyway that the days of the sailing ships are over, you know.'

'Yes,' nodded Sam soberly. 'I 'll probably be out of a job before Charles is old enough to support me. He can go into steam. Do you want to be a sailor, Charles?'

Charles was deaf.

'I don't want him to go to sea,' protested Martha. 'What are you going to do when you 're big, Charles?'

'Drive horsey,' answered Charles promptly.

'He does n't fancy me, does he?' grinned Sam at his wife. 'Did you teach him that?'

'You wrote you had a new second mate.' Martha took a deep interest in all that concerned the Susan B. Lamb.

'Everybody's new but the mate and the carpenter! Got a black crew.'

'You have! I thought you did n't like them.'

'I could n't get any others in Baltimore last time. I've always thought the weather up here was too severe for the black fellows. However, they did very well, though of course the trip was as easy as could be. We 're going back light, and the old lady will roll all over the Atlantic Ocean, I expect.'

'I suppose so,' groaned Martha. 'Do you think I'll be seasick again?'

II

The mild December weather held all the way down the coast and the old Susan did her expected best to roll all over the Atlantic Ocean. Martha had her uneasy moments, but on the whole she fared much better than usual. Charles's zeal really kept her mind off herself, and besides, the baby was ill.

'She can't be seasick,' said Sam. 'It's contrary to all precedent for a little baby.'

'I don't care what the precedent is.' His wife indicated various symptoms of the invalid. 'If that is n't seasickness, what would you call it?'

'Well, anyway, little babies never are seasick,' insisted Sam, a grin creeping around the corners of his moustache.

'Mama! Mama!'

Martha and Sam flew to the rescue. Charles, finding the outer door ajar, had made an effort to surmount the high doorsill; he was now balancing there on his fat stomach and turning a desperate face over his shoulder for help; his feet and hands flourished frantically in space. He was a ludicrous spectacle.

His father laughed.

'That's a good position for practising a swimming stroke,' he remarked heartlessly, assisting Charles to the deck; Charles aimed an ungrateful kick at him and sat down, plump.

'Mama!' he appealed, glowering at his father.

'Someone,' said that worthy, 'some viper has certainly poisoned my son against me.'

'It's because you laugh at him,' responded Martha. 'That is n't the way to treat them!'

The cabin of a sailing ship was never designed for the accommodation of babies. By the time they had been four days at sea Martha Cushing was surfeited with children, even bright and pretty ones. She washed innumerable clothes for the baby, who increased that task by being seasick at odd times. She washed clothes for Charles, in whose pretty dresses she had once taken such pride, and on the third day out she decided that Charles should have some dungarees; he would never wear another petticoat after she had gone shopping in Baltimore! She'd get some dark blue stuff, cotton for warm weather and flannel for cold, and that child should burst forth in the glory of pants — yes, long pants that would save his underclothes and the knees of his stockings and his mother's life; there was, indeed, an old blue wool shirt of Sam's that she could make into a suit at once if she could get a minute to sew. The children must be bathed. Charles's bath had to be accompanied by interminable discussion and ingenious schemes — disapproved of by Sam — to keep him from noticing that she was washing his ears; fortunately he had soon such a number of bruises that he could be interested in their color and in punching them gently to see if they hurt any more, but it was tedious. The baby had to be fed so often — and a vigilant eye kept on Charles to prevent his eking out his regular meals with surreptitious morsels from the steward.

Also just to watch over Charles's activities was wearying and necessary; he might get out on deck and fall overboard; he might really hurt himself in one of his tumbles; he might stagger against the hot, fat stove and burn himself badly. Charles, alas, was a good sailor! Martha, who was not, had an occasional qualm when the old Susan bounded like a rabbit; and moreover, the horrid relish with which Charles ground his foot on big cockroaches was utterly nauseating — though the shock of his fall after one of those feats proved most opportune. Martha whizzed through the days.

Tea in the afternoon is not on the list of a sailing ship's meals, but Martha and Sam liked it. Martha lighted the little oil stove lashed in the bathroom, and put the kettle on. With the Susan B. Lamb leaping and gamboling, it was necessary to watch the kettle and frequently to hold it in its place; when the ship rolled, the flame heated in turn every portion of the stove except that supporting the tea-kettle. At critical moments Charles yelled despairingly for his mother, and she lifted the kettle to the floor and rushed away in the greatest anxiety. It really takes time to make tea! Sam was in the habit of bringing the dishes and sugar and condensed milk from the pantry and looking up what the steward had left in the way of cake for these unscheduled repasts; but after a few trials, when it seemed that tea was likely to coincide with supper, he and Martha exchanged rôles and he tended the kettle while Martha fitted the odd jobs in among her other feverish duties. Charles's life was a round of disasters.

'I wish these children were grown up and married,' Martha remarked to Sam in that it's-all-your-fault tone. 'They 're a d—— nuisance.' She cocked a brown eye at him to see how he would take that; he laughed.

'We won't have any swearing on this ship,' he said. 'It's all we can stand to have Charles on board without your corrupting us with your language.' He gave a great roar of laughter at this subtle joke. 'Oh, good Lord!' He seized the kettle in the nick of time.

From her drawer there came a long wail from the baby.

'The devil!' said Sam irritably. 'I thought that one was asleep.' Martha hurried to restore the peace.

Sam entered the cabin with the steaming teapot in one hand and Charles, gripped by the back of his clothes and kicking like a crab, in the other; Charles had mistaken his time for crawling up the companionway stairs. Sam let him down on all fours in a corner and left him to rage.

'He 's demoralizing my crew,' chuckled Sam, pouring the tea.

Charles leaned toward socialism. He had no taste for captains, mates, bos'ns, carpenters, or cooks; rarely his heart softened to stewards; chiefly he gave his entire devotion to sailors. Negro sailors in particular he loved. He crawled up the steep companionway stairs, beat on the door with a soft fat fist, called beseechingly; and the man at the wheel was convulsed, and muttered sympathetic words to him if the mate or second mate was not on the poop. The ship fell off her course, and the sails began to flap; at all times of day one might hear an outraged officer demanding from long distance what the fool at the wheel was doing. Everyone knew what he was doing. He was conversing with Charles, or else, steadying the wheel with a foot on a distant spoke, he was helping Charles to his feet after his début on deck; the activity of the Susan and the irresponsible legs of Charles — after one has crept laboriously up to the top step of a steep flight it is not in nature at once to take a sudden biggish step downward — always wrought calamity and precipitated Charles upon his well-rounded stomach. The sailors loved to pick him up, and he patted those extraordinary black faces and chuckled heartily, and when they gurgled enormous glittering red-and-white laughs he cackled more hilariously still. What fun! What funny men!

'I think when he pounds on that door they let him out, if nobody 's around,' suspected Martha. 'It can't be unlatched all the time.'

'Well, you don't need to worry. He has a dozen black slaves,' replied Sam, puffing at his pipe.

'It is a comfort to know he can't get out that door without someone seeing him,' pursued Martha anxiously. 'Because I simply can't watch him all the time, and think up ways to distract his mind from going on deck.'

'You should n't have to,' retorted Sam. 'You should just forbid it and have him understand that you mean what you say.'

'Sam! Really! I'm so tired of hearing how it ought to be done! You know perfectly well he does n't mind *you* when you speak to him! He does better for me —' Martha was quite overcome by the baby's little affairs and the constant accidents befalling Charles; even now her daughter lifted an indignant voice and Martha left her tea hastily. Sam felt guilty.

'Listen, dear, you know I don't mean anything,' he protested contritely, pursuing her and putting his arm about her waist. Charles, too, staggered after them, tripping on the doorstep and falling on Sam's foot, which he made a gallant attempt to bite. Charles was not reconciled either to the baby or to this man.

'We'll wrap up and all go out on deck for a little fresh air,' said Sam cheerfully. 'That's what we need. You fix Charles, the little reptile, Martha, and I'll bundle the baby in the big shawl. There's a good baby. Want to go out with your daddy? Don't you spit on the captain of this ship, young woman!' Martha laughed, and Sam's mind was relieved.

It was good to get outside into the sunshine and wind and color! Martha held the baby on her lap and watched Charles, who immediately attached himself to the man at the wheel. It was Jim, Charles's favorite, a very black and shining man perhaps forty years old; the bright blue trousers that he wore at sea added to his charm. Just now, when the skipper, the 'old woman,' and the second mate were all on the poop, Jim's trouser legs were all the pleasure Charles could get from his friend, and he clung to them like a bloodsucker. To be sure, after the officers moved off to the main deck to inspect something, Jim grinned and whispered an occasional remark; and then he was apt to have the giggles and, his shoulders shaking, he would turn his face away from the 'old woman' in some very unseamanlike direction far round to leeward. Charles stared up, red and rollicking. Officers did n't bother *him* any; but he had a better time when that man and those other men were not about, and still better when his mother was below. For then Jim let him turn the wheel, clutching at the whirling lower spokes and getting his head constantly in the way of the next descending one! In the excitement of steering the ship he often wobbled terribly and fell, *squash*, sticking his hand through one of the holes in the grating; at once Jim gathered him up and petted him, and he smoothed Jim's beautiful face. After such a catastrophe Jim held him up and allowed him to steer from the top of the wheel, the sailor teetering on one foot and shoving the wheel about with the other. Never was Charles content to turn the wheel a little way — it must turn way, way over.

He learned new words, too.

'Huddapoht,' he'd shrill, and struggle to suit the deed to the word; the official helmsman was anxious to please him, yet at the same time exceedingly alert for the second mate.

'Huddober!' Charles would scream. 'Huddastahbud!' Gracious, it was fun to steer the ship! How grand it was to know the proper routine when another grinning sailor came up the lee side of the house to relieve the wheel!

'Whatsa course, young sailah?' said this man to Charles.

'Nothe-east,' returned Charles, tipping up his pink face beamingly.

'Nothe-east it is!' repeated the new

man seriously. The first man usually whispered in the ear of the new man — they were a long way above Charles and he could n't quite catch what they said, but Jim at one time had given him the idea that it was about what was for supper; it seemed quite likely, for Charles himself took an interest in supper. If the coast was clear they all three laughed in gurgling abandon.

The men adored Charles; they loved his wild yellow hair and big round eyes and red cheeks. How could they not? He admired them so fervently! He essayed such calamitous fat kicks at everybody on board except sailors, his mother, and the steward, who, he had been led to believe, made the cake.

'He's a bad influence,' the skipper chuckled. 'I think he's organizing a mutiny. I don't know but that I ought to put him in irons — but I doubt if we have any the right size.'

'He keeps trying to get out on the main deck,' complained his exhausted mother. 'But so far he has n't been able to do any more than get balanced on top of the step and scream. He wakes up the mate or the second mate or whoever is below!' She giggled. 'He's really awfully funny sometimes.'

'He treats me like dirt,' said Sam, and his wife laughed suddenly till the tired tears ran down her cheeks.

III

In time they reached Cape Henry and plodded up the Chesapeake, repulsing several tugboats that longed to take them in tow. The Susan had been reported and she was to go under the coal-tip at once; coal was in demand in Maine! All arrangements were quickly made. Stores were hurried on board. Sam tried in vain to find a white crew and was obliged to ship over the same old crew, who were pleased to go with him again; he treated his men well. Martha bought cloth for Charles's overalls and made them to the accompaniment of the roar of cargo sliding into the hold. The Susan was daily more filthy with black dust; Sam and the mates viewed her with anguish, and one could see the industry in store for the crew once they were again at sea. Charles for his part busied himself making little marks with his fat fingers in the coal dust on the white paint, a great sport that made the washing of hands more pleasure than usual. The baby collected coal dust remarkably well on all her plump exposed surfaces.

'The old girl's loaded to the gunnels,' said Sam to Martha as the tug pulled them out of their berth and set them on their way.

They stood on the poop in the early sunshine of what promised to be a warm December day. Far off on either side the low shores of Maryland moved past; the tug pulled stoutly. A dilapidated crew strove to set sails under the urgent driving of the irritable mates; five of the crew were 'sleeping it off,' and three dubious cases that were yet deemed fit for service ambled foolishly about the decks, laid feeble hold on ropes, and hauled limply, incurring all kinds of verbal abuse; there seemed to Martha's eye to be only two men who were actually sober — old Jim, who was at the wheel, and a man in extraordinary checked trousers, who sped up and down the rigging.

Charles was clinging to Jim's legs and interfering at the wheel. In a whisper the sailor praised Charles's new pants; he murmured, too, that he had brought Charles a present which was at the moment in his sea bag. Jim was a peerless friend.

'Are you going to keep the tug all the way down?' asked Martha.

'Uh-huh,' responded the skipper.

'If this wind holds it will be a fine fair wind when we get outside.'

'Oh, of course!' agreed Martha. 'I did n't think of that. We'll go home quite fast.'

The wind held. At the Cape the tug cast them off with toots of farewell and they set all sail for Portland. In two hours they took in some sail and in another hour they took in more, slowly and painfully with the dilapidated seamen; a few hours later they again shortened sail, and the seas were rolling up heavily behind the ship, and the crew was seedier than ever. Sam hunted up the high board and fitted it into its grooves at the head of the companionway stairs.

'We've got a good strong breeze,' he told his wife cheerfully as he rummaged in the slop chest. 'Where's that slop-chest book? Oh, here it is.' He measured a pair of thick trousers against his own stalwart frame; they seemed small. 'Guess these'll do. Gee, Marth, sailors are the biggest fools. You saw that one in the checked pants? He was sober. He's come on this trip with those checked pants, mostly cotton, and his dungarees! I wonder where I put those new shirts.'

'They're in the bottom drawer of the medicine chest.'

'Oh! He's standing at the wheel shivering like a leaf and his teeth chattering. Already, by George.' He climbed the stairs with the garments on his arm.

The good strong breeze practised and grew stronger. In twelve hours the Susan B. Lamb was pounding along with very few sails on, and the seas were coming tremendously over the stern, hitting with a crash against the rail and the house and the companionway door; dribblings of water dripped down the stairs, and Martha added mopping to her jobs; the little door-steps penned the water into a shallow lake at the foot of the stairs, and Charles scuffled in it and wet his feet while his mother was busy with the baby. He climbed the wet stairs, too, and beat on the door, calling to be let out, but the door stayed latched better than it had on the trip down. That at least was a relief to Martha as she hustled her son out of his soaking clothes. Occasionally she herself went up the companionway to gaze out at the gray prospect.

'It's blowing awfully hard, is n't it?' she inquired anxiously of Sam on one of his visits in the cabin.

'Hard? My girl, this is just a good breeze!' insisted Sam.

'Then why do you stay on deck so much?' she demanded.

Sam grinned; he began to foresee a time when he might not be able to deceive his wife about the weather.

'Why, the second mate is short-handed in his watch with all these drunken baboons we've got on board. You know that. Well, so long, Charles.' Charles paid no heed.

Martha had another idea.

'It's blowing awfully hard, is n't it?' said she to the mate, who came for a mug of coffee before going on deck. The steward had secured a pot of coffee to the top of the fat stove in the forward cabin.

'No, ma'am!' he responded at once, swaying easily in the doorway. 'Just a good wind to push us along. Hullo, Charles! The carpenter's making something for you.' Charles regarded him with slight interest. 'Well, got to be going.'

Perhaps it was just a good breeze.

'It's blowing awfully hard, is n't it?' inquired Martha of the second mate. He poured some scalding coffee on his hand and muttered horribly.

'Awful,' he agreed. 'Terrible sea, and we got the worst crew o' landlubbers I ever did see.' He gulped his coffee and went to his room. The second mate, Martha meditated, was naturally gloomy; he had a hideous scar cutting across his forehead and one eyebrow where a block, falling from aloft, had struck him when he was sixteen; he had met with other accidents and his disposition was soured.

Really, was it a good breeze?

Supper was an acrobatic contest in which at intervals everyone laid hold of every liquid within his reach on the table and tipped it the proper way. Charles enjoyed that and grabbed things with the best of them, tipping them wildly any way at all until he had deluged himself and the table in his vicinity. Martha lifted him from his throne of dictionaries and cushions and removed him, bellowing, from this pastime. He continued bitterly resentful, until the rumbling of deep voices in the forward cabin announced a conference at the second table, from which the carpenter, blond and very shy, came presently to the door of the after cabin with a sensational gift.

In consequence the meal at the second table was enlivened by the shouts of Charles and violent blows on the walls; he bestrode a little platform on four stout wooden wheels, the two in front connected to a post that went up through the platform and ended in a crosspiece to which a small boy might cling and thereby, with luck, guide the vehicle. Across the rocking floor sped Charles, shrieking, to stop with a bang against the wall; if he was quick enough to turn around it was nice, but if not he retraced his path backward, thrillingly. An accidental turn of the tiller would cannonade him into a table, against a chair, into his mother, who was appalled and yet amused. Sam, also, watched the sport faintly smiling; but he had been a sea captain longer than he had been a father, and he suffered for the hardwood floor and the polished panels. Charles went to bed that night with the new toy alert at the foot of his box.

During the night the pound of the seas grew more and more frequent, and at dawn they hove the ship to; that good wind was a gale. For four, five, six, many similar days they alternately hove the ship to and let her run before the wind as the gale increased or moderated a trifle.

The slop chest was soon sold out of woolen clothes of every sort; Sam clumped up and down, scolding over the improvidence of sailors. The second mate lacerated a finger between a snapping rope and the rail, and was in such a temper that he could hardly trust himself to speak to anyone but the crew. Sam and the mate, on the contrary, outdid themselves in sprightliness at meals, and when meals could no longer be served on the table, that proved to be a state of things that they enjoyed above everything. Martha suspected them of deceit, or attempted deceit. The baby slept and ate and cried. Charles was happy with another choice present. His black friend Jim had brought it aft under his oilskins to the wheel, entrusting it with bashful smiles to the skipper 'for the little boy'; it was a little yellow box with a little handle that, when turned, produced a little tune — oh, a delightful thing! When Charles was not careering around the cabin on his rolling steed he sat on the floor and patiently wound the crank of the music box; he played it in the early morning before he was released from his slatted coop, and before he fell asleep at night.

'That tune is driving me mad,' said Martha. 'I hope no one else has any presents for him.'

'I wish he could read a book.' Sam had just waked from a brief nap on the lounge and was cross. He thrust his feet into his rubber boots and began to struggle into oilskins.

'You don't have to go out again, do you?'

Sam snorted in reply.

'Where are we now?' pursued Martha pleasantly, ignoring the snort. 'We've been out a week, have n't we?'

'A week and three days yesterday,' grunted Sam. 'I don't know where we are. I have n't had an observation since we left Cape Henry.' He swayed steeply back and forth, gradually recovering his good humor. 'I don't know where we are. The mate does n't know where we are.' Martha gave him a quick, guilty glance. 'The second mate does n't know where we are. Charles does n't know where we are —'

'I do too,' contradicted Charles.

'A life on the ocean wave!' Sam burst into song, prodding his daughter jovially in her stomach. 'A home on the rolling deep! Where the stormy waters —' He mounted the stairs, his coat swish-swishing as he went; Charles followed his progress with round eyes as the stentorian voice boomed in the narrow confines of the companionway, and he smiled. What a lovely loud noise!

Martha pondered. One ought to know where the ship was; Sam had spent time enough over the chart, calculating on bits of paper and measuring here and there, to have found out where she was, even if the sun did n't shine. There were other ways; what was that thing called dead reckoning?

No matter what Sam and Mr. Webb said, Martha *knew* that affairs were not going well. The second mate, whose hand troubled him a good deal and who let her bandage and clean it up every little while, often failed to be optimistic in his natural gift for pessimism; from him Martha gleaned a few items about the situation. Because of the cold and the constant work on deck, the getting wet, the lack of hot food and sleep, there were now only about five men still able to keep at work. 'Housemaids!' said the second mate passionately. 'Infernal weather! Only a fool goes to sea!'

Eight bells. Slow, heavy steps approached through the forward cabin. Ha, the mate after something to eat. Dripping a little circle around him from his yellow coat, he smiled in at Martha, cuddling the baby, and at Charles, winding the music box.

'Getting me a little snack before I turn in,' he said, with a chunk of bread and butter in his red hand. His eyes were sunken and tired. 'It's cold out.'

'Where do you think we are by now?' inquired Martha perseveringly.

'Oh, well,' replied the mate, 'it's hard to tell. Think maybe we 're a hundred miles or so to the east'd of Cape Cod — somewhere,' he added vaguely. The hot stove made him drowsy and he yawned. 'Get me a little sleep,' he murmured, and thumped away, his boots squeaking as they rubbed each other.

Charles fell asleep on the floor, rocking over and back with the ship's motion. Martha idly tried to wish away the water that rippled and deepened at the foot of the stairs; she was tired of mopping it up. How the ship did roll and pitch and toss, creak and groan, and how the waves thundered and hammered at her! The Susan was hove to again. Wearily Martha rose and put the baby in her drawer. With the greatest difficulty she made tea and filled big mugs. Lots of sugar. With them she staggered up the elusive stairs, knocked a warning on the door, opened it cautiously, and thrust a mug into her husband's hand.

'Wait,' she said. 'I've got two more.'

The second mate's sad face lightened as he took a cup.

'Another one,' she added. 'For Jim.' Jim's black face wreathed itself in a dazzling smile; his poor heart must almost have broken at the sight of those steaming mugs. The skipper handed him one and braced the wheel while he drank. Martha, waiting for the empty mugs, wished she had thought before about a hot drink for the man at the wheel; she had never seen anything so cold and wretched-looking as that poor sailor who, Sam had assured her, was the 'best of the lot.' Muttered words of thanks, a radiant black countenance, and three drained dishes rewarded her effort. A mug slipped from her hand and broke in flying splinters as she balanced down the reeling stairs; and Charles, waking, greeted the crash with a shout of satisfaction.

An ugly night stormed by. Sam came and went drippingly; he had no time for dry socks, though there was a new tear in the leg of one boot that inundated him regularly. The mate and second mate passed through the forward cabin all night long, swallowing hasty drinks of the bitter coffee that Martha tried to keep replenished on the stove. The pot was loaded with old grounds, and a stream of liquid hissed on the stove and wasted; but the steward's device to keep the pot in place was too intricate for Martha's solving, especially after she had once been flung into an unintentional fond embrace with the stove while studying the contrivance.

Morning at last. Breakfast — cold fried potatoes, cold mush, salt horse, and hot stale coffee. The steward apologized for the state of the food, for, he said, he had had to wait half an hour in order to get across the deck at all with his basket. Sam and Mr. Webb ate in weary silence, standing. Only the second mate came to the second table, and he bolted the cold food, braced in the pantry door and muttering. Martha demanded to see his hand again — the drenched dirty bandages were clammy and the finger angry-red and swollen.

'You *must* keep it dry and try not to use it!' she exclaimed in great annoyance with her patient. The dismal face and hard mouth of the patient looking down at the bent brown curls twitched unexpectedly. Keep it dry! Not use it!

'Sure!' he growled. 'Thanks.'

Martha, alone again, heated some of the cold mush, sweetened it with thick condensed milk, and spooned it into Charles's gaping pink interior. She pacified the baby, who wept hungrily. The day's work had begun. She washed clothes and arranged them in a steaming circle on chairs around the stove. This once, she thought, she would not bathe those children! All the dreary morning she mopped up the icy water in the companionway and changed Charles's stockings and shoes. She erected a wall of pillows about the cabin as a buffer to ease the impact as her son charged back and forth across the floor on his steed, braking desperately at times with his soft legs. Once during the morning she took coffee up to the poop and was surprised to see Jim there! What was he doing at the wheel in the mate's watch? She asked Sam about it.

'Oh,' said Sam casually, 'he's the only one that's got the guts to take the wheel now; they're all played out. He's a good able man.'

Dinner was like breakfast, except that there was no mush. Martha felt that it had been years since she had sat at table in dignity with the steward hurrying behind them.

In the afternoon the water flowed in faster, and Charles grew somewhat tired of his careering passages over the deck and lay on a heap of pillows in a corner, playing his music box and dropping off in short naps. During that afternoon Martha noticed a pounding, a very strange noise, neither the waves nor any usual sound.

'What's that pounding?' she demanded of her husband. Sam thought irritably that Martha had a fatal gift for asking questions that he did not want to answer.

'*That?*' His tone expressed surprise that one should not recognize so ordinary a noise. 'Why, we're just knocking out some planking to let the water off the deck!'

'But it goes out the scuppers,' objected his wife, who believed that Sam was trying to make a fool of her.

'It does n't when there are a few tons of it on board and more coming every minute,' retorted Sam dryly. 'It's no bird bath on the main deck!' Instantly he regretted that disclosure. 'Hi, Charles!'

'Hi,' returned Charles graciously. Sam was immensely flattered and went on deck in a glow, forgetting his annoyance with Martha.

No one came for supper but Sam, and all he took was coffee and an immediate departure with two mugs in his hand; Martha followed him with three thick bread-and-salt-meat sandwiches which she thrust through the crack of the door.

A great deal of water began to come into the cabin. It no longer stayed in the little pool bounded by the doorsteps, but it ran all over the floors; Charles certainly could not sleep in his box nor the baby in her drawer that night. Darkness fell. The ship rolled terrifyingly. The seas were continual and staggering. The water rose to six inches, and deeper still when the Susan lay over, groaning in all her buffeted old frame. Martha donned a great pair of rubber boots from the slop chest. She undressed the children and secured the baby with safety pins to the mattress of the big bed; she pinned Charles, too, to the big bed, close to the board inserted between the mattress and the edge. No one would need that bed that night, she thought, sitting for a moment on the lumpy lounge. She hoped they would go to sleep right off. When Charles lay flat she could n't see him, but occasionally he lifted his tawny thatch of hair and peeped at her over the board. The baby fell asleep, but Charles continued wakeful; his mother gave him the music box and he wound it peacefully except when Martha left the room, and then he howled despairingly till she returned. For a time Martha hurried about, accomplishing nothing in her uneasiness.

Then the steward arrived — he said the skipper sent him — with a tub, and together they went to work on the water; Martha bailed and bailed and the steward emptied the tub and they started afresh. It was back-breaking, endless.

Near midnight Sam paid them a visit; he fidgeted about indecisively; he looked at the children; he inspected the water in all the rooms; he complained about a smoky lamp chimney, which both Martha and the steward, red and weary from stooping, felt was unreasonable. The steward brought a clean chimney from the pantry, where he had soothed his feelings by a few whispered observations on sea captains. Sam was very odd! At last he poured two portions of coffee; Martha waded after him to the foot of the stairs.

'I'll take the cups back,' she volunteered.

With one foot on the stairs Sam stopped; the water ran down the companionway in a steady stream, rippling about the great boots his wife wore. Her skirts were turned up and pinned;

her brown hair curled in little horns about her flushed face.

'Martha,' he said, 'Martha.' In a flash she knew that something had happened, something terrible.

'Sam!' she cried. 'Sam! What is the matter? Oh, is it the *ship?*' In an awful picture she saw little Charles and her baby in the freezing, snatching sea.

'Yes,' he muttered. Perhaps he had a vision, too. 'I'm afraid the old girl can't live through the night. The cargo — I'm afraid we may be swamped. I — I—' he looked away from her, up at the door, earnestly. 'I — I'll try to come down if I have time, or give you a chance to come up.' Swiftly he kissed her white cheek, crushing her hand against his stiff, dripping coat. 'Oh, Martha!' he whispered and turned away.

Mechanically Martha toiled after him up the stairs. Peering through the crack into a blackness lighted only by the binnacle lamp, she saw the second mate and faithful Jim at the wheel; Jim's pale lips were drawn back so that his teeth gleamed in the light, and his skin was a sickish gray; the second mate's face was set, and his injured hand on the wheel showed bandageless and bare. Sam vanished in the wild darkness and Martha paddled down the lively stairway through the cabin to Charles, who abated his outcries at her coming and fell back on the bed, clutching for his music.

Martha bailed. She bailed fast, carefully. It took her mind off the night, the storm, those grim men on deck, a foundering ship, and — and little children struggling in the sea. Bail and bail and bail. Would bailing do any good? Charles raised his head and peeped at her.

'Scoopy watta, mama,' he encouraged her. 'Scoopy watta.' The steward laughed.

At every crash her heart tightened to a little hard knot, but she did not cease her work. Sometime in the night she fed the baby, — it hardly seemed worth while, — who had no fears and went at once to sleep again. What kept Charles awake? The noise? He made faint remarks to himself from time to time. 'Bang, bang,' he murmured when the crash of seas shook the house. 'Bump, bump.'

Toward morning, at the sound of an opening door, Martha's heart stopped; it was a ghastly face she turned to Sam.

'It's nothing,' he reassured her hurriedly. 'Just after some coffee.' His cheeks and chin were rough with a scrub of beard and he looked old, old, a man of stone.

Four o'clock passed, five o'clock, six o'clock. A mean, thin daylight leaked in. Martha straightened her aching back. Perhaps —

'Scoopy watta, mama,' urged Charles, popping his gay head at her. 'Scoopy watta.' So obediently she fell to once more.

'I think it's moderatin',' said the steward, bringing an empty tub. 'You rest a minute, ma'am; we got her pretty well bailed out right now. I'll start some fresh coffee and see if I can git to the galley for some breakfas'.'

'Scoopy watta,' insisted Charles.

'You keep still with your "scoopy watta," young fella,' retorted the steward cheerily. 'We ain't no slaves.' He disappeared into the pantry, and as if that were a signal Charles, with a small sigh, dropped his box and, leaning his forehead against the board, slept. And Martha fell into a doze in the big chair, the great boots toed-in comically. The night watch was over.

Martha waked with another wrench of dread at heavy steps thumping downstairs, but a glance eased her.

'All right so far,' reported Sam. 'Clouds blowing away a little. Now, if we can just get an observation.' He sat down with a deep sigh and poured the water out of his boot.

But the morning passed without the sun. The afternoon drifted into gray evening and the ship wallowed on blindly. The barometer began to fall; Martha tapped it just as she had seen Sam do, and it dropped a little. Sam would have been provoked at that bit of acumen on his wife's part — but Sam was pacing the sea-swept poop with eyes intent on a dodging horizon. Martha regretted consulting the barometer; things were bad enough as they were; it was better not to know, she guessed. Would she have the strength to lift one more dipper of water or give another swish and wring to that heavy mop? She was wondering, when the door opened. Would she ever be able to hear that door open without fear?

'Got it,' muttered Sam, with some of the strain gone from his face. 'Just for a second. We got Portland Head and Monhegan. Hi, Charles!'

'Hi,' said Charles, poking up like a Jack-in-the-box, flushed in his pink flannel nightgown, 'ol' man.' Sam did not notice.

He plotted a position on the chart, fixed a course.

'It's going to snow,' he said to Martha. 'It's cold. But we're going in.'

'Into the harbor? But there's a bad bar, is n't there, or something like that? I remember you said —'

'We've got to go in, Martha! We can't weather another night.' It was maddening the way Martha remembered every chance word! 'Of course there's not a bad bar!'

'Well, you said —' But she was alone.

Martha pressed her face to the companionway glass. The snow was fluttering already. The mate and second mate went forward, leaving only Sam — poor tired Sam, cross as two sticks — on the poop and ashy-faced Jim still wrestling with the wheel. A few figures moved on the main deck, the officers among the men; the cook rushed from the galley and laid hands on a rope; the steward's white apron flapped beside the mate. Sam shouted in a voice that was drowned in the wind, and blew a shrill blast on a whistle; he turned to the helmsman.

'Handsomely now, Jim, handsomely!' Jim bent to the wheel at the word.

The ship heeled so steeply that Martha gripped the railing on either side. The ship labored about and lunged directly into a whirling whiteness that hid all before her; only the wild Atlantic showed like a mountain above the lee rail. The Susan B. Lamb began a long struggle toward the harsh coast of her birth. The groans of the ship's foghorn mingled now with the cries of children. Martha descended. Charles was tired of that bed and frightened at his mother's absence; in a temper he had thrown the music box at the baby. Martha removed one of Charles's safety pins, turned him over, and spanked him thoroughly; it gave her more pleasure than it did him. She consoled the outraged baby.

She was going to look on that chart; Sam had certainly told her — She pored over the chart. Those stars were lighthouses. That thing must be a buoy. Portland was there. There were all those islands. That lead-pencil dot and circle must be the ship's position. It was very interesting. If she had more time she could probably puzzle out what all the little numbers and letters and dots and things meant, she thought, but now she had several things to do, whether they ran on a rock or a reef or a sandbar or an island or not. However, she sat down on the haircloth lounge while she considered what to do first, and, after an exchange of hostile glances with Charles, suddenly fell asleep. Her head sagged forward on her breast. She slept and slept.

She woke with a start; her head had swung around in an arc, wrenching her neck; it startled her, though nothing seemed amiss. That is, nothing additional. Nevertheless she hastened up to the window again; outside she saw men in attitudes of concentrated attention; they hardly breathed; they might have been frozen, from their stillness. She gazed astonished at the spectacle. At last a hoarse cry burst the stillness.

'Ah years it, sir! Ah years it!'

Martha pressed her nose more closely to the cold glass. Sam and Mr. Webb remained immobile, Sam's hand clenched in the air halfway to his pipe; then both heads turned slightly toward each other. Whatever it was, they too heard it. What could it be?

'One — two — three — four — five — six —' Martha could read Sam's lips counting off deliberate seconds. Why?

'Seven — eight — nine —' The mate was looking at the skipper entranced.

'Ah!' It was a gasp from the throats of the listening men, a deep sigh. Sam wiped ten years from his tense face with one gesture across his brow.

'I make it the foghorn off Portland Head,' he said in a loud, relieved voice. Martha sat weakly down on the top step; you tell foghorns, she thought, by the number of seconds, miserable tiny seconds, between the blasts. But what would they have done if it had been the wrong foghorn? Or what if a foghorn makes a mistake? It would be very easy to, it seemed. She — she'd ask Sam sometime when he was not so tired. Could she ever take the children to sea again? Oh, she was all wet, sitting in the water.

They lurched into a harbor shrouded in snow.

They picked up a pilot and a tug. Heavy-laden, white with snow and coated with ice, they lumbered behind the tug to find an anchorage. They crept through a narrow drawbridge where a thin man, wrapped and bundled, leaned over the guard rail to see the ship pass by; he was almost on a level with the top of the house.

'What stove all those planks in?' The thin man dared to hail the lordly pilot standing on the house.

'Ho!' roared the pilot dramatically, swelling his chest. 'The wind and the waves and the storm!'

'Oh!' said the inquirer. 'I just thought maybe you did it to let the water off. Hullo, Sam.' The skipper was hunched over to light his pipe and hide a grin; he swung about and stared hard at the muffled figure.

'Why!' he exclaimed. 'Hullo, Eli! What you doing up here?' He leaped to the top of the house and strode across; the two men were not twenty feet apart as the old Susan inched along.

'Well, your mother was anxious,' explained his brother. 'You certainly gave us a scare, Sam. Everybody come through all right?'

'So-so. I'm sending my second mate up to the Marine Hospital as soon as we get tied up somewhere; he'll have to lose a finger anyway, poor fella.'

'I'll let 'em know he's coming,' assented Eli. 'You must have had a mean trip. Ten days ago I went out and insured the freight when we began to get the weather reports.'

'You darn miser,' said Sam. As the ship crept forward he stepped slowly aft till now he stood on the brink of the house. 'I don't suppose you spent a cent insuring *me.*'

'No,' answered the thin man. 'What good would that do? You had Martha and the children with you. Well, so long, Sam. See you later.'

ON STAYING AT HOME

BY ELIZABETH CHOATE

I

There are always compensations. Some people do not believe this. I was not sure of it this morning myself when I saw a poster on the station platform; I shall not be sure of it this afternoon if I see a schooner in the Sound with seven masts and a black hull; but between then and now I have been to see Mr. Barboza and we have conversed about biscuits.

One must admit, as he would say himself, 'That's not so much.' It does not seem 'so much' when, for a ticket to Brussels, we could see men and women crossing blue streets under green skies, laughing at purple houses. And yet, to find those places, times, occasions that set our spirits most alight — this is living; and it was Mr. Barboza who opened my eyes to the fact.

I must begin at the beginning.

Our town is by the sea. It is gray even in July, gray as foul weather even in the Christmas snows. Sand dunes run high and low along the beaches, and gray-green witch grass tops their rises and their curves. The houses gather to face the open water, and circle at the back around a pond where, in the fall, the scrub oaks turn to liquid fire. At dark this pond is filled with boats whose swordfish tackle is reflected on its surface and silhouetted against the thin-sliced clouds. On one side of us lies the Bay, its round fat shape acknowledging its placidity, and on the other the Sound, stretched like a wedding carpet. Down it come ships as gayly poised as any bride, and they are accompanied by buoy bells, a sound as gracious as a church's proclamation. Just within range of vision is the lighthouse point. Our town is an ordinary village by the sea.

There are those of us who will always spend part of our lives kicking our heels against some old sea wall, an indigestion on our spirits and its hiccups bringing up fierce, spasmodic pictures of the worlds we have not seen. At such moments memory will take a holiday, and leave in its place a cheap designer, one of those daubers who paint the earth and all that's in it as if there were no fleas, as if boats had no smells, as if trains always were on time — as if, in fact, going here and there made the world change, the sun shine all the time, and every stick and stone a marvel. In this way distance is accentuated and Eternity draws her running string of time so tight that space for living seems no larger than a bottle's neck. We sit and kick our heels in hopeless despair that we shall ever get outside our own particular garden gate. Yet perhaps we half enjoy these gusty melancholy winds, until —

'Ma'am,' calls Maria, gleaming, 'the crackers ain't come.' And we see that we are not going to be let off anything, but must bore ourselves to death finding a way to live.

That is an ordinary case of staying at home.

To-day there were compensations, and they began with Mr. Barboza. Strictly speaking, perhaps the lane leading up to them was something else, — Scipio was coming to dinner and the greatest of Romans likes chowder, — but Mr. Barboza opened the gate to their apprehension. The crackers were his affair.

Mr. Barboza is the baker of Teaticket. He came, together with six or a dozen black pigs, in a Portuguese packet from the Cape Verde Islands. He set up a shop in a raftered barn where there is the smell of mice and moulded hay, and the happiness of his customers is a matter of the deepest emotion to him. Besides bread, Mr. Barboza keeps sundries, and among them are those hard soda biscuits that burn the mouth and rejoice the heart in a perfect chowder.

From the first day that I had noticed his truck labeled 'Portaguse Bred,' Mr. Barboza and I had come to an arrangement. I would leave my money at his door and he would leave whatever I required the next day at mine. Sometimes it came by truck and sometimes it was brought by Mr. Barboza's neighbor, Mr. Manuel Santos, but whatever its method of travel it never failed to come, and we were both delighted. Therefore when I who had made an arrangement, when I who had left thirty cents at his door last evening, had this morning been told that there were no biscuits, I knew that I must go to Mr. Barboza and inquire the cause.

As I slid the car round the circular drive, my eyes were fixed on the flat blue board of the ocean. There was nothing between me and Europe but a patch of grass and one small island. Behind the island ran a thin blue line of smoke. There was nothing between me and Europe but —

Someone was shrieking from the kitchen porch. Maria tore down the drive.

'Captain Chase just telephoned, ma'am, an' he can't deliver the fish,' puffed Maria, bursting. 'Cook says there's no salt pork.'

'All right.' I gave up looking for that steamer. 'May God help those who have to help the help to help themselves,' I said. 'All right, Maria.' On the way to Mr. Barboza's I did not see a single tiger lily in a single garden.

I found Mr. Barboza, like Mr. MacGregor, hoeing onions, but the moment I drew up at the door he rushed to attend me. At once I explained.

'What, you get no bisks?' cried Mr. Barboza, flinging his arms out in consternation. 'By fishes! What you mean?'

I explained again, and assumed the sadness the occasion demanded.

'They did n't come,' I said.

Mr. Barboza's eyes grew wide with regret, his military moustaches drooped, his hands drooped to his sides, his chin drooped on his chest, his light olive skin lost its red glow. Mr. Barboza, in spite of his figure, is a handsome man. His eyelashes are half an inch long; he looks more like an Italian than a Cape Verde Islander, though you could never take him for one, as he is as shy as a bird, — a rather round bird, — and hops about in much the same manner; but when he is disturbed he turns quite green.

'Too bad,' said Mr. Barboza deeply. 'Gor — too goddam bad.'

Here we paused for a moment as if overcome.

'Where are they?' I finally asked.

His eyebrows and hands went up to his hair.

'I give one — two — box to Mr. Santos las' night,' he answered. 'New bisks, good bisks. You not get?' he said, like a bird that has pounced upon a worm. I shook my head. There was another pause while he gloomily stared at the flour bin.

'You wait,' he said suddenly. 'I go see him. I go see Santos.'

I had only just time to ask where he lived.

'Not so far,' said Mr. Barboza, his voice ringing happily, leaping into his Ford truck; 'not so far.'

There was a great din of turning, grinding, hiccuping, as he whirled off, to stop, before he was well started, at a red barn not a hundred yards away. He came back in the same fashion and beamed at me through the fog of dust he had created. He was cheerful but puzzled.

'Santos he say he lef' bisks.'

'But where?' said I.

'Thaz right,' agreed Mr. Barboza sympathetically. 'Where? He don' know — I don' know.' He scratched an ear. 'You not get?' he asked, giving a final peck to the worm.

'No,' I said firmly. We paused again.

'You got hotel where you live?' asked Mr. Barboza at last, tentatively.

'Why, yes,' I answered.

'Santos he say hotel maybe.'

'Well,' said I, brightening, 'I'll go to the hotel and ask.'

But this was ill-advised, for it threw Mr. Barboza to the bottom of a pit.

'No good,' he said darkly; 'gone — they eat.'

It seemed, then, that there was nothing to be done. I turned to go, but Mr. Barboza detained me.

'I give you some more,' he said, coming up as radiant as a sun, 'for notting.'

I agreed at once, but not, of course, 'for notting.'

'It was Mr. Santos's mistake,' I said; and I pressed thirty cents into his hand. He looked dismayed. He turned the coins over in his palm, to have time to think out the meaning of my words, and when they were clear to him he put the money gently back between my fingers.

'Oh no,' said Mr. Barboza. 'Oh no. You get no bisks, I tak no money.'

He took down several boxes from a top shelf and then ushered me through the door.

'You bring no more money,' he said joyously. 'I don' *need*. I give you t'ings, one — two — maybe t'ree times a week; sometime you give me somding, after one week, a mont', a year — ten cents, two dollaz, whatever —' There was a shrug of the shoulders and outspread endorsing hands, while I nodded. 'Thaz all right,' he called, as I got in my car, 'thaz *all* right'; and he waved me out of sight.

Thus I rode off, and I passed on my way the green truck gardens and strawberry fields filled with men and with women in large ill-shaped straw bonnets. On my way over, I had not seen a single tiger lily in a single garden, but now there were these pickers in the strawberry fields, some with bright blue aprons, some with colored scarfs, some with yellow kerchiefs, and at the side of the road crate on crate of scarlet berries. There was besides a porch with honeysuckle; there was a blue-wheeled cart; there was a Portuguese baby, as naked as the moon.

II

When I got back to the village, I slowed down opposite Captain Chase's path, and I saw at once why he could not deliver my tautog. He was having it out with Mrs. Phinney.

There is a feud in our town. It has to do with lobster pots.

One morning of quiet July weather, Mrs. Phinney, who keeps a house for summer boarders, took a stand against lobster pots. She refused to let her lawn be used for airing them. She said they stunk. They did. But Captain Chase, who owned them, said: 'An' what if they do? It's a confounded better smell than some o' them summer folks bring with 'em. Talk about perfoooom — Lawbster pawts! Lawbster pawts ain't in it!' To which Mrs. Phinney had replied that it was not for him to interfere with trade, whatever smells he might prefer.

So it began. This morning it continued. They stood and shouted at each other, she leaning over the piazza railing, and he propped against the rail of the wharf at the bottom of the lawn.

'Sure I got your tawtawg,' said Captain Chase to me, without moving. 'An' what's more,' he yelled to Mrs. Phinney, 'I don't believe they'd be able to notice nothing beyond theirselves. I set next to one uf 'em t'other night at the movies, an' I know I could n't; no sir, not though there was one o' them Greek banana sellers settin' right next t' me; and he's the smellingest fella in town.'

'You must 'a' neutralized each other,' shouted Mrs. Phinney.

'I ain't a-goin' to move 'em,' shouted the Captain, regardless. He turned to me. 'Say,' he said, 'wa'n't I here ten years afore that harpin' piece o' sea wash, and ain't them lawbster pawts been stinkin' fer ten years?' And he asked, illogically, to know what was eating Mrs. Phinney, that she should hold her nose at this late date.

'I'll get the cunstable,' said Mrs. Phinney.

'Aw gwan! Cunstable yerself,' said the Captain, and winked at me.

The constable in our town is just Ben Bartow dressed in uniform, and that only on Sundays. The rest of the week he sits in the room over the fire house and chews tobacco. Most evenings Captain Chase chews with him.

Mrs. Phinney knew this as well as we, but, as she said, she hoped Captain Chase would see reason before she had to do something.

'Sumpthin'!' ejaculated the Captain, and cursed 'these goddam nosey women.'

'What's "sumpthin'"? Would you take my pawts?'

'They're goin' off my lawn,' said Mrs. Phinney.

'And it would n't be no good askin' you where they was, neither; you would n't know — o' course not!'

'But I would n't be sorry they'd went,' called Mrs. Phinney sweetly.

The Captain spat into the green harbor water. 'Yuh can't keep lawbster pawts hid,' he said, complacently. Mrs. Phinney sniffed.

'Can't yer?' was all she said. As I looked at her, I thought that Captain Chase might be mistaken. Perhaps you could keep lobster pots hid if you were Mrs. Phinney. But he, at any rate, knew how to take advantage of a respite.

'Oh — them tawtawg,' he said to me. 'Ketch a-hold o' that line an' pull in the trap. I'll have 'em skun afore winkin'.'

I left him kicking the cracks in the wharf planks, one eye on the boarding-house door. It is evident he does not trust so sly a piece of sea wash as Mrs. Phinney, and I wondered, as I went on for the salt pork, whether when night came he would see fit to sleep with the lobster pots, and whether after that — but Mrs. Chase can look after herself.

It is only a step from the Captain's to salt pork. It is around two interesting corners: one where a parrot is hung, and the other where the tugs lie in for storms, and give their long-drawn whistles of farewell as they go out to join their barges. It is a dangerous corner, this, but luckily to-day the lighthouse has no storm flags out.

I said: 'Good morning, Mr. Calhoun.'

He said: 'Mornin'.'

'Nice day.'

'Fine, fine,' he answered. 'Was you home last week?'

'Yes, indeed.'

'Some blow, wa'n't it?'

'Some blow,' I agreed.

And there our conversational bark is wrecked, for everything that can be said in our town about that blow has been said unto the third and fourth generation of them that saw it.

III

Nevertheless, as I waited, the storm stood before my eyes. Only last week — and I might have been in Aden, where it never rains; or in the New Zealand caves, where it never blows; or in California, where there is never any bad weather at all; but there are compensations, and so I was only far enough away to enjoy the sight of the kitchen steps being blown into the sea.

Nor could I have got back in time, for it took us unawares. There was no commotion for the morning. The skies had emptied themselves in placid buckets. Who knew that the wind watched in abeyance? One said, 'Only the end of the drought.' One heard 'God bless the rain'; and one saw Sally Bates rush out to gather mushrooms on her lawn before they could be waterlogged, but noticed no untoward buffeting of skirts. These were no heralds. Oracles consulted as to the weather spoke as follows, it is true: —

'I dunno no more'n you.'

'Course you do.'

'Don't neither. What yer want to know fer? Goin' some'eres with yer feller?'

'Yes, picnicking.'

'You won't go on no picnic.'

'Why not?'

'Cause I'm tellin' yer.'

'You don't know.'

'All right — I don't; but you wait 'n' see. I hope that feller er yours can swim, and swim good too, cause he'll need it. Say, what'd yer ask me for?'

True, too, that the barometer sank like the spirits of a hypochondriac, and that the papers had prophesied a 'tropical disturbance'; but who believes in oracles or barometers or papers until afterward? No, I should have missed that storm, for it was not until noon that the man who pulls the siren on the engine house realized that nothing could be heard but the scream of the wind. By that time the whole air stung and sang.

It was after lunch, and I had gone back to the goat house to finish a piece of writing. The goat house is a small structure in the middle of the west lawn. It used to be used for Mr. Bang; it was for him that the red and yellow curtains were hung. I do not remember under what æsthetic influence this necessity arose, but I do know the effect they had on his digestion: he died — which is so contrary to the tradition of all good goats that in a moment of disillusionment they were abandoned, and Mr. Bang's abode was turned over to me. I imported a desk, a chair, and a laundry table, and at two o'clock every day I retire, helped away by the superstition that I am going to finish a piece of writing, and that anyone who disturbs me will do so at his own risk. This is a necessary precaution; otherwise someone might discover that there is a rose vine blowing in my window, that the laundry table is as covered with crosses and squares as a telephone booth, and that I keep *Jane Eyre* in a drawer of the desk. I had gone back after lunch to finish *Jane Eyre*.

For an hour the goat house had shuddered at intervals with great shattering sighs, like a child that has been weeping; but one does not pay much attention to other things if one is reading about Mr. Rochester. Suddenly into the middle of Yorkshire came the conviction that if I did not leave at once I and the house would be picked up and hurled into the sea. I was so sure of it that I did not even wait to save the piece of writing that somehow never is finished. I wrapped my coat around me and ran. Outside the door I stopped to look about me for the place where I lived. It had disappeared. But it had left behind a sort of ghost surrounded by a lake. I dashed for this and, finding some steps, tried to get in by a side door, but was knocked off and whirled around the corner, wondering, as I went, if there was any object except a rose bush between me and the low sea wall. Luckily there was a comparatively quiet place around that corner, and I was able to stop my feet from moving, one after the other, irresistibly into the sea. I went in while I had the chance, with some vague idea of getting dry, but it was just as bad inside. Every window oozed and streamed, and the north-side closets were letting in trickles of water on to favorite hats. So I went out again.

The world had turned to a tempest of biting water, and I stood on the steps to watch the earth dissolve. I saw the balcony railing blow off, then the kitchen steps and the lattice, then a tennis-court post, and then, to relieve the tension, a jesting pair of corsets hurled themselves down the drive. They had apparently come from across the Bay, for no one could be got to claim them then or later.

Still there was no alarm. It was not until I looked for the white fleet in the harbor that suspicion began to rise, and after that it was too late. It was not there. Our particular part of it had gone with the rest, taking anchor, mooring, chain, and everything with her. She settled on the rocks at the mouth of a tide rip for a few hours, but finally sank, and was hauled out next day, with three great holes gnawed in her side and the rest of her wrenched and torn.

It is as well to have the worst happen at once. We may then enjoy the irresponsibility of having nothing more to lose. I set myself in the path of the wind to see what it would do to me. When I got to the village it was waiting. Trees were down and telephone poles; roofs had been torn off; north windows had collapsed — these did not matter. Dread was mounting like a wave and minds were becoming motionless for fear of thinking, for the village was waiting. It had seen this sort of thing before.

I found myself at Captain Chase's pier. Captain Chase was going out. I could not believe it, and there was no way to ask — he could not hear; but he was in the L. & M., starting the engine. I looked at the harbor. Each wave, as it started to unroll itself, was picked up and flattened out. It must have been on some such day as this that Christ essayed to walk upon the waters, for most of the weight of a moving body could have been held up by that wind. Someone appeared at my side. There was news — news that a man and a girl had gone picnicking and had been seen clinging to an overturned skiff somewhere, and Captain Chase was going after them. Two men ran by us. At the beginning of the pier they stopped. Is it possible to walk a tight rope in a hurricane? But they did it. We saw the L. & M. disappear.

After that, rumor ran riot. Three men had gone adrift. There was a schooner on the rocks. A man in a rowboat had tried to go out to secure his mooring and had been blown out to sea. These were the dark things just behind the wind. But there was that hint of gallantry before. Not one of these rumors was left unsounded, and any one that held a chance was chased beyond the wall of flying spray. Women with faces lean and rutted like the gutters that the sea cuts into the land, with lank damp hair like seaweed, watched from their windows. But even the spirit of Christ in jeopardy, as has been well displayed, cannot save fools from their own destruction; and some of them were drowned. The L. & M. came back with an empty, overturned skiff and three men, cursing.

The evening lay deep blue, after. The sun, departing, left its burning scarfs behind — no wonder, either, since their torn and ragged bits unfitted them for the tidiness of morning, unfitted them for any use except what fancy might construe into the pall of Nature for the ones she kills. The harbor water, quieting itself, gave out no other sound than the *splash-chunk, splash-chunk* of rowboats on a nearly level sea. Across the Bay, dim-white like ghosts, were shapes against the black performance of the rocks.

People stood on the street corners, that evening, and talked. Every road was blocked, every garden and lawn a blackened ruin. Wires were down, back yards were under water, everything was to be done, but they stood in huddled groups, talking it over, and for days afterward there were still little knots of people standing at the street corners, talking it over.

I started home casually secure about my lot. Do wanderers discover more in wandering?

IV

For all this, I cannot recommend Mr. Barboza and Company as a universal panacea, because, since they are in our town, they cannot possibly be in yours, or his, or hers, or theirs. I only bring them forward as a patient does the medicine that has done him good. But at the same time I have a suspicion — though it is one I hate to admit — that not all the interesting people, nor all the curious people, nor all the delightful people live in our town — nor all the grass, either, nor all the sea, nor all the flowers. Indeed, I have so frequently suspected that they lived in someone else's that more often than not I have gone myself to see; and so will you, having been earnestly told and earnestly believing, in spite of the song of the bear, that the Magical Chance lies over the mountain.

Yet — mark you — adventure is no more than a gloss of the mind. We are never shown a thing as it really is when the artists take us here and there. We are shown only the form to which it has melted in the fire of their minds. For of what is Romance made? Not always petticoats and pantaloons, nor half so much of actual love as of evanescent laughter, nor of salt tears for absent kisses as of phantom pain to see the beauty of the stars in water. 'Dust and a faint wind's burthen,' or a star, columbine, caps of snow on the ends of branches — these are life. We have been made to believe too long that it was something else, something tangible, connected with women of the streets and railway posters calling us to Spain. Young boys believe it still and think they are seeing life by seeing gambling hells and brothels; young girls imagine they have got to it at last in night clubs. These experiences are merely discoveries that there are various ways to carry on existence. One could touch reality as closely by driving down a village street in Maine. Both ways of life are real enough, and information concerning them a useful thing to have, but not if translated into the supposition that the limits of crudity and sordidness, extremities of poverty and dullness, are living, made vital and bare. For life in its essence is no more than the power to live. Our experiences are the superficial aids to stimulation, but the variety of their colors depends not so much on where we go and whom we see as on our ability to endow people and places with meaning.

This afternoon I went to the beach. Now and then, suiting my mood to the sun's dictation, I tried the green water. On one of these expeditions I became omnipotent to save a ladybug from drowning, so I took her ashore on the end of my finger and we lay on the sand to get dry together. Then, as the lady came to life with a vague, ecstatic movement of her wings, I knew I was a god, working creation, whereupon I slid my head on to an outstretched arm and contemplated the things My Majesty would make; for the world is no more than a map of our own dimensions.

I would first buy a house in a town in a valley, and there I would stay at home. There would be no roses over the door, — for roses are the fashion in suburbs, — but flank on flank of hollyhocks. Somewhere would be a pond, fringed with idle grass, and here and there a tree; ducks would take their pleasure in the pond, and geese would form battalions and execute manœuvres from the kitchen door. It would be a white house in a green field, and from every side would rise the formidable hills. Inside there would be books from floor to ceiling, and one chair, one bed, and one person. I would live there in the quiet. I would write a little, and dream a little, and read all night. But I would never ask a friend to come to stay, and I would never climb beyond the first field wall, for there are voices out beyond the hills. I would not let the sea set music to their calling, for, once they ring themselves along the air, peace whistles down the wind. I would not have them coax me to forget that there is a price to be paid for horizons.

No small price either. It begins with discomforts, disappointments, and disillusions. It runs all over the pages of our more material hopes and dreams and blots them out. It ruins forever our chance of brownstone-house success. On no other conditions will the high road or the high sea accept us as its own and give us any adequate return; and even so there will be more than one descent from the mountains when our lives have turned to ashes in our mouths and the taste of freedom is as bitter as loneliness can make it.

I would not be thus tormented. I will lie on my back in the valley and watch the grass move on the tops of the hills. I will laugh and pity its restlessness. I will have stilled those voices whose breath makes it stir, for have I not found compensations? Small-village life is ordinary dough enough, but if the cook has clever hands the bread will rise.

And yet — I cannot keep the moon from shining.

Some night, when the dew drips silvery and large, I should go out again upon that path of pale-blue steel and take a fever one more time to add a useless fuss of exploration to the world. The reason? To be remembered by, like what's beneath our graveyard stone? But what's remembered? Who remembers? Oh — the reason? There is a road, and we would walk it. There is a smell of seaweed from the sea — that's all.

THE PERILS OF MAGNANIMITY

A PROBLEM IN AMERICAN EDUCATION

BY HANS ZINSSER

It is easy to be clever at the expense of opulence and to jeer at the contrast of the barracks in which Pasteur achieved his wonders, or the rural milk route of Koch, with the palaces and equipment which have grown like mushrooms from the golden fertilizer scattered over our medical schools. Such triviality, however, obscures the accomplishments which have already resulted from this unexampled generosity, and which have placed American medicine upon a footing approaching equality with that of Europe.

Were it helpful, we could mention offhand a dozen important contributions and double that number of names which might have been to our credit without the Rockefeller donations (to mention only one of these agencies), but which probably would not have been — at least at this early stage. And even were this inaccurate, there is little risk in prophesying increased intellectual velocity from the potential energy now accumulating in young men and women who, for the first time in history, are being given that thorough medical education which furnishes the tools for high endeavor. And the nature of medicine, broadly conceived, is such that no school not highly endowed can furnish this.

These admissions are platitudes to the fair-minded. And it may well be that, such splendid accomplishments conceded, wisdom should remain blind to the threatening centre of the cloud with such a golden lining. But in the minds of many who are in touch with medical institutions a feeling of apprehension is being aroused by the progressively increasing dependence of a great educational system upon one or more centrally controlled funds. And since, in our opinion, this apprehension is based on more than the unworthy caution of suspicious natures, we believe that it should be aired in frank discussion instead of being allowed to ferment in the dark corners of vague and irritated criticism. Our remarks of course do not apply to the Rockefeller organizations alone. The General Education Board idea has appealed to other philanthropists; and for this every sensible medical man should be grateful. But the best way to show gratitude, aside from cultivating one's own garden to the best of one's ability, is to contribute what one can to the reaping of the healthiest crop from the generous sowing.

It is true that the criticisms to which we refer are often based on differences of conception in which our own judgment inclines us to side with the foundations. And it may also be said that much of this criticism emanates from sources which have failed to obtain some of the money. On the other hand we believe that, if one searches below the surface, the basis for dissatisfaction, often not clearly understood by the critics themselves, may be found in a foreboding that the guidance of medical education is to a considerable extent passing out of the hands of the universities themselves into the hands of a permanent or, at any rate, self-perpetuating body of gentlemen who, by the very force of the established relations, cannot help extending their influence over all the important centres of American education. Though the expressions of this feeling usually take the form of criticisms of the policies of the leaders of this movement, to whose labors American medicine owes a profound debt of gratitude, the heart of the problem lies not so much in a conflict of opinions as in the growth of a situation inevitably created by existing circumstances.

If, as we believe, there is amid the confusion of much trivial, irritated, and reactionary criticism an element that is objective and thoughtful, nothing can be lost and much may be gained by an attempt to formulate this element in order that it may be freely examined. For it would be unintelligent to bury our heads in the golden sand and, for lack of frank discussion, risk the slowing of a forward movement which owes most of its velocity to the group of public-spirited men who have already accomplished so much for our profession. They have devoted laborious and conscientious years to the development of sound medicine — thoughtfully, with study and contemplation. When they hastened the death of some of the obviously inferior schools and formulated policies of progress for the others, they liberated American medicine. They have ridden their lances into many dragons — but also into a number of windmills. The dragons expired and are gratefully forgotten. But the windmills keep on clattering and dulling the lances. We do not want these Saint Georges to become Don Quixotes merely because, as in the classical case, altered conditions are calling for a change of methods.

We may grant — indeed, it seems to us quite self-evident, because of the nature of the relationship — that the purpose of the responsible governing bodies is solely to spend as much as possible of the available funds, as rapidly as is feasible, for the greatest good. It is inevitable that such boards must be besieged by requests for sums far greater than the endowments they administer, a considerable proportion of which could not be granted without unpardonable laxity in the spirit of trusteeship. Ergo, it has been necessary to have on hand one or more individuals who are constantly studying the problems involved in the development of medical institutions and who can give expert opinions in individual instances. Such experts, therefore, must form opinions and — naturally — must adhere to them after they have obtained all the information possible.

Immediately we have a situation. The expert and his board have opinions. They also have money. The universities, too, have opinions; but often no money; never enough. The trustee-experts with the money — in all honesty, we are convinced — disavow the desire to impose their own views upon the organization of the medical schools. But if they do not approve of such organizations, their methods, or intentions, how can they conscientiously give the money? The medical schools, on the other hand, need the money very badly. Often — we know of such cases — their existence may depend upon the control of a hospital, the possession of a laboratory building. They may have convictions of one kind or another, and they may — perhaps wrongly — believe that a certain procedure is peculiarly suited to their traditions, locality, or what not. But the temptation is great to adjust in the direction that will lead to the needed assistance.

We are not leading up to a discussion of the 'full-time plan.' Specific differences of opinion do not properly enter our argument. The point is not who is right about this and who about that; but rather: Does the system which was necessary to achieve the indisputable good so far accomplished carry with it into the future an inevitable uniformity of educational methods; does it inevitably diminish local initiative in educational experiment; and does it, or does it not, by all these tokens, by its very uncontrollable evolution, lead to the establishment of a hierarchy of opinion on matters which, of all human endeavors, are the ones for which freedom of development is most necessary?

The question is not: Is the vast benefit accomplished worth the risk? It *has* been, so far, undoubtedly. But the question is rather, for the thoughtful: Is the great conception in danger of losing effectiveness? And the reply to this query depends upon the answers to a number of further questions. Is there a tendency among medical schools to adjust their organizations and the nature of some of their important appointments by a process of reasoning in which the influence of such adjustment upon prospective donations plays more than a secondary rôle? Have any of the leaders of individual schools put their pride into their pockets, reconsidered their own decisions, and wandered like Henry the Fourth to Canossa to say, 'Father, I have erred; give me the two millions'? In short, are there growing indications of an influence, well-intended and so far highly beneficial, which is formularizing our medical educational system by a uniform standard and subtly imposing the beliefs — however wise — of a single group?

None of this may be true. But we believe that there is enough truth in it to necessitate frank and friendly discussion; and we believe this discussion to be especially desirable because we are not among those — and there are such — who see in the situation the sinister tentacles of the octopus reaching for power. The situation is much simpler than that, and less dramatic. There is merely a group of conscientious and well-informed gentlemen who have taken over the arduous duties and responsibilities in connection with a fund which they are trusted to spend wisely and without too much delay. They are guided by a capable scholar who has made himself one of the foremost lay students of medical education. They are beset by a clamor of requests which it is their duty to gratify in so far as they properly can do so. Many of these requests are wise, some of them are less wise, others not wise at all. The trustees have wrought mightily by the only method possible when the field was rough, stony, and full of weeds. The situation that has arisen is not of their making — surely, we believe, not desired by them. But if it exists, why not face it before it has done the harm which may not easily be undone?

To all that we have said there are a number of obvious rejoinders. Indeed our discussion might be reasonably regarded as an entirely gratuitous attack upon an undertaking which is unmatched in the magnanimous application of financial resources. We should not care to risk lending support to reactionary obstinacy, inertia, or professional arrogance. But when these and other still smaller human motives for criticism are eliminated, there remain a number of factors in the situation which are causing misgivings in the minds of the thoughtful who hope for still greater results from these undertakings in the future. Foremost among these factors is this inevitable development of a power, superimposed upon the organized educational system of the country, which — however benevolent in its autocracy — must still retain the last word in any question in which its opinions differ from local judgments. If higher education is to develop in a wholesome manner it must be free to follow many paths, to experiment in many directions — if necessary, to make its own mistakes. The universities are the normal guardians of educational progress. Their organizations and their considerable resources in expert opinion and educational experience entitle them to autonomy of decision, both as to policy and as to details of method. Limit them in this regard and the future will inevitably pay for it. Left free, they may commit errors, fall behind, or even remain — for periods — unmindful of their obligations. But in the long run they will make progress, impelled by the varying problems they encounter, or by the enthusiasms of the particular brand of educational progressive who happens to gain local influence. At any rate they will remain individual and independent of guidance by a sort of superacademic general staff.

We know and repeat that none of these tendencies are deliberately intentional; but that they are bound to eventuate we must also endeavor to make clear. That they have begun to develop seems indicated to us by the considerable uniformity of organization already apparent in the clinical departments of almost all the schools that have received support, and by our impression that leaders in many of these schools — wisely, we admit, but none the less significantly — look to the foundations for advice and guidance at least as much as to their own university councils and colleagues.

It behooves us to ask ourselves whether these conditions are inevitable and inherent accompaniments of the foundation idea — in which case they may be accepted as minor evils overshadowed by a great good. But we note that similar developments have been completely avoided in the world-wide activities of the International Health Board, and it would appear to the observer a simple matter to eliminate them completely from the educational programme of the foundations by a relatively slight adjustment to recent changes in the management of medical schools. Largely owing to the activities of the trustees of the larger funds, these medical schools have matured and have become incorporated departments of universities. They are guided by educational wisdom and experience, and can be trusted to apply with studious conscientiousness any funds they may receive. Is it not reasonable to hope that future donations may be determined purely on the basis of demonstrated needs and bestowed for definite purposes, leaving the details of procedure and organization entirely to the governing bodies of the beneficiary institutions? Surely this would be safe in most cases, and would eliminate irritation and the apprehensions we have mentioned from a relationship which should be one purely of gratitude for great benefactions.

We feel neither called upon nor qualified to enlarge upon the remedy. We have endeavored to make a diagnosis. And we have thought it worth attempting because we believe the conception that underlies the return of great private fortunes to public service a very fine one that demands the coöperation of everyone interested in safeguarding its purposes.

There is, of course, still another way

of looking at the situation, but one that seems to us unworthy of the magnanimity which pervades the undertaking — to the effect that, after all, the great fund is a free donation, given under conditions which no one but the donors is entitled to determine; and that institutions which apply for assistance cannot expect to dictate the terms of acceptance. This we believe to be a complete misconception of the intentions of the givers, and far removed from the spirit of those who have administered expenditures; moreover, whatever misgivings we may have of the future, a point of view so crude is unjustified by the experience of the past.

THE GREEK SPRING

BY JOHN FINLEY, JR.

When in the glad green tide the childish brooks
Born in the rainy mystery of nights
Slip through new fields, the gray-eyed acolytes
Of spring, the formal olives with prim looks,
Advance their festive dances in the nooks
Of mountains and the vales, while dressed in whites
With lovely fillets bound each orchard lights
The earth with gathering revel. Then to the crooks
Of shepherds bound new lamb and new-got kid
Which anxious dams survey. Small birds in air,
Like dolphins in bright seas, leap up amid
The flecked and glancing sunbeams everywhere.
The steepled sky, the pinnacles of cloud
Crown the blithe earth with chaplet high and proud.

THE MISSING ROOMS

BY JOHN CARTER

I

We are passing through a social revolution so gradual as to be almost unsuspected, so profound as to modify every aspect of life and to affect every member of the community — the revolution of the rents. Quietly, unobtrusively, but steadily, rents have soared, — carrying commodity prices with them, — until they are nearly double what they were before the war. We stopped building houses in order to beat the Germans. Had the Germans beaten us, the worst we might have faced was slavery; but we won, and find ourselves threatened with social disintegration. For the war left the housing shortage so acute that we now pay for two rooms what would formerly have obtained a home adequate to house a family, and so we are dispensing with the family.

The rise in rents sliced two rooms off the average post-war city home. A case in point is handily provided by an advertisement which appeared in the *New York Times* for September 19, last: —

> Two-room kitchenette apartment, $65; 6 rooms, skylight studio, $120; 4th floor, lease.

Its significance lies not so much in the specific rentals demanded as in the fact that the rent paid for space adequate to raise or shelter a family is nearly double that required for space sufficient for a childless couple. Rentals vary from one street to another, from one city to the next, but the ratio abides. The consequence is that at least two rooms go into the discard, and these two rooms are, spiritually and socially, the most important in the home — the guest chamber and the nursery.

Barely a week after this dynamic little announcement, the papers carried an account of a nation-wide survey of the rent situation. Rents are still 75 per cent higher than in 1914, and though the rates for the country as a whole have declined 6 per cent since July 1924, the majority of Eastern cities show no drop, and in some cases the rates are even higher than in 1924.

The cause of this devastating situation is so simple and so obvious that it requires little comment. On the average, in this country there are a million marriages a year and an excess of nearly a million births over deaths. But while the demands for homes thus increase by a million a year, the construction has been not nearly large enough to meet the demand. Thus, as stated, during the war there was very little building; in 1920 there were seventy thousand houses built and a million marriages; even in 1925, six years after the housing shortage had become apparent, there were only half a million houses to meet twice that many marriages. A situation has been created in which families are steadily multiplying and homes are becoming relatively scarcer. In fact, the census of 1920 showed that there were only twenty million dwellings for the twenty-four million families in the United States; a similar survey for 1926 should indicate that there are at least seven million families without homes. At present this stringency is sharpest in the East, where in cities such as New York there is one dwelling for every three families; but it is spreading westward, and now Chicago stands on the same footing with Boston, with two families to every house. In due time, unless energetic measures are adopted, the scandal of inadequate housing for the richest people in the world will be nation-wide.

The result of high rents is inevitable, so long as it is impossible to spend more than you receive: one house does double or triple duty, and the economy is effected in such a way that hospitality and the rearing of a family become practically impossible. A friend writes me from Boston: 'Forty years ago the house in which I now live on Beacon Hill sheltered a single family. Now it supplies homes for six, and of all that number my daughter is the only child.'

This is the revolution, and one far more disastrous to the welfare of the country than anything an enemy might have done to us. Statisticians may labor from now until doomsday in trying to estimate the damage done our national economy through the restricted size of families; such a discussion as this may dismiss this aspect of the business with the observation that in the last ten years the city birth rate has fallen 3.5 per 1000, as compared with a drop of 1.3 in the rural birth rate. What is more important than the loss in physical and numerical values is the loss to the country in spiritual and cultural values. Pedagogues and clergy alike have been bewailing the decline of home influence; they have blamed everything from the automobile to evolution, from jazz bands to Bolshevism. They have failed to see that what was disappearing was not so much home influence as the home itself, that the dimensions of the domestic establishment had shrunk so drastically that there was no longer room for home influence to develop.

Only in terms of a comparison can one measure the loss American society has inflicted on itself through its suicidal failure to provide adequate housing. This comparison will differ for every reader, but in its main features it will be the same — the typical middle-class home of the last generation. For purposes of illustration a personal recollection is permissible. It is a roomy, slightly oldish, un-interior-decorated building in a pretty New England town. It stands pleasantly back from the street on an acre and a half of ground, with a barn, an apple orchard, and a truck garden. The town is a microcosm of New England: a college, two factories, a Boston and Maine 'deepo,' and the regular collection of churches, — Episcopalian, 'Congo,' Baptist, Methodist, French Catholic, and Roman Catholic, — a community of about three thousand people. There are seven children in the family, and four or five servants — cook, waitress, chambermaid, nurse, and sometimes a governess, not to mention the handy man who looks after the furnace, the barn, and the grounds. With a little doubling up there is room for everybody, and for the guests who frequently visit for a night or a month. Money is never discussed and, though the family is by no means poor, luxuries are rare enough to be what their name implies.

But there is a piano and there is a good library. The mother reads Scott and Dickens and Stevenson aloud in the evening. All the children have had a chance to study music, and one or two play really well. Chopin and Beethoven are as familiar friends as

Pickwick Papers or *Anne of Geierstein.* In the evening the children have supper in the nursery, or as they grow up are allowed to come to the dinner table and listen, with outward respect at least, to the conversation of their elders. There are morning prayers for the entire household and church twice on Sundays. In this atmosphere the children grow up to feel that life is a system to which they belong. When they travel they nearly always stay with friends, even if only for the night, just as their friends visit with them. They come to feel that theirs is a country with a skin to it, a sort of freemasonry of a common culture that begins in the nursery and lasts through college. Wherever they go they meet the same nice, well-bred people, with the same ideas of decency, the same way of life, and the same habit of speech.

Then comes the war, and, as the confusion clears and they have found their work, they turn to try to build up the same sort of home for their own children, only to find that they can't afford it.

II

Looking back on their home, they may begin to feel, as so many of the rebels do, that it was all perhaps a little stuffy, that tea and Chopin were not enough to prepare one for the stormy life of the twentieth century. It was a bit padded and soft, too much of the comfortable sofa and the wood fire, not enough 'mixing' or roughing it. It was more than a little — to use that doleful word — bourgeois. But it had its standards, too; nor were they enervating standards. Bullying was cowardice, a lie was not Freudian, gluttony was not self-expression, and infractions of this code were dealt with, not à la Montessori, but with a ruler in father's study.

Looking back, again, in the cold light of the post-Armistice years, one can see that this old-fashioned home was poised, like a bubble, on the fact of cheap labor. Our grandfathers had made money by the sale of lands and through investments in railroads and factories, for both of which immigrants were required. From the proceeds of this sale of our birthright, our fathers gave us the culture which we now miss. It is three generations between shirt sleeves, and we are the shirt-sleeve generation, but we find no longer the opportunities for manual labor. The immigrant has moved in and is still moving, and we are derelict. To-day in New England only a third of the people are of the old stock, and the soil is going to the Pole, the Italian, and the French Canadian. We could have done with a bit less culture, a few less railway shares in the safe-deposit box, and a bit more land. It took the war to teach us the meaning of physical toil and suffering; it would have been better if we had learned some of that lesson before and had had a heritage to return to when the war was over.

However, that chance is lost irrevocably. The home built on the sands of immigrant labor has tumbled as precipitously as did the Roman villa after the Antonines. The new home which we have found is in the city, for the roots of our old home did not strike into the soil on which it stood, but into the banking system, and to strike out roots of our own we must first find the money and feed it to the banks. Our opportunities lie in the city, and it is to the city, with its agony of insufficient housing, that we have been driven. We have turned from a nation of landowners to a nation of job-holders; severed from the city which provides our job, we are without resource Here the statistics of our predicament come into play again. In New York City, where the standards of wages and prices are as high as anywhere in the United States, less than a tenth of the heads of families submitting income-tax returns have incomes over $5000 a year and only a quarter receive between $2500 and $5000.

Even assuming that one is a member of the emerged tenth, the cost of city living strikes the prospective family like an icy blast. Take alone the simple and inevitable matters of birth, marriage, and death. These are the central events of human life and they come to city dweller and farmer alike. In the code in which we have been educated, the woman and child are entitled to the care and protection of the husband and father. Yet the cost of being born — aside from the inevitable physical travail of the mother and the future economic handicap of the father — has made it one of the most expensive of financial investments. The minimum maternity cost in the average city hospital comes to $150; care described as 'adequate' costs $250; a specialist of any variety costs at least $200 more; and well-to-do people must pay at least $1000 for the privilege of doing their social duty. If the child is born in a clinic, it has the lofty satisfaction of knowing that the room its mother occupies costs more a day than the same space in the best hotel in town and that its nurses are paid $16 a day. The city bride must pay anything up to $1500 for what her mother paid $25 for. No wonder, as Grace Fletcher observed, that in 1923 there were 3,637,216 automobiles made in America to 1,792,646 babies.

The cost of a city wedding can hardly be computed; a very ordinary sort of affair, with decorations in the church and a reception afterward, can run to $10,000 without the slightest difficulty. And as for the business of dying, the total the traffic will bear is the guiding principle of the undertaking tribe — 'morticians,' they call themselves. One current practice is to trade in the funeral for the full amount of the deceased's life insurance, if he is poor; where the family is not entirely desperate, they are distracted and in no mood to haggle over terms. This is the mortician's opportunity, and that he makes the most of it is evidenced by the growth of the gruesome business of burial into a major industry, of nation-wide dimensions, yielding its practitioners more, far more than 6 per cent.

Rents, as we have seen, are nearly double what they were before we went to war. The housing shortage has, as usual, brought out the meaner traits in our society. Padded costs of building material, achieved through collusive bidding; padded construction costs, achieved through union labor 'tsars' and 'wild-cat strikes'; expanding municipal budgets; and the ever-increasing demand for housing, have brought it about that all houses, old as well as new, are letting at rates which represent earnings far in excess of the original investments. Worst of all, the incidence of rent falls most heavily on newly married couples who are setting up their homes. Older people are already settled on long leases, so the greatest expense falls on those who can least stand it. Not only is the rent problem an added penalty to marriage, but it adds to the cost of every commodity — food, clothing, and entertainment — which can conceivably be required by the family; rent is, in fact, the basic item in the cost of living.

Hence there begins that appalling series of economies of which the missing nursery and guestroom are the symbols. The size of the city flat has shrunk until now buildings are being put up with apartments consisting of only one room, with the corners partitioned off to provide closet and sleeping space, kitchenette, and bath. Service of any sort is incredibly dear, for servants are compelled to ask wages sufficient to pay their own rent elsewhere. A house worker costs at least $15 a week, a cook $18, and so on. Now, while a couple can scrape along by themselves, — it is probably salutary that they should learn to wait on themselves and work for themselves, — when any sort of family is involved, 'help' (in the homely New England sense) is a social necessity. During illness or the infancy of a child, in the old days one could count on Cousin Jane or a neighbor's wife at the very least. But in the cubicles of the city there is no place for Cousin Jane to sleep, nor are there any neighbors — only people living in the same house whose interests, connections, and activities are in no way connected with the people across the hall.

III

And so it goes, jobs and rents, food and service, with the walls of the home steadily pressing in and a general uprooting each October. Gas and heat, telephone and electricity, insurance, entertainment, savings, clothes, carfare, medical attention, charity — everywhere the rise of rents has caused the cost of living to expand, subtly, steadily, irrevocably, a cent here, a nickel there, a couple of dollars for this, fifty dollars for that, until every phase of living has become integrated in terms of cash, until the radio (paid for in easy installments) replaces the piano for which there would be no space, until the moving picture replaces the works of Messrs. Dickens, Scott, and Stevenson, and the delicatessen insinuates its convenient blight into the kitchen, and five thousand dollars a year does not begin to provide the simplest and most ordinary amenities of life.

Whether or not the substitution of the Happiness Boys for Chopin's polonaises, or of Harold Lloyd for Mr. Pickwick, is a positive loss is a matter of opinion. Certainly there can be no two opinions about the state of mind engendered by the unthinking acceptance in toto of all the hand-me-down culture which is invoked to make city life tolerable for the masses. A recent communication in the Contributors' Column of this magazine put the situation succinctly: —

> Not only adults, but even the youngest children of to-day know nothing about leisure, to say nothing of solitude. They are rarely brought into any contact with the elemental forces. They turn up thermostats instead of cutting wood for fuel; they turn electric buttons instead of filling lamps with oil; and they drive through our beautiful north-country mountains at forty miles an hour instead of climbing the slopes or walking along the crests of the Y—— Range. The result is that when somebody asks them for an opinion they look for a button or a switch or an accelerator pedal to manipulate instead of falling back on any realization of the fact that they have been given minds and that these are presumably for occasional use. The pleasantest memories of my childhood are the memories of the quiet evenings about the dining-room table, in the centre of which sat a large lamp and about which were ranged the parents and children, all with books and all quiet. It was something to be looked forward to through all the day, and it was an influence the value of which I shall never be able sufficiently to appreciate.

The fact is that the old-fashioned, cultured home has passed away. The push-buttons themselves are not to blame; they are only the lesser of two evils. The choice no longer lies between the thermostat and chopping wood, but between the thermostat and no heat. Similarly, the choice no longer stands between the push-button family and the circle around that lamp on the dining-room table, but between the push-button family and no family at all.

There is neither space nor opportunity to explore all the branches of this dilemma, for their meanderings only bring one back to the same hard choice. The suburbs, with their illusion of escape, lead only to a wilderness of toy-town cottages, perambulators, and golfing talk, with neither the intimacy of the village nor the indifference of a city. Worse still, suburban society consists principally of young married couples and their infant offspring. It lacks the savor and stability of a society of all ages; it vacillates between the foci of the railway station and the country club, not — as in a real community — between the church and the town meeting. Petty gossip, talk about golf, drinking, and business, round out its intellectual horizon, and the cost of living is higher than in the near-by town from which it pretends to be a reprieve. For all that it suggests release, its roots are not in the soil on which it stands, but in the omnipotent city job which governs the greater part of our population. Suburb or city, it is all the same: two rooms are missing, or, if they are there, are rarely filled.

IV

The price paid for including these two vital rooms is too high for the average city family; what of the price paid for omitting them? The price is paid in terms of social well-being, at the expense of the two oldest social traditions, the family and the art of hospitality. It is these which distinguish man from the animals, these upon which have been reared the towering edifice of Church and State, clan, tribe, and nation, courtesy and chivalry, decency. Subtract the guest chamber from the home and all that you have left is a cocktail shaker. The age of synthetic gin in which we now live is evidence of this fact. Prohibitionists and the professional enthusiasts for law enforcement might well bear this in mind before castigating the recalcitrant cities for their bibulous unorthodoxy. The cocktail shaker, and what goes in it, have become the sacraments of the rite of hospitality. One can no longer give a friend lodging; one can scarcely feed him in the limited space of the city home; but one can mix him a drink, and one does. There is no doubt that this instinctive clinging to the last vestiges of conviviality is responsible for the matter-of-fact manner in which all classes of the city cling to their bootleggers.

The second effect is the one already mentioned. With rents, service, and food all valued in terms of the enormous demand for housing, it is impossible to raise, shelter, feed, clothe, and educate a family in the city, save at the expense of our prejudice against that hugger-mugger promiscuity which we have hitherto confined to the barnyard. For culture in our sense demands a minimum of privacy, in which the home becomes a refuge, not only from the world without, but from the other members of the family. No doubt it is physically possible to rear a family of five in two small rooms, but it cannot be done save at the expense of privacy and through the imposition of that enforced intimacy of the tenements which drives the slum children out to swell the ominously mounting tide of juvenile delinquency.

The third effect of this situation is the decline of culture to the measure of money and money only. A two- or three-room flat has little space for books, and few opportunities for quiet. The circle around the lighted table is impossible, if only because there is not room for a large enough table. Similarly, amusements must be sought outside. None of the old-fashioned parties with favors, the charades, the games of twenty questions, and the innocent diversions of the latter Victorian era are conceivable in a kitchenette apartment. Outside there are the night clubs and dance halls, if anything like that is desired. Music declines to the radio and phonograph; and the art of rendering Beethoven's sonatas or of singing Schumann's songs, no matter how inartistically, is stilled. City neighbors do not look kindly on piano practice, and determined voice culture provokes reprisals. Even the theatre, which is proper to the city, costs too much for the average citizen. With seats at $3.30 in the orchestra, and all the problems of dressing, dining, and transportation to be overcome, a theatre party for four can cost thirty dollars — half a week's salary — without any difficulty. Instead there are the movies.

Every feature of living — birth, marriage, and death, hospitality, culture, and healthy recreation — is rapidly being integrated to terms of cash by the push-button substitutes which are the best the city can offer the greater part of us. In the city, where the job is, nothing can be done without cash. The dollar mark is being stamped on every facet of urban society, and it is there to stay. Our cities are being converted into ingenious hives where there is room for everything but parks, and where even swimming in the universal ocean can be achieved only by paying some concessionnaire for the use of a bathhouse.

What wonder that the American abroad goes into raptures over London with its 'pubs' and parks, and is willing to dispense with a little open plumbing so long as he is treated like a human being and not like an automaton with a nickel in its hand! What wonder that the boulevards and cafés of Paris, the German municipal beerhalls, and the churches and cheap *trattorie* of Rome strike an overwhelming chord of nostalgia in the touring American! What he experiences is not a spiritual expatriation, but a homesickness for the amenities of life.

The worst of all these cumulative penalties on decent living in this country is that they have made us an uprooted nation. In the city one cannot strike one's roots down very deep. We are becoming a nation of nomads, living from one moving day to the next, existing from lease to lease. Our friends are not those of our vicinity, but those of our office. Our life centres around the job, which may fail us at any time; and the home which we might fall back on can be terminated the moment we fail to pay rent. This has produced in us a deep *malaise*, the demoralization of the *déraciné*, the unrest of the uprooted. We are heirs to an inestimable investment in terms of social effort; we are ourselves the product of a considerable outlay in human and cultural energies; and we find that we can do nothing with either but push bigger and better buttons.

Even if we make a lot of money, what can we do with it? Buy a home? Where? Investments fail and purchasing power decreases and taxes rise. Have lots of children? What if our business goes on the rocks or is reorganized by Mr. Dillon? What if our professional skill becomes outmoded? We are now completely at the mercy of the buttons we push. Our young men can no longer go West or South with profit — they will only find the same system. No longer are our feet on the solid ground of husbandry, nor is our income derived even indirectly from the soil. What we sell is 'service,' and as soon as our services cease to have value there is no place to which we can retire.

We are facing one of the most serious

debacles since the decline of the Roman Empire, and possibly for the same reason. Somehow, somewhere, we have set forces in motion which are driving us to the cities, and once there we remain slaves to that precarious freedom which permits us to work or starve. The immigrant is on the land which was once ours, and — unhampered by notions of privacy, Victorian culture, or by the sanctity of drawing interest — is making it pay in localities where the Yankee gave up in despair. Whether this will mean the slow extinction of the American race is still problematical; certainly it means the abandonment of a large part of our racial heritage. The most hopeful sign — for us — is the fact that the immigrant himself is socially demoralized even more rapidly than we were. What meant hard money for us means easy money for him. By applying his old-world notions of thrift and industry he can thrive on our racial leavings; but his sons and daughters have little stomach for the toil involved. They turn to the 'easy jobs,' the fixed hours and fixed pay of the mills and cities, and fill our slums with the opportunist swarm of casual laborers which is the feature of our greater cities. They are inclined to be insubordinate and inefficient, where their alien parents were inflexibly ambitious and hard-working. Now that the immigration tide is shut off, the curse of American life — the desire to get something for nothing — may give the old stock something they have not deserved: a second chance. Stripped of our lands, our ways, and our ideals, we may yet emerge from the city as the immigrant's children rush in to get at the push-buttons, and so return to our land a humbler and a harder people.

TEACH US TO PRAY

BY MARGARET STUART LLOYD

'For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them'

Prayer for others is at once an art and an intuition, and dependent, as both these are, upon imagination for its power and its fulfillment. For without vicarious imagination there can be no reality to prayer, and prayer, lacking reality, becomes a dead weight indeed. And as any true art involves a long and steadfast apprenticeship, followed by a life of dedication, so must prayer be pursued and never relinquished. It demands a long training, a long experience of private and individual prayer, before the soul has any power to pray for other selves. Yet a paradox is here, for without long-continued, sincere prayer for others the soul lacks power to pray for its own needs. And indeed its own wants may be said to vanish as it continues in prayer for the needs of others.

This matter of praying together for others and for one another, what is it? A mystery profound, yet a rite instinctive to all peoples. A custom so universal in practice that it goes back beyond the beginnings of drama and other primitive modes of self-expression. Its beginning must lie hid in that vast mystery — the dawn of human consciousness. For when man first realized himself he did it through contact with other selves, and to touch other selves is to draw on them for power, for instinctive protection against the unknown. When he first became aware of God, then did man first strive to apprehend Him, and his way was the child's instinct of propitiation. Many of us are still in this primitive stage of prayer and we implore our God, 'Do this for us and we will do thus and thus for thee!' Yet our intelligence does revolt against this bargaining. Rather would we pray, 'Do this, because it is of thine own nature, O thou Eternal Love, even as we, thy children, pray it because thou hast thyself caused us to pray!'

This immediately brings us to the conditions for effective corporate prayer: —

1. Such prayer demands leadership — we must have one to direct our prayer, one who leads us in rhythm and unity, and thence to the real power that is generated by such harmony.

2. There must be a form of words. Here impromptu effort rarely suffices, no matter how poetic or beautiful it may be. Words must be accepted, known, and loved before we can go with them straight into the presence of God. There must be indeed a waiting upon God, but it must be with unity of purpose, uniformity of expression. To be inarticulate now, or to be eccentric, is to dissipate spiritual force and to be lost in the unreal. In this sense corporate prayer is like great music — it must follow order and be sustained within bounds to make a great appeal.

3. There must be the spirit of love in our corporate prayers, for now we need the gifts of intuition and of imagination, and these come of love. Our prayers, lacking love, lack that vicarious sympathy which gives strength to desire. Without love, prayer has no wings either to approach the Eternal Love or to bear our brothers' burdens.

4. There must be freedom from prejudice. For it is possible for a group of us to pray with intense feeling for some cause, or for some movement for social justice, and at the same moment to have within us a deep undercurrent of bitterness toward those who are not in agreement with our own beloved 'objects.' But how can we enter the Presence of Infinite Pity and Infinite Love with the spirit of intolerance making us little and dumb and poverty-stricken?

Haste, and dogmatism, and dependence upon certain environments, are not all these hindrances to effectual corporate prayer? And awareness of God, expectation, freedom from prejudice, are not these really necessary conditions to such prayer?

We have said that, while love is the very essence of corporate prayer, it is also dependent upon intuition and imagination. What are these? The truest answer would now be to appeal to the inward experience of the soul. What is intuition? That sense of the soul, that mysterious quality, which derives its strength from the growing life of God within its consciousness. A sense beyond other senses; that in us which is of the Divine, the Knower.

And what, then, of imagination? It is this picture-making faculty, this ability to see with the inward eye, that gives us power to visualize the needs of those for whom we pray. We must suffer with, we must identify ourselves with those we are praying for. Do we pray together, then, in order that the Divine Power may bless human beings, because we fear that they will not be blessed without our prayers? Does God *need* our prayers for them? Here is a mystery! One answer, and only one of many, is that God uses His people as His channels of blessedness, and the full tide of His divine love comes pouring through their human loves as they make themselves ready for His purposes.

Yes, truly, this need of human intercession is bound up in the mystery of the incarnation. We are all the servants of our brothers, and the Divine Love uses us even as it used, chiefest and best, Him who was and is above all His brethren.

And if love be the sum of it all, the motive for, the reason for prayer, how shall we approximate to any degree of love that shall so partake of the Divine Nature as to make prayer imperative? There is the way of living. Your friend becomes more to be loved and followed as you dwell where he is. Daily, hourly contact, knowing Christ, is the answer. What is not of His nature you grow away from; what He cares for you learn to prize. His desires become your aim; His purposes you strive to fulfill. And all this with an ever-growing consciousness of His supreme beauty of character. Does this rob you of individual effort, does it bring with it an abject humility? Rather, it increases your courage; and that you may help Him work out His purposes for your brothers is to you a source of complete and everlasting joy. In His will is our peace, indeed!

There comes a place in our journeying when both individual and corporate prayer to us cease to seem different, when the needs of the one are merged in the needs of the many. And there is an experience when from an agony of supplication for others the soul no longer asks for anything at all, when it knows that the Eternal Love has accomplished that for which it had impelled the soul to pray.

How, then, shall we attain to this high ideal of corporate intercession, which is, indeed, Love-in-Action?

Only by living continually in the presence of love and of pity. All the saints have pointed out to us that their strength, whether of prayer or of vision, lay in their practice of the presence of God, their perpetual awareness of Him. By never-broken habit of will, by steadfast imagination, they dwelt upon the reality of the Eternal Love until for them this reality became as breathing — the very process of life. And if there is one thing their testimony has bequeathed it is that this practice is not for the saint only, but is open to the least of the brethren of Christ. It is the Royal Way, and it is also the way of the humble.

THE CAUSES OF POLITICAL INDIFFERENCE TO-DAY

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

I

THE record shows that in the last campaign President Coolidge appealed twice to the voters. Once he asked them to vote, to go to the polls and vote, to mark ballots for somebody. And once he emerged from behind the veil of the official spokesman's unofficial and indirect discourse to plead with the people of Massachusetts for his friend and campaign manager, Senator Butler. This attitude was a fair sample of how the country felt about the election. A voter ought to vote. That was generally admitted in theory. But in practice the private citizen, like the President of the United States, was interested only in some one local election.

Mr. Coolidge was interested in Massachusetts. Mr. Smith was interested in New York; Mr. Ritchie was interested in Maryland. Nobody was very much interested in the nation. Investigation would show, I am told, that the Republican National Committee was never called into action during the campaign, and that most of its energies since 1924 have been devoted to celebrating the personal virtues of Mr. Coolidge and to repairing the deficiencies of Senator Butler in Massachusetts. The Republican Party in 1926 had neither national leadership nor platform nor strategy. It was not like Cæsar's wife, and it was all things to all men. Its component factions engaged in a series of local elections from which not only Mr. Coolidge, but the national organization as well, held aloof. The party as a national organ abdicated, and either the voter had to follow Mr. Coolidge's example and excite himself about a local issue or he had not to excite himself at all.

The principles of the Democratic Party were likewise determined by geography. This party, too, had no national policy whatever. It too conducted a series of local campaigns, which were not only independent one of the other, but contradictory. Mr. Wagner ran in New York as a wet Democrat and Mr. Wilson ran in Pennsylvania as a dry. Mr. Brookhart ran in Iowa as an antitrust Republican and Mr. Butler ran in Massachusetts as the devoted slave of all business everywhere. Mr. Brennan in Illinois had about as much in common with Mr. Barkeley of Kentucky as Mr. Wadsworth of New York had with Mr. Willis of Ohio. The only difference between the Republicans and the Democrats was that the Republicans were split apart and did n't know it, whereas the Democrats were split apart and knew it. They could not help knowing it after the convention of 1924 in Madison Square Garden.

In fact, as one contemplates the activities of politicians there is little doubt that, if only there were voters somewhere who wanted it, Republican and Democratic principles could be accommodated locally to polygamy, foot binding, or voodooism. The rule is simply this: anything which helps you to carry your state is the immortal principles of Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Jefferson.

It is not surprising, then, that national partisan politics should have come to mean so little to the ordinary voter. There are no parties, there are no leaders, there are no issues. There are parties only in the states, there are leaders only of sections, there are issues, but they are either evaded by national public men or carefully confined to the localities. There is nobody in American public life to-day who, like Roosevelt or Wilson, is really a leader in all parts of the country. Mr. Coolidge has enjoyed popularity and confidence for two years, but the record of his leadership of Congress shows that he is essentially the representative of the Eastern tariff-protected interests. Neither Western agriculture nor the Eastern exporting interests have ever laid much of a hold on his mind. Mr. Lowden, undoubtedly the most powerful figure in the background of Republican politics, is devoting himself wholly to that agricultural interest which Mr. Coolidge has ignored. Senator Borah has touched almost every question and has come to grips with none; with all his great promise and immense personal opportunity he has failed to transform an attractive provincial insurgency into any sort of coherent national policy. There is no need to dwell upon Messrs. Dawes, Watson, Johnson. On the Democratic side there is Governor Smith, idol of the urban Democrats of the Northeast, but as yet wholly unknown, untried, and unexpressed on national questions. There is Governor Ritchie in Maryland, who may fairly claim to have a set of Democratic national principles, but who has not as yet a Democratic national following. And there is Senator Reed of Missouri, who has at least got this far nationally: he has made himself a holy terror to Republicans and Democrats alike.

II

The effect of these political disharmonies is to bewilder the electorate and to make the voters feel that politics is an elaborate game which has no serious and immediate consequences. This bewilderment manifests itself as complacency or as cynicism. Since 1920 the country has witnessed brazen and expensive corruption. In the amount of money involved the corruption is without parallel in our history. In its sordidness it is surely as bad as and probably a little worse than the scandals of the Grant administration. This generation has known nothing so disgraceful as the carryings on of Fall, Daugherty, and Forbes, nor anything like the Smith primary in Illinois and the Pepper-Vare primary in Pennsylvania. Fall has just been brought to trial; Daugherty was brought to trial only three or four months ago because of the exceptional energy of United States Attorney Buckner; the primary scandals were never rebuked by the leader of the Republican Party. In their public speech public men have been as complacent as possible about it all, and privately they have been prepared to explain that 'Well — oh well, you know, politics is a dirty game.' Maybe it is. But only a few years ago the country was still naïve enough, was still sentimental enough, to have become violently indignant over a cabinet officer accused of bribery. Indignation of this sort we have not known during these last few years. That too perhaps helps to explain why the interest in politics is at such low ebb, and why voting is not looked upon as such a very high duty. The impression has gone out from the White House that there is no use caring too much whether public officials are honest or whether elections are bought.

This persistent dampening down of popular interest in popular government has been the calculated policy of Mr. Coolidge ever since he became President. The reason given for it is that nothing must be done to distract business. The other reason for it, not given, but perfectly well understood, is that it is good politics when you are in power to discourage all manifestations of discontent. Mr. Coolidge is not exactly an ardent spirit. He is contented with little things; he is hardly suited to large thoughts and large deeds. He has not attempted them. On the contrary he has devoted himself to encouraging the people to turn their eyes away from the government. In peaceful, prosperous times not much encouragement is needed. Public spirit is at best a fragile thing when it comes into competition with the urgent demands of our private lives for money, for power, and for pleasure. So it has not been difficult for Mr. Coolidge to persuade the country that it need not take a vivid interest in public affairs.

III

Yet neither the personality of Mr. Coolidge nor the very special political strategy which he adopted will by itself account for the lethargy of spirit which has prevailed during his administration. Under different circumstances the virtues of Mr. Coolidge would almost certainly have been looked upon as vices. Mr. Coolidge has been praised for failing to lead Congress, for failing to lead his party, for refusing to become indignant at abuses, for not having a positive policy and a constructive programme. He would not have received this praise had the country not been in the mood for a negative administration.

It is the fashion to explain this mood by saying that after all the tall talk heard under Roosevelt and Wilson the country was exhausted emotionally and needed a rest. It had had its fill of idealism, of prophecy, of adventure, and of public action. It needed to forget Washington and the White House and the President, and tend to its private affairs. There is something in this explanation, of course, as there is also in the theory that the war brought a deep disenchantment with politicians, policies, and with what used to be called 'progressivism.' But all these explanations are obviously incomplete. For when you have said that men were tired of public affairs you have still to explain why, being tired of public affairs, they are able to indulge themselves by neglecting public affairs.

With this question we come, I think, nearer to the root of the matter. The American people, since the industrial recovery of 1922, has enjoyed an amazing prosperity. Except here and there in a few spots there has been such a surplus of wealth that practically the whole people has raised its standard of life. It was obvious that the opportunities to make money were so ample that it was a waste of time to think about politics. Nothing a man could hope to gain by voting for politicians, and by agitating for laws, was likely to be half so profitable as what he could make by participating in the boom.

The interested motives which are the driving force of political agitation were diverted to direct profit making. Now progressivism, as we have known it in the past, has arisen out of the belief of the debtors, the employees, the consumers, the farmers, that they could by changing the laws obtain a larger share of the national income.

With the stupendous surplus available these last years, it has seemed to most men quicker and easier to go out and make money than to work through the cumbersome indirect processes of political action. Thus there has been no political discontent, except in a few farming states where the new surplus of wealth was not available, and where in consequence the old progressive motives and traditions survived. The common people looked to Roosevelt and to Wilson (before 1914) for relief from poverty and economic servitude. They did not look to Mr. Coolidge for relief because they were finding it by themselves. I am not attempting to say, of course, how real or how permanent is this relief; the fact which counts is that from about 1922 on almost everybody has had the feeling that he had a lot of money in his pocket, and would soon have more. It was this feeling which robbed progressive idealism of its urgency, and made it appear abstract and unimportant.

Together with this diffused prosperity, I should set down as a fundamental cause of political indifference the rise of what may be called the New Capitalism. There is no doubt that the large corporations are now under the control of a very different kind of man than they were when Roosevelt and Bryan and LaFollette were on the warpath. The new executive has learned a great deal that his predecessor would have thought was tommyrot. His attitude toward labor, toward the public, toward his customers and his stockholders, is different. His behavior is different. His manner is different. His press agents are different. I am far from thinking he is perfect even now, but I am certain that he is vastly more enlightened and that he will take ever so much more trouble to please. He is no doubt as powerful as he ever was, but his bearing is less autocratic. He does not arouse the old antagonism, the old bitter-end fury, the old feeling that he has to be clubbed into a sense of public responsibility. He will listen to an argument where formerly he was deaf to an agitation.

Whatever may be the intrinsic good and evil of such things as the wide distribution of securities, however questionable may be some of the practices to which Professor Ripley has called attention in this magazine, the net result of the new attitude on the part of capital has been to create a new attitude on the part of the public. The press agents of the corporations have been told to woo the public, and their wooing has been successful. Suspicion has died down. Yet here again we must recognize that it would not have died down if capitalism as we know it were not making most people feel quite comfortably well off.

During the last four years the actual prosperity of the people, combined with the greater enlightenment of the industrial leaders, has removed from politics all serious economic causes of agitation. There has been no pressing reason for an alignment of 'haves' and of 'have nots,' and no reader of history needs to be told that when you remove economic discontent you remove what is certainly the greatest cause, if it is not the mainspring, of political activity. Politics carried on for justice, for liberty, for prestige, is never more than the affair of a minority. For the great majority of men political ideals are almost always based upon and inspired by some kind of economic necessity and ambition.

These circumstances account for the striking differences between European and American politics. The European finance ministers have had to struggle with deficits, ours with a surplus; they have had to impose taxes, ours to reduce taxes. The European nations have had to borrow, we to lend; they to devise means of payment, we to find ways of receiving payments. They have had to struggle to raise a low standard of living, and we to protect a high standard. They have had to reconstruct and restore; we have had only to perfect and expand. To Europeans, therefore, the American situation has seemed almost idyllic, and there has appeared a great literature in Europe which discusses the American economic system, often with admiration, sometimes with envy, always with the implication that it is one of the most extraordinary phenomena in history. Here in the United States during the last few years capitalism has worked in a way which confounds those who, like most educated Europeans, were brought up to think of it according to the socialistic formula, as an industrial system destined soon to be superseded by some kind of collectivism. Events have taken a wholly unexpected turn in the United States, and the advanced thinker here and abroad suddenly finds that he is no longer advanced. His descriptions, his analyses, his programmes, all assume a different course of evolution. The more or less unconscious and unplanned activities of business men are for once more novel, more daring, and in a sense more revolutionary, than the theories of the progressives. Action has moved faster than thought in these last few years, and practice is ahead of the programmes.

This lag in the development of theory has had a curious effect on political discussion. Public speakers, if they are conservative, will usually be found defending practices that their supposed clients are rapidly abandoning; if they are progressive, they will be found rather wearily and half-heartedly repeating the charges and the idealisms that were current a decade ago. The real industrial development of the day, with its momentous social consequences, hardly figures at all in public discussion. The philosophy of it is not yet understood; we have not yet learned how to talk about it. The good and the evil it contains have not yet been registered and assayed. And as a result most public controversy seems not so much like hot air as stale air. Without knowing just why, most of us feel, I think, that the current conservatism and progressivism are irrelevant. They do not satisfy our minds or grip our emotions.

IV

The questions which really engage the emotions of the masses of the people are of a quite different order. They manifest themselves in the controversies over prohibition, the Ku Klux Klan, Romanism, Fundamentalism, immigration. These, rather than the tariff, taxation, credit, and corporate control, are the issues which divide the American people. These are the issues men care about. They are just beneath the surface of political discussion. In theory they are not supposed to be issues. The party platforms and the official pronouncements deal with them obliquely, if at all. But they are the issues men talk about privately, and they are, above all, the issues about which men have deep personal feelings.

These questions are diverse, but they all arise out of the same general circumstances. They arise out of the great migration of the last fifty years, out of the growth of cities, and out of the spread of that rationalism and the deepening of that breach with tradition which invariably accompany the development of a metropolitan civilization. Prohibition, the Ku Klux Klan, Fundamentalism, and xenophobia are an extreme but authentic expression of the politics, the social outlook, and the religion of the older American village civilization making its last stand against what looks to it like an alien invasion. The alien invasion is in fact the new America produced by the growth and the prosperity of America.

The evil which the old-fashioned preachers ascribe to the Pope, to Babylon, to atheists, and to the Devil is simply the new urban civilization, with its irresistible economic and scientific and mass power. The Pope, the Devil, jazz, the bootleggers, are a mythology which expresses symbolically the impact of a vast and dreaded social change. The change is real enough. The language in which it is discussed is preposterous only as all mythology is preposterous if you accept it literally. The mythology of the Ku Klux Klan is a kind of primitive science, an animistic and dramatized projection of the fears of a large section of our people who have yet to accommodate themselves to the strange new social order which has arisen in their midst.

This new social order is dominated by metropolitan cities of which New York is the largest and most highly developed. Therefore New York has become the symbol of all that is most wicked and of all that is most alluring in modern America. But New York to-day is only what Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Cleveland, Jacksonville, and Miami expect to be to-morrow. It is the seat of a vast population, mixed in its origins, uncertain of its social status, rather vague about the moral code. In these metropolitan centres the ancient social bonds are loosened. The patriarchal family, the well-established social hierarchy, the old roots of belief, and the grooves of custom are all obscured by new human relationships based on a certain kind of personal independence, on individual experiment and adventure, which are yet somehow deeply controlled by fads and fashions and great mass movements.

The campaign in certain localities to forbid the teaching of 'Darwinism' is an attempt to stem the tide of the metropolitan spirit, to erect a spiritual tariff against an alien rationalism which threatens to dissolve the mores of the village civilization. To many of us the effort seems quixotic, as indeed it is, judged by the intellectual standards of metropolitan life. But if we look at the matter objectively, disregarding the petty mannerisms of the movement, there is a pathos about it which always adheres to the last struggle of an authentic type of human living. The anti-evolutionists are usually less charming than Don Quixote. Perhaps that is because they have not been transfigured by an artist. They are at any rate fighting for the memory of a civilization which in its own heyday, and by its own criteria, was as valid as any other.

The anti-evolution bills are, of course, a comparatively trivial symptom of this profound maladjustment. The overt struggle turns politically on two questions: on the Eighteenth Amendment and on the nomination of Governor Alfred E. Smith. The struggle over these two issues implicates all the antagonisms between the older America and the new. The Eighteenth Amendment is a piece of legislation embodied in the Constitution which attempts to impose the moral ideals of the villages upon the whole nation. The force behind the Eighteenth Amendment is the Anti-Saloon League, which is the political arm of the evangelical churches in the small communities. The financial and political strength of the Anti-Saloon League is derived from the members of these churches, chiefly Methodist and Baptist, with other denominations divided but following these militant sects. And the strength of these sects in the last analysis arises from the spiritual isolation of communities which have not yet been radically invaded by the metropolitan spirit.

The defense of the Eighteenth Amendment has, therefore, become much more than a mere question of regulating the liquor traffic. It involves a test of strength between social orders, and when that test is concluded, and if, as seems probable, the Amendment breaks down, the fall will bring down with it the dominion of the older civilization. The Eighteenth Amendment is the rock on which the evangelical church militant is founded, and with it are involved a whole way of life and an ancient tradition. The overcoming of the Eighteenth Amendment would mean the emergence of the cities as the dominant force in America, dominant politically and socially as they are already dominant economically.

V

The alignment of the new cities against the older villages traverses the nominal political alignment of the two great parties. In New York State, for example, it has divided and broken the Republican Party as a state organization. There is much more community of thought and feeling between Republicans and Democrats in New York City, in Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, and Albany, than there is between the urban and the rural Republicans. The unity of the Republican Party in New York is like the unity of the Democrats in the nation: a unity of politicians interested in offices supplemented by the prestige of a name and a tradition. There is no unity of interest, of principle, or of programme.

A similar condition exists in almost every state where there are powerful cities — in Massachusetts for Boston, in Pennsylvania for Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, in Ohio for Cleveland and Cincinnati, in Illinois for Chicago, in New Jersey for that urban conglomeration known as Hudson County, in Missouri for St. Louis. Both parties are cracking under the strain. Both maintain the appearance of unity by political deals and the compromise of principles. The well-known fact that parties have become meaningless is due to this internal division. They dare not take definite positions for fear of alienating one or the other of their irreconcilable factions.

For reasons which are not altogether clear the conflict has first become overt in the Democratic Party. The convention of 1924 was the scene of the first great, though inconclusive, phase of the struggle. All the signs indicate that the next phase, in 1928, will be at least as sharp and perhaps more decisive. In 1924 the urban democracy rallied around Governor Smith of New York, the village democracy around Mr. McAdoo. The urban Democrats in 1924 controlled a little more than one third of that convention. Since 1924 they have gained in strength and by 1928 they should control at least half of the convention. This change of their position from a minority to a majority faction is not due to the personality or to the leadership of Governor Smith. It is due to a growth of self-consciousness which is developing the latent strength of the city electorates. They are beginning to feel their oats. They are throwing off their sense of inferiority. They are beginning to demand the recognition which is due their intrinsic importance.

The outcome of the struggle within the Democratic Party is, of course, obscure. One can be certain of nothing except that the rapid growth of the cities at the expense of the countryside is bound at last to result in the political domination of the cities. This may come soon. It may be somewhat delayed. It will come. The first great result may be the disunion of the Democratic Party and perhaps even the rupture of the Solid South. If that is the result the ascendancy of the Republicans may be temporarily confirmed, but it will be followed almost certainly by a realignment of Republicans as well as of Democrats.

For the two parties live by taking in each other's washing. The unity of the one is dependent upon the unity of the other. The grip of the Eastern industrial Republicans on the national organization rests at last on the fact that in the South there is a Republican machine but no Republican electorate. If ever the South should break away from the Democrats, a Republican Party would appear in the South. The appearance of a Republican Party in the South would make the South as unmanageable to the Republicans of the Northeast as the Republican Party of the West now is.

These prospects are not alluring to men whose lives are bound up with the existing party system. They promise nothing but trouble for them personally. They call for an effort of thought which is distressing, and they open up issues for which political leaders, trained between 1890 and 1910, are not prepared. It is not surprising, then, that our political leaders are greatly occupied in dampening down interest, in obscuring issues, and in attempting to distract attention from the realities of American life.

SOUTH AFRICA: BRITON VERSUS BOER

BY STANLEY HIGH

I

South Africa has been called a 'Two Miles an Hour Country.' Its early history was made on springless wagons, behind countless spans of oxen, trekking, generation after generation, into the veldt.

Two miles an hour is excessive speed for an ox wagon. I discovered that during a week's visit with an American friend in an out-of-the-way corner of Africa. My host had an automobile. But roads were only in the making, and his garage was four hours and a half of hard travel from his house — four hours and a half, that is, by ox wagon; nine miles as a geographer would reckon it.

We did the distance behind two spans of oxen through a fog of red dust. Our teams required a driver for each ox, and a pilot in addition, who broke trail for us and pulled, rather uselessly, on a thin leather strap tied to the horns of the lead oxen. The road was a succession of ruts and stumps and forest shrubbery. A canopy, built for a sunshade, was brought crashing down on us by the limb of a tree before we had gone a quarter of a mile. We bounced and jolted over the landscape like an army tank. But always at two miles an hour.

There is progress in South Africa.

But gold and diamonds, labor unions and chambers of commerce, mark only the pace of the cities. Beyond electricity and paved streets, the ox wagon is still supreme. Progress there is ponderous, clumsy, rough, and never more rapid than the dust-clouded caravans of its settlers. However its influence may be waning before the rise of modern industrial centres, much of the foundation of modern South Africa has been laid in this back-veldt country of the ox wagon.

In the back veldt it is the Boer who rules. The society, which is of his making, is patriarchal, and like a patriarch he dominates it. His religion is more of the law than the prophets. The justice which he metes out is harsh, but Scriptural. And when he can no longer rule his strip of 'blue' the Boer inspans his oxen again and treks through the sand and the heat to some farther hinterland. That, at any rate, is the past in South Africa. If the present has invaded his realm with trains and tractors, the Boer scorns the tractors, rides on the trains, and still moves, in spirit, with the oxcarts.

To-day's history in South Africa is being made out of a conflict between town and country; between the pace of the back veldt and the pace of the cities. And that struggle, when the lines are drawn, finds the back-veldt Boer in contest with the Briton for the domination of the Union: the Briton hustling for trade; the Boer never hustling, with no mind for trade, desiring to be left alone, with elbowroom.

There have been those in South Africa who dreamed of union between the two. Cecil Rhodes dreamed and blundered. General Botha dreamed and sacrificed. Jan Christian Smuts, in his tangled old house at Doornkloof, still dreams, and he too has sacrificed. And the stuff for these dreams was real enough. English troops were hardly welcomed by the Dutch when they landed in Table Bay in 1806 and possessed the land. But once British authority was established in South Africa the ultimate fusion of the two peoples, as Dutch and English were fused in New York, was confidently expected. The race history of both was rooted in the same Low-German stock. Both loved freedom and fought for it with spirit. Both professed Protestantism, and the language differences were so insignificant that an Englishman soon acquired Dutch and a Dutchman quickly learned English. Moreover England, benefiting perhaps by disastrous blunders in the New World, retained the Roman-Dutch law already in force, established the Dutch language as official, altered few of the established institutions, and initiated an administration that was genuinely beneficent.

But fusion did not result. The character of the South African Dutchman contained elements which could not amalgamate. He was a farmer, — the word 'Boer' means 'farmer,' — as different from the Hollanders who came with Van Riebeck in 1652 as South Africa is vaster than the Holland from which they came. Hospitality was his greatest virtue, but distances were so great between farms that neighbors, in the ordinary sense, did not exist. Town life, where intercourse with the British would have been possible, was utterly unknown to him and shunned for the lonely freedom of the bush. He loved liberty, but understood it only in terms of solitude. When the British came they neither understood him nor left him alone.

After the first decade of British administration, official wisdom seems to have run its course and a new policy was inaugurated in the Cape. There were readjustments in the local self-government and a subsequent reduction of the rights of the citizens. English was substituted for Dutch as the official language. Worst of all, from the point of view of the Dutch settler, the British Government suddenly appeared as the aggressive sponsor of the native, and, in 1834, abolished slavery in the Colony.

The Boers resented bitterly every infringement of their traditions. Many of them, in fact, shrugged their shoulders at the British overlord and moved out beyond the reach of his authority. But the abolition of slavery and the confusion that resulted were intolerable. There had been other treks. Now came the Great Trek. Rumors of good grazing lands had come down from the unexplored north, and into this region the exodus began. By day, long winding lines of wagons with a cloud of dust billowing over them; by night, clusters of camp fires in the bush, suppers of maize and biltong, evening prayers.

More than a little of the bitterness of the back-veldt Boer of the present toward the Englishman dates from the Great Trek, from the sacrifices and the suffering that it involved, the bitter heat of the karoo, the sickness that ran among women and children, the ceaseless skirmishing with Bushmen, the war with Mosilikatze and his Matabele. And more than a little of the uncompromising nationalism that dominates the present Boer Government of the Union finds its source in the traditions of that epic time when Dutch pioneers conquered the vast territory that lay between the Orange and the Limpopo rivers and set up a government there of their own fashioning.

But still the British interfered. They sought by devious methods to reclaim the territories of these *vortrekkers* for the Empire. But in 1880 the last vestiges of Britain's authority were destroyed at the battle of Majuba Hill, and the Transvaal Republic was proclaimed. There were six years of comparative security, and then, in 1886, a gold reef was discovered on the Witwatersrand; prospectors poured in to profane the veldt, and hostility to the British found new support. A decade later came the Jameson Raid, when Rhodes, irked by the limits which Paul Kruger — Oom Paul, President of the Transvaal Republic — placed upon Britain's African dominions, permitted a freebooting expedition against the authority of the Boers. And, the Raid failing, the Boer War followed, and final annexation by Great Britain of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Thus, again, British ambition thwarted the dreams of the vortrekkers.

For that last chapter the Dutch of South Africa, despite such notable converts to English rule as Smuts and Botha, will not soon forgive Great Britain. Life in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State — before the British came — was paced to suit the Boers, as it had been in the Cape — before the British came. Oom Paul, four times President, governed from his front porch and welcomed there any who came that way, rich and poor, wise and foolish; and served them coffee after the custom of the veldt. Authority came from the bush and was administered on behalf of the back veldt. Settlers, who had come by ox wagon and for certain definite reasons, founded the country. And Paul Kruger, himself a vortrekker, governed along lines that those pioneers approved and at a pace that they could understand.

There were towns in the Transvaal before Johannesburg, but they were small and unimportant. Town dwellers, who finally made up a clear majority of the population, received little consideration from the Government and had an even smaller share in the governing. The back-veldt Boer then, as now, looked upon the towns with dislike and the transactions that centred there with genuine suspicion. That, doubtless, accounts for the fact that in South Africa to-day — even in Johannesburg — Dutch business interests are very limited: Dutch names seldom appear in the management of big industries or in the lists of bank directorates. British money and British management dominate the commerce of the Union. And the dislike of the Boer for the town and for the British is increased by this obvious relationship between the two.

II

The realm of the typical Boer is still the back veldt. And though the British destroyed the nation that he fashioned, and gave him an equality of privilege which he had always denied to the English who settled in his land, they did not restore the authority of the frontier. Far from it. The pace of South Africa to-day is not that of the Boer. It is a British pace and much faster than two miles an hour. The British, moreover, still stand sponsor for the native against the traditional Dutch policy of repression. British ideals are built into the government, and the government itself is built into the British Empire. Thus the back-veldt Boer, although he signed the Act of Union, is not content. He is no more content, in fact, than he was a century ago when the exodus from the Cape began. Oom Paul Kruger is still his patron saint. The Transvaal, in the early days of the Republic, is his ideal dominion. And since a Great Trek is no longer possible the Boer, obstinate, unchanging, set upon a freedom of his own making, has turned again against British domination, this time with the weapons of politics.

The formation of the Nationalist Party, which is the Boer party, was inevitable, made so by the traditions and the bitterness of the last one hundred years. General Botha, the first Premier of the Union, made an heroic attempt at political fusion in the South African Party. General Smuts has held steadfastly to the same purpose, though under greater difficulties. But a vast majority of the Boers who could not fuse racially were not fitted for political fusion. At their rural gatherings they preached an anti-British gospel and waited a leader. And in 1912 General Hertzog — who had helped to draft the Act of Union four years before, but remained more Boer than British — was exiled from the South African Party largely because of his anti-imperialism; went, temporarily, into political exile, and returned with an ill-organized following which he called the Nationalist Party, and which to-day is governing the Union.

It is a common saying among South Africans that the Dutchman takes naturally to politics and that all Dutchmen are politicians. There is much basis for that statement. The back-veldt Boer never fails to vote and he will ride many miles to a political meeting. But in 1912, when General Hertzog withdrew from the Government, the Dutch had not as yet learned to think or act together politically. They resented the extent to which British-Dutch amity was officially proclaimed and they knew just how far such proclamations missed the truth. Their opposition to the newly established order, however, was sporadic. But in General Hertzog the Boers found a leader, a man as clearly ordained as Oom Paul Kruger had been. It now remained for them to unite and to follow union with the establishment of their gospel as the dominant force in the political life of South Africa.

One factor, beside the political, entered into the situation to make this undertaking less difficult. The Nationalists found ready support among the representatives of organized religion. In the back veldt, in fact, where the control of the Dutch Reformed Church is undisputed, it is the *predikant*, rather than the officeholder, who is the political dictator. His support is the first requisite to rural political success, for the electoral instructions of the preacher to the people of the parish are inviolable. In this community of the rural Church, hostility to the British was already exceedingly bitter. The Church had begun to lose its hold upon its youth, many of whom no longer accepted its doctrines or observed its commandments. The Continental Sabbath and Continental morals, in general, were said to have invaded the country, and the young people were being drawn away from the faith of their fathers into all manner of worldliness. For this the British, because they were believed to represent the spirit of modern Europe, were held accountable. The Nationalist Party, therefore, was welcomed as an agent whereby British influence might be uprooted and the power of the Church restored.

III

General Hertzog, from a political point of view, recognized his opportunity and did not blunder. Conciliation and understanding, as party principles, already had sponsors, more gifted than successful. General Hertzog knew there was only one basis upon which a Dutch party could possibly succeed. He accepted that basis and came preaching the old doctrines of back-veldt nationalism to the Boers. His lieutenants, much more than he, did not hesitate to capitalize every echo of anti-British sentiment and to stir up, for their own support, every ancient bitterness. That the Boers were able, in twelve years, to succeed to the government of the Union, even at the expense of an alliance with Labor in a Pact Ministry, is indicative of the extent to which British authority still irks the Dutch population. Hertzog's tactics were successful, eminently so. But once employed, and the dreams of Rhodes and Botha and Smuts — statesmen's dreams — went glimmering.

And now, after two years of Dutch control, British South Africa has become aware of that fact and is alarmed. Even the British, in 1924, received the Nationalist Party government with a measure of cordiality. Since its formation the Union had been governed by South African Party ministries and by none other. Politics, as a result, grew tedious. A change of authority was welcome. But so great a change was not expected, either by the British or by many of the more moderate Boers.

For, once in office, the Nationalists set themselves, with zeal, to two closely allied tasks. In the first place, they introduced a policy — 'Dutchifying' is the popular word for it — aimed to break the British mould in which the Union had been formed; to reshape life in South Africa in Dutch design and refound an Independent South African Republic. Further, they maintained throughout the country an unremittent campaign of radical nationalism of the same bitter sort which first mobilized the support of the back veldt and alone gave promise of an increase of strength sufficient to keep them in power.

In this second undertaking the Nationalists have flooded South Africa with an unparalleled deluge of speeches. I know of no country in the world where, with no general elections in sight, there is so much and such bitter political speechmaking. Clause four of the Nationalist Party Constitution calls for the 'sovereign' freedom of South Africa, and that clause the party spokesmen have taken for their text. It is given variations, many of them not altogether dignified, but the meaning is unvaried. The back-veldt Boer, as a result, is more than ever a Nationalist, convinced beyond dispute that the Nationalist Party provides the agency whereby British influence will be checked and South Africa, dissociated from the Empire, transformed into a republic — a neighborly, slow-moving republic like that of Oom Paul Kruger.

The first task, too, was carried forward with expedition. It is, in fact, the legislative programme of the Nationalist Government much more than the speeches of its ministers that has alarmed British and Anglo-Dutch South Africa. A multitude of radical measures — they hark back to the policies of the Transvaal Republic and the Orange Free State — have been introduced into Parliament and many of them passed. To the Briton these measures appear significant chiefly because they represent, to him, definite steps toward secession from the Empire.

Great Britain's liberal policy toward the natives, which had been adopted by previous Union governments, but was always resented by the more ignorant Boers, was speedily repudiated. The Nationalists, with Labor aid, passed the Color Bar Bill, which definitely bars the native from entering the ranks of skilled labor regardless of his ability, experience, or training. They turned upon the Indians, with whom General Smuts had worked out an amicable agreement, and proposed the Urban Areas Act, which will bring about the complete economic and social segregation of the 160,000 Asiatics in the Union.

It has been decreed, moreover, that the Dutch language shall be learned by all civil servants regardless of their position, length of service, or the degree of probability that the language will ever be used. Officials who are unwilling or unable to learn Afrikaans are dismissed. Natal, the stronghold of British sentiment in the Union, has been flooded with Dutch officials. During the two years of the present government the increase in the voting Dutch population of that province has been more than 100 per cent.

The three-per-cent preferential tariff which has existed between South Africa and Great Britain has been abolished. And most extreme of all measures, from the point of view of the Englishman, the Nationalists have proposed — action is now pending — to substitute a new emblem for the Union Jack as the official South African flag.

The probability that this measure will become a law at the next session of the Union Parliament has stirred the country as no other development since the Union, with the possible exception of the rebellion in 1914 when a large uprising of Boers offered organized resistance to the pledge of aid which General Botha and General Smuts had given to Great Britain. The Flag Bill, in fact, is widely regarded as a political step toward the same end for which the rebellion of 1914 was organized: the severance of Empire connections and the establishment of a republic.

General Hertzog, since his is a minority government maintained with the support of Labor, has pledged that there will be no move for complete independence until a majority of the people, at the polls, declare that they desire it. But General Hertzog has not denied his allegiance to the Nationalist constitution, which demands independence; nor have his acts in office been such as to reassure the Englishman and the Anglo-Dutchman who prize the dominion status. The leadership of the Nationalist Party, moreover, is not altogether in the hands of General Hertzog. Those who with him dominate the party include the most radical of anti-British politicians, among them being several who were convicted of high treason in 1914 and were subsequently pardoned. These lieutenants have been much less cautious than their nominal chief. They have accepted the dictum of Tielman Roos, the present Minister of Justice, and have preached throughout the land, 'South Africa first and alone.' And Mr. Roos, who is the high priest of anti-British Republicanism, was recently hailed, in typical Nationalist language, with the toast: 'The Republic is not dead. It will come in God's good time. Mr. Roos is its pioneer; he will be its first president.'

IV

To this doctrine of Republicanism, however, the British in South Africa will never submit. Thus it happens that every new step, however mincing, toward that end increases British hostility toward the present régime, and in particular to the back-veldt interests for which that régime is mouthpiece. And in progressive communities, like Natal, where the British greatly predominate, it is a settled conviction that any overt move toward secession from the Empire will be met with a counter move of secession from the Union.

With the British in this stand are the natives, those of them who are aware at all of political developments. The natives are under no delusions about the Dutch, particularly since the threat of a color bar has become a reality. British treatment, however harsh it has been at times, has always returned, soon or late, to the traditional principles of British justice and fair play. The Dutch tradition, since the Hottentots were first enslaved, has stood for treatment of a very different sort. Similarly the Indians uniformly support the British point of view. The status of the Asiatic, though bad enough as it is, would be worse if the Union were without the restraints of Imperial obligations. It is the custom, in fact, for Indians, failing to make progress in Africa with their cause, to appeal directly to India, where, through the mediation of Downing Street, the Empire influence is brought to bear in the Union. I have seen no more outspoken opposition to the Nationalist régime than that contained in the Indian paper published in Natal by the son of Mahatma Gandhi.

But natives and Indians have practically no political standing in South Africa, and since the present is a political struggle it will be determined finally by the European population. The size of the Dutch and English communities of the Union is about the same, with the Dutch in a slight advantage. For that reason, if the Nationalists could align the entire Dutch population with themselves, the issue might soon be settled. South Africa could break from the Empire, and after British opposition had wrought what havoc it could an Independent Republic might eventually be built out of the fragments of the Union.

But the Nationalist Party, as I have pointed out, is a back-veldt party, prospering chiefly upon the ignorance and suspicion of the bush farmer who lives where schools are few and contacts limited. Its strategy, up to now, has been to pit country against town — the nonprogressive independence of the vortrekker against the modern drive of the city dweller who has invaded the vortrekker's realm. How successful this strategy has been I have also indicated.

But by this very programme the Nationalist has alienated, as definitely as he alienated the British, those Boers who have learned, in spirit at any rate, to travel with the cities. Botha and Smuts were not alone when they stepped from the slow-moving line of their ancestors — a line which they had fought to defend — and went forward at a more rapid pace with the British. The men who went with them, a goodly number, reverenced the traditions of the Boers. But, union once accomplished, they turned their backs upon the prejudices which the back-veldt nurtured, learned the practice of coöperation, and merged their earlier fealty in loyalty to the South African Nation — which was a greater thing. There were few small men in that group.

And though they by no means constitute a majority of their race in the Union, these Anglo-Dutchmen are a real, perhaps a vital factor in the present situation. This is due to the fact that in this class are to be found a great many of the cultural leaders of the Dutch population. Even the Dutch Reformed Church, which is trembling on the verge of a Modernist Movement, has been obliged, increasingly, to recruit its academic leadership from those who stand, in sympathy at any rate, with the more progressive interests of the Anglo-Dutchmen. Into the ranks of this group a great many of the younger, college-trained Boers are being constantly drawn, until it seems likely that it is the Anglo-Dutchman who may finally be called upon to resolve the issue which has arisen in the political life of South Africa.

The British position, so far as the present situation is concerned, is relatively fixed. Even now the Labor Party, which is predominantly British, is wavering in its support of the Pact Government — wavering because of the Republican programme which the Nationalists preach. If the fundamental question of South Africa's position in the Empire were raised for immediate decision there is little doubt that Labor would stand in a vast majority for the maintenance of the British connection.

The position of the rank and file of the Nationalist Party is likewise certain. The back-veldt Boer is a Die-Hard. His politics are of the pre-Boer-War period, to which have been added the bitterness of the war itself and the developments that followed it. Only irrigation schemes and capital and the capture of his schools and pulpits by progressive teachers and preachers will alter his environment or change his political outlook. The political awakening of the back-veldt Boers, which found its first significant expression two years ago, has been urged steadily forward by strenuous Nationalist campaigning. It is altogether likely, in fact, that another general election — if it comes in the near future — will strengthen the position of the Boer Party, whereupon the question of a South African Republic, independent of the British Empire, is almost certain to be raised at once. And a final settlement of that problem, since the Dutch and English populations are so nearly equal, will doubtless be found to rest with the Anglo-Dutch voters who would constitute a balance of power.

In such a situation the position of the Anglo-Dutchman would be relatively certain. His environment is that of progressive South Africa. His faith is in the commercial and cultural development of a Union that is genuinely one. He repudiated 'South Africa, First and Alone,' when he signed the Act of Union, and his sons sealed that repudiation with the Colonials in Delville Wood. He is, in fact, one of the South Africans of to-morrow, the citizen alike of an independent nation and of an Empire; moving abreast of the modern world, yet with the spirit alive in him of those other South Africans who widened the boundaries of the land and traveled, through the red fog, never faster than two miles an hour.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THAT BEWITCHING VEGETABLE

We owe the following tale of Queen Elizabeth to one of the early colonists, 'Colonel William Byrd of Westover, Virginia, Esqr.,' in his story of establishing the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina. We have amplified the tale a little.

Amadas and Barlowe brought back to England two Indians, some sweet potatoes and maize, and last — and seemingly least important — a certain plant which our Colonel calls a 'bewitching Vegetable.' The Indians called it 'uppowoc.' Walter Raleigh had financed the expeditions.

According to our Colonel: 'Sir Walter made a present of some of the brightest of this bewitching Vegetable to his Roial Mistress for her owne Smoaking.' It seemed like a proper and courteous act, but tragedy was lurking round the corner. For Elizabeth, like the ladies of to-day, sought to imitate the ways of mere man. Let all modest maids note this: that a penalty attaches to every departure from conventional ways. Elizabeth 'smoaked' three good whiffs of the burning, bright, bewitching vegetable; and then came trouble. She turned pale. Her maids hurried to her side. Some called for the leech; others cried, 'Seek the 'pothecary,' for 'roial' blood must flow to relieve such distress. Whisper spread that Raleigh had 'poisoned his Roial Mistress!' Alackaday! Those maids who favored Leicester wagged their tongues! For a brief space it seemed that a certain great ornament of the English nation would surely have his head chopped off, even as happened to him later when that royal hater of tobacco, King Jamie, sent him to the block — ostensibly for harrying Spaniards, but really for not bringing back gold. After some anxious moments Elizabeth recovered her composure and her complexion. Peace being now assured within the royal confines, the maids loudly applauded the heroism of their sovereign.

Then, to the consternation of all, the sovereign commanded the Countess of Nottingham 'to try a pipe'! The Countess could do no more than emulate the example of her royal mistress. Therefore she too turned pale. Likewise those maids who also took a whiff. Some of the more artful ones feigned a greater degree of stricken stomach than was actually the case; but for one crowded hour much occurred in exclusive circles. And two noble red men from Virginia looked on, unmoved. 'T is likely that Sir Walter removed himself speedily from the presence. 'T were useless to quote to ladies at such a time that 'it chears the Heart even of a Man that has a bad Wife, and makes him look down with great Composure on the crosses of the World.'

Some say that Columbus himself discovered this habit of the Indians to perfume themselves. Others say that when the Spaniards landed in South America the natives, as a defensive measure, — and it would seem to be also offensive, — spat tobacco juice in the eyes of the invaders. Some say Jean Nicot, a French ambassador to Portugal, carried tobacco to Catherine de' Medici in 1560. And some say that Ralph Lane was the first who smoked in England. There is a tradition in the

Greek Church that Noah was a heavy smoker; and it would seem plausible that the venerable navigator, at the end of a somewhat trying voyage, should seek solace in a pipe as well as the fruit of the vine. But certain it is that the Lord of Villemain, Jean Nicot, sent to the Queen of France some of the 'bewitching Vegetable.' Did Catherine de' Medici, like Elizabeth Tudor, ever try to 'smoake'? History is silent.

And thus during the reign of the Virgin Queen came the Indian weed uppowoc into vogue. All the gay gallants followed the fashion introduced by Sir Walter and swashbuckling captains like Price and Koet who 'drank' (meaning 'smoked') tobacco publicly in London. The tale is still told in the nursery how Raleigh's servant, on first seeing smoke come from his master's lips, fearing for his master, emptied a flagon of ale over him to put out the fire; and even the Pilgrim Fathers must have heard, as their little ships started for the New World, a jest then bandied in the streets of Plymouth — how a Welshman coming new to London, and seeing a swaggering gallant smoking, cried out, 'O Jhesu! Man! Thy snout is burning!' Hastening for a 'bowle of beere' he threw it in the other's face to quench the flaming nose!

Shakespeare must have heard of these events, for he knew about the shipwreck of Sir George Somers in 1609. In *The Tempest* he speaks of the Bermoothes (the Bermudas), but there is no mention of Virginia. This is strange; but stranger still is his silence concerning the 'bewitching Vegetable,' for at that time smoking was in vogue. Perhaps the myriad-minded poet and successful theatrical manager had no patience with the noisy gallants who smoked and swaggered on and off stage. And then that pawky ruler, James the First of England, Sixth of Scotland, had complimented him on his literary ability.

Shakespeare died in 1616, and in the same year, according to Jamie's idea, a much more important matter happened; namely, the appearance of the first edition of the collected works (literary) of the king. Of these we are concerned only with the famous *Counterblast to Tobacco,* which Shakespeare undoubtedly read. Every lover of good tobacco should have a copy of the *Counterblast* framed and hung in his den. And as he blows smoke rings in the direction of the framed words he may picture himself as one of that noble army of contented, smoking burghers who puffed away and blew their smoke in the eyes of Wilhelmus Kieft, — William the Testy, the second governor of that then slow-moving burg, Nieuw Amsterdam, — thus disposing of the testy one's order abolishing pipes. But the *Counterblast* has decided excellences as a bit of literature.

Jamie did his instructors credit; and on every page you can see old Geordie Buchanan's teachings cropping out in his royal student's exposition of the majors and minors of the argument; and the 'fallacies' of those who claimed, with a show of reason, 'that this filthie smoake aswell thru the heat and strength thereof, as by a naturall force and qualitie, is able and fit to purge both the head and stomacke of Rhewmes and distillations, as experience teacheth by the spilling and avoyding fleame immediately after the taking of it.'

Jamie is nothing if not logical. Would a man because his 'Liver is hote (as the fountaine of the blood) and as it were an oven to the stomacke' — would such a man apply and 'weare close upon his Liver and stomacke a cake of lead'? No indeed, Jamie! You are quite right, and, although Shakespeare said it always gave him a 'paine' to appear at court, I think that most of us would be glad to appear and tell the king how correct and laudable these sentiments were and how beautifully expressed! Jamie was good at argument. When the philofumists (lovers of smoke) claimed that at best smoking could be but a minor offense, this ruler from the land of cakes and brither Scots met their argument thus: —

'So is an Ant an *Animal* aswell as an Elephant; so is a Wrenne *Avis* as a Swanne; and so is a small dint of the Toothake a disease aswell as the fearefull Plague is.'

In a right royal way our misofumist (smoke hater) berated those of his subjects — there were many — who so far abased themselves as to imitate the beastly Indians.

'Why do we not,' he thunders, 'aswell imitate them in walking naked as they doe?' Why indeed, Jamie? But if you were here to-day you might wonder if forsooth the ladies were not trying to imitate the Indians in the matter of dress as well as smoking!

And he further fulminates: —

'In preferring glasses, feathers and such toyes to golde?' Woe betide the chap who tried to pass spurious coin on Jamie!

And finally he clinched the debate:

'Yea! Why do we not denie God and adore the Devill as they doe?' There was no answer. But two years later Sir Walter smoked his last pipe, and then, with a sigh of regret, laid it aside and walked to the block.

James, by the grace of God, and so forth, was of opinion that smoking was 'a custome lothsome to the eye, hatefull to the Nose, harmefull to the braine, dangerous to the Lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof neerest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomelesse.' Without bothering Commons or Lords he put a tariff of 'Six shillinges and eighte Pence uppon everye Pound Waighte thereof, over and above the Custome of Twoo Pence uppon the Pounde Waighte usuallye paid heretofore.'

But neither James nor all the kings of Europe, nor Pope Urban VIII, who excommunicated every soul — as did also a later Pope — who used tobacco, nor the Sultan Amurath, nor prince nor potentate, could stop the practice. 'To follow Follie and to feed on Smoake!' Thus sang one of the minor poets; and that perhaps explains matters, for never yet did — and probably never will — act of government force men to forsake that dear mistress, Folly.

STRENGTH OF TEN

The seventh meeting of the Sir Galahad Civics Club was in progress, 'Gerald Hunt presidin',' as the diminutive secretary read with unfailing precision each week. All was going well.

Miss Carr was proud of her boys' club. While the girls sewed — and hated it — the boys declaimed, debated, put motions, rescinded votes — and loved it. They had taken to civics served in this style like the proverbial duck to water. Miss Carr's soft heart always swelled with emotion when the boys' rough young voices rose and fell in the 'Knights' Song' with which they opened each meeting: —

'In days of old crusaders bold
  Rode forth to fight the foe,
And we to-day, as brave as they,
  Forth to the battle go-o-o,
  Forth to the battle go!
Let's fight for truth and chivalry,
  And make our armor sure,
Our strength is as the strength of ten
  Because our *hearts* ARE PURE.'

Miss Carr suddenly became aware that while she had been musing on the knightly spirit in her boys the programme had been going forward and Antonio Josephs, chairman of the committee for the afternoon, was putting his trained men through their paces.

Antonio had drilled the readers faithfully during the week, paying especial attention to 'chest up, chin in, knees firm, heels together, toes apart.' Unfortunately Antonio, in his zeal to hasten the programme, had mixed his last two orders and exhorted his cohorts with 'toes together, heels apart,' which they obeyed literally as loyal subjects. Miss Carr joined in the laugh which shook the school, and the president rejoiced that he was given opportunity to call the meeting sharply to order with vigorous use of the gavel — a crooked ruler. Order was restored immediately and the meeting went forward with dignity and seriousness. Her boys had learned splendid self-control, complacently thought Miss Carr. All was well!

And then the unexpected happened. Nurse Wyman came in with her portable scales to weigh each pupil. Miss Carr was inwardly disturbed. She liked to have the boys feel that this one hour of the week was especially their own, and thus far she had been able to keep it free from interruption.

Miss Carr sometimes wondered who had the right of way in her school. Of one thing only she was certain: *she* did not. At any moment of the day the principal might enter and, sweeping the programme aside, give to the school an intelligence test, or the athletic director might send for a few boys to come to the gymnasium for practice — that too while the history lesson was in progress. Perhaps the school physician, discovering a spare hour in his daily programme, might come in and direct that each pupil come to his office in alphabetical order for a physical examination. However disconcerting these interruptions might be to Miss Carr, there was, as in this instance, no help for it. She knew, too, that Nurse was a busy woman and that the weighing must go forward immediately, so she advanced to meet her pleasantly, suggesting meanwhile to the tall, handsome young president that he adjourn the club meeting for half an hour. Then it developed that Miss Carr must assist Nurse by recording name, age, height, and weight of each boy. This required rapid work on Miss Carr's part and close attention to Nurse Wyman.

To give the boys something to do while she was thus occupied, Miss Carr suggested that they copy and learn the Knights' Creed which they had adopted: —

> If I would become a perfect knight,
> I must every day follow that which is right;
> Never a cowardly act be mine,
> I must help the weaker one every time,
> Reverent, chivalrous, honest, and clean,
> I must scorn any act that is base or mean.
> A firm belief that right makes might —
> This is the creed of the perfect knight.

The boys began to copy obediently. Now it is very disconcerting to take off one's shoes before the curious gaze of one's companions, and most upsetting to one's gravity if bare flesh shows where firm hose ought to be. If Soup Turner had n't wiggled a saucy toe at the class through a large-sized opening in his stocking perhaps Miss Carr might still have retained her faith in the self-control of her young Knights. Soup's toe started it, and when poor Timmy Cooley's huge shoes came off and his feet, which were but poorly covered with ragged hose, could scarcely find room on Nurse's portable scales, the laughter became almost hysterical. Miss Carr could not have stopped writing if she would, — Nurse Wyman was a busy woman, — perhaps she would not if she could. But a pink spot appeared in either cheek and her lips were one straight line as she wrote on without once lifting her head.

The laughter continued, interspersed with whispering. Now and then an audible word was heard, and an eraser flew across the room. Miss Carr wrote steadily on. A book crashed to the floor and two boys, springing from their seats, fought for its possession. In the back seat Fat Newhall was putting a ruler down Snowball Hayden's back.

'Gerald Hunt, 12 years old, height 64, weight 101,' wrote Miss Carr, and her work was done.

Nurse Wyman picked up her portable scales and departed briskly, totally unaware that the tragedy of shattered ideals had been going on under her very nose. Nurse Wyman was a busy woman!

Then Miss Carr stepped forward and faced the young Sir Galahads, upon whom an unwonted silence had suddenly settled. Her cheeks were very pink now and her mouth a single straight line. In a few terse sentences she told the boys her opinion of them, ending with these words: —

'The Sir Galahad Civics Club is a failure and I am sure that you will agree with me that so complete a failure should be given up. The club stood for manliness and honor, for self-control and obedience to law, and at the very first trial of your strength you were found wanting in all these. I think the club would better be discontinued. We can very profitably spend the hour when the girls are in the sewing class in individual work in the subject that each boy needs. Some of you need arithmetic' (Fat Newhall groaned in spirit) 'and some need spelling' (Raspberry looked pensive) 'and some might well spend the hour on geography, and so —' Right here Miss Carr had an inspiration. She looked at her wrist watch. 'There are just ten minutes before the girls return. You may write me a letter telling me what you think about giving up the Civics Club.'

The boys scrambled for their pens. Usually an order to write a letter was received with inward writhings, but they wanted, indeed they wanted to write this letter. Give up their beloved club now when a new election was just at hand, when the next meeting was to be a big debate, when Soup's father had promised to come in sometime and tell the club about fighting forest fires? Perhaps, oh, perhaps this letter, if it were *very* well written and one sat up straight and kept the movement while writing, and the spelling was good and one said the right thing, might yet save the day!

The minister's son wrote as follows:

DEAR MISS CARR:

I think if this keeps on, that we will not have any club. But if the club is orderly, the way it stands for we will keep on just as if nothing had happened.

Your purple,
RAY BROWN

Raspberry Jewett spent much hard thought on his spelling, with the following result: —

DEAR MISS CARR:

I think we bitter not give up the clube because I think the boys will do bitter.

Your turky,
CHARLTON B. JEWETT, JR.

Fat Newhall had tiptoed down the aisle during the letter writing, hitting every desk he passed in his earnest endeavor not to make any noise, in order that he might ask permission to read the 'America First' poster which hung on the wall. From this he obviously cribbed for his letter.

DEAR MISS CARR:

I think that we had ought to keep having the club meetings and that the boys had better show Themselfs that they have self-control; show some knighthood. And for everyone to Do as Mr. Oldham says: 'Not merely in matters of greatness, but in matters of spirit.'

Very Truly Yours,
Peter Newhall

The lawyer's son wrote:—

Dear Miss Carr:

I do not think we ought to give up the club because the President said we would have to adjourn the meeting for half an hour to get weighed. Therefore it was n't a Civics Club meeting.

Robert Holmes

The next day a formal apology duly signed by thirty-one boys was laid on Miss Carr's desk. But the end was not yet. By afternoon peace offerings began to arrive. Miss Carr found a russet apple on her desk, donor unknown, also a calendar and a purple pencil. Timmy Cooley sheepishly laid a broken croquet mallet on the desk. 'It could be used for a gavel,' he explained.

Not until the following afternoon, however, came the pièce de résistance. Michael Casey brought it proudly and with no attempt at concealment. It was in a bottle and Miss Carr had never seen its like before.

'What is it, Michael?' she asked, pleasantly curious.

'Me mother's appendix. She had it out last summer and she don't want it no more. You can have it.'

The sixteenth meeting of the Sir Galahad Civics Club was held last Thursday, 'Timmy Cooley presidin'.'

THE FLESHPOTS OF CHINA

The menus of a lonely missioner in China are subject to many vicissitudes. Mission fare was always plain, though I recall one occasion of wild extravagance when pâté de foie gras graced my half-century birthday spread. I soon got used to buffalo milk and butter, the latter perfectly white like lard, with a slightly sweetish taste, but better than the tinned article. Milk is not regarded as a beverage in Eastern lands.

Once at a medical mission in China, after several weeks of almost uneatable bread, the housekeeper, who lacked experience and interest in her mission job, grew desperate and implored the assembled workers to produce a dependable recipe for bread. I remained modestly in the background until the silence on the part of ten busy women — doctors, Bible workers, everything but cooks — became painful; then I said that I could make rolls without a recipe. I was joyfully escorted to the kitchen and set to work, while the Chinese cook critically observed my operative technique. Domestic episodes had to be sandwiched in between medical and surgical duties. I hoped to finish the rolls before an impending consultation with a physician about some surgical work which I was to do for him next day, but the doctor arrived before the baking was quite finished, and as we sat and talked over the case he sniffed hungrily at the oven fragrance; finally he cast pride to the winds and asked for rolls. Our family was too large to permit generosity, but he bore off in triumph the one roll bestowed upon him. He was rash enough to spread the good news, and while we were at dinner we had to surrender a roll apiece to two homesick American youths who came to the door a-begging. I know the incident would have delighted my mother.

It was in Te chow that I saw a free distribution of food at a Buddhist temple. That day thirty-one hundred were fed with yellow millet mush, cooked in sixteen vats about five feet across, and served in any vessel presented by the recipients. There were baskets, pots, pans, tubs, buckets, broken dishes, and even Standard Oil tins. In another part of China, Kushan, I saw the delightful kitchen of a Buddhist monastery. It was a great heavy-beamed room, open on one side, in which were chopping blocks, enormous cauldrons, and copper troughs for washing dishes. The priests were busy preparing vegetables, and later we had a very good vegetarian meal served on a verandah.

In Canton there were many ways of purveying and cooking food which I found curious, and in some instances harrowing. Live fish were carried about the streets in tubs of water to ensure their freshness. If a customer wanted a small piece, some nonvital part — perhaps a portion near the tail — would be cut out and sold. The fish went on swimming and did n't seem to mind. The chow or edible dog was in evidence, only the cheaper breeds being sold for food. Two dainties which I did not try were silkworms, thriftily fried after finishing their life work as spinners, and beautiful large brown beetles, also fried. Street kitchens on poles, with a table and condiments at one end and cooking apparatus at the other, seemed to be well patronized.

On long mule-cart trips in northern China stops were made for food, but I always carried my spirit lamp and a few private supplies, such as tea, bread, rice, and jam. Sometimes the doctor I was going to visit would send the cart, carter, and food. Usually a little cabinet with drawers for the various kinds of food was fastened on the back of the cart. After an overnight stop the coolies brought hot water for tea at about 3 A.M., before the early start, and the prudent traveler did well to have the bread spread the night before, for time was short. The day was begun thus early, often in utter darkness, cold, and weariness, in order to accomplish what in China is a day's journey — about thirty miles — and reach safe quarters well before four in the afternoon, for, according to custom, robbers did not begin their activities before that hour. Life in America might be simplified if bandits would keep to a definite schedule!

At about 11 A.M., when the men stopped to feed the mules and themselves, the drawers of the cabinet usually revealed some food that could be cooked on charcoal braziers or the spirit lamp. When the animals had eaten and the men were satisfied, they would call to me to get into the cart, and when I was seated cross-legged, ready for a start, they would take off the wheels, grease them, and put them on again. As the cart in action was none too comfortable, with its elliptical wheels that did n't keep time, I protested against being put in before these preparations were made; but I was told that it was necessary to make a quick start after greasing the wheels, as the starved, mangy scavenger dogs waited in droves, ready to swarm around us and lick off the grease if given an opportunity.

Some of the Chinese delicacies celebrated in travelers' tales, such as bird-nest soup, shark's fins, and other oddities, I did not often taste. They are not easy to get everywhere, and are reserved for special occasions. I liked many of the Chinese dishes, and, as I learned to use chopsticks without difficulty, I got along very well when I was a guest at Chinese meals.

One dish which I saw served in various parts of China is called the 'Eight Precious,' and has a symbolic significance. It is made at the table. A great copper chafing dish is brought in, blue with spirit flames, and flanked by the eight ingredients, each in its own dish. I could not understand what was said as the dish was prepared, but it seemed to be in the nature of a formula or an incantation. In Soochow the ingredients which I identified were a mound of sweetened rice, lotus seeds, chestnuts, water chestnuts, almonds, and bamboo.

The articles vary somewhat in different cities. In Yünnan, one dish — apparently a local specialty — served at a feast was made of the tongues and kidneys of ducks; another tidbit was pigeons' brains.

At Dong kau, in the south, the food was not especially attractive. At the hospital, where I worked for some weeks, we had native tea, plain, at six in the morning. Breakfast came at eight, with more tea, jam, possibly bacon if the courier had brought any, and eggs with a musty taste — not from age, the Chinese explained, but because the mosquitoes had stung them. I can believe it, for they were malignant malarial mosquitoes, and if the eggs escaped they were the only things immune.

Even Charles Lamb's succulent essay on roast pig did not make me a pork lover in China. In spite of the familiar assertion, 'Pigs is pigs,' the porkers in the different parts of the country have such varying characteristics that a book could be written about them. In the north are the horrible scavenger pigs, which have achieved more notoriety in foreign lands than their better-behaved brethren. In Hankow pigs are chiefly associated with the factory there, where they are made into pork for the English market, and where it is said much 'Wiltshire' bacon originates. In Nanchang, the pigs I saw were stately and intelligent-looking, and they sauntered slowly about with brows wrinkled in thought. In Dong kau they are of a lively temperament and trot briskly. They have delightful mud wallows and come out quite yellow with clay, and when rain begins they squeal wildly and scuttle and scamper to cover. They wander over the mountains for food, and come trotting home at night when their owners call them. In the mountains the small pigs wear sandals to protect their soft hoofs from the rocks, and it is a funny sight to see a whole litter of baby pigs trotting along in their little grass sandals. In Canton pigs are precious possessions and are not allowed to walk, but are carried by coolies with poles, in baskets woven to fit them. They dwell 'in marble halls' — in other words, pens fastened with teakwood bars. In Yünnan they are led by halters. At the entrance to the precincts of one village I saw a monumental pig of granite, who knelt on the wooded dike of a wide irrigation ditch, apparently as guardian angel of the village. Here in America the pork barrel looms large as a national figure, but we have not yet immortalized it in stone!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

In her lifelike letters to her friends, **Hilda Rose** has written a record of contemporary pioneering equal to any in American annals. Living in the bleak shadow of the Rockies, this little woman — she tips the scales at eighty-six pounds—pitted her strength against the elements in an effort to support her aged husband, her young son, and two deserted little girls. Mrs. Rose is forty-seven years old. ¶'If readers should ask whether the events of "Hardscrabble Hellas" are true,' writes **Lucien Price,** 'you may tell them that everything in it is fact. A few proper names only have been changed out of courtesy to living people. But not Mrs. Slaughter's! That joke was too good to spoil.' As every faithful reader knows, Mr. Price is the author of 'Olympians in Homespun,' which we published in the *Atlantic* for April 1926. ¶One of the younger literary generation, **Joseph Wood Krutch** is an associate editor of the *Nation* and a biographer of Poe. ¶Familiarized with the Indian scene during his late services as the Principal of Rajahmundry College, **Oswald Couldrey** has returned to his native Berkshire, where he devotes himself to prose and painting. Certain of his narratives appeared in the English *Beacon,* a magazine of small circulation now extinct. ¶Home from an eighteen-month pilgrimage through the Buddhist East, — India, Ceylon, Java, and Japan, — **Dr. Kenneth J. Saunders** resumes his lecturing at the University of California. Cambridge University has lately conferred upon him the degree of Litt.D., in recognition of his study in Buddhism.

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Hunting through mythology, astronomy, and the classics, **Lilian White Spencer** has collected a menagerie the like of which was never seen on sea or land — and we include Noah's. **Ralph Linton,** Captain of the Marshall Field Expedition to Madagascar, writes us as follows from the bush: —

> I have just completed a trip across the northern part of the island, from Maroantsetra to Analalava, which took me through a good deal of wild and almost unknown territory. I had no adventures comparable to my experience with the Sihanaka wizard, but there were a good many interesting happenings. We got into famine country where the people belonged to a tribe hostile to that of our bearers, and had to make an eighteen-hour forced march to a French military post to escape a fight.

We publish his narrative by courtesy of the Field Museum of Natural History. **D. H. Lawrence** is one of the most individual and distinguished writers of the modern school. ¶As will be seen from other chapters of his autobiography, **Carl Christian Jensen** has come a long way from that fervent period when he believed that Doomsday was at hand. *A Saga of To-day,* containing all that has appeared in the magazine and more than as much again, will be published in the spring as an Atlantic publication. **Mary Ellen Chase,** professor of English at Smith College, reassures our belief in the intellectual attainments of Balaam's ass. **Edward A. Thurber,** a resident of Colorado Springs, is an occasional contributor to American periodicals. **Isabel Hopestill Carter,** who from the Maine coast sends us sea stories full of salt and savor, remarks that her latest yarn is 'almost exactly as it was told to me by a woman who used to go to sea.'

* * *

Had **Elizabeth Choate** stayed at her home in Southborough, Massachusetts, she would never have known the force of the Florida winds and waves — and never have written her essay. It is a wise writer who disregards her own advice. **Dr. Hans Zinsser** is in the front rank of the world's bacteriologists. He is now a professor at the Harvard Medical School. It is not too much to say that the progress of American medicine is intimately connected with the solution of the question here candidly discussed. ¶A recent graduate of Harvard, endowed with a traveling fellowship, **John Finley, Jr.,** has been studying in the American School at Athens. ¶Born in Williamstown, **John Carter,** an editor of the literary supplement of the *New York Times*, declares that he has lived in the slums, in the apartments, and in the suburbs of New York City. ¶Deaconess in the Episcopal Church, **Margaret Stuart Lloyd** is in charge of settlement work in Boston. Her paper, as one may see, was not designed for publication.

* * *

A sensitive barometer of public and political opinion, **Walter Lippmann** is editor of the *New York World*. ¶Assistant secretary of the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions, **Stanley High** is now on a world-wide tour of inspection. His present paper was prepared during a three months' stay in South Africa, where he visited the chief cities of the Union and journeyed as far inland as the Katanga copper fields in the Belgian Congo.

* * *

Of the many letters that have come to us in response to 'Unfinished Jobs,' this would seem to be the most complementary to the writer's argument.

LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR, —

'Unfinished Jobs,' in the November issue, I have read twice and expect to read twice again. The writer has duplicated so many of my own experiences that the parallel is startling.

About nineteen years ago I started as bookkeeper with a very old firm of importers in a city not far from New York. Four years later I was made the treasurer of the company, and, as required by law, given one share of stock. It was a close corporation. Just about this time the son of the founder, who was then about sixty-three, wanted to retire from active participation. With his retirement some of the old traditions retired, so to speak, automatically, and a moneyed young man just out of college was taken into the organization and made the secretary. From the very start his salary was just two and one half times the amount of my salary. As he was unfitted both by inability and inexperience to do the work of the secretary, I did that as well as the duties of treasurer. About two years later, owing to some internal matters, it was found necessary to start liquidation with the hope that later the business could be resumed. Two of the best-known banking houses in this country had the liquidation in hand. It went along in this manner for about two years, when the bankers awoke to the fact that something radical had to be done. They dismissed the president, the secretary, and the salesmen in the New York office, and retained me alone. Our importations were raw materials. One of the bankers asked me if I thought I could make weekly trips to New York and *try* to sell the remaining merchandise, valued at about $100,000. I sold it all at better prices and within a shorter period than all my predecessors had done. I recall when I made a sale aggregating $40,000 to a competing firm, at a very good figure, the same banker remarked he could hardly wait until he would see the former president to tell him that Miss X had done the big thing. He then turned around to me and said in substance: 'I know what your obligations have been in your home and family for several years, and that you have outclassed the men in this business by far, but because you are a woman I cannot give you any more money.' I was so angry 'within myself' that I could not reply.

Just about the time I completed this liquidation the war was at its height, and owing to family obligations I was obliged to do 'war work.' It was again a man's job, at a starvation wage, literally not figuratively, but it was my meagre contribution to my country and I make no complaint.

The day the Armistice was signed I started back into my old business, which I had learned to love. After the most discouraging setbacks, I finally landed something at a wage that any young man just out of high school would consider.

I was sent to the Orient three times, remaining the second time about a year and a half as a resident buyer. The merchandise I buy is raw material and of a highly specialized character. I not only have gone out there and bought, but have come home and sold to the manufacturers both in the United States and Canada. I have been told by many of the manufacturers that the merchandise I personally selected in the Orient was the best they have ever purchased for gradings and qualities.

Another firm with whom I later became associated had me go to the Orient, buy the merchandise, instruct one of their foreign employees there in the selecting and buying of the goods, come back to the United States, open the department here, sell the goods, instruct another person, of course a man, in the intricacies of this specialized but profitable merchandise — then politely told me they did n't need my services after a certain date!

I have no grudge against business men, but I know from actual experience and observation that the majority of them depend upon a woman's judgment in their guidance in many, many vital business issues. Should this same woman approach the age of fifty, they try delicately sometimes, more often otherwise, to get rid of her services, although women are keener when they approach middle life and their business experience gives them far greater insight than many men of the same age. Would any sane American consider President Coolidge too old for his job?

Yours very truly,
Miss X

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Had we been the Lady, we too should not have waited to verify first impressions.

Dear Editor, —

In the December *Atlantic* the Lady writes engagingly of the Tiger, 'Machan.' But —

1. No animal's eyes glow in the dark except to reflect a light thrown into them.

2. No cat, however large, can be heard walking, unless he steps on something that creaks or rustles — certainly not on soft earth.

3. The track of a cat (tiger included, of course) *never* shows the print of claws.

However, the Lady may have meant her tiger tale to be a fairy tale.

Yours truly,
George B. Winton

* * *

It is indeed an ancient habit inaugurated in Adam's fall.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Atlantic, —

'The Habit of Going to the Devil' was old before the earliest date given by Mr. Hulbert in your December number. Witness —

The World, by Adam Fitz-Adam, published in 1747, contains a letter, in part as follows: —

'I am not so partial to the ladies, particularly the unmarried ones, as to imagine them without fault; on the contrary, I am going to accuse them of a very great one, which if not put a stop to before the warm weather comes in, no mortal can tell to what lengths it may be carried. You have already hinted at this fault in the sex, under the genteel appellation of moulting their dress. If necks, shoulders, etc., have begun to shed their covering in winter, what a general display of nature are we to expect this summer, when the excuse of heat may be alleged in favor of such display? I called some time ago upon a friend of mine near St. James's, who, upon my asking where his sister was, told me, "At her toilette, UNDRESSING for the ridotto." That the expression may be intelligible to every one of your readers, I beg leave to inform them that it is the fashion for a lady to UNDRESS herself to go abroad, and to DRESS only when she stays at home and sees no company.

'It may be urged, perhaps, that the nakedness in fashion is intended only to be emblematical of the innocence of the present generation of young ladies; as we read of our first mother, before the fall, that she was naked and not ashamed; but I cannot help thinking that her daughters of these times should convince us that they are entirely free from original sin, as well as transgression, or else be ashamed of their NAKEDNESS.

'I would ask any pretty miss about town, if she went a second time to see the waxwork, or the lions, or even the dogs and the monkies, with the same delight as at first? Certain it is, that the finest show in the world excites but little curiosity in those who have seen it before. "That was a very fine picture," says my lord, "*but I had seen it before!*" "'T was a sweet song of the Galli's," says my lady, "*but I had heard it before!*" "A very fine poem," says the critic, "*but I had read it before.*" Let every lady therefore take care, that while she is displaying in public a bosom whiter than snow, the men do not look as if they were saying, "'T is very pretty, *but we have seen it before!*"'

So you see, 179 years ago there were pessimists wailing in the wilderness — as to-day — and 'the world' grows better nevertheless.

Yours truly,
Arthur M. Hood

* * *

Our correspondent in the Solomon Islands has been enjoying Florida weather.

Ovi Harbor, Guadalcanal
British Solomon Isles

Dear Atlantic, —

To have one's slumbers disturbed by a severe shaking is not a pleasant thing. An earthquake was very evident at 4.30 A.M. on the seventeenth of September and it was with difficulty that I managed to get out of the house. I could hear things smashing in every direction. My first thought was of the tidal waves that would surely follow the earthquake. I called to some native laborers to go to our launch which was anchored a little distance away, for only immediate action would save it.

Then the tidal waves were evident. At the first wave, the sea completely emptied itself, and only reef was visible, but the tide returned. Then the waves became severe and lasted about two hours. The sea rushed right over the banks and the earthquake left the Island full of cracks and holes in the earth and with several lava slides. I longed for the moon to shine, but there was not even a star in the skies. When daylight appeared I was able to see the actual damage.

All the houses were at an angle. The whole Island seemed out of repair and it was a disaster one is not likely to forget. The tidal waves completely washed away part of the foreshore. This is the second earthquake this year and the old chiefs tell me they have never experienced them till now. The weather has been severe for months. Abnormally low tides, then abnormally high. The natives are terrified and declare it is due to evil spirits on the reefs. I was here alone and three native boys were of little or no use. Their motto is, 'Every man for himself, and God for us all.'

For four days after the earthquake there were earth tremors every ten minutes and I was in constant dread of another severe shake, so I was obliged to sleep under God's blue skies. I am glad to think I am alive to tell the tale.

(Mrs.) Edith Svensen

* * *

A question for sportsmen to decide.

Vermilion, S. D.

Dear Atlantic, —

What is good sportsmanship?

The other night I was playing 'smut' with a group of people and for three or four hours I succeeded in missing the burnt cork. The rest of the crowd only needed black bathing suits to be 'niggers.' They were simply wild to initiate me into their élite group, but because of their impatience and a natural ability for card playing on my part they consistently failed. Finally in desperation the three men in the game invited the ladies to quit. For the sake of the fight I consented to play on, although I had long since tired of the game. Then lo and behold, when I would get out first they would want to quit and start over again, promising me that when I did get 'smutted' I would get more in one time than any of them had. I was n't even to have a chance at 'smutting' them. What was I? Simply a victim put up to slaughter. They grumbled and said I was n't a good sport because I insisted on 'smutting' all of them when I finished first unless they played it out. Then when I began to lay the smut thicker and thicker on them because there was no unsmutted place, in desperation they resorted to crooked means. The climax was reached when I was beaten largely because one of the three who was already out looked at my hand and told the others how to play. When I protested they very emphatically told me I was not a good sport! Perhaps I was n't, but neither is the rabbit who won't sit by the roadside and let the hunter kill him without the trouble of alighting from his car. And then the rabbit, to be an ultra good sport, in his last throes of death should kick toward the car so the chauffeur could reach forth a long arm and get it.

If that is their code of sportsmanship it is because their ego prompts them that only luck can beat their superior intelligence, therefore to combat luck they should resort to any means. Lord help the poor, misguided sport who quits a poker game when he is a winner. He should by all means stay until all of the potshotters trim him, when they will trump up excuses to quit which will not violate good sportsmanship. Now, what is good sportsmanship?

Horace Day

* * *

Who's a bibliomaniac?

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Atlantic, —

Somebody said somewhere of books, 'While it is a very plesaunt thynge to have meny, he whose collection has come to be other than the means and signs of culture, or the beloved companions of his solitude, has passed a perilous line,' and I would point to this old saying as a text for all those engaged in the happy occupation of book gathering.

The embryonic collector would certainly lose courage upon reading 'On Finishing Collector' in your November issue. What chance for him, with Carolyn Wells and all the other 'finishing' addicts, with practically unlimited funds, in the field?

'Be not discouraged,' I say to him, in the words of the poet whom the contributor designates a conceited old egoist. 'Be not discouraged, there are divine things well developed. I swear to you, there are divine things more beautiful than words can tell.' For that is what I have found in my own modest little collecting of Whitmaniana over a period of fifteen years.

Each precious volume has a story of its own, sometimes of sharp self-denial. This second edition of *Leaves of Grass*, for instance (the one that stirred up so much criticism by its publication of Emerson's letter), reminds me of the winter I gladly wore an old coat to buy it. The family said I was a disgrace to them that year, but I was warm — warm with affection for my longed-for book.

Then came the autographed 'Birthday Edition,' with its personal dedication (how I wish there was space to quote it, so apropos it is to this subject). Shall I ever forget the great day when my children combined their financial resources and gave me that treasure for a Christmas gift?

My second volume of the two-volumed Centennial edition cost me but a trifle, but to complete it I gladly sacrificed the price of a new hat (amid more groans from the family).

These instances of a few of the joys of the *un*finisher could be multiplied indefinitely, for each item acquired has brought with it a satisfaction and refreshment never to be had by purchasing collections as one does groceries, clothing, furniture, or other material necessaries of life.

Your finishing collector knows nothing of the real joys of the book hunter. She is merely 'possessed with a mania for owning things.' The *un*finisher, on the contrary, finds not only her collection but her whole life enriched by personal contacts with those most delightful folk, fellow collectors and booksellers, through whose intelligent sympathy and guidance she is led into closer association with the 'Great Companions.'

MADGE BARTON FEURER

* * *

From one who is almost persuaded.

CEDARBURG, WIS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am very interested in the article, 'Islam and Christianity,' in the November issue, for I am at present seriously considering joining Islam. The article disappointed me in one respect. It failed to strike at the real weakness of Christianity — its paranoiac belief that it alone of all religions given to humanity is the chosen vehicle for the world's redemption. There is to my knowledge no other religion which holds this impossible belief. Small wonder that Islam does not yield to the missionarizing efforts of Christianity!

Mr. Hutchison shows more than the usual spirit of fair play when he counts Christianity as equally guilty with Islam in bloodshed and religious wars. Personally, however, I am inclined to question that Islam ever was guilty of such cruelties as the inquisition committed in the name of Christ. In the Western world 'the unspeakable Turk' has become a synonym of religious persecution and torture; history forces one to wonder whether 'the unspeakable Christian' would not be as applicable, or more so.

One of the puzzles of my life is the utter blindness of supposedly educated ministers, in an age which glorifies facts, to the unmistakable testimony of history. As the daughter of a minister I had been brought up in the most orthodox fashion and had caught the habits of thought of Christian circles, but my reading of Poole's translation of the Koran left me with a firm resolve never to believe any statement disparaging to any religion made by anyone, missionaries or otherwise, without first-hand investigation.

History bears witness that the 'unspeakable Turk' was far more generous in the treatment of defeated enemies than were the Christian crusaders. Nor may we ignore the fact that Islam played a big part in bringing about the Renaissance which ended the Dark Ages into which the Western world had sunk under purely Christian rule.

There is a widespread belief that Islam encourages carnal gratification. Nothing could be further from the truth. There are few Christians who would be willing to practise the self-control demanded of Muslims during the month of Ramadan alone and it would be just as justifiable to lay Western 'gold-madness' to Saint John's vision of the City of Gold as to blame moral aberrations of the followers of Islam on the material pleasures of paradise described in the Koran. The one is as much of a symbol as the other and it is only failure to grasp the meaning of Oriental symbology that gives prurient significance to Islamic descriptions of paradise.

I am not a convert to Islam in a strict sense. I do not know any professed followers of the creed personally. One interchange of letters with a European mission of that faith is the extent of my personal contact with it. To join or not to join is largely a question of possibilities of greatest service. It is Islam's fearless devotion to truth that attracts me and the tenderness of its love that holds me — for Islam knows the tender compassionate Christ no less than does Christianity. Is He not the world-teacher of this era, the inspirer and sustainer of all religions even though Christianity refuses to see Him in any but the Jesus incarnation? Knowing the needs of the world, He devises manifold ways of guiding His children home. Islam recognizes this fact and Christianity does not. How can it hope to convert the former?

Unless Christianity rids itself of the delusion of grandeur that it alone is the chosen vehicle of God it will not only fail in realizing its dreams of world dominion, but it will be in danger of losing its place among the great religions of the world.

Mr. Hutchison is right. All that Christianity needs to do is to become genuinely filled with the love of Christ. If it then still fails to convert its Islamic brethren it will not mind, for with real love the desire to proselyte automatically ceases. It will value the love and coöperation and trust of its Islamic brethren far more than their conversion. One of the first fruits of genuine love as applied to religious questions must always be a great tolerance and a fairness in representing the beliefs of others. Christianity has much to atone for in this respect — especially to Islam.

E. STRASSBURGER

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MARCH, 1927

THE AMERICAN SECRET

BY THOMAS T. READ

I

Columbus discovered America, but the United States as an economic entity has been discovered by Europe since the World War. Not only the production of war material and the loans and gifts made to Europe after the Armistice, but above all the quick economic recovery made here after the war, created a profound impression on the older continent. Two things happened as a result. The first was the widespread conviction that the loans made in and after the war should be regarded as gifts, and the second was a widespread interest in ascertaining how it came about that we could spend enormous sums on the war and still remain prosperous. What was the secret of our workmen being steadily employed at a daily rate about equal to the weekly wage of European workmen?

So, in the past few years, delegation after delegation has come over from Europe, employers, workmen, investigators of all sorts, to study us and return to write books about what they saw, or thought they saw, here. The curious thing is that practically none of them indicate that they attained any real understanding of the fundamentals of our economic organization. But perhaps it is not curious after all, for the most tyrannous thing in the world is a point of view, and an attempt to describe us from the European point of view is almost certain to produce a result similar to that of the blind men of the poem who attempted a description of an elephant. Also, it is quite probable that we do not clearly understand ourselves, on the average, in spite of our reputation for being the most introspective of peoples. What I shall have to say here strikes at the root of the American system.

Human well-being largely consists of having material things and the leisure to enjoy them. Cant immediately interpolates that it is better to be spiritually rich and materially poor than to be spiritually poor and materially rich — a truism that generally correlates the fallacy that being materially rich tends to spiritual poverty, or, conversely, that spiritual richness is promoted by material poverty. Probably this false reasoning has its origin in the circumstance that Jesus was a poor man, for few are intelligent enough to observe that the character of Jesus would have been equally consistent with the possession of wealth. The well-known conversation with the rich young man was intended to convey a point of view to the latter and not to assert the necessity for poverty as prerequisite for spiritual salvation.

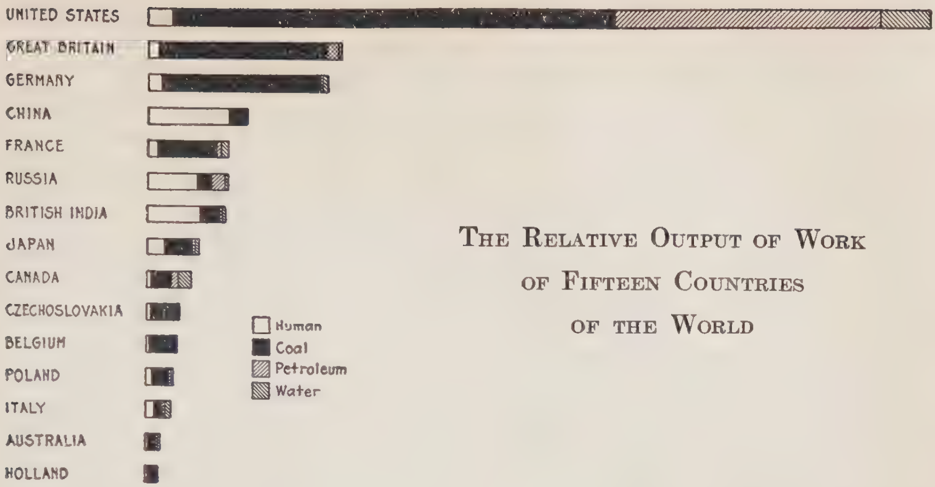
Now the only way to have material things is to do work. The nomad hunter who wishes to spend the night in comfort must work to construct a bed and a shelter, and, by the same token, I am at this present moment enjoying a vast amount of work that someone else has done for me. The roof that shelters me from the rain, the steam that keeps me warm, the electricity and the reading lamp at just the right angle over my shoulder, the comfortable chair, the writing tablet, and the pencil that needs no sharpening, are all the results of intelligent, well-directed work. I can have them, not because I have money, for I have none beyond my pay check, but because I have been able to trade my own work for the results of other people's work.

The European analysis of this situation concerns itself with the technique of trading the least amount of my work for the greatest possible amount of other people's work — an essentially individual solution, or, I might say, an uncivilized solution. Herbert Spencer has explained at length how the greatest individual benefit is attained through striving for the general good, but the Socialist group and the Menckenites have generally succeeded in obscuring the truth of this general principle, with the paradoxical result that the only really intelligent Socialists in the world are 'capitalistic' employers. This 'bourgeois' group has been able to make a much more civilized and accurate analysis, which is as follows.

Admitting that the things everybody wants are the result of work, how can we get the most results from the least work? There are three evident things to do. The first is to direct work so that it does away with the necessity for repeated work, like piping water into the house instead of continually carrying it from a spring. The second is to analyze work and its products so as to eliminate everything that does not aid in attaining the desired result. Motion study is the example of this that will be easiest understood, but nearly all research falls into this group, whether it concerns the hardening of steel to permit giving the tool a sharper edge so that it will cut more with less work, or the making of artificial silk to eliminate the necessity for tending silkworms. The third thing is the multiplying of work, which began when the first man hitched an animal to the crooked stick with which he was breaking the soil and has attained the stage of hitching Niagara to the needs of the average man; and the end is not yet.

The third is by far the most important, things being as they are, for all human experience indicates that a man cannot do enough work in a year to afford him much comfort, unless he is able to multiply his work in this way. The great countries like China and India, where work is not multiplied, are countries where humankind, on the average, lives on the lowest plane of well-being. This is not for lack of intelligence, for the Japanese have shown how an Oriental people can, when it accepts the Western point of view, attain results that are comparable with ours.

Let me repeat here that I refuse to be led aside into any discussion as to whether the religious preoccupation of the Oriental is not more important to the human soul than attention to material things. I have had considerable first-hand contact with Oriental religion and I cannot see that it produces less crime and more happiness than the tenets of Rotary clubs, nor is it clear



The Relative Output of Work of Fifteen Countries of the World

to me why meditating on the infinite while sitting in rags on the ground should yield any clearer spiritual insight than doing so while sitting in a comfortable limousine. This discussion is limited to the physical well-being that comes from material things; spiritual well-being is another subject that demands another method of approach.

II

Before going any further, let us consider the relative amounts of horsepower generated by men from the food they eat, by machines from coal and petroleum, and from water power in the principal countries of the world. The accompanying chart reveals the significant fact that, although we ordinarily think of China as a country having nearly four times as many people as there are in the United States, the United States has the equivalent of many times the number of effective workers that there are in China. In short, the United States may be thought of as a country in which the work done is equivalent to the work that could be done by ten times as many people as there are in China, or almost forty times as many people as there are in the United States. Every person in the United States has thirty-five invisible slaves working for him, and the most significant thing is that these thirty-five slaves do not consume anything, so that all the product is available for the 'boss.' The American workman is not a 'wage slave,' but a boss of a considerable force, whether he realizes it or not.

The comparative output of work per person in the various countries of the world is as follows: —

China	1
British India	1¼
Russia	2½
Italy	2¾
Japan	3½
Poland	6
Holland	7
France	8¼
Australia	8½
Czechoslovakia	9½
Germany	12
Belgium	16
Great Britain	18
Canada	20
United States	30

The result of this is that, although the average wage is high, the average *cost* of work in this country is low. A blacksmith works eight hours a day at the rate of one-tenth horsepower, and is paid ten dollars for it. Two pounds of coal, costing less than one cent, will do the mechanical equivalent of the blacksmith's work. Hence one blacksmith, at ten dollars, aided by eighteen pounds of coal, at ten cents, will do as much work, at half the cost, as ten blacksmiths at two dollars per day each. Since most of the work is done very cheaply by mechanical means, we can pay high wages and still get work done at less cost than any other country in the world.

Their relative yearly output of work seems, therefore, a sufficient explanation why people in the United States have so much more in the way of comfort and convenience than the people of any other part of the world have, on the average. The per capita output of work in this country is so much larger than the output of work in any other country that the consequent divisible wealth per capita is very much greater.

Not long ago, in talking to an English visitor about living conditions in coal-mining towns, I pointed out to him that good roads and the multiplicity of automobiles had made it unnecessary to build towns for the miners when opening a new coal mine, in many instances, because the miners are able to come to the mine in their automobiles from existing towns and return home in the evening after their day's work is over. My English visitor remarked, with a dry smile, that the English coal miner would never be able to come to his work in an automobile. I refrained from asking him why, since I suspected he did not know the right answer: namely, that the average daily production of an American coal miner is approximately three and one half times as much coal per man as the English coal miner produces. Out of the value of the product of his day's work the American coal miner gets enough to enable him to have an automobile. The value of the product of an English coal miner's day of work is not great enough so that he can get more than a meagre living out of it. C. F. Kettering tells me that the automobile output per day of American workmen is ten times as great as that of European workmen, which is the same as saying that a European workman has to work ten times as long as an American to get an automobile.

III

This leads up to three more questions, the first of which is whether most of the countries in the world have enough in the way of natural resources so that their inhabitants, with a sufficient output of work, can make a good living out of them. The answer to this question is probably 'Yes.' The countries which do not have coal are probably the most handicapped; but, in the present development of society, transportation is so generally available that it is possible to get coal in exchange for something else. Argentina is a first-class Power with practically no coal supply, but it imports coal, both from England and from the United States, sufficient to meet its present needs, and the price of coal laid down at Buenos Aires is not excessive, because ocean freight rates are low compared with railroad freight rates. Japan is the best example of a country that has a very meagre endowment in the way of natural resources, and yet it has advanced from a country as economically poor as China into the position of one of the first ranking Powers within the memory of people still living. It is evident that, with its limited supply of power minerals, Japan should, as it does, direct itself toward the production of articles of relatively high value, the production of which calls for skill rather than mechanical energy. Where the supply of mechanical energy is scant the obvious thing to do is to use mental energy as much as possible.

The second question is, how can the countries that now have a relatively small output of work increase their output and thereby increase their capacity to produce and consume? What they need to do is to advance in the same general direction as the countries that have succeeded in multiplying their output of work. Contrary to the opinion of the old Pennsylvania farmer who refused to let his sons go to school because he did n't want them to 'earn their living a-settin',' what such countries need is more people who are able to make their living 'a-settin'.' Much has been said about the unemployment situation in England, and many people seem to think that it is somehow the fault of the worker that he is unemployed. It seems clear, on the other hand, that the real difficulty is that there is not enough profitable employment available for him, and that is because no more capable brain than his has devised a way whereby, when capital and his labor are jointly employed in the production of something useful, the value of the product is enough to furnish an adequate return to both. Going back to our agricultural simile, much the same situation would exist if there were not enough food produced by the primitive farmer to keep his ox in good condition. The ox is not to blame, because if the work is properly directed enough of a crop results to support both the ox and the farmer.

It seems clear that the only possible cure for the unemployment situation in Europe is through business men finding a way to provide employment and to manage the work with sufficient skill so that there is enough product to provide a good living for both the worker and his employer. This remedy, of course, presupposes that the European laboring man will be found willing to abandon his extraordinary delusion that there is a limited amount of work to be done in the country and that by limiting individual output of work he is providing work for others. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth; there is no known limit to the amount of work that can be done in any country of the world. By deliberately limiting the work he does in a day the worker is making it impossible to produce enough so that there will be sufficient for a good living for himself and an adequate return on the capital employed in their joint enterprise. If the ox on the farm resolved to work the minimum possible amount, the result would be a crop failure, and both the ox and the farmer would suffer. In the old Hebrew story of the creation of man, God is represented as saying to Adam, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' Many centuries passed before man learned how to multiply the output of work by mechanical means and increase the supply, not only of bread, but of butter and sugar as well, without having to sweat more.

But even if the countries that now have a relatively small output of work seek to increase their output, can they ever hope to approach to the productivity that prevails in our own United States? No one can say with perfect certainty of being right, but Japan has demonstrated to us that a people of much ability can make a satisfactory showing of productive work with quite limited natural resources. The Australian native and our own American Indian demonstrate, on the other hand, how little use people of little ability make of natural resources. My own belief is that in many countries of the world the low intelligence level of the people constitutes more of a barrier to increase of productive work than scantiness of resources.

IV

The third, and final, question is, what good does it do us? Such a question savors of the drawing of the red herring of smart talk across the trail of intelligent reasoning. With one who seriously questions whether I am any better off than my grandfather, though my house has three bathrooms and his had none, discussion is as futile as it is between a Christian Scientist and a Rockefeller Foundation doctor — the points of view on the accepted things of life are too far apart. But there are some things which are matters of proven fact, not of opinion. The life insurance companies and other social agencies have accurate statistics which show that the average length of life in this country has increased forty per cent in the last half century. In the past twenty years the infant mortality rate has been cut sixty per cent. The death rate from tuberculosis is now less than one half as high as it was in 1900. The State of New York hopes to eliminate diphtheria entirely by 1930. The scientific research and its application that have made this possible are a direct product of our abundance of work.

The capital which has been poured into the building of school buildings, from kindergartens to universities, and the number of people who devote their whole working time to the teaching of others are also a direct expression of abundance of work. Under social conditions where people have to work hard for a meagre living no one has the time or facilities for research, and people do not have the means to pay for teaching. The estimated value (1924) of the schools in New York State alone was $467,700,000 and the yearly cost of maintenance was $250,000,000. The absence of schools in Labrador until outside agencies provided them was a direct result of the meagre living that the people of the region were able to make. The grandchildren of a Finlander who trailed reindeer over the snow are able to acquire their education in a $4,000,000 high school in a mining town in Minnesota, equipped with electric stoves to do their cooking lessons on and with everything else in proportion. What magic has provided for the grandchildren so much more than was available to the grandfather? No magic whatever, but work — work done by mechanical energy, multiplying the useful efforts of man.

THE BREAK-UP OF PROTESTANTISM

BY HERBERT PARRISH

INSTITUTIONS die hard. Especially religious institutions. They take a long time about it. Generations and centuries. The nostalgia of religious habits. The endowments and vested interests. Paganism and the mysteries lingered long in the Empire even after Constantine. It is doubtful if they ever did die entirely. Syncretism kept them alive even in the Church itself. Perhaps nothing really dies. Religious values at least assert the prerogative of immortality. They modify and affect the movements that absorb them.

But Protestantism *as an organized religious force* is moribund and shows signs of rapid disintegration.

This does not mean that the millions of Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and the two hundred other Protestant sects will come cringing and bowing down to the coped and mitred hierarchy, kissing the amethyst rings of bishops and cardinals, repentant prodigals begging for instruction and reception. Not at all. We are still too near the ages of persecution, the rack and thumbscrew, the Inquisition, Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, *Westward Ho!* and the religious wars to feel confidence in that direction. Anti-Roman prejudice is in the blood. A race inheritance. Protestantism will still protest.

Moreover the educated, the critically intellectual multitudes, — a rapidly increasing number, — show no disposition to submit to religious autocracy. If they have conceived of the Bible as a broken reed or a quagmire, there is no reason to think that they will turn to ecclesiastics swathed in the traditions of dead centuries for guidance to the high places of eternity. They share with the rabble a fixed antipathy to the graded hierarchy, the elaborate ceremonies, plaster images, meretricious decoration of churches, superstitions and fetishism, local Heavens and literal Hells, meticulous doctrines and obsolete philosophies, celibacy and monachism, the assumption of a superior and esoteric knowledge, the tendency to political domination, the assertion of a defined and certain finality in the possession of truth.

A disintegrated Protestantism will no more return to Rome than the troubled democracy of the day will return to the frozen archaism of the feudal system. If Protestantism as an organized religious force is dying in the twentieth century, by the same tokens of broken authority Rome died in the sixteenth.

Autocratic authority in religion is everywhere giving ground.

I

The famous historian, Bishop Stubbs of Oxford, who married his cook, used to advise his students to avoid generalization and idealization. It is good advice for the incipient historian. The Bishop's books are dull reading, but they are eminently sound. It is temerarious to draw very definite conclusions about wide popular movements, and above all to make prophecies. But many able observers of the present condition of the religious world are persuaded that we are in the midst of a religious revolution. There is reason to believe that the historians of a hundred years from now will pronounce the present decade the crest of a movement more significant and portentous than the Reformation itself.

The Reformation, considered as a religious revolution, took its rise in the social and political consequences of the discoveries of the fifteenth century, the fall of Constantinople, the Renaissance, the rise of nations, the growth of commerce. The break from Rome in the sixteenth century was its crisis. For two centuries the religious settlements of that period stood secure. But about a hundred years ago, before the middle of the nineteenth century, new movements were set afoot which were destined to bring about a still greater crisis. With this crisis we are now face to face. As the authority of Rome was shattered in those nations which followed the trend of thought at the Reformation, so the Reformation settlements now find their authority shattered by the logical consequences of the position they then took.

If Rome appears to be little affected by the movements of the day, that is because the genius of Rome has never been expressed in intellectual leadership, but, by settled policy and highly developed organization, in deliberate conservatism. She has assimilated movements, not started them. Ministering as she does to the masses of uneducated and simple people, such a position is both reasonable and necessary. For there is nothing so unsettling to the stability of religious authority, and hence to morals, as a new idea. Rome kept on the Index Expurgatorius until 1829 every book that said the world was round. The theologians all knew better, but why disturb the masses? Are not the stars the eyes of the angels looking down from Heaven? And what difference does it make to the man with the hoe if they are not? Let girls in Spanish convents continue thus to regard the stars — and be good.

But Protestantism, which was the progressive party of the Catholic Church in the sixteenth century, with a sense of the unity of all truth and a passionate and even stupid literalism, must go on to complete the programme it then began. Having broken fearlessly with any authority that conflicted with its conscientious conception of truth, it is logically forced to continue the process. It must complete its work. No antique hocus-pocus, no prescriptive documentation, no hallowed tradition, may hold it back from the truth and freedom. Hitching its wagon to Betelgeuse, of which it knows the size and chemical constituents, Protestantism now determines to make a clean sweep of all the remnants of tyranny and obscurantism that have still bound it back from freedom. It proposes a twentieth-century revolution. At least it finds itself in the midst of one.

And it is greatly to be wished that, in the process of housecleaning, Protestantism shall sweep out into the dust heap of time its own superstitions and hypocrisies, its petty partisanships and false loyalties, its narrow nationalisms and racial peculiarities, its sentimental cant, its vapid prayer meetings, its redundant and verbose liturgies, its stodgy services, its preposterous confessions of faith, its bigotry and prejudices, its padded and fictitious martyrologies, its smug self-satisfactions, its holier-than-thou pose, its lay popes, its fond and fanatical trust in secular legislation, its bitter intolerance, its suspicious and terrible emotionalisms, its assumption that mere negation constitutes salvation, and the thousand and one other Pecksniffian attributes that in its name have so often brought all religion into contempt among sensible people. Let the good work be thoroughly done this time, and not stopped by any premature armistice.

II

That the revolution is well under way cannot be doubted. It had become apparent as early as the middle of the last century that the foundations upon which Protestantism rested — the Bible and the various Reformation settlements — were insecure. Dr. Ewer, in his *Failure of Protestantism*, pointed out the fallacy that the Bible, the books of which were selected by the authority of the Church, could properly supplant that authority. Logically the Bible was an instrument, not a foundation for the Church. There was a Church, with its creed, sacraments, and ministry, before the books of the New Testament were written, and centuries before the canon of Scripture was determined. Chillingworth's dictum, 'The Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants,' became an illogical absurdity. Ewer followed the Oxford Tractarians and the Anglican tradition.

But it remained for the German higher critics to reduce the stronghold of a superstitious reverence for the printed word. Protestantism, which had substituted a printed book for a living pope, was aghast. But its passion for truth has compelled it to admit the facts. Although the clamor of the war between the Fundamentalists and so-called Modernists still continues, it is evident to every scholarly observer that Fundamentalism is a lost cause.

As the cracks in the foundation appeared and their significance began to be grasped, Protestant enthusiasm weakened. The first evidence of this was in Sunday-school attendance. Up to the eighties the statistical curve had shown a steady increase. In the late eighties it began steadily to decline. It has fallen rapidly ever since. The latest report indicates that there are now over twenty-seven millions of American children, nominally Protestant, not enrolled in any Sunday school. And quite reasonably. The Protestant Sunday school has no systematized religion to teach. With the old Reformation catechisms and confessions gone increasingly out of use, and nothing but the Bible left as a book of instruction, the teachers — generally untrained and incompetent as teachers of anything — had depended for interest upon making little children learn the lists of the kings of Israel and Judah, the names of the bugs on the Plain of Esdraelon, who was Moses' uncle, how long was the bed of Og, the king of Bashan, and the missionary journeys of the Apostle Paul. Some elaborate books, like 'The Christian Nurture Series,' were indeed devised to meet the condition, but as these insisted on treating infants as though they were small philosophers, they were ineffective. The Sunday school, now called the church school, has become the despair or the joke of the Protestant ministry almost everywhere. The attendance of both teachers and pupils is generally small and irregular. Few ministers are able to keep up any system of devotion, spiritual value, or inspiration among the young. Nor has the week-day school of religion yet met the case. Parents, persuaded that the Bible as a document of scientific and historical facts is under fire, are no longer insistent upon sending their already weary children to such dull exercises.

The Roman Catholics, on the other hand, with daily religious instruction in their schools, using the clear-cut, definite, and positive teaching of the Baltimore catechism, with its system of doctrine, discipline, and worship, with daily attendance at Mass, continued the authoritative teaching in which the Church and not the Bible was the final court of appeal. The result is patent. Ask any Roman Catholic child a fundamental question about his religion and you get a categorical answer. You may not agree with the answer, but it is an answer. Ask, on the other hand, almost any Protestant child a similar question — well, just try it and see for yourself. Our Protestant grandparents had at least some definite religion as children. The present generation has none.

Combined with the critical attitude of the age is the general laxity which always comes with financial success. 'When the Puritans made their fortunes,' said James Russell Lowell, 'they lost their religion.' Add the dazzling and wonderful strides of scientific discovery, the golf course, the automobile, and finally the radio, with comfortable sermons by famous preachers on Sunday for those disposed to listen, and you have some at least of the chief causes of a decline in church attendance. Life is speeded up. People are tired on Sunday. The fashion of going to church is falling off.

III

For the past twenty years desperate efforts have been made by Protestant leaders to keep up the failing enthusiasm for church organization. All kinds of leagues and conferences, sometimes with excellent, if temporary, results, were started. The Men and Religion Forward Movement, the Men's Missionary Movement, Young People's Movements, revivals of all kinds, swept the country. Finally Billy Sunday — a genius for the stirring of religious emotionalism — galvanized for his brief day the churches into a semblance of vitality. Every adult reader will remember these struggles to sustain the slipping structure. It was one hope, not so fully recognized during the war, that the Y. M. C. A. would perhaps take over the whole work of the Protestant churches and rehabilitate it. But, in spite of the millions of dollars in hand, it became evident that the men in the ranks did not feel that the combination of vaudeville and sermon which the 'Y' proposed to substitute for religion would do. The plan, if it was ever formulated, was given up.

Experts in the guise of secretaries were called in. After the war great sums of money were raised, or promised, in all the divisions of the Protestant world. Great missionary enterprises were planned. It was assumed that if interest in foreign missions could be aroused the interest in the old home church would be sustained. But within five years the churches were as much in debt as ever. The Inter-Church Federation, with very able men in its offices, studied the problem, and is even yet endeavoring to uphold the tottering steeples. Dr. Cadman preaches eloquently over the radio from the Bedford Branch of the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A. on Sunday afternoons with the same object, in a spirit of broad tolerance — one of the best things that Protestantism can do to foster liberal piety.

But the thing that has kept Protestantism alive as an organized force during recent years has undoubtedly been the Prohibition movement. For years the temperance societies, the W.C.T.U., and the Anti-Saloon League have kept total abstinence and the desire for legislative action against the Demon Rum as a rallying point for the organized activity of the Protestant churches. The recent revelations before the Senate investigating committee have shown the enormous sums of money collected by these agencies from the churches for use in this campaign. Billy Sunday always made it a chief article in his creed. ('Hell has frozen over,' he declared when the Eighteenth Amendment was passed.) Other skilled and highly paid workers were employed to carry on. Methods not always scrupulous, but justified in the eyes of enthusiastic 'dry' Protestants on the ground that the end justified the means, — a theory that Protestants formerly strongly condemned in Jesuit practice, — were used in every state in the Union to ensure the success of this crusade. For years Prohibition formed the chief subject of Protestant preaching. It is probably no exaggeration to say that nearly every pastor of certain denominations either made it the theme of his Sunday sermon or at least referred to it strongly in his discourse, making it practically a *sine qua non* in religion.

It does not seem to have occurred to many that the Bible as an authoritative book in reality suffered more from the emphasis upon Prohibition than it had suffered from all the critical literature ever written by German or other critics. The critics had merely shown up the facts of historicity. They had allowed the moral and spiritual values to stand on their own intrinsic merits. But in advocating Prohibition the Protestant clergy were compelled to criticize the very morality of the Gospel. The marriage at Cana, where Jesus turned the water into wine, when men had 'well drunk,' became reprehensible. The advice to Timothy 'to use a little wine' was given in ignorance. The very matter of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was regarded as intrinsically evil. Unfermented grape juice was generally substituted. The Pauline discourses about the provocative character of negative legislation were always passed over. It was even proposed to get out an edition of the Bible with all the passages that referred to wine deleted. In short, the Bible in the house of its friends became a dangerous book. Many parts of it could not possibly be read in Protestant churches. They would contradict the sermon.

But now that the methods by which Prohibition was put over have been exposed, — its failure to freeze up Hell everywhere becoming apparent, the evils of it constantly more pressing, — reaction has set in. Division on the subject even in the ranks of the pastors will follow. Already the Lutherans have come out strongly against it. Episcopalians in increasing numbers refuse to praise its works. Conventions, synods, and assemblies are less unanimous in voting resolutions supporting the law. Prohibition as a religious rallying point will fail. In reality it is not a religious issue. Temperance, yes; but not Prohibition.

IV

Fissiparism is the evil genius of Protestantism. Indeed the theory of private judgment suggests that its ultimate and logical trend is toward sheer individualism. Certain it is that the efforts which have been made to draw the Protestant sects together, to economize expense, to prevent duplication of labor, to establish some sort of comity, to realize any degree of unity in organization, — such as the Edinburgh Conference, the Inter-Church Federation, the World Conference on Faith and Order, — have made no real progress in the elimination of the sectarian spirit. On the contrary. It is certain that at the present time there is less hope of church unity than there was twenty years ago. Some leaders even feel that division is an advantage and makes for progress in religious thought. Some look upon sectarianism as one would look upon the distinctions of family life. The nostalgia of accustomed habits holds them. They feel a suspicion of other forms of devotion.

The proposal to hold a World Conference on Faith and Order, originating in Anglican circles, lent some hope for a time that spiritual unity, if not corporate unity, could be attained. The commissions and secretariats responsible for this undertaking, however, have put off the actual conference from year to year on the plea that premature corporate unity would have worse results than the present condition. They have urged a general study of the causes of separation in small local conferences, questions of sacraments and episcopacy, and creeds and episcopacy, and the validity of orders and episcopacy, and liturgies and episcopacy, and church polity and episcopacy, and episcopacy, until the idea has gone abroad that the astute Anglican bishops who are behind the movement are in reality merely carrying on a campaign of education of the nonconformist ministry in the hope of persuading Protestantism to make a little pilgrimage to Canterbury or to go a few parasangs on the road to Rome. Bishops, whether Anglican, Oriental, or Roman, are monarchs who desire not to abdicate.

There is, then, no hope of unity among Protestants. That idea must be quite definitely laid aside. The cutthroat methods of rivalry, of overchurching, will continue. Every little group in every new community, obsessed by some racial or social inferiority complex, will insist upon having an ecclesiastical background upon which to display itself. Our small towns will continue to be dotted with buildings called churches, more suitable for garages than for teocallis, without dignity, without beauty either inside or out, their few members struggling to keep the sheriff from closing the doors on account of the unpaid coal bill, and starving the very soul out of the poor wretch of a pastor who presides in the pulpit on Sundays. The only persons benefited by the system are the secretaries, bishops, presiding elders, archdeacons, missionary boards, and other paid remote functionaries who thrive on division and justify their salaries by the published records of new enterprises.

The divisions that exist even inside the same denomination are equally deep. Anglicanism itself, which for many years looked upon itself as the *via media*, a possible rallying point for both Catholic and Protestant, is becoming little less than a line of cleavage. Two parties, Catholic and Protestant, threaten to tear the communion asunder. Among the sects the Fundamentalists and Modernists have so divided the groups that it is not too much to say that scarcely any two churches of the same denomination teach the same religion. And the rivalry that exists between two churches of different denominations is as naught compared with the rivalry that exists between two churches of the same denomination in the same town. At bottom there is the economic factor. A pastor cannot afford to let one sheep escape. It will affect the budget. The actual beliefs of the man in the pew become matters of comparative indifference — so long as he remains in the pew. If he goes to another church, he is a heretic.

It is not an evidence of disintegration or revolution that there are now over fifty-eight millions of Americans, nominally Protestant, not enrolled as members of any church, or that only one third of those so enrolled attend churches with any regularity or contribute to the support of churches. Careful surveys show this to be the case. But conditions were worse a hundred years ago. The percentage of those attending churches, where it was not compulsory, in Colonial days was smaller. That would not mean that the organization is necessarily breaking up. Religion comes in waves. It is emotional. Given a great cause or a spiritual access, the churches might be filled to-morrow. Even Roman Catholics have their 'paschal lambs,' those who come only for their Easter duties. A revival of religious enthusiasm might sweep the country any day.

But it is significant of a decided change that in very many churches the old type of devotion, the solemnity of religious worship, the serious and long sermon, have passed away. The pastors, even when fine orators, men of ability and magnetic force and learning, are put to it more and more to fill their auditoriums. There is a general tendency to resort to popular lectures, moving pictures, Rotarian methods, church suppers, wild advertising, a studied display of the 'glad hand,' follow-up letters, a paid official to detect the arrival of any newcomer to town and sign him up, programmes of sensational sermon courses, cartoonists, whistlers, comedians, enormous signs on the church porch, dwarfs, Indians, Negro Jubilee singers, freaks of all sorts, free ginger ale, services conducted exclusively by children, and a thousand other Chautauqua devices, in the hope of drawing a crowd — a crowd that pays nothing.

The fact is that the old feeling of an obligation to attend service on the part of the laity has almost vanished from the earth. The members of churches feel no obligation whatever. They go or stay away as they like. They also pay what they like. The average Protestant church is like a club in which there are no conditions of membership, no dues, no responsibilities. It has become a purely voluntary association of individuals who determine for themselves the articles of their belief, and whose motive for church attendance is not much higher in many instances than their motive for attending a theatre, a popular lecture, a concert, or a motion picture. Recognition of authority or religious obligation has almost disappeared. Pressure of any sort to compel such recognition would instantly be resented and usually result in withdrawal from the church.

Under these circumstances what likelihood is there that organization can long continue to exist?

V

But the actual force that is disrupting Protestantism is the force of money. As in all revolutionary movements, the economic factor is the final cause. Almost any organization can withstand attacks from without and weakness within so long as the purse strings are in the hands of the leaders. The natural leaders of the Protestant churches are the ministers. But the money of most of these churches is controlled by laymen. In those churches where the controlling laymen are quasi-ecclesiastics — deacons, elders, men of prayer — conditions are less bad than in those where the laymen have no spiritual status. But generally speaking the control of the finances is in the wrong hands. If the ministers who do the preaching and thereby raise the money also had the spending of it, the organizations would hold out long against time and storm.

This is an idea very foreign, however, to the Protestant mind. Most Protestants, speaking religiously, regard the idea of handling filthy lucre as something improper for a spiritual man. They think of the saying in the Book of Acts about the serving of tables, but forget that other passage about laying the money derived from the sale of their lands at the apostles' feet. Historically it is clear that down to the time of the Reformation the clergy always controlled the affairs of the Church. And the Church grew rich — some say too rich. In the Roman Church it is the clergy who handle the money yet, and there is no business in the world so well handled.

Now the minister is responsible for the financial success of every church. Even if he happens to be backed by some millionaire, he has attracted the millionaire. If money does not come in as the result of his preaching and work, he is a failure. But it is the lay board, the vestry, the trustees, who take the money he secures, determine his salary, and pay the bills of the church. They themselves give usually but a small portion of the amount raised. The minister has a life-and-death stake in the matter. The laymen have none.

It follows that the minister, who may be presumed to have a professional knowledge of the needs of his church, of the kind of building that should be erected, of the type of music to be hired, of all the details of the enterprise, is not the real director of the affairs of the church, but merely an employee of a lay group. It is an anomalous position. He is the nominal head of a business with none of the authority of the head. There are exceptions, of course, but the scene in the first act of Mr. Golden's production, *Thank You,* is not in the least exaggerated.

The men on the lay boards are either men of such large affairs that the business of a church is too petty for their consideration — it has become increasingly difficult to get meetings of such men, as every director of a big business knows — or they are apt to be men of petty minds and small experience, without faith and without vision. Able and devoted men in such offices are becoming rare, and are confined mostly to the large cities. Not infrequently these church officials are very difficult for the average minister, unused to dealing with people under the rough conditions of the business world. Since they hold the purse strings, he is powerless.

The consequences of this method of administration, except in the case of pastors of unusual genius and powerful personality, can be clearly defined. Without knowledge, without vision, without faith, with no higher motive than economy and the fear of venture, many lay boards erect mean, cheap structures on obscure, cheap sites. Their chief concern is to scale down the architect's dream and to save money. The glory of God and the splendor of worship seldom enter their heads. Every pastor who has built a church, and every architect, knows the infinite ineptitude of these men. It is not so much their fault, however, as the fault of the system which places them in a position they are unfitted to occupy. And it is this same system which, making the real head of church affairs not the pastor but an irresponsible lay board, puts so much of the church work in many places into the hands of the 'little mousey men who are religious,' to the annoyance and despair of the nominal leader, who is powerless to direct affairs because he is a mere hired man.

When Dr. Herbert Hensley Henson, now Bishop of Durham, visited this country he said that the great weakness of the Protestant churches both in Canada and in the United States was the dependence of the ministers on the good will of the people. He was right. And it is the failure of the clergy to control and direct the finances of their churches that makes them thus dependent. Barring the wild self-appointed preachers of the hills, the fanatics, the cranks, and the sentimental uplifters, the ordained and licensed Protestant ministers of the American towns and villages will compare favorably with any group of business or professional men. Generally better educated than the average of the congregations to whom they preach, better read, more open-minded, more ready to try new methods and to receive new ideas, certainly as competent to direct and control the finances of their churches as the clergy of the Church of Rome, they find themselves merely hirelings of groups they are compelled to please and whom they dare not stimulate or rebuke.

The professional success of the Protestant minister depends upon his ability to raise money. That does not mean that he need even mention the subject. It means that he must have the qualities of leadership, of organization, of spiritual power, of eloquence or magnetism, in sufficient degree to cause people to give. The church must be kept out of debt, his own salary must be raised, the enormous demands of the bishops, boards, and secretaries in the general offices must be satisfied; otherwise the minister is a failure. It all depends upon him, yet the minister is considered too holy to be interested in who gives or what is given, to be too spiritual to attend to the business affairs of his church, too otherworldly to know enough to handle the finances of his parish.

It is a tribute to the ability of the Protestant ministry that they have managed so well with so impossible a system. But it accounts for the constant changes in the pastorate, the miserable salaries paid to ministers, and the decay of church organization. For the prayer of the average layman for his pastor seems to be, 'O Lord, you keep him humble, and we'll keep him poor.'

VI

Protestantism, then, is undergoing a revolution. The foundation of authority upon which it was built has certainly shifted, if not broken. Considered as an organization, or as organizations, the Protestant churches might weather that storm, just as the Roman Church has held together under centuries of criticism, were it not for the fact that the real leadership in Protestant organization is not in the hands of professional leaders, but in the hands of laymen. Such men, not having time, training, or a vital stake in the cause of religion, confused by external interests and doubts regarding the foundations of their churches, cannot rescue the sinking vessel. Protestantism is disintegrating and is doomed. It may outlast your life and mine, but ultimately America will see it no more.

It is my conviction that the sooner Protestantism disappears from American life the better. Its narrow sectarian spirit, fostering division, incapable of a large synthesis of values, of unity, unfits it to represent our national religious life. Its differences of polity and doctrine, of forms and customs, do not justify the expense of its duplication of effort and upkeep. It does not answer to the deep needs of human nature. As a moral guide it is superficial, depending on the exterior force of state legislation to effect the redemption of the race. As a mystical experience it is sentimental, without intelligence, and with narrow vision. As a teaching force it is vague, negative, and uncertain. As an organization it is illogical and chaotic.

Considered in relation to the idea of worship, Protestantism is particularly lacking. It began by eliminating the element of beauty from its meeting-houses, and it has never succeeded in bringing it back. At the best its services are coldly dignified. At the worst they are slovenly and drab. Without color. Without movement. But beauty is an attribute of God and should be expressed in worship. There is no wonder that men prefer the ceremonies of the lodge, with the vestments, lights, moving acolytes, and swinging incense, to the undecorated dullness of their Sunday worship.

The strength of Protestantism has been in preaching. But in these days of general culture, of the radio and the newspaper, even those to whom the sermon is still something of a saving ordinance find it less necessary to attend church for the purpose of hearing one. Why go to the trouble of dressing for the church parade when you can sit at home and hear a preacher of the first rank instead of the third-rate man who occupies the pulpit in the old home town? And preaching at its best does not reach down into the depths of the individual life sufficiently to have great moral value. It is too general. The average Protestant pastor is much like a physician who should find himself limited in practice to the giving of one or two lectures a week on the general subject of hygiene in the ward of a hospital. Compared with the individual relationship of the pastor to the sinner in the Catholic confessional, Protestantism with all its preaching is merely on the outside of life.

Moreover, there are many subjects upon which the Protestant preacher for various reasons can scarcely touch. Remember that above all things he must please his audience. Otherwise they will not come again, they will not support him, they will persuade his board, his trustees, his vestry, to get rid of him. The average pastor is paid less than a cook, less than a chauffeur, less than an unskilled laborer. If he gets out of a job, it is by no means easy for him to obtain another readily. The organizations of Protestant churches feel no obligation to provide him with a place. Unless he is a dominant personality with considerable gifts of leadership he must above all things avoid offense. If he has been long in the ministry and has given hostages to fortune, it is a tragedy for him to lose even the miserable pittance he receives. It is to the honor of the men in the profession that so many of them risk unpopularity and even livelihood by having the courage of their convictions.

Protestantism has never developed a moral theology. Consider, for instance, its dealing with the vital subject of sex. This vast and most important aspect of human life is seldom dealt with in any thorough fashion in Protestant teaching. If handled at all, it is touched upon very gingerly. Unsuitable for the subject of pulpit oratory, it has become the Great Taboo of the Protestant world. Protestantism can make no provision for the instruction of adolescent youth on this profound matter. It leaves youth to its own guidance, the guidance of ill-instructed parents, or such information as it may chance to pick up from whatever sources. And the consequences of this failure in religious instruction are abundantly apparent.

The old disciplinary systems by which the lay members of Protestant churches were bound to profess certain beliefs, to maintain certain rules of conduct, and to sustain certain obligations to the church on pain of loss of membership, have become as obsolete as the old formulæ, the confessions of faith. Where they still remain on the books they are practically dead letters. The decline in the numbers of the church membership, the desperate need of money, the intense rivalry of sectarianism, combined with the liberal spirit of the age, have swept them into the discard. Most churches will do anything for anybody — receive anybody, marry anybody, bury anybody. They hawk their sacred wares about the streets. They cry aloud for people to fill their large and empty buildings. They offer inducements for those connected with other churches to leave their accustomed pastures and try new ones. The organizations are without confidence and without dignity. They are breaking up.

VII

But far more important than any study of these defects and conditions, now for a generation known and recognized, is the consideration of what will take the place of this outworn and dying system. What will follow the break-up of Protestantism?

Some have felt with Chesterton that Rome will be the residuary legatee, the Pope the universal landlord. They point to what Rome has to offer. In convenience. In uniformity. In artistic forms of worship. In architectural splendor. Rome is the least expensive church to belong to in all Christendom. Its system of finance, managed by the clerical order, is effective. Its elaborate and settled organization, its united front and vast size, give it weight politically and socially. Its lay members are not bothered with the necessity of thinking out religious problems for themselves. The complexity and variety of its cults and doctrines enable one to make choice of those features of Christianity that suit one's temperament and mood. It is tolerant enough unless you venture to question too publicly. Perhaps for a time Roman Catholicism may become the fashion.

But, as I said at the beginning, the values of religious institutions never die. The undying values of Protestantism are the passionate assertion of liberty and truth. Protestantism shook off Rome once. It will never revert in any permanent and final way to the acceptance of religious authority. It is, in the present revolution, shaking off the remnants of such authority. The new generation will begin to think where such organization as Protestantism still supports leaves off, to assume the death of that for which it still argues.

Perhaps in dying as an organized force Protestantism will in reality save itself. The Church after all is a means to an end, not an end in itself. When the author of the Apocalypse saw the heavenly vision, he saw no temple there. The Church, in a sense, exists merely to do away with the need of its existence. But what new form the spirit of religion in the coming age may take, who can say?

Is it not reasonable to hope that, leaving the outworn dogmatisms and methods of the past, the children of the new age will construct out of those values which have been the real sources of inspiration and of power, both for Catholic and Protestant, a Church that will meet the needs of the day and generation, combining with the old the new wisdom of the present era, raising mankind to a higher plane of spiritual experience, a more vivid realization of eternal life?

'Every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old.'

BUSINESS HAS WINGS

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

If you or I manage to get along with one less pair of shoes a year, that is a small matter and concerns no one but ourselves, but when the practice becomes general a great basic industry is grievously affected. That is exactly what has happened. A year or two ago the shoemakers noticed a falling off in the consumption of men's shoes. The manufacturers got together, appointed the usual committee, and the committee made the usual investigation. It learned that the sale of men's shoes had dropped one third. The average man is now buying two pairs of shoes a year whereas before the war he bought three. The committee was more successful in learning the facts than in finding the remedy, or even the cause. An industry is generally stronger on statistics than on imagination.

Some ingenious theories were advanced. It was felt that the great number of quick and capable repair shops which have sprung up in the past few years was a sort of life-extension institute to shoes that would otherwise sooner have gone the way of all artificial integument. It was even suggested that the spring-bottomed pants so much affected by the younger generation had something to do with it. These flappy trousers covered so much shoe that attention was not called to the need of replacement. But the consensus of opinion was that the arch offender is the motor car, that scapegoat of so many industrial and social dislocations. The population now rides where formerly it walked, and saves one third of its national shoe bill; but no one figured out and set against such saving the cost of shoes for the flivver.

The slump in men's shoes affects more than the shoemakers. The manufacturers of shoe laces and eyelets, the builders of shoemaking machinery, the tanners of leather, and the growers of cattle, to say nothing of the army of labor, are deeply concerned. It is startling how far a disturbance in one industry reaches, how many others are affected. 'We are members one of another.' It is extremely desirable that a remedy should be found, an argument that will change this dilatory shoe-buying habit, an appeal that will induce you and me to add one more pair to the row of shoes in our closets.

These things are not true of women's shoes. Women also ride more and walk less, but through a fortunate whim of fashion — fortunate for the shoemakers, at least — the present abbreviated skirts continue to make shoes a conspicuous part of a woman's attire, and fashion further says that shoes shall match the costume; so women's shoes are doing quite well, thank you.

But what woman has done to many long-established industries is a tale to make bankers weep and economists tear their hair. Never in the history of mankind has woman undergone so complete a transformation — social, political, moral, and sartorial — as in the last decade. And as woman is, so to speak, an important fraction of the well-known human race, the manufacturers who cater to her wants and whims have been subjected to the test of the patient man of Uz as messenger followed messenger with stories of disaster. Makers of hairpins, combs, hair nets, corsets, knit underwear, cotton stockings, hose supporters, lingerie, and petticoats have come down to work in the morning only to find that the business they have built up by years of hard work has vanished into thin air overnight.

One of the things woman has thrown overboard, together with most of her apparel, is letter writing. No one now writes those long, rambling, gossipy letters which were one of the graces of a simpler and more leisurely age. While business letters have gone up, social letters have gone down. Business stationery is different from social stationery. The one is a so-called bond paper, a stiffer and crisper paper than the softer style used for social letters. Business advances by leaps and bounds and uses mounting reams of bond paper to carry on its multifarious transactions, but social life is no longer lived on paper. It moves on air, and free air at that, in its balloon tires and in wave lengths in the circumambient ether. The decay of the art of social letter writing has been gradual, but the retrogression has been given a fillip by the modern woman's adaptation to her rapidly moving environment. Time was when a woman gave a 'progressive euchre' and sent out twenty invitations written on her personal note paper, necessitating twenty letters in reply. Now she 'gets on the phone' and arranges a 'bridge' before she hangs up, and two quires of writing paper are deprived of a market; and society sanctions the practice. And the advertising man is asked to think up some other use for stationery besides writing letters on it.

Some industries seem basic. One would imagine the ice business belonged in that class. There is something about it that suggests the eternal precession of the seasons, the enduring of seed time and harvest. But meanwhile engineers have been experimenting with artificial refrigeration for domestic use, many homes are equipped with electric refrigerators, and the effect on the natural-ice business is marked. A quarter of a million electric refrigerators have been installed in homes in the last four years. General Motors has invested $20,000,000 in factory and equipment and will spend $5,000,000 in advertising this year to tell folks about its own particular variety of cold-making machine. The young salesman who sold me the device which supplies the little cubes of ice in my kitchen told me that he had gotten his selling training as a motor-car salesman. There you have an instance of the way in which business makes one hand wash the other. The process of selling electric refrigerators offers a parallel to that of selling motor cars — the cost of each unit, the argument of an apparent luxury that becomes a utility, and the service that must be maintained in the background. That public which in twenty years has become an expert gas-engine mechanic by taking care of its motor car, and in five years an electric engineer through the radio, is being trained to adopt artificial refrigeration with even greater celerity. The ways have been greased by high-power selling and consumer acceptance.

There is a chance that the old-time iceman with his hip rubber boots and gigantic sugar tongs will some day be as extinct as the ragman. But not if he can help it. The iceman is not going to take this extermination of his business lying down. He is planning to fight back; he has his coöperative advertising, and the nation, or that part of it which reads advertising, will listen for some time to come to a spirited debate regarding the respective advantages of natural and of artificial low temperatures. If the ice companies are wise, they will qualify as distributors of the new utility which threatens their old business, and thus be in a position to swap horses while crossing the stream — as, indeed, some of them have been shrewd enough to do.

II

Here, then, is a new element in business, a new hazard to be added to the customary and established ones which in the past a manufacturer must overcome if he would succeed. He built up his business by faithfully following the accepted precepts, watched his costs, stimulated his sales, advertised, acquired good will, and looked forward to continued prosperity as long as he did these things. And now this unstable, excitable, fickle public is showing a disposition to change its mind, its habits, and its clothes with such disconcerting suddenness as to leave the shortest possible time for readjustments. It has somewhat the effect of 'deuces wild' in a poker game. The mood of the people, the interplay of one new discovery or invention with another, the quickness with which information spreads, — by advertising, publicity, word of mouth, and moving pictures, — are rapidly changing the industrial physiognomy of the country and shifting the centres of old basic industries.

It is not that change in itself is new. Ever since the beginning of the age of invention, when people first began to realize there was profit in ideas, the process has been going on. The Jacquard loom, the typesetting machine, kerosene, the electric light, the motor car, flake breakfast foods, the safety razor, the player piano, all caused upheavals, and were bitterly opposed by those whose businesses were menaced. But those things were slower in developing. They came as single spies, not whole battalions. What makes the present fluid state of business notable is the speed with which things happen — what Robert Updegraff has called 'the new American tempo.' He says (in *Advertising and Selling*): —

> To-day a new factor — the new American tempo — changes the whole problem of building a successful business. Materials, machinery, processes, labor, capital, and the competition of other men in the same business are beginning to be almost secondary to it, as an increasing number of business men in widely separated fields are discovering to their sorrow or delight, depending on whether they have missed this tempo or caught it and synchronized their enterprises with it.
>
> The new American tempo is manifesting itself in a number of interesting ways.
>
> First, in the public's disconcerting willingness to turn its back on established institutions, products, methods, ideas, as evidenced by the rusting rails of hundreds of abandoned trolley lines; by the difficulty a woman with long hair has experienced for the past two years in finding a hat large enough to fit her head; by the ruthless wiping out of denominational lines and the establishment of broad 'community' churches; and by the fact that the only thing that saved the great solidly entrenched phonograph industry was the timely introduction of a new and vastly superior machine built on a new principle.
>
> Next, in the public's promptness, amounting almost to aggressiveness, in accepting new products, new methods, institutions, and ideas. Witness radio, balloon tires, the metropolitan tabloid pictorial newspapers, the Chrysler car, the bootlegger, Duco finish, electric refrigeration, pale ginger ale,

National Cash Register stock — not to comment on the celerity with which the nation accepted its newly created bad breath!

Someone, who was more of a poet than an astronomer, said God left Saturn incomplete that we might see how worlds are made. The supposition is that in the long result of time those whirling rings would condense into moons. We have the spectacle of at least one great industry which is throwing off whirling rings not yet condensed into moons, which affords us a close-up of the ruthless sabotage of invention hurling its wooden shoe into the machinery of production, and at the same time affords us an opportunity to prophesy. Chemists fooling around with the vast stock of nitrocellulose left over after the war and seeking to find a peaceful use for it discovered a new sort of finish that is not paint or varnish or stain or enamel, but shows symptoms, at least, of one day displacing all of them. This new finish, which has been christened 'lacquer' by most manufacturers (though it has nothing in common with the Oriental lacquers, and in fact no ingredient that justifies that syllable 'lac'), forms an impervious film very much like celluloid, hardens almost instantly, and, what is even more portentous, can be sprayed on. Indeed, so quickly does it dry that the spray brush was at first the only means of applying it until the chemists found a way of slowing it up so that it might be put on by hand with an ordinary bristle brush.

The possibilities of this invention stagger the imagination. If it is found to answer the purpose of paint and varnish, not only must thousands of factories producing those products be scrapped or reorganized, but a crisis will confront linseed oil plants, flax growers, zinc and lead mines, varnish makers, importers of kauri gums, turpentine distillers, and a legion of industries whose products are the raw materials of the paint and varnish makers. More than that, a great department of labor is threatened with such a shake-up as annihilated the old-time printer when Mergenthaler made good with his typesetting machine. While the quick-drying lacquers can now be brushed on, the element which opens the doors to speculation is the spray brush. The time required for both applying and drying is one great drawback of the old true and tried finishes. In the building trades especially, where so many structures are erected on borrowed money and every day adds to the interest charges, the speed with which a factory, loft building, or apartment hotel can be decorated and made ready for use the moment the finish is applied will compel contractors and construction companies to watch the developments with a hospitable eye. The painters' union is entrenched and embattled against the spray brush, and will walk out on any job where it is used; but in every automobile factory motor cars are regularly finished by applying lacquer with a spray brush, and for years ordinary paint has been put on freight cars by the same easy method. If lacquer is a satisfactory all-purpose finish, — and only time can tell that, — the unrelenting urge for speed will put the painter with his bristle brush and his carefully acquired technique in the discard along with the harness maker, the hand compositor, and the blacksmith. Experienced observers say, however, that lacquer is just another addition to the line, and point to the increased sale of paints and varnishes last year after lacquer was introduced.

Nevertheless manufacturers of all sorts of products are experimenting with lacquers and the spray brush. It is being successfully applied to pianos, always a sensitive job. And its employment in redecorating old buildings savors of Aladdin and his lamp. A hotel bathroom can be completely refinished in an afternoon and used for its legitimate purpose next morning; a floor done one day may be walked on the next. Uncounted housewives, fired with the decorative urge, are using it to rehabilitate shabby pieces of furniture, the ease with which it is applied making small demand on an amateur's skill, and the promptness with which it dries giving a touch of magic to the operation. The fortunes of quick-drying finishes are not bound up with the spray brush; but, coupled with the spray brush, there has been presented in less than two years to the old-line paint and varnish industry a problem which must be solved, and solved right, and soon. Shall it go with the new finishes, or sit tight, or do both? Is this just a new line to add to a long procession of surface treatments, entitled to its place in the sun, but not to the whole industrial earth, or are we at the point of sloughing off another industrial habit, transferring the source of raw materials to another quite different group of industries and the final application of the finishes to a new class of skilled workmen?

Bread making, another staple home industry, for generations the standard test of the ability of the housewife, has suddenly shifted to the chain bakers. Flour millers who spent half a century in making their brands household words find themselves with all this good will thrown back on their hands, of small value in the new market where their flours must now be sold. Fifteen men, the purchasing agents of the great chains, now buy some sixty per cent of the flour, and they buy, not on the reputation of an advertised brand, but by chemical tests and price. The remaining forty per cent is sold to the small one-shop baker, who is slowly fading out of the picture, and to the grocer to retail to such old-fashioned housewives as still use flour in their kitchens. These percentages are shifting and may not be accurate at this moment, but the point is that the flour market is changing from an old to a new group of buyers, a new Pharaoh which knows not Joseph of the brand advertising, with the result that millers must reorganize their selling, advertising, and manufacturing. Even the grocery trade presents a different physiognomy. The individual grocer is of less importance to the flour jobber's salesmen. The chain grocers are now the large buyers — meaning, as in the case of the bakers, a few individual purchasing agents who are in a position to dictate price, and do. The flour miller has hardly any of his old customers left, and the problem which his advertising agents face is a difficult one. At least one large flour-milling company has adopted good-will advertising: selling the baker to the consumer — that is, urging the public to buy baker's bread, in the hope that the baker will be grateful for the help to the extent of using that miller's flour. This is a type of the new problems which changes in habit present to advertising, problems far more difficult than the old ones of selling goods through normal and well-worn channels.

III

Such is the business world we have to deal with, a world that has in a remarkably short time become almost fluid, with a plasticity to the touch that suggests — nay, commands — that we should mould it to a better pattern. The causes are three, or perhaps, more accurately, four, the fourth being in reality the primal cause, the one responsible for the results apparently produced by the others. These causes are fashion (as it affects manufacture); inventions and discoveries; changing habits (sometimes but not always created by the inventions and discoveries, and sometimes even by the fashions); and the responsiveness of the public mind, due to the cumulative effect of advertising. These are powerful in their influence on business, not in themselves, but in the universality of their adoption. It is unimportant economically what a few people do, but when the entire populace does it the results are registered automatically in a thousand factories.

Fashion has ever been a wayward hussy. Fortunes have been spent in the vain attempt to dictate to her, or to control her, or even to forecast her. The first important advertising I worked on was for a skirt binding, a tough, durable strip of cloth bound to the hems of dresses to protect them from the pavement. The brief-skirted flappers of to-day probably do not know that such a product ever existed. Twenty-five years ago many factories made it; its advertising was abundant; it was apparently an abiding industry. It disappeared gradually. Its makers had time to experiment with other products, to adjust their machines to making something else, and to adjust their sales to a new market. Not so to-day. If the trailing skirt had lingered on to the post-war period, it would be in keeping with the high-speed temper of this era to have made the two-foot jump in a single season.

Involved somehow with fashion, and frequently mistaken for it, is a similar influence, best described as a craze or a fad, which also produces concerted action from millions. Raccoon coats, soft collars, the Charleston, 'So's your old man,' Helen Wills skeleton caps, crossword puzzles, Mah Jongg, 'Valencia,' compacts, stickers on the windshield, are called fashions only by a popular misuse of the word. On the other hand, such crazes are not to be confused with habits, which are a more complicated department of social and economic investigation. Prohibition, the eight-hour work day, installment buying, greater frankness toward sex, have all created new sets of habits which have their effects on business. The present indifference to money, to the cost of things, fewer appeals to thrift, greater emphasis on gratification, the logical result of abundant money, shorter hours, the five-day week, higher wages, and the utter disappearance of the old-time price levels for staples, have changed the entire selling appeal of many products.

Invention and discovery hardly need comment. We contemplate with sang-froid a new one every day. Hardly has the radio become practicable when the air is crowded, and there is dispute over wave lengths.

'See the airplane,' said a father of my acquaintance to his ten-year-old daughter the other day, with the wonder of a generation which has seen the birth of flying.

'No, Father,' replied the child of a new era, 'that is a hydroplane.'

Have you noticed the pictures of the new heaters, looking more like phonograph cabinets than furnaces, being tended by paterfamilias in full dress and white gloves? As the advertisements say, 'the cellar has a future.'

Arthur D. Little, industrial chemist, observes: —

> The fuel industries are in an extraordinary state of flux, and many revolutionary developments are impending. The use of powdered coal is rapidly extending. Low-temperature carbonization is steadily making headway. We are coming slowly but certainly to an artificial anthracite and we may confidently look to coal for a proportion of our motor spirit. Cheap oxygen

is almost here, and when it comes there will be profound changes in combustion methods and in metallurgical practice, and these will require new refractories.

And while the chemist looks at the fuel of the future we have already seen the old familiar cellar, freed from coal and ashes, added to the living rooms of the house by means of the oil burner. The coal wagon disappears in the offing, following the ice wagon over the hill to oblivion.

The three forces, then, which are injecting into the conduct of business a new hazard are fashion, new ideas, and changing habits; but what makes them formidable is the speed with which they spread and the unanimity with which they are adopted. Advertising is responsible for both the speed and the unanimity. The continuing body of advertising has produced a receptive state of mind. Advertising is accessory before the fact as well as after. It has created a public, almost coextensive with the population of the country, that reveals an amazing willingness to adopt anything, or, to put it more emphatically, a determination not to be left behind — a sort of mad scramble to have, do, and be whatever is popular at the moment. The individualist is apt to be lonely.

The manufacturer, whatever he may make, however basic and staple, however well entrenched in the homes of the country, can no longer settle down and let things take their course. He must now hold himself ready to act and act quickly, interpret the signs, anticipate the new attitude of the public, analyze each new invention or discovery for its effects, immediate or ultimate, on his own business. He must sleep like a fireman, fully dressed, ready to dash out at a moment's notice. The silk manufacturers are all watching rayon, that strange new silklike fabric that a German chemist made out of cotton. The telephone company's experimental laboratory has led the van in experiments with radio, anticipating each new discovery. What if some development of wireless should render fifty thousand miles of wire and poles so much scrap material? When war conditions taught tire makers that lamp black was a better ingredient of rubber than zinc oxide, and the public took kindly to black tires, the zinc people turned their energies to paint and developed another market. The Victor Talking Machine Company did not at first take the radio seriously, with the result that it passed a dividend for the first time in its history. But its readjustment was magnificent. It promptly developed a greatly improved instrument, on a new principle, and last year declared a greatly improved dividend.

The smooth-shaven face has come to be the accepted type of the American business man. Beards are the badge of radicals, savants, and artists. The safety razor has made us a nation of self-shavers, and around this habit have grown up many industries making and selling such accessories as shaving creams, lotions, and talcum powders. The soap has seen four successive reincarnations, as cake used with a mug and as stick, powder, and cream, and now we have preparations that do away with soap. Think what an upheaval would be caused in many businesses if the nation decided to tarry in Jericho and let its beards grow. Such a change of habit is not so improbable as many we have seen happen. The minute whiskers in front of the ears, the earmarks formerly of the bishop and the butler, affected by Rudolph Valentino have inspired emulation on the part of a number of would-be sheiks. At least one manufacturer pretends to be fearful of such a throwback, and has started a backfire. For a year the advertisements of Colgate and Company have been illustrated with pictures from old photograph albums, showing the hirsute adornments of the gay nineties and holding them up to ridicule. Advertising to create new habits is common, but here is an example of the use of advertising to forestall and prevent the return of a habit which would deprive many products of a market.

Hand-to-mouth buying was an emergency practice adopted during the deflation period following the war. Retailers bought only enough goods to supply their immediate needs, to avoid being caught by falling prices. The contemptuous term applied to it reveals that it was looked upon as a temporary device, a makeshift, to keep the machinery running. Instead, it has won its place as sound merchandising. The goods now remain on the wholesaler's shelves or in the manufacturer's warehouse until they are actually needed for retail sale. The dealer carries less stock, needs less room, ties up less capital, and actually does a larger business in a shop the size of a sitting room (and furnished very much like one) than he used to do in the old-fashioned store, a long, narrow room about twenty-five by one hundred feet, with counters on both sides and shelves and bins behind the counters from floor to ceiling filled with goods, some of which had stood there until they had become veritable antiques. The modern retailer buys only what he knows he can sell, and buys it shortly before he sells it, smaller quantities at more frequent intervals. Production and consumption are brought closer together. The manufacturer is more acutely conscious of his real customer — our old friend, the ultimate consumer. He measures his sales by what the public has actually bought, not by what his salesmen have succeeded in loading the dealer up with. Thus greater elasticity is given to the machinery for making and selling goods. This is one more instance of the alert condition of business. It is traveling light, ready to change its course on short notice. It increases speed, but it equally increases control — eighty horsepower, but four-wheel brakes.

The purpose of national advertising is to bring the maker and the user of goods together, to make them better acquainted, so that the maker will know better what the user wants and the user will have more confidence in the goods because he knows their maker. Hand-to-mouth buying now shortens the time between the factory and the home. The manufacturer is in a position to learn quickly what his customer wants and act promptly on what he learns. Some slack has been taken up, belts shortened, bolts tightened, and the vast machine that is the nation's business does more with less clutter and lost motion.

A glance should be given to the men who hold the purse strings. Behind business is the banker who one way or another furnishes the money to finance it. For years the banker had thought of business in terms of production. He loaned money to build factories, buy equipment, extend physical property. Now and then some adventurous soul would ask for a loan to buy advertising, and the banker would be shocked at such frivolity. Along came installment selling. About everything is now sold on the deferred payment plan. Installment selling means that bankers are now financing consumption, willy-nilly, and must perforce take an interest in consumption, which includes a better understanding of advertising, by which consumption is maintained.

This contact with advertising is humanizing the banks. Bankers learn from manufacturers something more than the value of advertising. They have come out from behind their marble counters and bronze grilles with a new conception of what a bank may be to a community. They have gotten over their fear of losing dignity, and have found that there is no loss of dignity involved in telling people in words they understand that a bank is just as useful and friendly an institution as a department store. Many years ago an advertising man talked to the board of directors of a bank. He told them that banks seemed cold and forbidding to the average man; that when a bank published an advertisement it was a formal statement, couched in language no human being used; that its technical terms were unintelligible to multitudes who none the less qualified to be customers; and that a great opportunity was offered that financial institution which first laid aside the dignity which hedged a bank and fended off the public. He suggested that this bank do what many of the most conservative banks have done since — talk to its customers as a man would talk with another, explaining and defining the terms it used, and radiate a sort of friendly and inviting atmosphere. In reply the president said he believed that it was all true. 'But,' he said, 'we could not do anything like that, even though it would probably increase the business of the bank and widen its sphere of influence, because if we did other banks would laugh at us.' To-day the laugh is on those banks so oblivious of the time in which they live that they continue to conduct their business as though dealing with a bank were compulsory, like dealing with the post office.

Not only do banks use the methods of getting closer to the people that have proved successful in more homely businesses, but bankers are transferring their interest from making goods to selling them. They are acquiring businesses that have been created by advertising with the intention of increasing them by the same means. They are trading in that most tangible of assets, good will. When bankers become receivers of a business, they no longer lop off the advertising expenditure as a necessary retrenchment. One of the first announcements by the bankers who are reorganizing the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul into the Chicago, Milwaukee and Pacific is of a million-dollar appropriation to advertise the new name, an action that would have been inconceivable a dozen years ago.

IV

Such is a hasty and imperfect catalogue of the new forces which are impinging on an old established business order and making a kaleidoscope every turn of which groups the old fragments in new and fascinating patterns. These are some of the things the advertising man sees when he looks at his world. He finds new problems added to and superimposed upon old ones. To the ordinary man-sized job of selling an established product in an established market have been added two other problems: what to do with an established product when its established market dries up, and how to present to the public a new idea the acceptance of which demands sloughing off old groups of habits and acquiring a new set in their stead, as the housewife is being weaned from lard to a shortening that is both liquid and vegetable. It is like going from simple arithmetic to differential calculus. Instead of dealing with tangible digits, we must reckon with x, an unknown quantity raised to the nth power. The advertising man is expected to find the answer. More and more in this complicated modern business world the manufacturer is turning to him for advice; for prophecy almost, as Belshazzar turned to Daniel. And the advertising man must interpret what the hand is writing on the wall, or be thrown to the lions.

The fluid condition of business, the possibilities it offers of new combinations, the promptness with which the public accepts and applies everything offered to it, from filling stations to nonfiction books, — creating a new social structure as it drifts from camp to camp in its flivver, but making a best seller of a book about philosophy, — invite and tempt the new type of advertising man. Advertising in its narrow sense is but the door through which he enters a world where anything may happen, and no dream seems too fantastic to be realized. No wonder all the sad young men are deserting literature to become advertising experts.

Consider the discussion that has gone on for years about those periods of depression known as hard times. It was believed that they were inevitable, that business moved in cycles, that the pendulum must swing back, that action must produce reaction. Yet it has been realized for a long time that such periods are due to states of mind, when for some mysterious reason everyone becomes apprehensive, stops buying, ceases to act as one who believes in the continuance of prosperity. The thought spreads from mind to mind, weak businesses fail, banks call their loans, sales fall off, and everybody gives and receives the impression that business is not good — and it is not.

To-day the most pessimistic cannot ignore the signs of prosperity. The business world is saying, 'Every day and in every way business is growing better,' and paying to say it. At the close of 1926, Cyrus Curtis employed a page advertisement in numerous newspapers to announce that more space has been booked for 1927 in his three publications than ever before in their history. A manufacturer has stated that he will spend in advertising, this year, the stupendous appropriation of twenty-five million dollars. Such incidents as these are more than indices of prosperity. They are guaranties that prosperity will be produced. They are causes rather than effects, but they reflect the belief of men who back their belief with their money, and by so doing make their belief come true. We have realized at last that prosperity is not merely wealth, or goods, or high wages. It is money in action, exchanged for goods. Securing prosperity by advertising for it is at least as certain as securing any other concerted action by the same means. When everybody is pessimistic, business is bad. When everybody is optimistic, business is good. Business continues to be good as long as people think it is. If they can be made to continue to think it is, as they have been made to think they want motor cars or silk stockings, then business cycles of alternating good and bad times are as obsolete as bicycles.

The new type of manufacturer will find the advertising man armed for the new adventure of business. Far from being dismayed by the changing aspects of industrial life, he realizes that the commercial world has become the field of high emprise, having something of the appeal of knight-errantry and something of the appeal of the Spanish Main, retaining the best features of both. The necessary work of making and selling things, formerly looked upon as both sordid and humdrum, is acquiring a glamour of romance. Up to very recent years the mercantile world was despised, even by those who belonged to it. In the past those who made things were artisans and those who sold them were shopkeepers, and the artisan and shopkeeper touched their hats to almost everybody else.

Each age had its appropriate method of seeking adventure. The knights set out, clad in unspeakably ridiculous suits of armor, to break up the dull humdrum of life by courting the unexpected. A century or two later, as man became conscious of his physical universe, he set out in almost equally ridiculous ships to tackle what lay beyond the Pillars of Hercules, the rotundity of the earth, or a short passage to India. Not only were such the outlets for daring souls that could not settle down to a monotonous and orderly life, but in those achievements they won such glory as their age offered. Always this thirst for adventure, this craving for the unknown, this desire to tackle whatever dragon happened to be unslain at the moment. And all these gallant gentlemen united in considering a man who made and sold things as the lowest form of animal life. Napoleon could not think of anything more insulting to say to England than to call it a nation of shopkeepers, but to-day the Napoleons are more interested in shopkeeping than in anything else. The type that once was a Ulysses, a Columbus, a Roland, a Sir Francis Drake, a Benvenuto Cellini, or a Balboa, is to-day a manufacturer whose business is really the charger or the galleon with which he sets forth to seek this modern version of adventure. To-day Peter the Hermit, instead of putting men on the back of mail-clad horses and sending them on crusades, is putting them into Fords and Chryslers and Cadillacs.

Business is to-day *the* profession. It offers something of the glory that in the past was given to the crusader, the soldier, the courtier, the explorer, and sometimes the martyr — the test of wits, of brain, of quick thinking, the spirit of adventure, and especially the glory of personal achievement. Making money is not the chief spur to such men as du Pont, Chrysler, Durant, Filene, Hoover, Heinz, Eastman, Curtis, Gary, Ford, Grace. Money to them is no more than the guerdon. They engage in business, and in the business they engage in, because there are no longer any long, slimy, green dragons holding captive maidens in durance vile, no holy sepulchres to be reft from the infidel, no Pacifics to be viewed for the first time. Business is to-day the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

A FROZEN DIARY

GLIMPSES OF THE BARREN LANDS

BY CAPTAIN THIERRY MALLET

I

OUR camp had been pitched at the foot of a great, bleak, ragged hill, a few feet from the swirling waters of the Kazan River. The two small green tents, pegged down tight with heavy rocks, shivered and rippled under the faint touch of the northern breeze. A thin wisp of smoke rose from the embers of the fire.

Eleven o'clock, and the sun had just set under a threatening bank of clouds far away to the northwest. It was the last day of June and daylight still. But the whole country seemed bathed in gray, boulders, moss, sand, even the few willow shrubs scattered far apart in the hollows of the hills. Half a mile away, upstream, the caribou-skin topeks of an Eskimo settlement, fading away amid the background, were hardly visible to the eye.

Three small gray specks could be seen moving slowly above our camp. Human shapes, but so puny, so insignificant-looking against the wild rocky side of that immense hill! Bending down, then straightening up, they seemed to totter aimlessly through the chaos of stone, searching for some hidden treasure.

Curiosity, or perhaps a touch of loneliness, suddenly moved me to leave camp and join those three forlorn figures so far away above me near the sky line.

Slowly I made my way along the steep incline, following at first the bed of a dried-up stream. Little by little the river sank beneath me, while the breeze, increasing in strength, whistled past, lashing and stinging my face and hands. I had lost sight momentarily of the three diminutive figures which had lured me on to these heights. After a while a reindeer trail enabled me to leave the coulee and led me again in the right direction, through a gigantic mass of granite which the frost of thousands of years had plucked from the summit of the hill and hurled hundreds of feet below.

At last I was able to reach the other side of the avalanche of rocks and suddenly emerged comparatively in the open, on the brim of a slight depression at the bottom of which a few dead willow bushes showed their bleached branches above the stones and the gray moss. There I found the three silent figures huddled close together, gathering, one by one, the twigs of the precious wood. Two little girls, nine or ten years old, so small, so helpless, and an aged woman, so old, so frail, that my first thought was to marvel at the idea of their being able to climb so far from their camp to that lonely spot.

An Eskimo great-grandmother and her two great-granddaughters, all three contributing their share to the support of the tribe. Intent on their work, or most probably too shy to look up at the strange white man whom, until then, they had only seen at a distance, they gave me full opportunity to watch them.

All were dressed alike, in boots, trousers, and coats of caribou skin. The children wore little round leather caps reaching far over their ears, the crown decorated with beadwork designs. One of them carried on the wrist, as a bracelet, a narrow strip of bright red flannel. Their faces were round and healthy, the skin sunburned to a dark copper color, but their cheeks showed a tinge of blood which gave them, under the tan, a peculiar complexion like the color of a ripe plum. Their little hands were bare and black, the scratches caused by the dead twigs showing plainly in white, while their fingers seemed cramped with the cold.

The old woman was bareheaded, quite bald at the top of the head, with long wisps of gray hair waving in the wind. The skin of her neck and face had turned black, dried up like an old piece of parchment. Her cheeks were sunken and her cheek bones protruded horribly. Her open mouth showed bare gums, for her teeth were all gone, and her throat, thin and bare as a vulture's neck, showed the muscles like cords. Her hands were as thin as the hands of a skeleton, the tip of each finger curved in like a claw. Her eyes, once black, now light gray, remained half closed, deep down in their sockets.

She was stone blind.

Squatting on her heels, she held, spread in front of her, a small reindeer skin. As soon as the children dropped a branch beside her she felt for it gropingly; then, her hands closing on it greedily, like talons, she would break it into small pieces, a few inches long, which she carefully placed on the mat at her feet.

Both little girls, while searching diligently through the clumps of dead willows for what they could break off and carry away, kept absolutely silent. Not only did they never call to one another when one of them needed help, but they seemed to watch each other intently whenever they could. Now and then one of them would hit the ground two or three times with the flat of her hand. If the other had her head turned away at the time, she appeared to be startled and always wheeled round to look. Then both children would make funny little motions with their hands at one another.

The little girls were deaf and dumb.

After a while they had gathered all the wood the reindeer skin could contain. Then the children went up to the old woman and conveyed to her the idea that it was time to go home. One of them took her hands in hers and guided them to two corners of the mat, while the other tapped her gently on the shoulder.

The old, old woman understood. Slowly and carefully she tied up the four corners of the caribou skin over the twigs, silently watched by the little girls. Groaning, she rose to her feet, tottering with weakness and old age, and with a great effort swung the small bundle over her back. Then one little girl took her by the hand, while the other, standing behind, grasped the tail of her caribou coat. Slowly, very slowly, step by step they went their way, following a reindeer trail around rocks, over stones, down, down the hill, straight toward their camp, the old woman carrying painfully for the young, the deaf and dumb leading and steering safely the blind.

II

Dawn. The sun had hardly set when once more it flashed above the horizon, for we were still at the beginning of July. From the top of a hill where I had been lying, watching the country, the Barren Lands stretched northward indefinitely. Not a tree in sight. Rocks, more rocks. Huge plateaus covered with moss, then lakes — small ones, large ones, in every direction, a hundred lakes, all blue, gleaming in the sunshine. Exactly in front of me to the north, on the other side of a deep hollow shaped like a crater, a long narrow ledge of sand ran lengthways, forming the top of another hill only a few feet lower than mine. In a straight line, barely forty yards separated the two spots. Sheltered from the northwest wind behind a cairn of stones erected there by some roaming Eskimo hunter, I was completely hidden.

Suddenly something caught the corner of my right eye as I watched the distant shores of a lake to my left. A lone wolf, a great big arctic wolf, had silently appeared on the ridge and was standing, facing me, absolutely unconscious of my presence.

Scarcely daring to breathe, rigid, motionless, I watched the huge beast in the full glory of his strength and beauty. Pure white except for a black streak running from the forehead down the neck and the middle of the back to the end of the tail, I judged him to weigh one hundred and fifty pounds and to be twice the size of a very large dog. Head erect, ears pointed, his tail curved down, the brush only an inch or so from the ground, he calmly gazed around him. His eyes had a bright gold tinge in them. They rested a second on the top of the cairn above my head, then swept farther away, past me, to the right.

After that, slowly he lowered his head, the muscles playing round his neck and shoulders, and sniffed disdainfully at the sand at his feet. Raising his head again swiftly, he pointed his muzzle straight up to the sky and began to howl. First a deep, low howl coming from far down his throat, then rising and rising until it reached a shrill, haunting note, ending abruptly in a short, sharp cry. Twice again, without moving from where he stood, he sent out that long, nerve-racking call.

Then — something in me snapped. I could not stand the tension any longer. I felt that I had to show myself. I refused to be peering any more through the crack between two stones. I wanted that wolf to see me. I wanted to be face to face with him.

Without a noise, in one movement I rose to my full height, stepping away from my hiding place. The wolf flinched slightly, his legs bending a little under him. The hair on the crest of his neck rose, his ears flattened back, and he bared his teeth in a noiseless snarl. For the space of a second, perhaps two, he remained there, looking straight at me. Then, with a mighty sweep of his legs, his body straightened like a bow. He flung himself backward over the ridge and disappeared like a ghost, without making a sound.

III

Noon. Our canoe swept round a sharp curve of the river, rode the last waves of the rapid, and shot into the backwater under a high rocky bank, in the lee of a hill.

A family of Eskimos watched us land. They were traveling upstream and had stopped there to 'make fire' among a few willow trees.

My men started collecting sufficient firewood to boil a kettle of tea, and the natives helped them, hoping to share our meal. I strolled away, examining the Eskimos' outfit, strewn on the shore. Six husky dogs, each tied to a rock by the chain of a fox trap, rose, cringing and snarling, as I passed them. A kayak stood upright against a boulder. An old wooden canoe was fastened to the bank by a long rope of reindeer hide. A handful of pemmican was thrown carelessly on the ground, while beside it lay a large platter made of old castaway planking, containing a few sundried fish.

Forty feet away, upstream, a mass of loose rocks strewn on the bank caught my eye. But what really attracted my attention was a patch of color amid the gray of the stones.

I approached to find, sitting in a little hollow between two boulders, a tiny little girl. She was about four years old. Dressed in caribou hide, with coat, trousers, and boots, she was bareheaded except for a thick band of native copper which encircled her forehead just above the eyes. Her mother had tied round her fat little 'tummy' a wide strip of bright red stroud, in the form of a sash. That was what I had seen from the camp. The child was busy playing with something white which she was rolling back and forth on a little flat rock between her knees. It reminded me of the movement of an Indian squaw crushing barley with a round stone. The child looked up and gazed at me thoughtfully for a few seconds. Her little round dark face was shining and her eyes were very black and serious between the slanting eyelids. Then, satisfied, she looked down again and went on with her game, crooning to herself in baby Husky which sounded very weird.

At that moment her mother called out sharply from the camp fire. Obediently she rose and toddled away, leaving her toy behind her.

I stooped and picked it up. It was a human skull, a very, very old one, covered with mildew. Moss had crept into the sockets of the eyes and inside the cranium. I turned it round and round in my hands, wondering a little at the strangeness of my discovery, when I remembered the mass of loose stones. At a glance I recognized a very old grave. Eskimos bury their dead on the surface of the ground, for no one can dig down more than a foot or so without finding rock or ice. I realized that the mound of stones which had been piled so long ago over the body had fallen apart, and that the baby girl, playing about, must have seen the skull between some of the stones and picked it up.

Just as I was going to throw it away I saw something dark on the forehead. Looking closer, I found that it was a large round lead bullet which had just pierced the forehead from the inside, remaining wedged into the bone. Turning the skull once more, I also found, at the base, the hole which it had made going in. With some effort I extracted the bullet with my knife. It was a round ball, of an unknown calibre. No firearm dating as far back as half a century had ever fired it. The little girl had been playing with the skull of an Eskimo who had been shot,—possibly a direct ancestor of hers, who knows? — and not only shot, but plainly murdered from behind.

IV

We had been wind-bound for two days. Twice we had attempted to get out on Yathkyed Lake; twice we had been forced to turn round, with water pouring in over the gunwales of our canoe, and to seek shelter in the river. Finally we gave it up and pitched our camp a mile or so upstream, in the lee of a rock on the edge of a small sandy cove, where the river narrowed to barely one hundred yards.

On the other side of the water the country rose slightly, and extended for miles and miles without a tree, a shrub, or a rock to relieve its appalling monotony. Just a desert of gray moss, rolling in waves away from us, as far as the eye could see.

We were sitting round a little fire which we constantly fed with small dry twigs picked up here and there on the beach, when we saw across the river, on the horizon, a small yellow streak which seemed to be moving toward us. It looked exactly like a huge caterpillar creeping on the ground. We watched it intently. The yellow streak, little by little, grew in length and width until suddenly, in a second, it spread into a large spot, which, widening and widening on either side, still kept moving in our direction. It reminded me then of a swarm of locusts, such as one sees in South America, spreading over the fields after dropping to earth in a cloud from the sky.

In a few minutes the yellow patch had grown to such a size that we realized, far as we were from it, that it covered many acres. After that we began to see in the mass of yellow hundreds and thousands of tiny dots which moved individually. Then we knew what it was. It was a great herd of reindeer, the Barren Land caribou, migrating south.

Spellbound, we remained beside our camp fire, watching probably the most stupendous sight of wild game in North America since the bygone days of the buffalo.

On and on the horde came, straight for the narrows of the river where we were camped. While the flanks of the herd stretched irregularly a mile or so on each side of the head, the latter remained plainly pointed in the same direction. One felt instinctively the unswerving leadership which governed that immense multitude. For two hours we sat there, looking and looking, until the caribou were only a few yards from the water's edge, right across the river from where we were.

An old doe, nearly white, led by twenty lengths; then came three or four full-grown bucks, walking side by side. After them started a column of animals of all sizes and descriptions. That column widened like a fan until it lost itself on either side of a swarm of caribou, so closely packed together that acres and acres of gray moss were completely hidden by their moving bodies. And the noise of their hoofs and the breathing of their lungs sounded like far-away thunder.

When the old doe reached the water, she stopped. The bucks joined her on either side. Little by little, right and left, thousands of animals lined the bank for over a mile. Behind them thousands more, which could not make their way through the closed ranks in front of them, stopped. Then all their heads went up, bucks, does, yearlings, fawns, and, motionless, they looked at the Kazan River. Not a sound could be heard. My eyes ached under the strain. Beside me I could feel one of my Indians trembling like a leaf in his excitement. I started counting and reached three thousand. Then I gave it up. There were too many.

After what seemed to us an interminable pause, the leading doe and the big bucks moved forward. Unhesitatingly they walked slowly down the bank, took to the water, and started to swim across, straight for our little sandy cove.

In an instant the whole herd had moved, and with a roar of clattering hoofs, rolling stones, and churning waters, all the animals were pouring down the bank and breasting the icy current until the river foamed. On and on they came, swimming madly to the nearest point of the opposite shore. Nothing could stop them. Nothing could make them swerve.

As soon as they landed they raced up the bank, giving way to the next ones behind them. We were standing up, then, behind our fire. The first ones saw us from the water, but they never changed their direction until they touched bottom. Then they scattered slightly on either side, giving us room. The next ones followed suit. And for what seemed to us an eternity we were surrounded by a sea of caribou galloping madly inland.

Finally the last one went by, a very small fawn, his mouth open and his tongue hanging out. Then silence reigned supreme again. The Barren Lands resumed their aspect of utter desolation. And nothing was left to show that the great herd of caribou had passed, save countless tracks on the sand and millions of gray hairs floating down the river to the sea.

V

We were waiting for two Eskimo dog trains to haul us across Hekwa-Leekwa Lake. It was the tenth of July and the ice of the lake was still solid, lying unbroken from shore to shore. Eighty miles long, twenty-five miles wide, it was still sleeping under its white winter covering. Around it, on land, it was already summer, with little flowers showing their heads between the stones, stray willow clumps waving their new green leaves in the breeze, and countless birds singing and flitting about beside their nests. Walking inland, I decided to climb the highest hill which could be seen in those parts. It rose about three miles from the river and lake and towered above the surrounding country, very much in the shape of a pyramid.

The weather was bright and clear and the heat of the sun radiated from the rocks, but every puff of wind blowing over the ice of the lake was like the frozen breath of the Arctic itself.

I toiled slowly up and up the steep incline, zigzagging among boulders and through coulees of loose stones, watching the horizon receding gradually from me, obeying unconsciously the call which comes to all white men in the wilderness and which bids them go on and on, through forest, up or down rivers, across lakes, over mountains, searching, ever searching for something new.

I reached the summit at last,—just a few square feet of level ground,—and there I found an Eskimo grave. Five feet high, seven feet long, it was entirely made out of loose rocks which had been brought up there by hand, one by one, and neatly piled one on top of the other, over the dead. Thus it formed a solid block on which, one would think, neither weather nor time could make the slightest impression. Forming part of the landscape itself, that grave seemed to be there for all eternity.

At the head of it, a few feet away, a spear stood erect, stuck deep in the ground and solidly wedged in at the base between heavy rocks. The point was of native copper. From it fluttered, in rags, the remains of a deerskin coat.

At the foot lay, side by side, a kayak with its paddle and harpoon and a twenty-foot sleigh with its set of dog harness and a snow knife. Both kayak and sleigh were held down by stones carefully placed along their entire length.

On the grave itself I found a rifle, a small kettle with a handful of tea leaves inside, a little wooden box containing ten cartridges, a pipe, a plug of tobacco, matches, a knife, a small telescope, and a neatly coiled rawhide belt. One could see that everything had been lying there a few weeks only. No inscription of any sort. But the weapons showed that it was a man who had been buried in that lonely spot.

As I leaned against the grave, my eyes wandered around. I tried to picture to myself the faithful companions of the deceased hunter struggling up that hill, bearing on their shoulders the rigid body of their dead; their search for those hundreds of rocks, and the work of piling them, one by one, for hours and hours, until the mound was able to defy the efforts of the wild animals and the incessant pressure of the years to come; finally the long descent to the camp, to bring up again, one by one, the precious belongings of the deceased.

To me, there alone, leaning on that grave on the top of that immense hill, the whole undertaking seemed incredible. The more I thought, the more I marveled, searching for the motive which had prompted those natives, not only to choose that almost inaccessible spot to lay their dead at rest, but to abandon unhesitatingly on his grave that wealth of articles which I knew represented an immense value to them, in their constant bitter struggle for mere existence.

Pagans they were — pagans they still remain. Although they have a certain code to which they are faithful, unlike the old Indians they have no form of worship. Still that grave, those weapons, those articles of daily use, of absolute necessity, carefully laid near the body from which the spirit has just flown — all these must have had a meaning, must prove that somewhere in the innermost part of their hearts there exists a hope, a belief in after life, something to look forward to when the last day comes.

And while I thought those thoughts I pulled out my pipe and filled it slowly. It was time for me to go; the icy wind from the lake made me shudder with cold. As I turned for a last look at the grave, my eyes fell on the little wooden box. Then an impulse struck me. I opened the box, took a handful of tobacco out of my pouch, and laid it carefully inside, closing the lid securely.

VI

The long, long trail was nearly over as far as the Barren Lands were concerned. We were on Ennadai Lake, halfway across already, and our canoe ploughed its way through water as still as a mirror.

It was August, and one already felt the unmistakable touch of the fall. Long strings of duck were flying in all directions, while on land we could see small herds of caribou already migrating to the south. Everything was still. The splash of our paddles as they dipped into the clear water of the lake seemed all out of proportion to the dead silence which surrounded us, while our voices brought out long muffled echoes from the nearest hills.

Hour after hour we glided on, intent on reaching the end of the lake before dark. Little by little the sun went down behind us. Just before sunset we went through the last narrows and entered the southern bay into which the Kazan River flows. And then suddenly the first trees since we had entered the Barren Lands two months before came into view. The rays of the dying sun fell, slanting, on their green branches, and to our tired eyes the first spruces and tamaracks of the Canadian forest seemed to welcome us home.

Instinctively we stopped paddling, letting our canoe drift slowly forward, while we looked back for the last time on the bleak northern land through which we had toiled for weeks.

The sun was setting, like a huge ball of fire, and the lake far away to the north was beginning to flame. Around us the water had lost its tinge of blue, streaks of purple appearing here and there on its glassy surface. The hills glowed pink where they faced the sunset, while the other side was lost in deep shadows.

A mile away from us, on the extreme southern point of a ridge of rocks, four human figures stood motionless, silhouetted black against the crimson of the sky. The last Eskimos of the Barren Lands, watching us go south toward the unknown country of plenty, where lives the white man!

From where I sat in my canoe I sent them a mute good-bye. Those four tiny dots appeared to me very forlorn and pathetic.

There they were, at the edge of their native land, but looking south, as if straining for something which was not theirs to have. To me it looked as if they realized that they could come up to where they were but no farther, that an unwritten law forbade them to follow our footsteps, and that the gates of Paradise, the gates of the rich Country of Trees, were closed to them forever.

JOHN DUFFY

BY GEORGIANA PENTLARGE

I

She could see her husband from the window of their bedroom as she changed from her work dress into a thin cotton. Her husband was a bent figure of a man, dwarfed by the distance between the house and the narrow brook skirting their farm. She knew that he was propping up the banks of the brook with stones, a chore that he had on his mind all summer. His blue shirt was a mere spot in the green of the meadow between them. He would be down there until milking time. So she would pass him on the way over to Kate's.

She was going to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding over in Kate's kitchen, drinking tea, and having the first gossip with her sister that she had given herself time for in weeks.

'Kate says I'm not to can all day on my wedding day,' she had announced at breakfast to the girls. They had risen to clear the table. They looked their consternation.

'Pa, it's Mother's wedding day and we never bought her a single thing!'

His answer had given her a satisfaction that her daughters did not guess.

'Well, I don't know that she would be any happier.'

'It's your wedding day too, Pa!' Sally, the younger daughter, had given her father a poke on his thick shoulders.

Myra was glad that she had spoken out her mind. 'If your father wants to have tea with Kate and me he can come, and he knows it.'

He would n't come — not with his mind set on his work. He had worked all day when Sally had graduated. He probably would n't take time for his own funeral. A bent solid figure of a man she would find him, passing in her afternoon dress, her blue spotted gown that she had worn to Sally's commencement two years ago.

Heavens, how the girls had worked this last week with the canning! She smiled sometimes, as now, at her fear that college degrees would take them away from her or make them dislike the common work of the house. Their father had said, 'Well, I'd wait and see. I guess you are doing the right thing by them.' That was what she was wanting to do always — the right thing. Certainly she was n't going to let them put in every summer on the farm. If Ruth had the notion that the United States could n't give her all she wanted to know, and study in England was absolutely necessary — well, it might be a kink in her mind, but it was a worth-while kink. And the girl ought to be using vacation time for making money to take her across. As for Sally, that child had wanted to go to Europe ever since she was learning geography in the district school. How she had saved all the post cards one of the boarders, old Doctor Hays, had given her! There was no use in letting her dream about it all her life. She would set her to planning definitely.

Her eyes snapped as she fastened up her hair. Sally's birthday was in November. She would send her a ten-dollar gold piece and a letter with one line in it: 'This will start you to Europe.' It was Sally's kink that she must never indulge herself. In Sally's mind were endless dutiful summers on the farm.

Her eye swept the farm land to be seen from the window — the cornfields with the blue of the hills beyond them, the pasture, the meadow on the other side of the brook, the rich depth of the woods on the road to her sister's. There might be a worse place to spend one's time, but if you were hankering for the uttermost parts of the earth you might as well go there. And why should n't girls have the chances of boys? Had n't she managed to send Charles away when he was n't getting what he was wanting? She and his father had worked themselves to death for three summers. But the Ford they went about in was from Charles, and he had paid off the last cent of the mortgage they had put on the place to send the girls away. Was n't it better to have him love the place than hate it? What was the use of being afraid to do the thing right on top of you to be done?

She went down the stairs that led into the kitchen — steep, crazy stairs, the work of Grandfather Duffy, who had built the older portion of the house more than a hundred years ago. The door at the bottom was open. She saw Sally and Ruth filling jars with tomatoes. Great kettles were boiling on the stove. The slippery red skins of the tomatoes were moist piles on the table and in two pans. Some of the skins were smearing the floor.

'Well, if you girls want to slide around on tomato skins —' she said to them.

The girls looked at their mother instead of at the unsightly floor.

'Has n't Mother done her hair prettily, the way I showed her?' asked Sally.

And Ruth said, 'It's good you have put on your blue dress. Aunt Kate telephoned there was a surprise over there for you.'

'It's a Mr. Quails that's the surprise, Mother,' said Sally. 'He dropped down on her, bag and baggage, though she has her house full of boarders and she can only put him in the tent. She says this Mr. Quails — Ed Quails, as she calls him — is one of your old beaus.' Ruth laughed. 'Mother, what is he like?'

She said crisply, 'I've not laid eyes

on him for twenty-six years. How do I know what he is like!'

Sally was lifting a kettle from the stove. 'Do you suppose he'll come over to call on the whole lot of us?'

'Sally, if you smash those jars with that foolish way of pouring in the tomatoes, I'll make you pay for every last one of them. You girls had better be thinking of your own beaus.' With that she went out of doors. She heard Sally say, 'I don't think Mother likes Ed Quails!'

There were goldenglow in the dooryard and zinnias and calendulas; and cosmos, lavender and white, were in bloom. She took her way past the barn, where the hired man was mending a harness. The lofts were bursting with the hay. It had been the best summer in years. The road went steeply down a few paces, then up a gentle slope. For a little time her husband was hidden from her. Then again his bent figure. She stopped before him.

'Why did n't you plan to go to Kate's with me? What call have you got to work even on your wedding day, and no bit of fun with Kate and me and the rest! She says Ed Quails has descended on her. Why are n't you coming along with me?'

Her husband stood up, mopping his red face. His shirt had streaks of perspiration, for it had been warm in the September sun. He had a mop of dark hair, and that too was wet where it hung over his forehead. He was a strong-looking man. Had it not been for his somewhat bent shoulders, he would have looked younger than his wife. His eyes were very black and had a gleam in them when he talked.

'I mean to have this job off my hands.'

'You are as stubborn as the day I married you,' she said, not unkindly, and went on her way. She could go up the road through the woods or take the scrambling path that would carry her steeply to the front of Kate's house. She chose the path to save time.

As she emerged from the light growth of birch she saw Kate's porch. The women boarders were in one corner, rocking and talking. And a man — she recognized him as an all-summer boarder — was training a pair of glasses on the branch of a stunted oak. She was used to boarders who looked at birds through opera glasses, and had a tolerance for them. She reflected that Kate had done well with her boarders.

Kate's husband, George, had been a waiter in a hotel — head waiter until his health broke down. They had come up here ten years ago when George was only just out of the sanitarium. Neither Kate nor her husband was a farmer. All they cultivated was a vegetable patch. It was the boarders who were profitable. George had an understanding of what would please people. It was his suggestion that they — himself or Kate — should turn down the beds at night. 'It makes them feel they are getting something for their money.' He made things look very neat about the house and around the dooryard. And he set up a weather vane on the end of the porch that supplied conversation for each new boarder — though conversation had not been explicitly his intention. 'What do you suppose that curious weather vane is intended to be?' asked each person on his arrival. Sometimes an old boarder of genial disposition would begin acquaintance with the remark, 'So you've come to see Mr. Drake's weather vane!' It was painted bright orange, green, and blue. It trembled against the green of the trees like a gorgeous bird. George used his spare time in the winter carving animals and painting them. He had learned to do this in the sanitarium. His ducks and his elephants were wonders. Kate and George had put electricity through their ten-room house this last spring.

Well, her sister could turn down beds if she was so minded. Her own boarders had gotten along with kerosene lamps and had turned down their sheets with their own hands — or, as she grimly remarked to her husband, they could nap on the outside. She was grateful that there was no more need for boarders.

As she approached the kitchen she saw George down in the vegetable patch. He had a neat slimness, a neatness of dress, that made him seem only casually connected with the rows of beans. And she watched him show a summer boarder to the far end of his patch much as he had shown the patrons of a city hotel to their tables. Now he came toward her with his really pleasant smile, saying: —

'Congratulations, Myra, on your wedding anniversary!'

Her thought was, 'I don't think he ever sweats his shirts, no matter what he is doing.' 'Thanks, George,' she said affably.

Sudden laughter from the kitchen windows made her turn her head.

'They are waiting for you. Kate is serving tea in your honor.'

It was like George to be elegant in his words. He amused her, though she had respect for him. She left him, passing a dozen white napkins bleaching on the grass. Then she went in to Kate's back door, brushing aside a bunch of goldenglow that, leaning forward under its weight, tickled her warm face.

II

Kate's kitchen was a large room with a table in the window, where she and her husband and the guests that never paid — relays of cousins from town who were in need of a change of air — sat down to their meals after the paying guests in the dining room had been served. When Myra entered, besides the waitress — a distant cousin of George, a pleasant-looking girl with black hair and pearl earrings — there was Thomas Egan, come for his two weeks' vacation from his motorman's job. And there was Mary Hale, a cousin of Kate's, with her baby on her lap; she was taking a vacation from her husband and three other children. And there was Edward Quails, and there was Kate herself.

Kate, a thin little woman much worn down by pleasing the boarders and intensity of disposition, crossed the room quickly to greet her sister. She had a sensitive mouth and her brown eyes were forever glistening with their ecstatic vision of life.

'Now, Myra, I thought surely your own husband would come with you to eat the cake! Poor John!' She kissed her sister and patted her shoulders. 'And here is Ed Quails, who says he has n't laid eyes on you for twenty-five years.'

At that there rose a man who had a bald spot on the top of his head, and clothes that had an air about them, and a mean twist to his mouth, and light blue eyes with a shrewdness it was plain to see had earned him all the clothes he wanted.

Twenty-six years ago Myra Duffy, who was then Myra Daniels, had jilted Edward Quails after having been engaged to him for six days. As she explained it to her husband, John, a year after they were married: 'For six days I felt a good and kind and brave woman, but not a happy one. And if Ed Quails was n't making me happy after six days of being my lover, what could I look forward to! A girl wants to be happy above everything else. Yet to break word with him has been a sin on my conscience. And I shall bear the sin to my dying day.'

John Duffy had answered, 'I see no

sin on your soul — nothing but a foolish notion in your mind.'

Yet she continued to have it on her mind that she had treated Edward Quails not squarely. The idea was buried for the most part. Then she would sigh, 'It was not kind to Edward Quails to say yes and then say no. But if it's a sin I will bear my pains, for it would have been worse to have lived with him.'

And now up rose Edward Quails before her with a bald spot on the top of his head and a mean twist to the corner of his mouth.

'It's you, Myra Daniels,' he said.

'It's Myra Duffy for twenty-five years to this day.' She crossed her arms over her full breast.

'Is it that bent-shouldered man in the blue shirt and no collar down by the brook? I passed him coming up here this morning. His back was wet as a seal. He was sweating away. Is it Duffy in the blue shirt?'

'It's Duffy with black hair and not a bald spot on him. My husband, John Duffy.' Her eyes snapped fire. She had to defend herself against his meanness and the remembrance of her sin.

Kate broke in: 'I'm giving you tea that one of the boarders gave me. He says it's a dollar and a half a pound, Myra. You two sit down in your chairs.'

'How that child grows!' said Myra, observing Mary Hale's baby, who was reaching over for the sugar bowl. He had in his other hand one of George's bright blue elephants. She sat down opposite Edward Quails, for there was no other way about it.

George came in. He whispered to his wife. He disappeared into the pantry. He came back with a bunch of flowers arranged in a glass vase. The vase had been a Christmas gift from Sally Duffy. George placed it in the centre of the table. 'It's in honor of the bride,' he said, and bowed across to Myra, who was lifting her tea to her lips and crumbling a bit of cake.

Thomas Egan made her a bow also.

Ed Quails and Myra faced each other with the anniversary flowers between them. There was no winking the matter: these two were enemies. The other people in the kitchen divined it after the first round of tea. Mary Hale took her baby out in the dooryard and stayed there with him. Rose, the waitress and distant relative, busied herself on the back porch, ironing napkins. Thomas drew into a shadowy corner of the room and lighted his pipe. George stood near the window, whittling a pigeon from a bit of wood. Kate shrank back in her chair, her bright soft eyes gazing at them in alarm.

'You've got three grown boys,' he said.

'You are trying to anger me. I've got Sally and Ruth and a boy, Charles. How many of your own have you brought up?'

'We've got a girl. No boys.'

'And your wife has had a happy life and a quiet one.' She stated it as a matter of fact, for she was sorry that he had no son.

So she had seen that he had missed something. 'My wife will have silver enough for her anniversary presents,' he said. 'I shall buy her the heaviest there is, and the pattern she wants — a tray and a tea set.'

'We've put Sally and Ruth through college. They care a great deal about study. But they helped themselves too.' She was looking at the line about his mouth. She had noticed it years ago. Whenever he had said a mean thing this line had worked.

He leaned forward across the table. 'Does he still drink?'

'Who?' she asked sharply, stiffening.

'John Duffy. He was fined for drinking and put off the job for drinking when we worked together before you laid eyes on him — when your mother kept a store.'

Kate cried softly, 'Why call up old times when it's all different now?' That was like Kate, wanting everybody to be happy.

'I'm asking is it different now.'

Myra was looking at him intently, at his lips with the corners turned in. She was thinking, 'He kissed me with that mean mouth of his. He had a week before I was John Duffy's.'

'Maybe you are ashamed?' Edward Quails was saying to her.

'Do you mean of my husband, John Duffy?'

'A drinking man,' he went on, 'leads his wife a hard life of it. I've seen him when he had too much.' He laughed.

She was looking straight at him. To her intent gaze he seemed to diminish, so that there was nothing left but some scant sandy hair and a lot of clothes and light blue eyes that did n't like her. It dawned upon her why he did n't like her. She was a fine-looking woman. She had been so used to being a hard-working woman that she had n't suspected she was good to look at to those eyes that disliked her because she had jilted him all those years ago, and had lived without him and had thrived — yes, had thrived!

And his jibe took her back to her mother's shop, and she was waiting on this man, giving him coffee and buns. And he was telling her that she had straight eyebrows, the straightest he had ever seen on a girl. Just as he said that, a man passed the window and looked for a second that way. Edward Quails had said, 'That's John Duffy, and I'll bet he has more on board than he knows how to manage.' That had been her introduction to John. Edward Quails was now saying to John's wife, 'I've seen him when he had too much.'

Her mother's shop — there had been tables along the wall and a counter and a case for candy and cigarettes, and a shelf with newspapers for sale, on which customers dropped their pennies. This shop disappeared. She was looking over the head of Edward Quails, out of the window, where the chimneys of the Duffy homestead could be seen above the trees.

'Well,' she said crisply, 'so have I.' She caught the scared look of her sister Kate, to whom it always seemed so much better not to mention painful things.

She clasped both her hands on the table in front of her. 'You are right, Ed,' she said with a deliberate quietness, 'I've seen him when he had too much!'

He gave her a look that was almost kind. 'It need n't to have been,' he said.

'What?' she demanded.

'I warned you, did n't I? I came to you like a man, but Duffy's eyes had a snap to them — or whatever it is that takes a girl — and so your judgment was n't good. You will admit to bad judgment, Myra.'

He was talking familiarly with her because for a week of evenings he had been her lover, sitting with her in her mother's parlor. He had n't seen her for twenty-six years, for he went to New York to work in his uncle's store the week after she jilted him, which was a year before her wedding to John. Now he owned the store and could buy a silver tray for his wife, and he thought he owned her too, Myra Duffy.

'What do you know of my judgment?' she said.

'I saw him in his blue shirt down there by the brook.'

'And did you see nothing else?'

'No, except the stones he was setting up, with a great deal of sweating.'

'Did you see the farm?'

'I was looking at John Duffy's wet shirt. And I said, "There's a flask in his pocket." Myra, I said that to myself. "There will be a flask he will raise to his lips if I wait to see."'

'But you did n't wait?'

'No, I came on here.'

'My girl Sally was nine months old when John and I came up to this farm that belonged to his mother and his two brothers.'

'Poor woman,' said Edward Quails.

'And there was another baby coming; that was Charles. And John Duffy's mother thought that a girl who lived in a town and sold coffee and buns was n't good enough to marry her son whether he was drunk or sober. But I baked her a pie one morning and the meringue on it was nearly two inches. I made that pie the morning I found John Duffy and his brothers, Dan and Jim, lying on the other side of the fence at the end of the orchard, and each man breathing out whiskey on the air until it made me sick to shake their shoulders. On the way back to the house I said to myself, "I'll begin with the easiest thing first," and it was a pie to scare that old woman into a civil tongue. Her mouth opened when she saw that pie and then it shut. And it shut down forever on her bitter words to me. She set store by her baking, poor thing.'

'My wife has n't made a pie in ten years — not since she stopped doing her own work,' said Edward Quails.

'Old Mrs. Duffy knitted you sacks for Sally and Charles before she died,' put in Kate, mist clouding her gentle eyes. 'Two blue sacks and a pink one, Myra. Don't you remember how cunning Charles looked in his when I came up to see you?'

'She did her best,' Myra said justly.

'You were saying they were lying drunk, — down by the orchard, — John Duffy and his brothers.'

'Yes, they all drank, and there was no choosing between them for the sight they were in their sleep or their waking up. I thought the farm would make John Duffy stop drinking, but it was poor judgment. Once in two weeks in town he drank himself to be a log, and it was once in two weeks on the farm. His brothers were as bad. Yet the farm was a fine one with sober men at work on it. Even a town girl could see that. So I said to myself, "It's I, then, that shall run this place. It's I that shall work and set the men to work, drunk or not." I had two children and there would be more coming along, I knew.'

'You have three.'

'There were four, but one died the day he was born.'

'Two sons,' said Edward Quails, who had only one daughter to bless himself with.

Myra said, 'It was a fine boy I lost, though it's not to be remembered with all my blessings.'

'A great pity,' said this man who disliked her for being still a fine-looking woman. 'And you were telling how he drank half the time. Poor thing, it was a hell's life you led with him.'

'He never did a mean thing to me, drunk or sober. But it was a hard sight to see a log for a husband. And it was no good for the children either. Charlie would run to me crying out, "Father has a bottle of it, Mother; I saw him."

'All I could say was, "You steal the bottle when he is n't looking, and you bring it to me. Every time you bring me a bottle I'll make you flapjacks for your supper."

'Charlie said the first time, "Will he beat me?"

'I shook him by the shoulders till he whimpered. I said, "I'm shaking you for saying things against your father. Did he ever lay a hand on you?"

'Charlie said, "No, Mother," for he was n't a stupid boy. He knew what I was meaning him to understand.

"Then it's a game, like, we're playing with him," he said, and I can see him grinning at me. "I'll bring you the bottles, Mother." And he did. And Sally did and Ruth. She found them too, hidden in places you would never think to look. The children were as bright and sharp at their game as if they got a hundred dollars a bottle instead of flapjacks with syrup. And John Duffy never said a word to me in complaint. He did n't dare. He knew right from wrong, and he knew I knew it.

'One day Sally came running to me, crying, "Mother, Uncle Dan has been killed on the state road by a horse the doctor was driving. And he's all wet with the whiskey that's broken on him. The doctor says he was walking as if he did n't know where he was going."'

'Oh!' cried Kate. 'Why remember that day?'

Myra went on steadily, looking at Edward Quails. 'I thanked the Lord that there was one less for John Duffy to drink with. Dan Duffy was half a man at best. And indeed John Duffy never touched a drop for three months, nor his brother either. You should have seen those two men, working themselves nearly to death. And I made the children flapjacks every Saturday night. And I told John we could wait to sell the timber land. There would be money enough in two years if I took some city folk to board and he worked hard. But at the end of three months there were two bottles found down by the brook. Charlie saw his father stealing down there as if he were afraid to be seen. Charlie was frightened, too scared to play the game. "Suppose my father gets run over in the road!"

'And there was John Duffy lying a soaked thing in the shed, and Jim Duffy dead asleep in the barn, that very night. I said to the children, "You bring the bottles to me like you always did. And don't you get scared; it's the game." So it began all over again.

'And at two o'clock one night there was a wild man the children heard screaming and thumping the floor. And my John was too stupid with the stuff to help me manage his brother. And his mother was down sick with pleurisy. I sent Charlie up the road to get help. John's mother, hearing the screams, died with her eyes starting out of her head, poor soul. And my Sally was sitting by her bed.

'Well, when his mother was buried and Jim Duffy was safe put away, I took time to think. I told what I thought to John. I said, "There's an end come."

'He said quietly, "What end?"

'I said, "You know what I mean."

'And he said, "You would be ashamed to go back to your mother in town, with two children to bring up, and no husband."

'And I said, "It's more shame to stay on here with you. So I go if I or my children find a bottle again. It's not right for children to be playing this game too long, and I'm too good a woman to play it." Charles was ten years old then.'

Kate spoke eagerly, 'Myra, the dear man never touched it again. He has made a fine farm of it, the best around.'

Myra turned to her sister. 'He was asking if John Duffy still drank, and I've been telling him no, he does n't.' She folded her arms and looked at Edward Quails.

He scraped his throat. 'Mr. Duffy did n't look up when I passed. Will you give him my regards?'

Myra laughed richly. 'And why should he look up at you? But when I passed he looked up with his two eyes on me. He has never gotten so used to seeing me that he does n't know who I am, Edward Quails. And what good would your regards do him when you have gone clean out of his mind?' She rose for the pleasure of looking down on this man who had been sin on her conscience for years and years. And she meant to make him so small that she could step on him and not know it.

But he had a good amount of conceit in him. 'Well, you 've got a hunch for farming, Mrs. Duffy. But I would rather be six feet under than pass more than three days on a farm, away from what I'm used to. And my wife, she feels the same — a breath of sea air for a while, but no country for her. It gives her the creeps at night — the stillness all around and the snakes everywhere you might step. So we pack up for a whiff of the sea. And it's a good hotel I go to. And my wife, she's as well dressed as any lady on the piazza. She's got a slim figure, which is what I like. Clothes suit her.' He said this looking straight at Myra Duffy's fine large arms crossed over her breast.

Myra was being delighted. She felt free of him. 'It's best,' she said, 'to be suited. Your wife suits you, Mr. Quails. I knew that by the look of you when I stepped into this room. It's a fine thing in life to know that one has been suited. And your daughter, maybe, looks like you?' asked Myra comfortably.

'No, she's the image of her mother, and a fine girl. Sons can be a great trouble, but as I say to my wife, "A good daughter you can put your hands on when you are looking for her." We've been greatly blessed,' said Edward Quails.

'Indeed and you have,' said Kate generously, for had n't the quarrel turned out beautifully — Ed Quails and Myra talking like friends now?

Myra said, 'There will be no supper for your boarders if I don't take myself off.' She looked behind her for good-bye to George, but he had gone from the kitchen, and she saw that Thomas Egan had stepped outside of the house. He was at this very moment lifting up Mary Hale's baby from the dirt he was crawling into, and the hired girl was picking blueberries.

Edward Quails said no more to her, but got on his feet. He addressed Kate. 'It's only overnight I can be staying. So the tent will do for me.'

'It's comfortable for a single night,' said Kate, pressing her sister's arm affectionately as she followed her to the door.

Myra stepped out into the path that went down between goldenglow and white cosmos.

There was a shed opposite the kitchen door. This was where George Drake kept his tools and paints and brushes and such animals as he could work at during the summer. In the window of the shed was a bright green pigeon, the fresh paint glistening on him.

'He will be bringing that pigeon to-night to John Duffy for a wedding present. It will be like George to do that.'

She took the long way through the woods, for there was the mean face of Edward Quails to forget before she got home. It was a pretty walk: the short gloom of the road beneath the trees that were still heavy as in summer, and then the bright cornfields of the Duffy farm. She passed down the open road with the house and the barn in sight of her up the hill. And she saw a man going from the house to the barn. It was her husband. She went by the brook. The banks were mended. There was only a small heap of stones to be cleared away.

'Would any wife tell of her husband what I did! But I told the truth about him. He's as big as all the truth put together. And Ed Quails knows it. "Mr. Duffy," he said.'

SHELLEY

BY THEODORE MORRISON

Upon three thorns the soul of Shelley bled:
A heart too ardent to be measured out
In earth's unsatisfied and weary bout
Against death and corruption; a mind misled
By lusts and fantasies, although it sped
On shining wings to compass man's relief;
And men, who crossed and cankered him with grief
Lest oracles lose face at what he said.

These thorns became a multitude, and pain
Pierced bitterly and often his sad heart.
Neither himself nor others could he save;
But brooding on the winds, the Titan's chain,
He found exalted songs, and touched the art
Whose tears no ineffectual angel gave.

THE STUMP FARM. II[1]

A CHRONICLE OF PIONEERING

BY HILDA ROSE

November 17, 1923

Boy is better and sitting up in bed. Daddy's cough is worse. I cleaned part of the henhouse yesterday. It is very dreadful, and the dust is annoying and makes me feel sick, but I'll finish it to-day. It's a big henhouse, 24 x 16, and has a loft where I keep my small late chicks that the hens are mean to.

December 21. — Boy is almost done whooping, and two more weeks will see him well. Daddy is better too. There are still six sacks of potatoes in the ground, and I have given them up. I dressed up in my best dress and wrapped up warm and sat down on the fence to-night for an hour in the moonlight, hoping that someone would go by that was going to the Xmas entertainment at the schoolhouse. The teacher was going to have a tree. I did n't dare go alone, as I am afraid at night. Nobody came, so I went in, and Daddy sang some old Scotch folk songs, and Boy and I were happy again.

December 23. — It is snowing. So old Winter has come in earnest. I am going down on the prairie to-morrow to get the mail, and mail some letters. My calves are home and look nice. They have been on the range all this time, and just came home this week. I tried to sell four of them, and sent word to seven butcher shops, but they have quit buying of ranchers, and I will have to peddle to the camps that are logging in the mountains. Dressed veal is eight cents a pound, and I may get enough to pay the taxes. I have counted so much on them, and am so disappointed, as my taxes are a year and a half behind already. Eggs are thirty-five cents and my hens barely pay their feed bill. Boy is trimming a tree for me. He is busy cutting paper, and I have sent for a box of tiny candles that should be in the mail. I have a ball, a tin horn, and some peanuts for his stocking, so he'll have lots of fun Xmas morning. Dear old Daddy is stargazing again. He watches the stars and wonders about them, why and wherefore they are.

December 26. — Seven yearlings, a few almost two years old, are missing. Where can they be? It has turned so cold, and it is snowing from the north. How I hate winter! I have just pulled in some fence rails into the kitchen, and when I get rested I'll saw them up for wood. The wind is rising again, so it will be a penetrating cold to-night. I don't keep a fire at night, as I can't saw the wood fast enough, but we are very comfortable, even when it is twenty degrees below in the house and a drop of water freezes instantly.

January 7. — Daddy and I and Boy drove ten miles east into the heart of the ridge of mountains. We went up a gulch, but we were halfway up the side of the mountain on a trail cut by the Forest Reserve men. A blizzard came up behind us, so it got pretty fierce, but we had to go on. Daddy drove the old horse, and we sat on some boards nailed on the front bob of his old bobsled. You could n't take a whole sled in there on the sharp turns on a trail cut barely wide enough to get through. We got word on Sunday that the yearlings were at a logging camp on the Reserve. One of the loggers came down and told us they had been there about two months. It was after dinner when we arrived in camp, but the cook fed us well, and stuffed our pockets with real dandy cookies as big as saucers when we left. The men had been good to the stock and had thrown out feed for them, so they looked good. For shelter they were allowed to sleep in the blacksmith shop, and the men all liked them, for it's lonesome up there.

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[1] The first installment of these authentic letters appeared in February. — The Editors

We started for home, and I drove, and Daddy and Boy walked behind the yearlings, who followed me. I had to go so slow and faced a blizzard all the way. The horses had to pick their own way, as I could n't see. Boy thought his eyes were frozen, but it was only snow on his eyelashes. It was after dark when we got home. I can't tell in words how glad I was to get home. I pulled off Boy's and Daddy's coats and got them into bed, and made a fire, and went to bed myself until it got warm. It's the only thing to do when you are chilled through. Then I warmed up some soup and waked Daddy and we ate a hot dinner by the stove, using the sewing-machine drop leaf for our table. It was no use to try to thaw the kitchen out — it was too cold. When it storms I read aloud to Daddy, and the papers you sent last year I am reading over again, and find much in them worth reading over.

April 14, 1924

I am down on the prairie for two nights. I walk back Wednesday night. You see, the University Extension Department of Montana sent teachers into the country to teach various things, and I wanted so much to go, I've planned for weeks on how to manage so I could get away. Not so much to learn, although I'll be glad to learn anything, as to meet the teachers and see and talk to a bunch of women once more, for it almost drives me wild to be alone, and it storms so much of the time we only see the sun a few times all winter.

I baked bread and cooked beans and put a pail of potatoes beside the stove real handy for Daddy to bake in the oven, and did all I could to make it easy for him, and took Boy with me so nothing should bother him.

To-night is Monday night, and while I'm a bit tired, having walked seven miles, still I'm so uplifted in spirit that I can't go to bed and sleep. The teachers are wonderful, college girls, and have been out of college and at this work for about five years. They talked and demonstrated hats to-day, and we were all taught frame making. Eighteen women came. To-morrow we cover the hats, and Wednesday we trim. I have n't bought a hat for years, and one of N.'s friends sent me a bunch of old, old hats that had lain for twenty years or more in her closets. 'Lids,' the University women call them. I ripped the braid off, and have material. For trimming they will show us how to make flowers and rosettes of the material itself also. That wonderful cape — it's an open sesame wherever I go. I wore it in M—— and the clerk where I sold my eggs opened the door for me when I left. Such deference to a woman from the backwoods! The University ladies planned my hat to match it, and it's going to be very pretty. The crown is brown horsehair braid, which is so sheer my hair shows through. The brim is tiny and faced with bright blue silk. It will have flowers of the silk. My eyes are blue and my hair is pale gold. They thought it a wonderful combination. Forgive me if I talk so much about myself; one does n't enter paradise very often.

Up there in the woods where I live (I am on the prairie now) most of the women are very crude and coarse. Against Daddy's wishes (he is an old darling, and thinks I ought to keep away from those women and just be on speaking terms with them) I and the school-teacher called a meeting at the schoolhouse a year ago to see what we could do to alleviate some of the worst cases of distress that came to my ears from time to time. About two dozen women came, and we organized a 'Helping Hand.' To get money we had a stunt night at the schoolhouse, and I made posters and put them up where the lumberjacks and miners could see them. The programme of stunts was most remarkable. It lasted for hours, and then we sold boxes of lunch and made coffee. We took in twenty-nine dollars. We bought a spring and mattress for the dearest old grandma I've ever run across. She is over eighty and was in bed for fifteen weeks without being able to sit up, and lying on the dirtiest straw tick on boards. They met with me, and we dyed flour sacks and pieced two of the brightest comforts I've ever seen. We each pieced seven blocks at home, and used the flour sacks for in between and linings. Grandma was so pleased with them; she said they would pass the time away for her, they were so pretty. Maybe I've told you this before, and how when she was younger she helped over one hundred babies to come into the world before any doctor lived close enough to this district. She came to this country over the Oregon trail in an oxcart when she was seven. Her mother and father both died on the trail here. Many the hardships she passed through. I'm glad she has a decent spring and mattress under her to-night.

We next met at her shack and cleaned it. I can't tell you all the things this little band of women have done. We are making a layette for a poor woman who has six half-starved young ones. She expects another one next week. Her children are all mentally deficient, but such people breed like rabbits, and babies are so helpless I can't bear to see them abused.

I worry over my debts and twenty-five dollars I borrowed one spring for seed, and have n't been able to pay back yet. I counted on selling my calves when they got big. But I was n't able to find a purchaser. Times are so hard there is no sale for anything in this Western country. There is an embargo on cattle west of the Rockies and cattle don't sell. I have n't paid the taxes for two years now, and this year's are due this fall again. I hope for better luck this summer. No, I cannot take a crippled old man, sick half the time, to California, or anywhere else. He has to stay here until he dies. He can't live anywhere else. You know they get crotchety as they grow old.

Boy is a great help and comfort, so I shall tell you about Boy. He has always been a remarkable child, odd, yet fine and strong. Just as soon as he gets among other children you notice how different he is. He sings to himself, and two years ago a sister of Daddy was out for a visit and tried to listen to hear what he was singing about. But he was too bashful. I never paid any attention to it, but after she had gone I got a pencil and paper and wrote down his songs. I have n't them here, so I'll write more about them after I get home.

The verse in the Bible about 'Knock

and it shall be opened' seems to have a special message for me. For you see Boy and I are planning to go to college after Daddy is gone. I have always wanted to go, and that wanting is increasing every day. So some day a little old, old lady and a young lad will knock at some college door. Will they open for us? The message in the Bible says they will. It does n't say we have to have money, but just knock.

April 20. — Time passes so quickly when you have more than you can do. Since that dreadful day we went after the yearlings I've had to be legs for Daddy all I can. He froze one toe and the varicose veins broke soon after, and he has a dreadful leg.

I am going to write to the University and see if they won't come and help the women up here in the hills. It would be such a treat for them.

December 20, 1924

We are right in the middle of a cold snap. I expect it to moderate in a week or so. We had an early winter this year. It was thirty degrees below zero two nights ago, and now it is twenty-five degrees below zero. It would n't have been so bad if the wind had n't blown so hard. I never saw a stronger wind. It uprooted many trees. I could hear the crashing, and the snow, real fine, sifted into the house everywhere. If I spill a drop of water on the kitchen floor, it freezes instantly. The Woman's Club I started up here had three days' instruction from the University Extension. They enjoyed it so much. Now there won't be any more until spring.

In spite of the drought, we got a big load of ripe wheat hay off of five acres. This has been the driest year we've had, but my little garden did well and I canned 125 quarts of green vegetables off it, besides the roots I grew for winter. Daddy put the hay in a shed, and then hitched up the old team and drove them round and round until it was threshed out. The horses were eating big mouthfuls of it, and I told Daddy he ought to tie up their noses. But he would n't, for it says in the Bible, 'Muzzle not the ox that treads out thy grain.' This Bible verse taught him how to do it also, for he had never seen or heard of threshing grain before in that way. Then we raked off the straw, and on a windy day we cleaned out the chaff by pouring it from one pan to another. I grind it in an old coffee mill and cook bread out of the fine meal and gruel from the coarse. A scone baked in the iron spider, from sour milk and soda and this meal, is just fine. I bake one every day. The reason I use the spider is because it requires no greasing. But last month she began to stick and it was so provoking. Daddy joked about it and said the old frying pan got hungry. We were all hungry for fat, for the old cow dried up when the drought came. I get just a little bit of milk to cook with. Taxes had to be paid, so I helped Daddy butcher Blue Bell, a small cow, and then we drove to town and tried to sell her. The butchers all told us they were buying only of the packers, so we went home again. It was bitterly cold, the roads were bad, the horse slow, but I had two bricks (hot) at our feet and we got along fine. Now we are eating the cow and it is certainly grand to have both meat and fat to cook with again. Daddy feels so cheerful that he sings after meals. He can't carry a tune, but it's nice to hear him sing. So far he has been well.

We have a new mail route. It starts on the sixteenth of July this summer, and my Woman's Club up here is what did it. I am so proud of my club and the way they work together. We have twenty-two members now and some are foreigners. A few objected to the foreigners, but I told them these women needed to be Americanized, and that settled it. One of them, an Austrian, is beginning to eat with a fork, and that shows intelligence and desire to be like others. So we get to know each other better, have a community spirit and grow more charitable toward each other.

I picked berries on the prairie, and apples in the fall. I broke a finger on my right hand and sprained the joint on it, too, by falling off a stepladder the first day I picked apples. I tied it up and went on working, because I had to. Winter coming on, there was no choice. It ached fierce and is tender yet and a little crooked, but I don't think it will bother me when it gets strong again. It's next to the little finger and I spare it all I can.

March 25, 1925

The magazines you sent me were very interesting, especially as I am working on somewhat the same line with the women up here in the mountains. They are settlers on the cut-over land, and homesteaders, and the land is sterile and frosty, but those that have men that are able to work get along fairly well, as there are logging and construction camps here and there and they can get work.

I started a club two years ago and have now twenty active members, and they are so active and full of life I find it hard to give them enough to do. I should like to join them up with some state organization of women's clubs. They have hard lives, but have big families, and it's an education to these women to get together every other week and discuss welfare work and do things together. Having nothing else, the club is absorbing to them, and the way they tackle the work and obstacles in the way is certainly inspiring. We have started a debating society at our schoolhouse, which meets every other week. Sometimes we have a spelling match for a change, and sometimes just sing while the teacher plays the organ. It is a sparsely settled community and we have small one-room schoolhouses, so three school districts have to get together for any kind of entertainment. Our school is central, so we always meet there.

I have lived here now, on the prairie and up here, nineteen years altogether, and I am behind the times in many ways. It was so good of you to send me such nice things. You can never realize what they mean to me, for I stay home from the prairie club many times because I'm not presentable. If it's a nice day, I'm going to a meeting there to-morrow afternoon and wear the new voile dress you sent. It fits as if you had fitted it on me.

I am forty-five next October and I weigh eighty-six pounds, but I am well. Restricted by nature and circumstances to a simple and wholesome diet, I can't help but be well. Because I was so small, I resolved to raise a Better Baby, and my small son is as large now as any ten-year-old in this part of the country. I planned for a baby all my life, and I picked the best Daddy for him. My only regret is that he is so old now, but I am trying to take good care of him so Boy and I will have him with us many years yet. Daddy is a treasure. I don't know what life would be without him. He calls us his two children, and he's never cross, no matter how tired or ill. He was seventy-two last month and has a white beard like Burroughs.

I can't raise many chickens because the coyotes are so bad. They seem to have increased at a most alarming rate lately. Next winter I'm going to have a line of traps for them. I shall work on the places to set them this summer. They are hard to trap, but I may be able to get enough skins to buy shoes and clothes for the boy. He is eight this spring and dreadfully hard on clothes.

It will soon be time to put in garden now. I plant about an acre altogether of garden stuff and potatoes. It's all I can take care of myself, but Boy is getting big enough to help me now and I have rented an acre of irrigated land on the prairie — very rich land which I will put into mangels and beets for the cow. I get two thirds of the crop, but I have to weed and water it. I see I have to have something besides straw for the cow, in order to make milk. Sometimes Daddy is able to work, and sometimes not; so I have learned to go ahead, and if Daddy feels able to help I'm very thankful, but I never count on it. I think he feels better this spring than for several years, as he had a good winter; the way he puts it, 'I wintered good.' Mostly due, I believe, to the fact that he had greens of some kind at every meal.

The University Extension for the Rural Districts has been a great help to me the last two years. I have learned so much from them. The coming year they will teach us more about foods and their effects on the system. What I have already learned has been a benefit, but I am looking forward with much interest to the classes this summer.

March 25, 1925

You are certainly the best and dearest to write to me when I neglect you so. But my life is so full of work I can't write, at least as often as I would like to, and I do love to get letters.

I was delighted to get a new friend and I clasped my hands with joy, and then Daddy said, 'Go slow. If Mrs. T. and this club lady knew what sort of women you have taken up with, they'd have nothing more to do with you.'

So, now, Mother Superior, I come to confession and I need advice. On only one subject are Daddy and I out, and that's my new club up here. You see it's this way. At heart Daddy is an aristocrat. He'll quote Bobby Burns about 'A man's a man for a' that and a' that,' but he does n't practise what he preaches. He considers me so fragile, so nice, so dainty and everything, that I must n't have anything to do with anybody who has the least blemish on her reputation.

So for twelve years I have minded him, and then I could n't stand it any longer. I started this club. It has twenty active members and they are all living straight now. The club is keeping some of them straight, they are so anxious to belong. Here is what some of them are: (1) Mrs. C. has two children and almost kills herself once a year to avoid a baby. (2) Mrs. T. is not married, but says she is. We all know better. She lives with Mr. T. and has two children, and does what Mrs. C. does every year. She has wretched health like Mrs. C. (3) Mrs. S. left her husband one winter and lived with the hired man several months. Her husband told her to get a divorce, and she did, but married, not the hired man, but the Greek cook at a railroad construction camp east of us last fall. She is fifty and he is thirty, and it is a poor match. (4) Mary has an illegitimate child, eleven years old, but is a fine woman, and has a good husband now. (5) Mrs. N. is an Austrian and can't speak good English yet, but she has three nice children and a good reputation. (6) Mrs. M. kept what we call 'two husbands' up here. It's hard to make a living, she had many children, and an extra man to work was a great help. When I moved up here fourteen years ago there were seven women who lived with two husbands. Mrs. M. was put out of the Farmers'

Union because she kept two husbands, but she is living straight now. (7) Mrs. A. is a coarse type that you find in logging camps. She is used to fighting and hair pulling, but has become very sedate and peaceful now. (8) Mrs. W. has spent twenty years as cook in logging camps. The hard work has refined and aged her.

I could go on like this all night. These women have many children, swarms of them in some homes. Daddy claims they are not in my class, that he who touches pitch will be defiled. Then something heart-rending will happen and he'll say, 'You'll see the nice women on the prairie won't speak to you when they know who you consort with.' And I tell him it is n't so. The women on the prairie are too busy painting their complexions to worry about me, and the University Extension ladies just love me and tell me how much I'm helping them.

Maybe Daddy is right. I'll confess this much, I don't feel the aversion I used to to a fallen woman. This aversion was the result of my mother's extremely Puritan ideals. One day a girl of sixteen came to a school entertainment in our schoolhouse here and she had in her arms a six-weeks-old illegitimate child by a married man. She was there on a seat all alone, and I just picked myself up and went and sat down beside her and held the baby for her. I would have done anything to bring her to lead a good life, but she went to the dogs just the same, and is so miserable now. If I'd had my club this would n't have happened. But it was years ago. Now in the city you'd cut dead these women with a past. I know it. A nice woman on the prairie had made a misstep in her youth. She came West to start a new life. An old neighbor saw her and told about her. Nobody goes near her now. That's what Daddy goes by. I used to feel that I must read, study, to go back into the world some day and be broad-minded and take my place and associate with cultured people once more. You said my last letter was cheerful, and I'm glad. It's because I've found my life work. This section has a bad name, and it's because it's poor and hidden in the timber and mountains. I shall change the bad name to a good name if I live long enough. It's uphill work.

Well, I tell Daddy I'm in now, with both feet, and as long as I'm true to myself it does n't matter what other people think about me. As far as I can see, it does n't make any difference. The prairie club insist that I must belong to their club down there, and I try to get down there once in a while. There are fourteen members — it's limited to this number. They dance and play cards and meet twice a month. They are very exclusive, up to date, and I have n't the clothes to attend in, so I have n't gone much of late years. Every summer when my garden is ready, so I have peas and lettuce and new potatoes, I stuff a couple of hens, and have the club all up for dinner. Then the vines and bushes cover up the tumbledown looks of the place.

Every summer Boy and I make bird houses. They are rough and crude, but the birds don't care, and so every year we add new folks to our bird village, for that is what the garden looks like. Last year two pairs of wrens moved in, and we already had a martin, several bluebirds, and three wren couples, besides the birds that build their own nests. I have learned to make the holes small in the bird houses, for sometimes I've had trouble with the pine squirrels who go in and eat the eggs.

One day about four years ago I went down on the prairie after my mail. We did n't have a R. route up here then, you know. There were several mail boxes down there, and a large dumpy woman was getting her mail too, and I saw that she had been crying. I knew who she was, but had never met her; but I started in to talk to her, and as everybody tells me their troubles it was n't long before she told me. They were dreadfully poor, trying to pay for a place, and she was going to have a baby. She had three nice boys, and she wanted a girl, and the tears ran again, she felt so bad. You see, Mr. C. did n't want the expense of getting a doctor or even a woman. He said he had always tended to stock and never needed to call a doctor and he guessed he could tend a woman all right. Well, I happened to run into a woman down there who used to be a trained nurse, but is married and has a family. I told her about Mrs. C., and she said she'd look after her for me. She did. She told me about it one day. A few days before Mrs. C. would be confined she walked in with her suitcase and said she'd come to stay awhile. And she sent for good old Dr. H. and he had to take the baby; but it's a lovely little girl, and the mother just adores it. So now you have one of my baby stories.

It takes money to run the club up here, there are so many in trouble, so we pieced a quilt and raffled it off at the schoolhouse last week, and took in twenty dollars. We found an old woman living in a shack with her son, and she was nearly ninety. We sent her a potted plant, and she cried, and said she thought nobody knew about her and everyone had forgotten her. The old woman who came out in an oxcart over the Oregon trail when she was seven died last summer. Well, we made her last days comfortable, anyway. I met a rough lumberjack one day, and he says to me, 'I did n't think much of your club when you started it, but my hat goes off when I meet any of youse now.'

July 3, 1925

My club up here had one meeting in our little acre cemetery, and we fixed up things real nice. Some raked and burned up the accumulation of years, while others lettered names and dates on white-painted headboards for the baby graves. We put up eighteen of them in the afternoon. It was a busy day, but everybody seemed happy. The happiness that comes from doing.

July 19. — The garden is burned up by the sun, and not a drop of rain for weeks. The peas dried while in bloom, except the early ones, from which we had a few messes. The potatoes held out the longest and have tiny potatoes like small nuts, but real good, and I'm using them as long as they last. Such a nice garden as it was in the spring, and to look at it now! While pulling up the dried pea vines for the cow, I thought hard. If you think hard enough and long enough on anything, it will finally come to you. Down on those irrigated tracts there was garden truck nice and green, and I had no money. But I made a proposition that had 'come' to me and the result is I get canning to do on shares. I have finished the peas and have seventy quarts for my share and am working on string beans this week. I pick them before it's hot and get up at four o'clock to do so. Shelling so many peas was trying, the days are so hot, but it's over with and I feel good when I look at my jars of peas. Boy goes with me and we walk, but it's nice and cool and we never start for home until after seven. After the beans, there will be squash and corn to can. It has made me very happy. In a dry year, I must have more provisions, as I must reckon on enough to last nine months at least. I divide up my supplies into nine parts and as I come to each month's allowance I divide it into so much for each week. Early settlers in New England used to do that and Daddy chants a line (when things don't hold out and he has to go short in the spring) that says, 'Only five grains of corn, mother, only five grains of corn.' He varies the number of grains each time; sometimes it's six grains, and sometimes seven. But I'll get through to grass nicely this year, for I'll have milk. Other years the cows dried up on the poor feed, but this year they are going to have beets, a pailful each twice a day. That's why I work so hard on my acre of beets. Last year we did not have a drop of milk until spring, and determination to have milk another winter helps me to weed and water the beets on the prairie. Daddy and Boy help to water them and they are looking fine.

'Be a living question mark,' my old professor in physics used to say, 'and you'll never grow old.' I believe I live up to it, for I question the why of everything and get no answer. There are so many things that would make this life happier, why must I go without? These are questions I ask of life and get no answer. If it were n't for 'make-believe' I'd give up and become an old woman, tired and discouraged. But Boy has named me Jenny Wren, and who ever saw a mother wren tired? She's busy, busy, busy all day long hunting grub for her nestlings, and so am I. But I take time to swing in Boy's little rope swing under the old apple tree and we have a teeter-totter in the barnyard and we do have fun. When I play, I'm Jenny, but at night I am just 'Mother.' If you ask Boy what his mother is, he'll tell you: 'She's just a little girl.' The other day he was out in the barnyard with Daddy and he saw me in the garden. He turned to Daddy and said with a grin, 'I wonder what that little rascal is up to now.' It amuses Daddy. But I have always loved children and one must have love and infinite patience with small children. Which reminds me that I was reprimanded once by the principal because my kiddies made so much noise at times that the room above was disturbed. We were just having fun and playing games and I toned them down, but that principal did get a good jolt a bit later. There were twelve rooms in the building and I had the primary with sixty babies in it. A much-traveled woman, who was a member of the school board, went around visiting the schools and dropped into my room one day. I did n't know her, but my children treated her fine. She liked us so well she stayed all afternoon and became one of the family. Later she addressed a principals' meeting (nineteen big schools in our city) and this is what she said, I was told: 'I have journeyed in many lands and have visited schools in this country and in Europe, but I have at last found the perfect school right here in my home town, in Room 1, at the Jackson School.'

You see, the old superintendent and I were chums and he gave me nearly everything I asked for. When I wanted a kindergarten table and chairs, he hunted them up in the garret of an old church (the Sunday school had discarded them) and he let me teach in my own way, which was original to say the least. I was the mother and they were my children. They answered the door and seated visitors and talked to them. We did the regular kindergarten work and first primary combined, but that did n't take us long and we had games and stories the rest of the time and visitors nearly every day. I had no rule except to be kind and not too noisy. They were free to walk and talk to each other, and everyone was so busy and happy the time just flew and soon the gong rang to go home.

(*To be continued*)

THE RIGHT TO LIVE

BY CLAUD MULLINS

I

THROUGHOUT history the curse of Democracy has been the mesmeric power that phrases exercise. Every country has its experience and no country seems to learn its lesson. Every popular movement has given rise to what a distinguished American has described as 'practical fooleries of the sort which have generally ruined revolutions' (Andrew Dickson White in his essay on Cavour in *Seven Great Statesmen*). Some countries, notably the United States, have succumbed to the fascination of abstract and unsound theories and yet have been able to survive them by ignoring them. Probably the assertion in the Declaration of Independence that 'the laws of nature and nature's God entitle' peoples to assume a 'separate and equal station' proved awkward at the time of the American Civil War. Similarly the assertion that 'all men are created equal' may prove to be uncomfortable propaganda if ever Socialism seriously raises its head in American politics, as may also the declaration in the Clayton Act of 1914 that 'the labor of a human being is not a commodity or article of commerce.' These brief and ill-digested generalizations often turn out to be unpleasant boomerangs. So far, however, the United States has escaped the disturbing effects which frequently follow on their adoption. France, too, since the Revolution, has pursued the even tenor of her ways without any practical attempt to reconcile the incompatible first and second words of her national slogan, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.' England has been more fortunate, for no such absurdities have been embodied in her historic constitutional documents. Magna Carta and the Act of Settlement, for instance, are prosaic reading, considering what vast changes they effected. Englishmen have no 'Declaration of the Rights of Man' and, being practical people, prefer to concentrate on actual issues; they have a healthy distrust of this kind of democratic vanity.

But even in practical England the fascination of the phrase is very strong. To-day, thanks mainly to post-war economic depression, England is suffering from a bad attack of democratic abstractions. The democratization of our machinery of government has resulted in a wide adoption of the idea of abstract 'rights.' That word is more used on political platforms in England to-day than any other. It underlies the whole programme of our Labor Party; it is the predominant factor in the propaganda work of the Liberal Party, and it is influencing more and more the legislative activities of the Conservative Party. To-day no candidate for political office, except perhaps in the City of London or a university constituency, would stand much chance of election if he boldly asserted that most of the alleged rights of the people had no foundation. The mass of the people to-day loves to be flattered, just as much as the Romans of old, the French of the Revolution, or the Americans of the time of Jefferson.

In all countries which, in their various ways, are treading the democratic path the big issue, independent of the coming and going of governments, is the advance of Socialist principles. For the time being the United States, thanks to her isolation and her present economic prosperity, is less affected than other countries. The Englishman looks on with envy at the minute size and the nonpolitical conduct of the American trade-unions and at the apparent content among American wage-earners with the doctrines of individualism. But when economic depression comes in the United States, Americans will probably find that neither their high tariff nor Ellis Island gives much protection against the creeds of the Socialists, and then perhaps the reckless generalizations of the Declaration of Independence may prove awkward. Certainly in all the older democratic countries, and in Australia among the newer, the growth of Socialist doctrines has been enormous in the last twenty-five years. And the basis of Socialism is a belief in abstract rights. Above all else the right to live is the predominant claim of Socialism.

This phrase, 'the right to live,' has many meanings. In the sense that every human being has a right to continue his existence if he can, the phrase is true and innocuous. This is the sense in which the idea is incorporated in the Declaration of Independence. But this is not the meaning usually attributed nowadays to it. In the political world it means that there is a right to be maintained by the community. The demand of the Socialist, whatever be his nationality, is founded on the assumption that everybody born into this world — unless, of course, he is of the 'idle rich'— has a right to be fed, housed, clothed, educated, insured, and pensioned. The right to live is meant as an assertion that people have a right to be guaranteed the necessaries of life for themselves and for as many children as they may happen to bring into the world. This is the doctrine that is in varying degrees permeating political propaganda in all democratic countries.

Once this conception of a right to live is faced and analyzed, its absurdity is quickly apparent. Englishmen are in a specially favorable position to realize this absurdity. We inhabit a country in which, according to the present habits of civilized people, it is impossible for us to grow all the food necessary for our maintenance. It is said that if all the inhabitants of Great Britain accepted potatoes as their main diet, then we should be self-supporting as regards food; but that is scarcely a practical proposition. Reasoning Englishmen understand that, if we do not export goods for sale to other countries or perform some other services for foreign lands, then we cannot obtain the food that we need from abroad. As a nation we can, then, only have a right to live if other countries have a corresponding duty to send us food supplies; but such a duty has never been suggested. Obviously, therefore, our national right to live is no part of the laws of Providence or of nature. If, therefore, we have no national right to live, how can Englishmen as individuals have any such right? The Socialist conception of an abstract right to maintenance for every individual, or at least for every wage-earner, implies an obligation on every individual to maintain his fellows. A right in the sense that Socialists use the word is only possible if there is a corresponding duty on someone else. So what the Socialist theory really amounts to is that we have a right to get what we want and equally a duty to give everybody else what he wants; it sounds a little like everybody living by taking in everybody else's washing.

The plausible, though fallacious, objection to this argument is often made that there is this duty to maintain our fellows and that this duty is imposed by Christianity. The fallacy here lies in the failure to appreciate the difference between a moral duty and a legally imposed obligation. Every Christian acknowledges the precept, 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' by which is meant that we are all under a duty of voluntary benevolence. This is poles apart from the kind of conscript charity which Socialism seeks to impose. If, for instance, a coal miner in the summer of 1926 came up to me and said, 'Conditions with us are very bad, so please help me to feed my children,' I should as a Christian feel a moral obligation to help. But if the coal miner said, 'The economic conditions with us are such that I cannot get the wage that I feel I ought to have, therefore you have got to maintain me,' surely there is no obligation imposed by Christianity to provide such maintenance. It is becoming increasingly fashionable to erect unsound economic theories upon a basis of misinterpreted Christianity, but so far as this right to live, as interpreted by the modern Socialists, is concerned there is no support to be found in Christian teaching.

II

There could be no better proof of the widespread adoption of the Socialist theory of the right to live than the coal strike in Great Britain which lasted from May to December, 1926. It was apparent in the summer of 1925 that the economic situation in the coal industry was such that the then rates of wages could not be continued. The necessary funds simply were not in existence. In August 1925 the agreements between coal owners and the Miners' Federation came to an end, and a stoppage of work was avoided only by the Government undertaking to make up temporarily the difference between the previous wages and the wages that could be paid. While this subsidy lasted, an official Coal Commission surveyed the whole situation and in April 1926 made its report. Negotiations were then resumed. They broke down. The so-called General Strike took place, and failed lamentably. The official leaders of the whole trade-union movement then recommended the Miners' Federation to accept the modified terms that were by that time available, but the Federation refused and a seven months' strike ensued.

From August 1925 to the collapse of the strike in November 1926 it was never suggested that the colliery companies were not offering the maximum wages that could be afforded. It was said that by compulsory reorganization of the industry economies could be effected which would provide funds out of which higher wages could ultimately be paid, but not even the firebrand leaders of the Miners' Federation claimed that future economies could at once increase the funds available for wages. The strike was called and continued simply and solely on the claim by the Miners' Federation that they had a right to the standard of living obtaining before August 1925. The whole essence of the dispute was not only a right to live, but a right to live comfortably. The demand was that, irrespective of economic facts, the miners must be guaranteed their standard of living. The secretary of the Federation was quite candid on the point. He even went so far as to say that the Federation 'stood for the maintenance of the old wages and conditions and the status quo whether one pit worked or one hundred.' In other words, the claim was that, even if the bulk of the coal mines never reopened, the miners were entitled to their right to live.

This startling claim — made and adhered to for many months, it must be remembered, by the official of a Federation which represented over a million miners — is even now not withdrawn. Though the miners failed ignominiously to establish the principle, the demand for the right to live independently of economic conditions still continued and few, if any, politicians dare do other than render lip service to it. Many trades in England to-day have wage scales which are entirely out of proportion to the ability of the concerns to pay. These are the 'sheltered' trades, where there is no international competition. Thus the London tramway men struck work in 1924 when their demand for increased wages was refused. It was proved conclusively that not only could the tramway undertakings — most of which are owned and worked by the municipality — not pay increased wages, but that they were losing hundreds of thousands of pounds of public money every year on the then existing scales of wages. No matter. The demand was made and the strike was called. A Labor Government happened to be in power and forced a settlement in which most of the demands of the trade-union were conceded. This was an acceptance of the principle of the right to live of which the Miners' Federation were not slow to take advantage. Many other examples could be cited.

Though the miners failed to get this principle accepted in their case, the policy pursued by the (Conservative) Government during the seven months' strike went very far toward an admission of state responsibility for the maintenance of all and sundry. Every miner on strike was allowed to draw what we in England call 'out-relief' for his family from the local government authorities. In the message to the United Press of America which Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, sent in August 1926, it was stated that 'it is estimated that the amount actually received from the Guardians [the local Poor Relief authorities] by the wives and children and other dependents of the miners in England and Wales per week during the month of June was not less than £230,000. In Scotland an approximate average of £25,600 per week was received during the same period.' These figures were independent of voluntary charitable relief and of such other municipal relief as the provision of meals for school children, and so forth. These enormous sums were paid out week by week throughout the strike, and on November 16, 1926, shortly before the final collapse of the strike, the government spokesman in the House of Commons stated, rather proudly, that the cost of relief in mining districts during the strike was £5,800,000 above normal. The number of persons in receipt of poor relief in mining areas increased by 337 per cent during the strike. On the same day a Cabinet Minister declared that 'it might not unfairly be said that the strike had been financed by the Boards of Guardians' — the official local authorities, whose funds are derived solely from the ratepayers and taxpayers of the country. Not only were the wives and families of miners thus subsidized during the strike, but additional allowances were made, above the usual scale, to cover the fact that the miner himself was not legally entitled to relief.

That this could be the state of the law is scarcely credible. A powerful trade-union, knowing that its wage demands could only be met by means of a government subsidy, calls all its men on strike and, while the country loses hundreds of millions sterling in trade losses, the Government maintains the families of the strikers. Could there be any more glaring example of what the acceptance of the right to live leads to? Unfortunately there was legal authority for the Government's policy. In 1900, in the case known as Attorney-General versus Merthyr Tydvil Board of Guardians, the English Court of Appeal laid it down that 'able-bodied men who can, if they choose, obtain work which will enable them to maintain themselves, their wives and families, but who, by reason of a strike or otherwise, refuse to accept that work, are not entitled to relief, except that, if they become physically incapable of working, the Guardians may, to prevent their starving, give them temporary relief. The wives and children of such men, however, are entitled to relief.'

Can it be wondered at that great strikes, usually inspired by purely political motives, have become increasingly menacing? In 1919, 35,000,000 working days were lost in Great Britain and Northern Ireland through industrial disputes; in 1920 the number fell to 26,500,000; in 1923 it was 10,500,000; in 1925 it was 8,000,000, and from January to October, 1926 (a period which includes only six out of the seven months of the coal strike), the number was 143,500,000. If the right to live was ever really acknowledged, presumably the similar figure would be the number of workers multiplied by the number of working days in the year, and then perhaps the Socialist paradise would be achieved — in theory.

Lest it should be thought that a Government earns any gratitude by pouring out public money in thus accepting the right to live, let me quote an extract from a resolution passed by the executive of the Miners' Federation in August 1926, when already complaints by the taxpayers were being heard against this squandering of public money: 'The Government has definitely decided to assist the mine owners to defeat the miners by starvation.' Throughout the strike, on every Socialist platform this accusation was made, and it is being repeated and will continue to be repeated for many months. Although the Government allowed public funds to the extent of nearly six millions sterling to be used in maintaining strikers' families, the Government is charged by every Socialist politician with starving miners and their families. Every politician who is tempted to bribe the electorate out of the taxpayers' money might well take warning. There is always someone round the corner who will bid higher.

III

The effects of the adoption of this part of the Socialist creed are multifarious. The most obvious is the enormous increase in national and local taxation, which in its turn intensifies unemployment by reducing the funds available for industrial enterprise and by increasing the selling price of commodities produced. According to Sir Robert Horne, M.P. (November 10, 1926), eleven shipyards on the Clyde, which paid in 1914 among them £17,000 for the poor rate, had in 1924–25 (before the coal strike) to pay £61,000. This was for local taxation only; but the social and moral effects are no less serious. Reliance on the State is incompatible with a true feeling of individual responsibility. It teaches men to ignore the possibilities of voluntary coöperation and self-help. During the British coal strike, a distinguished economist, Dr. Bowie, made the striking statement that 'the miners had lost in wages through industrial disputes since the formation of their Federation a sum which would have enabled them to buy up — lock, stock, and barrel — the whole of the collieries of the country. In voluntary absenteeism they had lost an equal amount. The community had lost at least four times the present capital value of the collieries.' It is always an expensive task to attempt to force public opinion or government authorities, and it is a tragic thought that in propaganda and strikes the miners of Great Britain have wasted — without in any way attaining their full object — at least as much as the purchase price of their industry. It is estimated that during this last coal strike alone the miners lost sixty millions sterling. There were previous coal strikes in 1912, 1920, and 1921.

But there is another and even more serious side to this. As Socialism progresses, it saps the self-respect of the public. Twenty years ago the ordinary Englishman felt it a disgrace if he or his family was compelled to receive public assistance in any form. Now, thanks largely to the Socialist schemes set on foot by Mr. Lloyd George under the name of Liberalism, this healthy feeling tends to disappear. It was Mr. Lloyd George in 1908 who raised the cry, 'Ninepence for fourpence,' in connection with the introduction of a compulsory scheme of state insurance. Such doctrines have spread. To-day poor relief has become the normal means of livelihood for countless thousands. In June 1926, Liverpool had 53,000 persons in receipt of outdoor relief alone. Sheffield had 43,000. These figures do not include the vast numbers who receive payments from the funds of the national insurance schemes. After the Great War there was a wave of sentimentalism in all the combatant countries. In England, among other things, it produced Section 9 (1) of the Representation of the People Act of 1918, which enacted that 'a person shall not be disqualified from being registered or from voting as a parliamentary or local government elector by reason that he or some person for whose maintenance he is responsible has received poor relief or other alms' — a change in the law which upset a fundamental principle of British policy which had been established for nearly a century. It is scarcely surprising that elections today, both municipal and parliamentary, develop into orgies of bribery. After the last municipal elections, in November 1926, a Sheffield magistrate wrote to the *Times* to complain that the Labor manifesto in that city had one paragraph which stated 'that all unemployed should either be found suitable work or paid the standard rate of trade-union wage' — a demand which is merely the right to live in up-to-date phraseology. 'What earthly chance,' wrote the magistrate, 'has a plain, straightforward civic worker, either Liberal or Conservative, against an inducement of this kind?' Sheffield gave the answer. The Socialist Party swept the Sheffield City Council.

One extraordinary feature of this spread of Socialist doctrines is that it is in the face of hard experience in the past. A hundred years ago conditions were similar — thanks mainly to the Napoleonic Wars. A famous Poor Law Commission was appointed, and in 1832 it reported 'that the fund which was directed to be employed in the necessary relief of the impotent is applied to purposes destructive to the morals of the most numerous class and to the welfare of all. . . . The great source of abuse is the outdoor relief afforded to the able-bodied.' But in those days paupers had no votes. To-day it is a harder task to put matters right.

Two other instances showing the result of accepting the right to live may be briefly mentioned. During the Great War there arose in most countries a serious shortage in houses. In England it was necessary to pass a whole series of Rent Restriction Acts which limited the amount by which rent or mortgage interest could be increased and which put severe restrictions upon the right of a landlord to eject a tenant. At once enthusiastic believers in the right to live put forward all kinds of monstrous claims. It was necessary for the courts of law to decide that a chauffeur who lived rent-free in his employer's premises could not indefinitely stay on, still paying no rent, when his employment terminated. In Glasgow an organized movement was set going to refuse to pay any rent at all for many months because some astute lawyer had found a technical flaw in the formal notices which landlords were by these Acts compelled to serve. A special act of Parliament was necessary to put this right. Such claims could never have been made if people were not becoming acclimatized to the idea that they had a right to be maintained at other people's expense. During the short period that the Labor Party was in power at Westminster the Government actually introduced a bill to enact that no landlord could eject an unemployed tenant, even though the latter could pay no rent. That was going a little too far and the bill was withdrawn. Secondly, there is the serious effect on emigration. One is tempted to wonder whether Virginia or New Zealand would ever have been founded by emigrants from Great Britain if Socialist doctrines had been fashionable a few centuries ago. Given a right to live in the old country, why should anybody trouble to cross the seas? Already there is a serious falling off in the emigration statistics, a fall not by any means entirely due to the immigration policy of the newer countries.

One of the most extraordinary features of the Socialist outlook is that the Socialist, while making the biggest demands upon industry and the community, is usually the man who is least concerned to safeguard his industry or his country. It might be expected that the man who asserts a right to be maintained by the country would at least be the most patriotic. There would be theoretically some excuse for an ardent individualist to claim that, as he desired the maximum independence from his Government, he saw no reason why he should in any way sacrifice himself for the good of his country. Similarly the man who recognized that, if he did not like the conditions in any particular job, his only alternative was to find other work might be excused if he adopted an attitude of indifference toward the welfare of the industry in which he was engaged. But the Socialist is usually the most antisocial person in the community. During the Great War most of those who pursued an antinational policy were Socialists, and in all industrial disputes the Socialists are the most indifferent to the welfare of their industry. During the coal strike many Socialist leaders urged a policy that would have permanently ruined the coal mines. They recommended the withdrawal of the 'safety men,' the men who worked the pumps and thus kept the mines in a condition that made a resumption of work possible. Many of the most ardent believers in the right to live advocated measures that would have rendered it impossible for either their industry or their country to maintain them.

IV

At this stage, and possibly some minutes earlier, American readers of this review may be thanking God that they are not as other men are. Perhaps they are convincing themselves that England is degenerate and slowly dying. No English individualist would attempt to deny the gravity of the Socialist menace, but none the less he can remain an optimist. Dependence on the State, national corruption, overpopulation, and so on, are serious problems, but they are not more serious than others that England has tackled before. These problems are likely to be solved in the good old English way. The Great War and the economic leanness that followed have given the Socialists their chance, and we are not blind to the fact that their doctrines have made disturbing progress. But improving trade — and, despite the coal strike, trade is improving — will gradually cut the ground from under the feet of the Socialists.

Despite the widespread adoption in fact of the Socialist belief in the right to live, the theory as a theory has not been and is not likely to be adopted. Englishmen are not logical. Hundreds of thousands of the people who voted Labor at the municipal elections in November 1926 voted Conservative at the last general election and will do so again next time. Is it not significant that at the lowest moment of our trade depression a Conservative Prime Minister obtained a record majority? For the moment there is a glamour over Socialist doctrines, but such doctrines are alien to the deepest beliefs of the Englishman. For the moment we are living amid an orgy of corruption in certain local areas, but British politics none the less are cleaner than those of any other country. Corruption in shillings by Labor is certainly no worse than corruption in millions by Capital, and perhaps an Englishman may be excused in saying that he prefers to see a few wage-earners tried in a police court for corruptly drawing benefits from the State than to read of ex-cabinet ministers being tried for corruption. Modern England has no experience of the latter.

The most serious danger in the spread of Socialism is that it tends to demoralize the national character. It is, I confess, tending to do that now. But this cannot and will not go on. The Englishman, more than anybody else, has a hatred of being overgoverned. So far at least he agrees with Jefferson that that government is best which governs least. The simple fact is that the right to live must in the end involve conditions approaching slavery. In proportion as the State assumes responsibilities it asserts power. The State has some rights too, and this is what the Socialists forget. The more the State acknowledges its responsibility to maintain the individual, the more it will control the liberty of the individual. Our wage-earners are at the present time demanding more and more benefits from the State; politicians are vying with each other in offering them. Such benefits are accepted at the price of personal liberty. Already countless acts of Parliament and local regulations enable the authorities to interfere in the personal affairs of the wage-earners. If the demand for maintenance is carried into practice much further, the State out of sheer self-protection will still further extend its control. Already the wage-earners are, by the very reason that they accept benefits from the State for which they do not directly pay, subject to restrictions from which others who maintain their independence are free. Thus in every local area there is an army of school-attendance officers whose duty it is to see that every child is sent to school. But their attentions are devoted solely to those whose children attend the free municipal schools. In England people of the 'middle classes' — with us the term has a wider and less offensive signification than in America

— send their children to fee-paying schools. The official school-attendance officers never visit their homes, though presumably the local education authorities would have power to prosecute if they could prove that children were not receiving education. In fact, however, the authorities confine their control to the wage-earners. This is perhaps a slight, but none the less a significant, illustration of the tendency that official control follows dependence on the community.

The big practical objection to the acceptance by the State of a universal responsibility for its citizens is that in the end such responsibility must result in some attempt by the State to control numbers. The English are by no means a logical people, but in the end the logic is surely inevitable that, if the State accepts the principle that its people have a right to live in the sense of a right to maintenance, the State must endeavor to control the numbers of people for whom it is to be responsible. Thus the logical result of the demand of the Miners' Federation for 'the maintenance (by the State) of the old wages and conditions, whether one pit worked or one hundred,' would be measures intended to secure the compulsory removal of the thousands of miners who are to-day surplus to the requirements of the industry. Ever since the Great War there have been thousands in the mining industry for whom sufficient work is not available. The cessation of the miners' strike left many thousands who could not be reinstated for the simple reason that there were no places for them. There could be no answer to a demand by the State, once theories about the right to live were truly accepted, for powers for the compulsory transfer of surplus miners to other trades or even to other parts of the British Empire.

Many Socialist thinkers frankly realize this. Some of them even go so far as to propound schemes for state interference in such personal affairs as marriage and the procreation of children. Eugenists regard humanity as a vast stud farm. Given the general acceptance of Socialist doctrines, the State would soon find in the plans of the eugenists a useful means of self-defense. To a French, and certainly to a German, Socialist it might appear logical, and therefore sensible, that the State should attempt to restrict the numbers of people for whom it will accept responsibility. It is possible to imagine a Socialist in Leipzig going to the state bureau and filling up a form for permission to marry and have one child. If the state official explained that this permission was necessary so that the State might know how many mouths it would have to feed, all would be well. But there would be physical assault if the Englishman were so treated.

At the moment in England, Socialist tendencies are uppermost, but a countermovement can also be detected. The wage-earners in England will no longer be eager to sponge on the State when they realize that the State can become a nuisance. It remains true to-day as ever that the Englishman greatly prefers independence to state dependence. When trade improves, the Socialist orator will have little effect with his right-to-live theories. In spite of all the growth of Socialism the Englishman is an innate individualist and can be reckoned on to refuse to follow indefinitely in the wake of alien theorists like Karl Marx, or of leaders like Mr. Sidney Webb, who is obsessed with Bismarckian ideas of bureaucratic control. If comparisons are permissible, one could reasonably say that even amid the Socialist period the Englishman is at least as sturdily independent as the American, as is seen in the reception that he gives to such grandmotherly ideas as absolute Prohibition. All countries have their lapses from the principles of liberty, and, if the Englishman at the moment is tempted by his Socialist leaders to accept dependence on the State, the American accepts at the dictation of his employers and of his womenfolk a legal impediment against the drinking of beer.

No, the bed-rock truth is that the right to live and other Socialist conceptions are comparatively novel so far as practice is concerned, but they offend the inborn prejudices of English people and before long they are likely to be slowly abandoned. The Englishman is wonderful at changing his political coat. During the coal strike one of the worst areas was the County of Durham. But groups of Durham miners in 1916 organized bonfires in which they burned their War Loan certificates. They refused to make money out of other people's sufferings, and thus set an example to the whole country — and, may an Englishman add, to America as well. It would be a big mistake to assume that, because in a period of post-war trade depression Socialist theories are making considerable headway, therefore England is steadily pursuing its way toward the Socialist goal. Similarly Americans will make a mistake if they assume that their present immunity from the plagues of Socialism will survive a period of industrial depression.

MADAGASCAR PROVERBS

BY MARGARET McINTOSH LINTON

There is no one who loves a proverb better than does the native of Madagascar. From the thousands in use he is always sure to be able to select one appropriate for the moment, whether he be sending his friends to ask the hand of his bride-to-be, or gathering his relatives around his deathbed, or merely bargaining for his piece of beef in the market place. Above all, when he becomes a Christian and speaks in church or prayer meeting, his proverbs come to his aid so easily and aptly that the young missionary is often ashamed to follow him with the most carefully prepared of sermons. Many of these proverbs have been handed down from the days when all life in Madagascar was very primitive. Some of them depend for their meaning upon beliefs and customs that no longer exist. Yet in comparing a collection of them with our own proverbs one is as surprised at the likenesses as at the differences.

The Malagasy have a 'Don't be a crowing hen' proverb, but they say nothing about whistling girls. They have also 'Don't kick a sleeping dog' and 'Don't take another mouthful until you have swallowed what is in your mouth,' which have a familiar ring. The rolling stone, in Madagascar, is famed not for gathering no moss, but because 'it never stops till it reaches the bottom.' This saying is used when a native is shaking his head in sad doubt as to the conduct of another. The pot that calls the kettle black is there only a dangerous companion: 'Those who are near the pot get black.' A dog's bark may be worse than his bite, but the native is wise enough to remark of it, 'The dog's bark, it is n't might, but fright.' In Madagascar the love of money is not called the root of all evil; it is 'the tail of witchcraft'! There is a 'fish that got away' proverb, but it goes further: 'An eel not caught is as big as your thigh; a hill not seen is like calamity.' 'In union there is strength' appears there, most fittingly, in the form, 'Cross in a crowd and the crocodile won't eat you,' and in 'Men are like the rim of a pot and one all round,' and the more homely but very characteristic saying, 'One finger can't catch a louse.'

On the other hand there are many which we can appreciate, but which have no English or American cousins: 'Cleansing others, but wasting away in the process, like soap'; 'Poverty won't allow him to lift up his head; dignity won't allow him to bow it down'; 'To be two things like a bat: flying it's a bird, resting it's a mouse'; 'Not knowing what to do, like the stepchild: if he does n't wash his hands he is called dirty, if he does he is wasting the water'; 'Guilt repented of becomes righteousness, but righteousness boasted of becomes the grandfather of guilt'; 'The end of an ox is beef, and the end of a lie is exposure.'

Long before Madagascar natives came into contact with Christian missionaries they had a number of what we should call good Christian proverbs. 'Don't think yourself hidden in the silent valley, for God is overhead' employs the term *Andriamanitra*, literally 'the fragrant sovereign,' a name which in the old days meant a supernatural ruler, or a deceased king who had come to be regarded as divine. *Andriamanitra* is now used by the Christian natives as one of the names for our God. Before the arrival of missionaries the Malagasy did not worship Andriamanitra, but one can have no doubt, after becoming familiar with their proverbs, that they attributed to him many qualities which show him to be the same omniscient Judge. 'Better be guilty with man than guilty with God'; 'God hates evil'; 'An axe with a notched edge: if the people don't notice it the tree will'; 'One is blessed by man and the other is blessed by God.' Our 'Don't count your chickens before they are hatched' has been said by the Malagasy: 'Don't decide before God, like the hatcher of fowls.'

Others could not be transplanted so easily into our own soil. There is one which says, 'The earth is God's chief wife; she maintains the living and guards the dead.' This refers to the days when polygamy was practised more generally in Madagascar than it is to-day. The first, or chief, wife had the care of the property and added to it as often as she could. Another says, 'The dead are not buried on Thursdays or Sundays, because the living are considered.' That is because Thursday and Sunday are unlucky days, and it is believed even yet in some parts of the island that a funeral on either of those days will soon be followed by many more funerals. The custom of wearing a *lamba* or sort of shawl has given rise to 'When God has made a plain face, covering the head won't make it handsome.' Another, which might well be remembered, but is n't always, when they are dealing with unsuspecting foreigners, is 'The simple are not cheated, because God is feared.' Perhaps the foreigner is not regarded as simple, but as fair game, no matter how little he may know of the island and of its scale of prices. Another, which should have more general application than it has, is 'When the day is dark a light can be used; when the water is deep a canoe can be used; when the moat is deep a ladder can be used; but there is nothing that can be done for an evil deed.' The little American boy might say that in his Sunday school!

They speak lightly of the diviner, who, nevertheless, still makes his living in all parts of Madagascar. 'Mr. Headshaker's prediction: if it is n't a boy it will be a girl' is reminiscent of an American doctor who made his position equally sure by finding out in advance which the parents wanted and then prophesying that it would be the other. If he was right they did not complain, and if they got what they wanted they did not complain.

'Sorrow I can bear, but not the professional mourner' has more sophistication than we should expect from the gentle savage. So also has 'A hard old woman who is not made compassionate by the past.' 'A cow is ill, and a bull is the doctor's fee' sounds like a bitter jest that might have been applied to an American lawyer. To be philosophical does not necessarily mean to have had a formal education. The Malagasy says, 'A wife to be divorced has many faults, a lass not married looks excellent, a woman not yet made a mother-in-law seems easy to get along with.' The poor mother-in-law gets the worst of it in whatever civilization she may find herself! There must be universal truth in 'A tall tree is hated by the wind, and a rich man by his neighbors,' but one would dislike having to live next the man who says, 'When there is a rice field to be dug I call in others; when there is salted eel for dinner I have no friends but the dead,' or to be engaged to the one who says, 'Marriage is not a fast knot, but a slip knot.'

Here is a new way of saying 'David and Jonathan': 'Let your friendship be that of the mouth and the hand: if the hand is hurt the mouth blows it, if the mouth is hurt the hand strokes it.' Then there are 'Don't love me as you do a door, liked, but pushed to and fro,' and 'Don't be so much in love that you can't tell when the rain is coming,' which latter could easily be listed among our own proverbs, if it is not already one of them.

Studying the proverbs of a people, the common sayings of their everyday life, and the philosophy of their more serious moments, one comes to a close understanding of that people. The Malagasy show depths of feeling, as in 'Sorrow is like a precious treasure: shown only to friends,' and 'I am deserted by you when I am not yet recovered, and yearning for you is two thirds of my malady,' and true nicety in 'Let your love be like the misty rain, coming softly, but flooding the river'; but in the long run the spirit of the tropics wins out and 'Love is like young rice: transplanted, still it grows,' and as for life, 'Life is a shadow and a mist; it passes quickly by and is no more.'

A CENTURY OF BEETHOVEN

BY HARVEY WICKHAM

I

Ludwig van Beethoven died in 1827, just a hundred years ago on the twenty-sixth of March, and therefore special efforts have been made to revive *Fidelio* out of its state of being a mere 'series of overtures' and restore it *in extenso* to the operatic repertoire.

This entirely to be expected manifestation of the centenary habit would itself bear investigation. For why should one care for *Fidelio* in 1927 who did not care for it in 1926? Doubtless for the same reason that a merchant takes account of stock in January. He does not know whether he cares for it or not, but, having carried it faithfully for a year on his books, decides to see.

Certainly we have been carrying the old thunderer of Bonn faithfully on our books, have listened with awe to what we have heard of him and with a good deal more of awe to what we have heard about him. The end of a cycle, however, suggests inventory, so strong is the notion that a period of time expressible in round numbers is a veritable circle. Beethoven rises from our subconsciousness like the paddle of a water wheel set in a river. So we ask ourselves: Is there anything still genuine in our old enthusiasm? The newspapers break out in a rash of paragraphs. A new emphasis is laid upon the fact that Beethoven symphonies and sonatas appear upon programmes. And critics who last year would have been present perfunctorily or not at all now lean forward as if with stethoscopes to their ears, listening, listening for some sign that the heart of this familiar — and sometimes unfamiliar — music has or has not ceased to beat.

One naturally approaches the inquiry fearing the worst. So much has happened since our uncouth Ludwig, interrupted in the midst of a sonata by the late arrival of a countess, told his horrified contemporaries that he would no longer play for such swine. The incident sounds modern enough, save for the presumption of the countess; but when we remember that this same Ludwig nearly broke his heart when a court of law informed him that the noble *von* which he was in the habit of prefixing to his name had no right there, and should be replaced by the plebeian *van*, a sense of age reasserts itself. True, posterity has reversed the decision of the court, awarding him the *von* on all but the most carefully worded programmes. It has been kind to the memory of the man. But has it been equally kind to the composer?

I remember, when I was a very small boy, being led to the Moonlight Sonata — the slow movement — and then being held back for many months because the author of those melancholy, brooklike triplets, and of the melody which erects itself above them like a stationary shadow, was a god whom it was simply forbidden to understand. The triplets, it appeared, could not be played slowly enough. Was n't it Beethoven? And was n't it adagio? The latter word has a fearful content to my mind even yet, and never shall I forget the shock of first hearing one Venetian gondolier hurl it profanely at another.

In the case of Shakespeare, chance permitted me to come upon a tattered volume in the garret, its title-page blessedly missing. So I fell in love with Juliet and shuddered over Lady Macbeth before I knew they were more than the heroines of a couple of 'penny dreadfuls' — as we called paper-covered literature in those happy days. But I never did learn to play the adagio of the Moonlight Sonata even passably well. And as for the second movement, it just happened that Hans von Bülow appeared in New York at the critical moment with an equally pedantic interpretation, and he was Authority. How much better he played the then uncanonized Brahms!

Beethoven himself, they say, started the fashion of these funereal tempi by abandoning in his later days the more sprightly habits of his youth and lingering inordinately over every tone. Poor man, he was only trying to hear, trying to pierce the acoustic veil of his growing deafness. But the story went forth, and became likewise Authority — to the great delight of music teachers, who wanted to give Beethoven to pupils lacking sufficient technical preparation.

Pianists play fast enough now, in all conscience, but the reverential interpretation lingers yet, especially in the orchestral field. It even peeps out now and then from such masterly solo performances as those of Schnabel. It appears to be quite impossible for a German to play German music without trembling a little before German greatness. He will not permit himself to forget that in four-four time there are four beats to the bar; in three-four time, three; and so on to the fatal end. Fortunately for Beethoven, however, there is Italy.

He owed much to Italy in the beginning. If the purple chords were his own, the singing melody was not all Papa Haydn. Even Naples crept into it — by telepathy, perhaps — enough to keep early Beethoven from being simply lesser Haydn dipped in dye. And Naples is irreverent — pious but irreverent, and unkempt, and beautiful, and so keeps its soul alive.

Unkempt, irreverent, and pious according to his lights, the German Ludwig, — he was Dutch as to his inherited hormones, — having duly imitated his great master and wisely burned most of the manuscripts, set about writing his first symphony, and began with a dominant seventh chord. The critics described it otherwise. They said it was an insult.

Probably in all the range of gainful occupations there is none so utterly worthless in its output as music criticism. Schumann and Wagner wrote it, but that only shows that it is possible to be entertaining or instructive while dabbling in philosophy or some other irrelevant matter, and one of them had drama to deal with. True music criticism, beyond a bare 'I like it,' or 'I like it not,' should be written on five lines and the intervening spaces — should be a comment scored for the praising brass or the complaining flute. The attempt to say anything about music itself is like describing a painting in Braille. And how well our own James Huneker knew it, with his personalities and adorable ravings about a number of unfiddleable things.

Beethoven fared marvelously well with the clan, all things considered, and if it was said of him that he was too noisy and prolix, jumping from one tune to another just as the listener's interest was getting aroused, the same had already been said of the pellucid Mozart. Noisy, prolix, insulting to the ear — what are words like these in the bright lexicon of the pundits? Listen to what Zelter, teacher of theory to Mendelssohn, had to say of Berlioz. This music was 'd'expectorations bruyantes, de croassements, de vomissements, d'excroissances, et de résidus d'avortement résultant d'un hideux inceste.' He said it in German, but it sounds rather better in French. In English it might seem a little rude.

II

There is a popular tradition to the effect that Beethoven was a very unfortunate, unhappy, and unpopular man, but nothing could be further from the truth. He was a prodigy, whose career began with encomiums from Mozart. He never suffered from neglect or lack of recognition. His income was enormous for an artist of his day, his social position like that of a cabinet minister. Women smiled on him to such an extent that his success among the fair titled ones of gay Vienna was notorious, not to say scandalous. But he had a scapegrace nephew, Carl; he became deaf; and his music had *content* as well as form. So he is usually spoken of as a Prometheus bound to the rock, with vultures feeding upon his liver.

For this idea the *content* — accented on the first syllable to show its autonomous relation to the same word accented on the last — is chiefly responsible. One can forget the worldly troubles of a composer. But there was this *Weltschmerz*, fairly sobbing through his music. It must have come, men said, from a broken heart. And up till about 1890 that was what the world chiefly heard — the Beethoven of the 'broken sighs.'

One would have to be fresh from a bath of the eighteenth century to realize how poignantly that same *Weltschmerz* struck the contemporary ear. Beethoven had gone through such an astounding apprenticeship that his genius, refined in the pedantic furnaces of Pfeiffer, Van den Eeden, Neefe, Schenk, and the mighty Albrechtsberger, — to say nothing of the composer's father and Papa Haydn himself, — entered the world like a wedge, thin edge first. Its revolutionary character was not very apparent. And yet there were passages even in those first pianoforte sonatas which startled the ear. It was not so much that rules had been violated as that, without such violation, this music carried a burden of personal emotion. His editors altered his scores. They were not bitter theorists whose nonsensical formulas had been exposed; they simply could not believe their eyes — already taxed by the sputtering Beethoven penmanship.

The romantic school was in full swing when he died, so it was but natural that moonlight should be turned on all his works. In an age which loved nothing so much as to read how the Abbé Liszt had ordered his piano carried to the top of a hill so that he could rhapsodize 'Hungariously' for the valleys and the forests, legends grew like fungus. And none of them were more fungoid than that of the Moonlight Sonata itself, already editorially christened with a ridiculous name. The inspiration came, it was said, through the open window of a countess while Ludwig paced in her garden or in the street outside, victim of a hopeless love. I have forgotten what countess — it was always a countess of some sort with this man of the people — and what she is supposed to have been doing. I used to think of her as playing the Moonlight Sonata, but that seems to be a mixing of cause and effect and a putting of the cart before the horse. The sad truth probably is that Ludwig was neither in the street nor in the garden, but in the boudoir, and hopeless of nothing but getting away.

The only one of these stories I like is the one about the conception of the four-note theme of the Fifth Symphony — how it came to him as he was crossing a crowded street, 'like death knocking at the door,' and nearly resulted in his being knocked over by the Vienna traffic as he paused to write it in his notebook. That has something of the rugged, boisterous, real Beethoven flavor, and might have happened. It was not an age of automobiles — another instance of the Beethoven luck.

Luck may seem a strange word to apply to a musician whose hearing began to fail when he was but thirty, continued to fail for nineteen years, and left him totally deaf for the final eight years of his life. But it cannot truly be said of Beethoven's deafness, any more than of Milton's blindness, that it was an unmitigated calamity. We might not be willing to lose our eyes for the sake of a *Paradise Lost,* but most of us would give our ears, I think, to write an Eroica. And that Heroic Symphony was the first echo, heard within, of the silence which was to hush the clamors of the world.

It was also to have been a monument to Napoleon, had the composer not learned to despise the conqueror before the date of publication and torn his name from the title-page. But the Funeral March of a Hero was never Napoleonic save in name. It was the March of the Renunciation of Hearing. We are now at the beginning of the famous second period, when the *content* was getting ready to break bounds. Something else had died besides Beethoven's hope of passing his days as a well-hearing man, and the real candidate for funeral honors was classical music. Form had a rival. It was as if someone had come and said that a beautiful woman should have thought and feeling, even though they made lines in her face.

It is odd to think that the old sonata form should have had mourners. For myself, I should as soon think of mourning over the demise of a patchwork quilt. Yet people lamented it, and of course it was a form which at one time had to be. Nothing further could be done with the fugue, after Palestrina, conscious of original sin, had soared with it in fearful ecstasy to heaven, and the Bachs, always conscious of a state of grace, had poured all its liquid voices into one great and satisfying river of consolation. Handel was content to give it a Miltonic pomp. But Haydn must abandon it for a pieced-out invention of his own, made by tying together the dancing feet of the ancient suite. If Haydn had not been one of the world's greatest masters of counterpoint and of melodic invention, he never could have made the sonata go down. He did not make it — not down to our day. Who now plays Haydn's sonatas? Or Mozart's?

Yes, the string quartette is a sonata, and so is the symphony. But I am speaking of the monophonic composition for a single instrument. Nobody ever attached that dreadful name to a solo opus without at the same time signing its death warrant — Beethoven and his successors alone excepted. And he did it only by insulting its limitations with codas longer than the bodies from which they were supposed to wag, and by 'development portions' which run their wild way into sheer fantasy.

To take this disjointed snake which he inherited, and convert it into a living, wayward thing of life, a fancy-free improvisation upon a dual motive with no proportions but its own, was Beethoven's great feat of creation. And the dual idea, once appearing, haunted him till the end, even when his sonatas refused to 'sonatify' at the hands of the cunningest analysts. It became his philosophy — the two horns of human destiny, full grown at last in the Karma and Nirvana movements of bipartite Opus 111.

I do not belittle Beethoven's sufferings, but they were of the spirit and he met them with a rugged courage which inspires envy rather than pity. The long-drawn-out nephew episode was the single exception, the source of that 'sordid' element we used to hear so much about, and it was but the justice of nature, which, having spared him matrimony, unloaded upon him a brother's son by way of offset.

What would have happened to Beethoven had he married is a tempting subject for cynical speculation. As bachelor in every instinct as was the mountain-climbing Brahms, a wife must inevitably have been a tragedy. But the Beethoven luck held true. He was so filled with the aristocratic ideas of his times that he could not look at a woman unless she had a title, and — thanks to those same aristocratic ideas and to his blessedly plebeian origin — those lovely countesses could not look at him as a husband. The combination of circumstances enabled him to be 'nearly always in love,' as one biographer puts it, and yet go his triumphal way, 'untrapped, untrammeled, and unstung.'

Looking back over my own recollections, I find that I reached the real Beethoven not by reading his biographies — they were so full of Carl that they repelled me — but by escaping from my teacher and plunging headlong into a four-hand pianoforte arrangement of the symphonies. I took the primo part because I had a rather facile right hand, and my sister played secondo, she being the better reader. She also manipulated the pedal, her legs being then somewhat longer than mine. And between us we did murderous things, aided and abetted by a Hazelton square piano whose white keys were mother-of-pearl. Much to our surprise, we discovered tunes, and a certain ingenuity which we could understand. Those duets ruined my hopes of becoming a pianist, for I discovered that I could devise chords and phrases of my own and improvise in the Beethoven manner — as I thought. But they initiated me into music.

I do not know that music is a good thing. It enables one to escape from the troubles of life perhaps too easily, like opium. The unmusical have to overcome their troubles. The musical — I do not mean the professional musician, who is a thing apart — dream past them, doubtless missing much wholesome moral discipline, to say nothing of worldly success. I tremble to think how happy I might have been if I had continued to read at sight and to improvise, and had not become a critic.

There are compensations, however, even in this rôle, where one has to choose between neurasthenia and the unlimited use of the cliché, and I can still shiver with delight at the recollection of one unforgettable Sunday afternoon in San Francisco when I heard Josef Hofmann play Opus 111 in a shed. For it was in those happy days shortly after the great earthquake (brought about, I have heard it alleged, by the way Caruso sang Faust there the night before), when a style of temporary wooden architecture, as cheap as it was beautiful and as simple in its lines as a Greek temple, held a momentary — alas, how very momentary! — sway. Rain pattered upon the unceiled shingle roof, and perhaps this accompaniment hypnotized me. But for once a pianist seemed to have worked the miracle of making those chains of trills express what they were meant to express — the thrill of that joy which lies beyond all desire or understanding.

It was another rare event, also at San Francisco, when Bauer and Mischa Elman played the Kreutzer at a concert they gave for fun and the edification of sundry kindred spirits. Tolstoi, though he named a novel after this same sonata, thought that it — or Beethoven in general — marked the beginning of a decadence of which he never lived to think he had seen the end. There have been times when I thought he was right. Such excess of emotion creates a reaction in the breasts of any but the hardened professional, and he — as is the way of his kind — only notes whether the form and the technical execution are bearing up under the strain. Did you never notice how impervious musicians are to the sensuous torture of sound? They never get the primitive appeal of a composition, never fail to protect their ears with the muffler of theoretic understanding.

I have not been able to comprehend the Mencken dictum, 'Of all forms of the uplift, perhaps the most futile is that which addresses itself to educating the proletariat in music.' It seems to me, on the contrary, the one form of uplift most likely to be successful. One cannot follow Dante without at the same time knowing something of ancient Greece and Rome, of the scholastics, of thirteenth-century history, and having more than a smattering of what to most of us is a foreign language. But to enjoy any piece of good music, all that is necessary, if one be not totally tone deaf, is to hear it a few times.

III

Beethoven was born at Bonn, Germany, December 17, 1770 — or at least he was baptized on the eighteenth, and biographers are united in the rather gratuitous supposition that the rite trod thus briskly upon the heels of birth. His father and his grandfather were both singers in the local Electoral Chapel; and his father, who, to put it bluntly, was a 'soak,' designed him for the career of child prodigy — with the hopeful intent of living upon his earnings. This father was such a bad teacher that neighbor Tobias Pfeiffer, who was a fairly good one, is commonly said to have 'rescued' the precocious Ludwig. And then came the Elector, who rescued him a second time for good by sending him to Vienna, where he spent practically the rest of his days — the great Vienna of 1787, the Vienna of Gluck, Mozart, and Haydn. There he proceeded to astonish Mozart with his improvising, enrolled himself as a Haydn pupil, and, finding Haydn no great pedagogue, sneaked off secretly for lessons from Johann Schenk until a tour of the great master enabled him to study openly with Albrechtsberger.

The young man prospered, which is no great wonder inasmuch as he was not only an accomplished pianist and composer but the protégé of the Elector, who in turn was an uncle of Leopold II, the ruling emperor of Austria. He became so popular, in fact, that when another city tried to steal him away a pension of four thousand florins a year was settled upon him. It may be imagined how many doors were closed to him. Nevertheless his manners, temper, and way of dressing continued to be atrocious, which probably accounts for the now very general idea that he was a species of Republican. But it does not account for the very marked approval of the women. This, which all contemporary accounts call attention to, seems to argue a particular personal charm. What woman, indeed, could have helped loving the helpless, lubberly man who could write, in that tattered diary which an accommodating antiquarian has just resurrected for the centenary: —

Feb. 15 — Engaged cook.
Mch. 8 — Discharged cook.
Mch. 22 — Engaged servant.
Apr. 1 — Discharged servant.

And so on, to monotonous infinity. Luckily he did not often have to dine at home.

Yet he remained faithful to his earlier friends of Bonn, to Count Waldstein; and only death ended his regard for Leonora, widow of Stephan von Breuning, and for her children. Of his brother Carl's son of the same name, the less said the better. The boy's mother seems to have had no discernible virtues, and the boy ran true to maternal form. He contracted debts for his uncle to pay, and, having been rewarded by adoption, went so far as to commit forgery and to attempt suicide.

And, having endured these things, and enjoyed a great many more, — and incidentally having celebrated the downfall of the once-worshiped Napoleon with the composition of a Battle Symphony, hugely successful but admittedly *eine Dummheit*, — Ludwig van Beethoven died, at Vienna, March 26, 1827, 'during a great thunderstorm.' That is all one needs to know about the man in order to enjoy the Pastoral Symphony, the sonata known as 'Adieux, Absence, and Return,' or anything else he ever wrote. Try reading Dante, or Vergil, or any great user of words with a similar stock of outside information!

But, after all, the question is not whether we understand Beethoven, but whether we still thrill to him. And the answer, I think, is that the average audience cares very little for his songs, very little more for his pianoforte sonatas, but positively delights in his symphonies and reveres the great Mass in D.

I confess that I do not quite know why this should be. The neglect of the songs may be accounted for by the rivalry of Schumann, by the extraordinary demands they make upon the vocalist, by — in the case of 'Adelaide' — a certain old-fashioned loveliness which is not yet quite old-fashioned enough not to seem quaint. The sonatas would certainly get more votes if the average pianist would occasionally deign to play one written before 1816, when the third and 'difficult' period begins. But they scorn even the second period, and as to anything below Opus 50 — it simply never occurs to their minds. But the fact is, Beethoven is not effective as a technical bravura stunt, even when adequate virtuosity is called into play. And as to the real master pianists, who carry the whole series in their repertoires, there are only three or four of them in the world; and the audiences in the great capitals, who alone frequently listen to them, still marvel more at the excellence of the performances than at the music, and are usually handicapped by having to congregate in excessively large halls.

The Mass in D holds a place by itself, and being sacred as to text is difficult to judge as to its purely musical appeal. Societies capable of struggling through Bach's Saint Matthew Passion could give it very acceptably, and then we should hear it oftener. It is not so difficult. I have heard it rendered, with more piety than perfection, but still very effectively, by the regular choir of St. Stephen's in Vienna, assisted only by an orchestra of amateurs.

But it is the symphonies alone — and with these I include the concertos — which have actually come into their own and taken their places among the popular music of the day. Certainly the popularity of the orchestra itself has had something to do with this. Even the most mediocre of conductors realizes that he must interpret as well as execute. So it was singularly appropriate that the Beethoven centennial should be inaugurated by the performance of all the immortal nine at a series of concerts at La Scala, in Milan, under the baton of Arturo Toscanini, last October. Since the 'Nerone' of two years ago, the claim of Milan to be the musical centre of the world has not been successfully challenged, and the centre of Milan, of course, is Toscanini.

'Whenever I find myself about to conduct this work,' he said, just before his stick fell to summon forth the opening 'shuddering fifths' of the Ninth from the strings, 'I feel as if I stood facing a great mountain which no man yet has scaled.'

And then he proceeded to scale it. And if there were any passages not entirely satisfactory it was because the deaf old master occasionally wrote that which cannot be sung, or even sounded upon any instrument as yet invented by man.

What those La Scala performances proved was that our Wagners, our Schönbergs, our Stravinskis, our new psychology, and our jazz have done nothing to estrange us from Beethoven. Here was Italy, where music began, giving the finishing touch to that same music made doubly great by foreign hands. The result not only charmed; it was new. These accents were as fresh as flowers. At last the true rhythm was born, not the rhythm of wretched beats imprisoned between bars, but a pulse, innate in the music itself. Adaptability, zoölogists tell us, is the secret of survival, and Beethoven adapts himself to almost any kind of treatment. Aside from a performance once given of the Fifth Symphony by the old Chicago Orchestra, I never heard one of his compositions completely destroyed. It seems to be equally difficult to exhaust him.

The last Mozart Festival at Salzburg showed a certain tepidity of enthusiasm even in music-conserving Austria. Chopin fades. Not even the Wagnerian drug is quite so potent as it used to be. But those scores blotted with corrections and emendations — emendations in which Franz Schubert could see no improvement over the first draft — have thus far proved too hard a morsel for time to gnaw. Beethoven is not only still alive; he has yet to come fully into his stature. And the modern drift of taste toward the eighteenth century is sure still further to favor him, to render more palpable those traces of formalism to be noticed in his earlier works. We shall probably not go so far as to accept that juvenile Beethoven symphony which Henry Hadley once introduced to an American public, but pianists who have learned from Scarlatti how to use their fingers as well as their arms may yet evoke for us the almost forgotten charm of the Waldstein Sonata. On the other hand, the increased resources which are being put into the hands of musical organizations everywhere ensure an increasing frequency in the adequate performance of the later works.

So the Beethoven luck still holds, and every year makes clearer that, of all the musical geniuses that have flourished since the songs of the ancient Greeks were lost, these three are to endure — Palestrina, Johann Sebastian Bach, and Beethoven.

INTRODUCED BY MR. HOUSMAN

BY ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

I

The seed of the desire to see Shropshire was planted by the lyric called 'The First of May' — that clear minor melody, never more wistful than through the major ring of the close.

The orchards half the way
  From home to Ludlow fair
Flowered on the first of May
  In Mays when I was there;
And seen from stile or turning
  The plume of smoke would show
Where fires were burning
  That went out long ago.

The plum broke forth in green,
  The pear stood high and snowed,
My friends and I between
  Would take the Ludlow road;
Dressed to the nines and drinking
  And light in heart and limb,
And each chap thinking
  The fair was held for him.

Between the trees in flower
  New friends at fairtime tread
The way where Ludlow tower
  Stands planted on the dead.
Our thoughts, a long while after,
  They think, our words they say;
Theirs now the laughter,
  The fair, the first of May.

Ay, yonder lads are yet
  The fools that we were then;
For oh, the sons we get
  Are still the sons of men.
The sumless tale of sorrow
  Is all unrolled in vain:
May comes to-morrow
  And Ludlow fair again.

Everyone knows the risk of seeking out a place around which a glamour has been thrown by verse. It is all too likely that along a macadamized Tewkesbury Road motor cars will be whizzing; that over 'dark Tintagil by the Cornish sea' will be scurrying a raucous company for whom a char-à-bancs waits. It is a dangerous thing to use as a guidebook a handful of lyrics into which a poet has put, living, the sunshine and the flowers and the hills of a shire that he loves; and the peril is the greater when the very names of hill and river and town hold an unreasonable charm. Clee Hill, the Wrekin, Wenlock Edge; the Teme, the Corve; 'Clunton and Clunbury, Clungunford and Clun' — how could these be matched by the reality?

A dangerous thing — and profane, perhaps. Yet I went to Shropshire.

It was by no means all because of the delicate chiming of 'The First of May.' For there are those other lyrics of Shropshire that flower on the grim background of Mr. Housman's pessimism as the valerian flowers bright and beautiful and sad on the rugged walls of Ludlow castle. And indeed is there an Englishman alive who equals Mr. Housman as the poet of nostalgia? Mr. Masefield's 'West Wind,' it is true, aches and cries; but it also flutes a little, almost in the Irish manner. Mr. Housman's lyrics of homesickness are all ache. They have the simplicity of emotion itself; they have the very minimum of decoration, and a matchless brevity.

'T is time, I think, by Wenlock Town
 The golden broom should blow;
The hawthorn sprinkled up and down
 Should charge the land with snow.

Spring will not wait the loiterer's time
 Who keeps so long away;
So others wear the broom and climb
 The hedgerows heaped with may.

Oh tarnish late on Wenlock Edge,
 Gold that I never see;
Lie long, high snowdrifts in the hedge
 That will not shower on me.

Hawthorn and broom were over when we headed for Shropshire; and as our train left London in the most depressing of rains, in the heart of at least one of us — the one who had held out resolutely, not to say obstinately, for a week or two in Ludlow — there was a heavy qualm of apprehension. For while English rain may softly veil some of the traveler's most charming pictures of English landscape (I myself remember my first English, or, to be quite accurate, Scotch, robin singing 'with treble soft' in a beech copse at Ardlui in a hearty, chuckling downpour; and a sunset of unearthly beauty, a pale gold and pale mauve sunset, seen from Land's End through a thin shower), this late July rain was of the kind that dulls landscape and zest alike. But just beyond Shrewsbury the rain stopped, and the window began to frame pictures. Fresh greenness lay around us; cottage gardens were gay. We were slipping into

The country for easy livers,
 The quietest under the sun.

And as high hills began to spring up on the left and the right, we saw ahead an evening rainbow laid across the valley.

The quaint Ludlow that met us at the door of the little railroad station was not recognizably the Ludlow of the *Shropshire Lad;* the horse-drawn bus was not, nor the long street that climbed from 'the bottom of the town,' nor the rare old Feathers Hotel, with its half-timbered walls, its gabled projections, and its leaded windows; nor even the extraordinarily mellow chimes that played, somewhere very near, 'The Bluebells of Scotland' as we ate our Severn salmon in the low-ceiled dining room with its priceless carving. It was on the next morning, a breezy, sunny morning, that I found the Shropshire of the poems — the Shropshire I was to keep.

I had walked to 'the bottom of the town' and taken at random a road that wound and mounted, bordered by hedges, toward rolling hills. Where the hedgerow was broken by a stile, I stopped to look back and down — and there indeed, across the meadows, stood the tower which to many a generation of farm lads has been the sign that they were drawing near to Ludlow fair. Beautiful and tall it sprang up; for while the slope of the town is such that from some points of view the church seems to settle low, and that at the Feathers Hotel, for example, the chimes seem to wander casually and companionably in at the door, from a distance the tower rises dominant. I was to learn the beauty of coming back at twilight from Much Wenlock or from Craven Arms and seeing the castle ruins and the tower lifting solemnly into the violet-gray haze of the evening.

Ludlow castle does not, I think, figure in Mr. Housman's poems. But it is certain that the Shropshire Lad loved the River Teme; and where is there a more charming reach of the Teme than the one that lies below the castle walls, to the west? Is it better to look down from the window frame in the west wall that bounds a narrow picture of the stream winding between its willows down the green valley, or to drift under those banks where meadowsweet grows and dabchicks dive and clatter and large Hereford cows snuffle and stare at the navigator, and to look up at the great walls looming almost overhead? Of this I am certain: that nowhere on earth has a bit of small change more purchasing power than here on the Teme. I forget whether it is sixpence or a shilling that one pays for a very glut of boating. This part of the river is not navigable for more than a mile, between a courteously firm sign above and a weir below; and one may row upstream and drift down, row up and drift down, with green willows and green banks to right and left, and green water under, and store up for a permanent possession pictures of the castle in the sky and Ludlow tower across the meadows.

It is good, too, to stand on the high tower of the castle keep; best of all, perhaps, on such a morning as the one I most remember of many mornings spent in the castle ruins — a day of sunshine and fleet cloud, with a strong, pure wind blowing out of Wales. 'Smoke stood up from Ludlow,' its plumes flying all one way; the reddish roofs of the town seemed to glow; above them Ludlow tower rose up near and friendly, yet not so near but that half the noon chimes were caught and swept away on the flaws of the wind; and the quarries on Clee Hill sprang out in that indescribable color, neither orange nor gold nor strong yellow, with which they meet certain slants of sunshine. Far, far down, below the steep drop of the castle hill, the little Teme slipped twinkling over the weir, and, backed by the high green slope and the great beeches of Whitcliff Park, ran curving to the fine old Ludford bridge with its three graduated arches. At the foot of the tower lay, outside the castle wall and across the dry moat, the wide spaces of the tiltyard, empty of everything but sunshine and silence; inside, that most lovable ruin, its broken walls darkened here and there, in squares and bars, by their own shadows. And it was down here, not on the windy top of the tower, that one tasted best the true flavor of Ludlow castle — the strong sense of its past, and the quiet present beauty that washes over it. Here one might see the shell of the finely proportioned hall where *Comus* had its première, and might wonder, fruitlessly, at which door the 'rout of monsters' rushed in, and where and how Sabrina rose; or might look up to — not through, for stairs and flooring are gone — the high windows from which Prince Arthur must have looked down on the Teme before he died; or might mount the winding steps, leading now to nothing but space, up and down which the Little Princes may have run, shouting, in the days when their hearts were still light. Here, too, the sunshine lay warm; the tufts of valerian stirred in the crevices of the stone; jackdaws dropped their queer notes, so throaty yet so ringing, from the topmost walls, and now and then showed their capable little profiles in silhouette against the sky; and goats cropped the grass in the courtyard, or stood contemplative in doorway or window frame of the wonderful little round chapel. By whose authority, or perhaps by what hereditary right, these pensioners dwell in Ludlow castle, I never learned; but their decorative effect was certainly great. Their angular bodies, so dignified yet so nimble, and their glances, aloof yet ribald, had the accentuating value that a gargoyle has in the midst of solemn beauty. There was one of them — in appearance the oldest — who late in the afternoon used to lie along a ledge where church dignitaries must once have sat; his beard up, his horns back, his eyelids drooped — a picture of rather cynical inscrutability and repose. But to establish any social contact with these decorations was a mistake, as I found one day when I impulsively offered one a tablet of Cadbury's chocolate. Instantly the whole band sprang to life, rushed around me, penned me in a close, leaping ring, 'mounting up . . . like thin flames,' in the manner of the souls seen by the Blessed Damozel: incredibly tall on their hind legs, and incredibly light except when in their ardor they stood on one's foot. In the end they had to be quieted, like Gareth's adversaries, 'with good blows.' But the initial indiscretion was mine, not theirs; and I should be sorry indeed to go back to Ludlow castle and find those picturesque presences no longer there.

II

Next to Ludlow, the name of Wenlock had been set chiming by *A Shropshire Lad* and the lovely 'Fancy's Knell' of the *Last Poems*. To Much Wenlock we went for its name; and went again for what we found there. The road from Ludlow, if without spectacular beauty, has a peculiar soft charm. The different fields of grain through which it ran had no names, to our agricultural ignorance, but the great rectangles of straw-yellow, of rich tan, of bronze, and of willow-green were none the less lovely to the eye. Phlox, roses, and hollyhocks brimmed the low-walled gardens of the little houses along the road. And no sooner was Clee Hill left behind than far off to the right Brown Clee flung up its long curve and seemed to go with us all the way. In the little flowery town of Much Wenlock we found two rare treasures. One was its guildhall, where the soul of its ancient dignity and pageantry lives on in the magnificently carved council chamber — a room that wakes Hawthornesque imaginings of the presences that must move there of nights, when the door is locked, and the moonlight falls through the leaded panes, and sleep is over Much Wenlock. The other was the fragmentary abbey ruin, with its roofless but marvelously preserved Norman chapter house. One might stare for hours at the three valerian-tufted arches of the west wall without fully absorbing their perfect beauty; or, passing into the chapter house, might look out through them at the sunny green garth, with its standard rose bushes like tall red-flamed lamps, and its box shrubs clipped by a master hand in the design of hounds chasing a fox. In the midst of this flying hunt reared up, or rather reeled back *sur son séant*, with forepaws in a sparring attitude, a small heraldic-looking creature which might have been an infant dinosaur, and which seemed, though perhaps not altogether logically, to reconcile chase and cloister walls.

From Much Wenlock one of us was drawn on an hour's digression by the haunting picture that is painted in 'Hughley Steeple' — that dark and tender lyric of sunshine and shadow and unforgetting affection, which begins, —

> The vane on Hughley steeple
>   Veers bright, a far-known sign,
> And there lie Hughley people,
>   And there lie friends of mine.
> Tall in the midst the tower
>   Divides the shade and sun,
> And the clock strikes the hour,
>   And tells the time to none.

Here again was a risk — but a risk that it would have been a loss not to take. A wooded road dropped sharply down from Wenlock Edge, and curved through a tiny cluster of houses around a sunken trough where some cows were splashing loudly with their forefeet and drinking in the snuffling and blowing manner of cows whose thirst has not extinguished their simple sense of amusement. A few rods beyond, a weather vane flashed; and there, with its trees, and its low enclosing wall, and its sunny tangled graveyard, stood, infinitely reticent, the little square-towered church. Into the silence of its interior fell, from the clock tower, a living sound — the loud slow ticking that is always somewhat awful in a place empty of humanity. Outside were sunshine and wild greenness and peace, and once the rich solemn tone of the clock striking the hour. It was impossible to feel that the matter of trimming and clipping was of much importance in a churchyard where a poet's loyal remembering flowered, invisibly but with such beauty.

The loveliest thing of all about our day in Much Wenlock, however, was the drive back to Ludlow in the early evening. In the slight dampness, the smell of the gardens and of the freshly cut hay was piercingly sweet. The sun, very low, shone through a thin haze. To the east, the meadows lay in a silvery light, and the hills beyond them were blue; the quarries on Clee Hill and Brown Clee flushed silver-rose. To the west, the stirring feathery fields were brushed by a metallic color that one might despair of phrasing. But Mr. Housman has done it: —

On acres of the seeded grasses
The changing burnish heaves.

As we drove, all colors imperceptibly merged in violet-gray; and presently Ludlow tower and the castle loomed softly ahead.

III

I do not remember whether it was in the Bull Ring, the commercial centre of Ludlow, or in Harp Lane, close by, and also, incongruously, commercial, that we found on a wall the poster which divided our small party in two; or, more accurately, caused an ardent remnant to stay on in Shropshire when the others made for the east, where were Ely Cathedral and Will Rogers.

Ludlow
Agricultural Society
75th Meeting
on
Monday, 2nd August, 1926

said the poster. Ludlow fair! Not, of course, the great fair of the first of May; not, indeed, to be pedantic, a fair at all — rather an exhibition. But, to one who would have it so, Ludlow fair for all that. Surely one of the sharpest of the mutually exclusive human divisions is the one between those who have, and those who have not, the true passion for animals. To those who have this passion the lack of it seems as bleak a limitation as color blindness or tone deafness; to those who have it not it seems a silly puerility. I could only hope — against hope — that my valued friends felt as respectfully toward my beeves and sheep as I felt toward their cathedral and their comedian, as I waved them a temporary farewell and fell to counting days and hours. On the night of August first, I dozed happily off with

May comes to-morrow
And Ludlow fair again

singing through my head, in defiance of the calendar; and early in the morning heard, with ineffable satisfaction, the *clap-clap* of an army of small hooves passing by the Feathers Hotel.

It was a fine, sunny day. It may no longer be true that 'the lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair'; but by ten o'clock High Street and Broad Street and the Bull Ring were relatively thronged, the tide setting toward Ludford bridge, beyond which the fairground lay. I had my first taste of the fair here on Ludford bridge, where, between the rows of observers leaning on the parapets, two men were leading, with difficulty, a monstrous and reluctant bull. He had quite the most bored, snobbish, and stupid expression that I have ever seen on the face of a quadruped; his enormous bulk advanced laboriously, inch by inch almost, on small straddling legs. Yet there was a magnificence about him, and more than any of the human beings watching him he seemed in harmony with the ancient bridge. He might have been, to an unknowing eye, four hundred years old, instead of the four that the official programme, as I learned later, gave him. I felt, not altogether tenably, a strong personal pride when in the afternoon he marched ponderously at the head of the prize winners' parade.

The fairground was a great green oblong, designed by nature for cattle shows. Three sides were walled by trees; the fourth sloped softly up to the sky. On this slope moved all day an irregular, shifting pattern of horses. Now a hunter would canter along the ridge; now mighty cart mares, with little whickering foals, stood on the incline waiting their turn to go down and be judged. On the opposite side of the field, close to the twinkling screen of poplars behind which the Teme gurgled now and then, a long row of cattle of high degree stood in makeshift pens; and from one of these shot at irregular intervals an indomitable little red bull calf, who intended to see, between captures, as much as he could of what was going on. Flocks of sheep poured through the entrance gateway, and were crowded into little enclosures of hurdles. At one moment a running flame seemed to go over the grass; this was the advance of a flock drenched with Sunset Orange powder — 'the brightest made,' said proudly the advertisement in the programme. A shepherd undertook my education in the matter of lambs and ewes, and, being a thorough man, pulled open many mouths that I might learn lore by observing teeth. Later in the day I was delighted to find prize tickets tied on his hurdles, and himself vivid with elation. 'And there,' he cried, pointing to a singularly torpid ram prone in an adjacent pen, 'is the fortunate father!'

It would have been a satisfaction to see parading a flock whose teeth one knew all about; better still, perhaps, to see the Sunset Orange company stream around the ring. But the sheep were not permitted to parade — and indeed one must grant that as marchers sheep are rather incalculable — any more than the fancy pigeons with feathers to the very tips of their toes. To the inexpert eye of one spectator the great moments of the Parade of Stock were two. The first was when the mighty bull of the Ludford bridge straddled slowly and scornfully around the ring, while the Ludlow Town Band played *con brio*. The other was when a group passed that might have come to life from a Greek frieze. A young man, bright-haired, broad-shouldered, slim-hipped, glittering with triumph, who looked as Phœbus must have looked when he served Admetus, led along — master of her, though half lifted off his feet by her — a magnificent cart mare, rather wild with the excitement of the show and the clash of the band. When she pranced, it was as if the mountains skipped, and as she planted each great hoof she shook the earth. Her dark coat shone, her powerful neck arched gloriously. At her side, head up, a foal sprang along, light as a bubble. This group of three, on fire with life, was the picture still in my mind when all the winners of the morning had gone glorying around the ring; and the splendid hunters had taken their hurdles and their water jump; and cattle and sheep — mildly puzzled, perhaps, but as to that, who shall say? — streamed out through the gateway, toward home; and those of us who flung away our privilege of crowding into the big tea tent streamed out likewise, crossed Ludford bridge again, and climbed the long street to the town, where Ludlow tower was chiming late afternoon.

IV

But the best, perhaps, of all my hours in Shropshire was spent neither in Ludlow nor in Much Wenlock, but near Church Stretton, at sunset, on the Caradoc. One may believe or not, as one chooses, that here Caractacus made his last stand (and certainly around the summit run shadowy trenches soft with heather); but in the austere, high solitude it is easy to feel that Roman ghosts are blowing by on the hill wind. I risk the assertion that if one is to drink the full flavor of the Caradoc it is best to be there alone, in a gusty, red-gold sunset, with the vast shadow of the Longmynd swallowing, league after league, the brightness of the valley. 'Fancy's Knell' has it: if not the exact topography, yet the very air and the spaciousness.

Wenlock Edge was umbered,
  And bright was Abdon Burf,
And warm between them slumbered
  The smooth green miles of turf;
Until from grass and clover
  The upshot beam would fade,
And England over
  Advanced the lofty shade.

With the sinking of the sun behind the Longmynd, the wind dropped, and the silence became a limitless living presence. A kestrel hung perfectly motionless against the amber sky. The still fields so far below took on the strange, intense green that comes between sunset and twilight. And presently the deep bowl of the valley was brimmed with dimness; the Wrekin, to the north, was softened to mystery; in some wood far away, owls had begun to call. It was time to come down from Caer Caradoc, before the infinitely light whispering of the heather should turn too eerie under the stars.

It would be an arrogant spirit indeed who, knowing Mr. Housman's poems, should indulge too strong a sense of possessorship in Shropshire. For, however much the stranger may love that quiet, unspoiled beauty, he knows that it has been loved better. Back in his own land, he will not presume to appropriate the lines that set his wistfulness to music: —

Into my heart an air that kills
  From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remembered hills,
  What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,
  I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
  And cannot come again.

But for me, as doubtless for others, it is not only humility that makes me refrain from taking these verses to myself; it is also the fact that they do not — at least I trust they do not — wholly fit my case. For I hope to come again. If, contrary to all legend, one has indeed found the rainbow's end, and found it pure gold, what shall hold one away forever? For me, I hope to go again where the solemn shadow of the Longmynd creeps to Caer Caradoc; where the willows dip and the dabchicks dive in the green Teme below Ludlow castle; where Clee Hill and Brown Clee burn silver-rose at sunset, and hay smells sweet in the evening on the road to Much Wenlock.

THE SOUL REMEMBERS

BY ALICE BROWN

I AM a moth that has been blind with light,
A breath that drank the youngness of the day
And drugged primeval thirst with flowers of night,
A wing that winnowed dust from beauty's way.
In ecstasy, I urged my answering blood
To lift me on the high transcendent wave
That flings mortality upon God's rood,
To sunder breath from body but to save.
Now I am wan at these great majesties.
I bow before them, yet they seem afar
As ruined shrines to outworn pilgrim eyes,
Or the soul's haven in an unseen star:
A morning drop of dew that held the sun
And dies of splendor, its bright cycle run.

THE PHANTOM WATERFALL

BY OSWALD COULDREY

Hardy, the Goal Superintendent, who bought Postlethwaite's old hack mare and used to ride her about the sandy lanes of the Reserve Forest, was wont to declare that the animal always came to a halt on the brow of a hill, or at any place where there was a fine view. I heard a guileless person once protest that horses never admire views. 'Nor did she,' replied Hardy. 'She used to start grazing. It was I that was expected to do the admiring.'

Postlethwaite was a dear old friend of mine, and without vouching for the literal accuracy of Hardy's story — for Hardy, too, I knew very well — I will go so far as to say that if ever it could be true of a horse, that horse would be Postlethwaite's. For indeed I never knew a man who took such an unfailing delight in the mere act of looking at nature as my old friend. The love of nature, like the romantic love of women, is a convention of the poets, a mystical experience to which we are all supposed to be subject, but which with many of us remains no more than a pretense, even when it is carried adroitly enough to deceive ourselves as well as others. Occasionally, however, one meets people who actually achieve one or other of these refinements of emotion. I never found out whether Postlethwaite had ever been in love. Probably he had, for he never married. About his realization of that other and safer and still rarer state of imaginative grace there could be no doubt whatever. The love of nature was his religion. He found in the leafy wilds, and in the revolution of the seasons, that spiritual consolation, that sense of an impersonal and lasting order, which others look for in a church. The splendor of the forest was his ritual, and the spring his literal Easter.

At least that is how I seem to myself best able to describe, albeit by a loose figure, his spiritual attitude. I am far from supposing myself able to explain it, although I have studied and considered long the general question involved. Young men, furnished with ability, tell me nowadays that the love of nature is no more essentially 'æsthetic,' as they hideously label the business and concern of beauty, than any other emotion. I am not concerned to show that they are wrong. Possibly Postlethwaite's affection for the wild, his 'forest sense,' as the early Buddhists had it, was compounded of many little material preferences and personal habits and accidental associations — the love of fresh air and bodily exercise, of solitude and thought and easier daydream, even of relief and relaxation and vacancy, for Postlethwaite was an overworked upcountry judge, and his morning walks and rides must have been a grateful change from the stuffy day-long drudgery of the courthouse, and all the paraphernalia — to quote another South Indian judge — of

Parallel cases and criminal faces
Of prisoners all in a row.

Postlethwaite remained a district judge to the end of his working life, for he steadily declined to go to the High Court, lest he should lose his rural recreation. Self-indulgence of this type has its own nobility, and I always refused to accept in any vulgar sense the allegation of certain cynics that what Postlethwaite really loved and cultivated and admired, like a platonic and middle-aged Narcissus, was his own company and his own soul. But in a finer sense he would have accepted it himself — in the sense, namely, of the sage of the Upanishads who declared that not for the love of a wife is a wife dear, not for the love of sons, or wealth, or virtue, or wisdom, are any of these things dear, 'but for the love of the soul all these are dear.' I remember his actually applying this passage to the love of nature, in amplification of the Swiss philosopher's observation that 'every landscape is a state of the soul.' For Postlethwaite, like many lovers of nature who have never heard of the Upanishads, was a devout pantheist.

Whether his main interest in the higher life was 'æsthetic' or not, he was a man of many interests and gifts. If he had not been a judge, — he generally pronounced the word as 'drudge,' — I think he would have been a great painter, for he had a singularly vivid visual memory. He could draw faces, once seen, with uncanny suggestiveness. This gift of his, for some reason, he studiously concealed, but he had at one time practised the art of landscape painting in water color shamelessly and with much local glory. He told me that he had given it up because simple admirers persisted in likening his work to colored photographs, and because his conscience told him that they were right. From this it will be seen that he was ahead of his time, for this was many years ago. Later he became a great admirer of old Chinese landscape painting, and was led thence to a study of the Zen Buddhist and Taoist doctrines by which it was so largely inspired. By this devious path he finally tracked his favorite emotion to its fountainhead in the ancient culture, too often forgotten by her governors, of the land of his labor and exile. India, he used to say, anticipated Wordsworth by two thousand years. He was a devout Wordsworthian for all that, though I have heard him dismiss the famous Ode as a 'fake.'

Despite his interest in abstruse philosophies, it must not be supposed that Postlethwaite was a mystic in the vulgar sense of a seeker after miracles and signs. The ancient Buddhists and Taoists professed to be able to control external nature by the naked operation of the will; but if the study of their thought had ever revealed the secret of any such feats Postlethwaite, as we knew him in the flesh, was at least, like the Taoist sage of the anecdote, 'able to refrain from doing them.' He had the reverence of the enlightened Victorian for the laws of nature as he knew them, and though he was well aware of the mystery that moved behind them he took no morbid pleasure in the thought of throwing them out of gear. He shared his devotion between beauty and knowledge in a way that reminded one of Ruskin, with whom he had much in common, and whom he admired even more than he admired Wordsworth.

But if he neither performed nor wished to perform practical miracles, he wrote marvelously good letters, an achievement far more conducive to the edification of posterity. He was also, as posterity will readily believe on the evidence of the same letters, an uncommonly entertaining talker. He was almost as fond of good conversation as he was of walking and riding, but he nevertheless preferred to enjoy his exercise alone, and never walked and talked or rode and talked at the same time; for at such a juncture, he declared, he found himself intolerably pulled between the appeal of the conversation on the one hand and that of the landscape on the other; and the better they both were, the more painful did his own case become. I have found a similar admission in Hazlitt, another of his literary cronies. But Postlethwaite at night upon his own verandah, when the distracting shows of external nature were obscured, was peerless.

He was always best seen in his own house. He used to come twice a week, perhaps, to our little upcountry club for tennis, but he never made of it, like many Anglo-Indians, a kind of evening home, for he disliked indoor games, and had no relish for the sort of conversation that lives on sufferance between the strokes at billiards or deals at the card table. At tennis, I remember, he was rather clever in a wayward fashion, but he would suspend his service in the most exciting game to contemplate a rosy cirrus at the zenith, or a flight of evening cranes. It was chiefly thus that his idiosyncrasy was brought home to most of us, for he never gushed about a sunset before the multitude, or babbled of green fields, like poor emended Falstaff. The ordinary man's — and woman's — comparative indifference to natural beauty he took philosophically. In fact I think he actually underrated the power of such influence upon common minds. Our clubhouse was built upon an ancient bastion facing westward across the stately river which gave its name to the district — an outlook hardly to be matched under an October sunset, or indeed at many another season of the day or year. Instead, however, of repairing to the platform whence this daily marvel was to be seen, I am sorry to say that custom and indolence led us, when the light failed for tennis, and the afterglow, the time of strangest splendor on the river, was at hand, to remain sitting with our backs to it beside the tennis court; finding in the latest gossip of the station matter more seductive than was offered by that familiar blazon, however curiously varied, of waves and colors, quaint sails and cloudy shoals, across half a league of luminous water. Pretty Mrs. Carew, when she first came to the place, declared that she would abolish this stupid habit, as she called it, and for a time her youthful and lovely enthusiasm effected a reformation; but in six months' time she sat by the tennis court as oblivious as the rest of us, and it was Postlethwaite, I remember, who won of her a wager that it would be so.

For Postlethwaite, I think he visited the club as much for the sake of that river prospect as for social consolation. He declared, indeed, that he was more closely attached to places than to persons, but this, I think, was a paradox. His close friendship, no doubt, he shared among few, for few understood him, but the quality of such a share was the richer and sweeter for the reservation. With the rest, his natural kindliness, his disarming aloofness from all that was personal and petty, his rather elvish humor, and his unfailing cheerfulness — he was without exception the happiest person I ever knew — so combined with, or tempered, his intellectual reputation as to surround 'Pozzy' with an atmosphere of affection as near to popularity as was possible without entire comprehension. Besides, were we not proud of Pozzy as a picturesque and amusing feature of the club, like the scene from the river wall, our chief distinction in his eyes, or the new gramophone, his only aversion?

When he retired from service, his health did not allow him to remain in the plains. He did not leave without a pang our little station by the river. He was deeply attached to it, as indeed he generally became to places wherein it was his fate to live for any considerable time. He had a strong sense of indebtedness to external things. 'All that I experience is I,' he once wrote to me, 'and I am that. I am the food I eat, the books I read. I am the July rain, and the sunlight of this November morning.' And again, 'I never leave a place where I have lived long without leaving also at least a third of myself behind. The greater part of this remnant ultimately disentangles itself, I suppose, and straggles after me, but some of it remains, and is reabsorbed into the inanimate world from which it was derived. This "truncated" feeling always bewilders me when I migrate. I often wonder why what is left behind is not equally troublesome to my successors there.' He had added between the lines as an afterthought, 'Perhaps it is, only they don't understand the reason of their trouble.'

He consoled himself very effectually, however, for his departure from the scene of his last years in service. He bought a house in the Indragiri Hills, a lodge originally built, I believe, by a tea planter, and by him styled, for local reasons, Halfway House — a name which Postlethwaite, but with symbolical intent, retained. There I visited him several times during the last ten years of his life. Halfway House was about four miles distant from a well-known hill station. It lay just below the brim of a lovely basin of the hills, and looked westward across the valley into a splendid waterfall. From its immediate terraces arose a solemn troop of pines of different species, such as flourish so vigorously in the hospitable climate of the Indragiris; and Postlethwaite had laid out part of the garden before them in the Chinese fashion, with a mimic stream and a little bridge, stone lanterns, mounds of rock, and a marsh for irises — little regions which he whimsically dignified, according to classical Far Eastern example, with a geography of imposing Chinese names, of which I remember only that a certain hillock of clean sand was nominally dedicated to the Contemplation of the Honorable Moon. At the back of this quaint pleasance, and somewhat apart from the main house, he had built a delightful Chinese apartment, — or rather a set of apartments, for it was divisible at will by means of paper panels, — upon the spotless planks of whose little low-railed balcony he could sit like an Ashikaga and see the far-off waterfall in a frame of pine boughs, a picture visited by the breath of heaven, an aerial and magic fresco, charged with alteration and tremulously musical. He had spent much of his time in the Far East, and during his last years his delighted fancy followed more piously than before the tortuous paths of the Far Eastern mind. The curve was characteristic of Postlethwaite's sensitive response to environment. In the plains the trend of his thought had latterly become from year to year more notably Indian, abstract and subjective; but in the temperate air and amid the romantic mountain grandeur of the Indragiris he was reminded again of the great landscape painters of China and Japan, and his native interest, his temperamental bias toward absorption in the visible beauty of the world, was confirmed and rejuvenated.

I found him, therefore, a more delightful companion than ever; but his habits had become crystallized with time and living much alone, and his devotion to nature had taken upon itself a certain ritual solemnity, which he treated only half seriously himself, but which was rendered almost formidable by the air of half-comprehending reverence with which his sister, who kept house for him, and the household of long-service familiars, had grown accustomed to surround it. Postlethwaite, I should have stated, had at his retirement taken for a time to color photography, had become in fact something of a pioneer in that study; and the brilliant glass transparencies which he produced were known throughout the province. He would conduct me, then, through the secrets of his chemicals, in which, to tell the truth, I was by temperament little interested; and he was content to find me a more intelligent collaborator in his gardening — a pursuit upon which he spent much time, not only in his metaphysical Chinese parterre, but amid the more sensuous profusion of the outer garden, whose floral paragons, chiefly roses, were famous throughout those years even among the gorgeous exhibits of the Indragiri Flower Show. He allowed me also to lend a hand in the care of his cattle, enormous milk-white creatures of both sexes, the result of a cross which he had initiated between certain Australian breeds and the stately zebus of Nellore.

I found, however, that he preferred to be left entirely to himself for certain considerable and well-marked portions of the day. He had always professed a periodical, I may say a daily, need of solitude as pressing as that which others feel for company. This appetite of his, I found, had grown with exercise, was more deliberately indulged, less tolerant of dispensation, than of old. The first hours of the day he had always reserved for himself, and now, though he was often seen about the farm in the early morning, he was always uncommunicative at such times, breakfasted alone, and did not appear in public until ten. An hour after lunch (and here lay the innovation) he was off again, generally for a long ramble, and he took tea alone, and rather late, on the balcony of the Chinese lodge. There he would sit smoking in his dressing gown until long after the colors had faded from the sky above the waterfall. The household were particularly careful not to disturb him at this time, which they seemed to regard as the most sacred hour of the master's day. At dinner he appeared, genial and almost worldly, but still clad in his quaint Chinese dressing gown, unless there were unfamiliar visitors. From dinner onward he was entirely at his guest's disposal, and we would sit until the small hours talking of life and art and science and history, of men and beasts and plants, of the kingdoms of this world, and of the kingdom of God.

Sometimes Postlethwaite would go out alone for the day, and the household were not perturbed if he even failed to return by bedtime, for he would sometimes sleep in the house of some friend at the far end of a favorite ramble. Sometimes, too, he and I and the camera — or sketchbooks, for he dropped his photography before the end — would spend a day upon the hills together, but for the most part the order of the days was as I have described. It suited my own humor well enough, as I was fond of sketching from nature and, like the majority of Anglo-Indians outside novels, used to being long alone; and I never spent happier days than those which are associated with the memory of that curious hermitage, with its choice, full-blooded roses and oxen, white and red, its great, symbolic pine trees, and gracious dreams, on the lovely hillside over against the waterfall.

After living ten years in this retreat, the master was moved to leave it for the last ramble, of which we had so often spoken together; and became, as he had loved to think, 'a portion of that loveliness,' which his life, for those at least who knew him well, had made more lovely. This event, so sorrowful to his friends, does not, however, mark the end of my story; nor perhaps of his, but I will proceed with mine. His excellent sister remained at Halfway House, though it was several years before I had the heart to visit her there. One day, however, she wrote that she wished to consult me on some matter connected with the disposal of his photographic patents, and I took advantage of a brief Easter vacation to go to her.

I found the house and grounds very much as he had left them. His books, his portfolios, his laboratory, the Chinese lodge and its quaint garden, had been preserved with an exact and pious care. The beeves and the roses, or their descendants, were as large and beautiful as ever, for of the beeves, at least, his sister had always known as much as, or more than, he. But in the neighborhood, beyond the pale of the sanctuary, heart-rending change had been at work. The rude mountain track below the house had become a metaled road, where periodic motor cars ran dustily. Above the trees that fringed the northern rim of the valley basin could be seen some of the roofs of the military settlement of Marlborough, which had grown up around the new cordite factory beyond. Worst of all, they had dammed the stream above the fall, and taken the water away to drive the factory engines.

Its naked cataract — I would rather say, its empty throne — still shone across the valley, a very metaphor of desolation, but beautiful still in its dumb suggestiveness — the tall embrasure of yellow rock whorled and rounded by the corrosion of its vanished waters, the tumultuous fringe of trees and creepers as thick, and almost as green, as when they trembled in the breeze and thunder of the fall. Few mere sights could be more poignant than the aspect of this void rock as I saw it between the pines from the balcony of the Chinese apartment on the morning after my arrival. The waterfall had always seemed to dominate the valley, to be the high altar, as it were, of an open-air cathedral; rather it had seemed a living presence, which had governed the orientation of that populous chapel of the cathedral which was Halfway House. The hills, the house itself, seemed strangely silent now, for although the sound of the great fall had come to us muffled from afar, and sweetened, as it were, with atmosphere, its pervasive murmur was the only silence that we knew. This hard and utter numbness, like the naked gash in the green heart of the hillside opposite, into which the morning sunlight now shone so pitilessly, was like the palpable and hopeless absence of my friend — an absence now raised to the power of a tragedy in nature.

But that evening at sundown, as I sat in the same place, the place and hour wherein the master of the house was wont to keep his ritual contemplation, sat and dreamed of him and of the days that were gone with him, almost suddenly the valley was filled with the familiar murmur, and lifting my eyes I saw the streams come down over the rock as of old. For more than an hour I watched and heard them, for it was as if my friend himself had appeared and spoke with me. I saw the long, throbbing veils of silver fade into the twilight. I could even see, with a strength beyond my usual vision, with a sharpness which reminded me of that eagle eyesight upon which my friend himself was wont, even to the last, to pride himself, the white plumes of the water overlap and follow one another into the gulf, like the breast of a great swan, the bird of creative Brahma, sinking forever through the void; and when at last I rose and went into the house the chant of the cataract still rang clear out of the darkness. My spirit was deeply moved, and my emotion, perhaps, made me refrain from speaking of the matter to my hostess that night. Afterward I wondered more prosaically that the people at the factory should allow so much water to run to waste. But when I was told by the old butler, after my hostess had retired, that no great quantity of water ever came over the old way now, and when I went out later and found the night all black and silent, a different kind of awe came upon me, and a conviction drew to light which was confirmed next day by the information given me at the factory — a conviction which I had perhaps subconsciously entertained from the first, but in the hour of deep feeling had regarded as based upon a distinction of no moment; the conviction, namely, that those were no material waters that I had seen and heard.

When I waited in the twilight the next evening, and when again, only a little later, the vision, the voice and the vision, were vouchsafed me, and again with that strange sensuous distinctness, my courage for a moment quailed, until the love and memory of my dead friend overshadowed every other feeling. That night I waited until the voice of the waterfall failed upon the darkness as softly as it came.

An illusion of the mind, you will say — the work of memory and overwrought regret. But wait.

Afterward, when I was bidding my hostess good-night and good-bye, she held my hand and said to me, 'You have seen it, then?' I said yes, I had seen it.

'I too saw it once,' she said, with tears in her eyes, but I thought there was gladness in the voice. 'That was two years ago. But you have seen it twice within three days. You were a dear friend of his.' And thus, with shining eyes, and a certain sweetness in our hearts, we parted, and I never saw her again; for she too went forth finally from Halfway House not long after, but not until she had seen the phantom waterfall once more, for she wrote of it in one of her last letters.

That is all I have to tell. I am no mystic and a poor metaphysician, and I have searched in vain in my own mind and among current psychological and philosophical theories, aye, and ransacked the ancient wisdom of the East, for an explanation of that beloved and lovely mystery of the South Indian mountains. That it was in some way a manifestation, a unique and intimate manifestation, of the personality of our dear dead comrade, neither his sister nor myself had ever a doubt. She at least was content to leave the matter there; but Postlethwaite himself, in similar case, would not have been so, and I would willingly follow, if I could, the example of that fervent searcher of the spirit. My old friend neither greatly desired nor expected a personal survival other than objective, and I for one still see no clear reason to suppose that he now holds another opinion; but we cannot exclude the possibility that his disembodied spirit directly spoke to us in the garden house that he loved. Or had the repeated ardors of past contemplation established nomes and rhythms of the world-stuff thereabout that shook like an echo along the years, and played upon the sympathetic brain, as upon an instrument attuned, a symphony that spoke with all the subtle organ stops of sense? Or had our own poignant emotion induced in us a state, as it were, of backward clairvoyance, which for a time brought us into touch once more, not only with the virgin waterfall, but with the mind of the sage for whom it had ever been a symbol of such heart-uplifting sanctities? I write only in vague suggestion, feeling as I do that these conjectures are at best but parts and aspects of the solution that I seek. I have long suspected, however, that the past and the future alike exist, in a sense, now, and are perhaps even accessible to the living sense and mind of us, had we but strength and skill to find our way to them, or, if you wish, to summon them to us.

Marlborough has grown apace of late, I am told, and hill villas, with pretty posy names, have begun to grow up along the road by Halfway House, and to stare into the vacant cataract. I wonder whether any of their inmates ever see the phantom waterfall!

For myself, circumstances have borne me far, but I still hope to go back there again before I die, to see whether my old friend will remember me.

ADAM AND EVE — AND ANDREW

BY N. B. BLANKENSHIP

The other day I attended a luncheon at the Civic Centre. It had been planned in the interest of law enforcement, which in this instance, as in most others, meant enforcement of the Volstead Act. This luncheon was not intended as a woman's affair, but was open to the general public; and men would have been even more welcome than women, since it is, on the whole, the men rather than the women who need to be convinced that the necessity for enforcing this particular act is imperative. But of an audience of between fifty and sixty only two were men. I scrutinized them carefully. They were not clergymen or newspaper men; from their expressions I hardly judged them to be Volstead enthusiasts, and so I concluded that they were just husbands.

Their faces showed complete uninterest tinged with hostility as we listened to the various speeches, most of which were more or less openly triumphing. Almost every speaker recapitulated the history of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and described the Prohibition Amendment as woman's great political achievement — a statement which is at least partly true. It is certain that this is the first time in the history of any known civilization that the women of a nation, working together, have promulgated a far-reaching law to which the men *as a whole* are more or less opposed. The thrill felt by the women at the luncheon as they realized — some of them, perhaps, for the first time — the enormous political power of women working as a group was obviously not shared by the men.

Perceiving this, it seemed to me that I perceived also the underlying reason why the relatively unimportant question of 'to drink or not to drink' has suddenly resolved itself into the paramount issue in America to-day — an issue all discussion of which is characterized by a bitterness scarcely transcended by that of the slavery discussions before the Civil War. That this increasing bitterness results from a clash between very powerful forces, no one, I think, will deny, although he may not be prepared to define their alignment. To my mind it is not simply a case of Reformers versus the Rest of Us, or Puritans versus Pagans, as at first sight may appear. The division is less complex than this, but more ominous. It is, quite simply, a clash between women as a group and men as a group, and the reason for the clash is as old as Eden and as new as the Nineteenth Amendment.

The history of civilization is also in no slight measure the history of the relationship between the sexes. In the beginning, so diverse were the activities of men and women that there could be no more antagonism between them than between Fiji Islanders and Eskimos, who are not even aware of each other's existence. Later, when man finally began to attain mastery over the fullness of the earth, and the struggle to live became less all-absorbing, the supremacy of purely physical strength began to wane and sex antagonism gradually developed. For some time we have been conscious of its undercurrent below the surface relationship, but now, I think, it is manifesting itself openly for the first time in history and its first act is to hoist man with a petard constructed by himself.

For a sufficient number of generations women had it drilled into the innermost recesses of their conscious and subconscious minds — by men — that self-sacrifice, principally for the sake of husbands and sons, was not only the station in life, as we say in the Catechism, to which they had been called by God, but also the highest ideal to which they could attain. Even so recently as thirty years ago literature was crammed with heroines whose sole claim to be thus described lay in their powers of self-denial and renunciation. It is hardly exaggeration to say that woman was taught — again by men — that the world's path to its goal lay over her prostrate form.

When the absurdity of this idea at last percolated through society, woman, emerging from the background of which she had so long been a part, brought with her the best of the old way of thought — a thorough comprehension of the necessity, power, and beauty of self-denial. Society no longer considered so admirable a quality ideal for women only, but showed a growing tendency to set it up as a standard for men.

If self-denial on woman's part was good for the world, self-denial on the part of both men and women must be twice as good. At any rate this assumption sounded logical to the women, and the men with some slight reluctance agreed. Eventually America turned herself into a huge psychological laboratory to see how the theory worked out in practice.

For a year or two after the war it seemed that the woman's solution was correct. Drunkenness, and the crime and disease attendant thereon, markedly decreased, but before the women could say, 'I told you so,' something happened. With very little warning a reaction set in, so violent and so complete that to-day we are confronted with a state of affairs which is little short of appalling. I think it is fair to say that this reaction was principally among the men, who, as a group, were never whole-heartedly enthusiastic over Prohibition. Self-denial is at best a negative virtue, and the psychological make-up of man desires something more positive as his ideal. This reaction to an ideal too uninteresting or too imponderable for his continued loyalty brought the ever-mounting wave of sex antagonism to a climax, and for the first time men and women openly confront each other across the line of sex. That women as a whole are either actively or passively for Prohibition, while men either actively or passively are against it, is abundantly proved when we consider the undeniable fact that, if men ardently upheld and strove for the enforcement of the Volstead Act in the same proportion as do women, Prohibition would for some time have been a well-established fact.

The W. C. T. U. is correct, then, when it says that if the Eighteenth Amendment is to be enforced it must be done by the women, aided by the clergy (the only great masculine group which has been especially trained to the woman's ideal of self-denial). Such enforcement can be brought about only at the price of ever-increasing bitterness. Bad as conditions are now, I believe that this clash on Prohibition may be only a skirmish in a sex war which will probably be bloodless, — except incidentally, — but which nevertheless may prove subversive of civilization, old style.

Since men and women are alike necessary to each other and to the world, it is difficult at first glance to see why sex antagonism should ever have arisen and still more difficult to understand why it should have developed its present intensity. A little thought, however, soon shows us that through the ages the ideals which urged forward men and women were not the same. Just as women, from time immemorial, have been trained to self-denial, so men have been taught to regard personal liberty as their most precious attribute. Now we are discovering that the two are not necessarily compatible; and the clash is not only between men and women, but between the two different ideals toward which the two groups have struggled for uncounted generations.

What the end will be, who can say? Unfortunately there seems little common ground between the two sides. The increasing similarity between the sexes of which we have heard so much is after all a recent and superficial growth. The ideal self-denial which is almost a sex trait in woman is a recent development in man, and while he can, on occasion, sacrifice himself with the best woman who ever lived or died for others, yet when it comes to the little self-denials of every day he violently reacts and reverts to the old and hardly won ideal of personal liberty.

In spite of her much discussed freedom, equal in every respect to man's, so used is woman to sacrificing her personal liberty to the welfare, first, of the family (and as long as there are families this sacrifice must be made), second, of the community, that she is utterly out of sympathy with the attitude of man. She cannot even understand it. Where the average man sincerely feels that denying him his right to take it or let it alone strikes at the very root of a liberty which in past ages has been dearly bought, woman can only see that man in order to avoid denying himself what she considers a very trivial gratification is willing to connive at almost any crime.

Under the conditions of the present day, physical strength no longer counts as in past ages. Differences of opinion are settled by ballot boxes more often than by bayonets. Thus woman's power to control modern life so nearly matches man's that to me it looks as if the irresistible force of woman's desire to protect humanity even against itself had encountered the immovable obstacle of man's inherent objection to being protected. Out of the resulting chaos, who can tell what new social system may evolve?

WANTED — A MEXICAN POLICY

BY WALLACE THOMPSON

I

WHERE are we going with Mexico? What is the reason for the confusions and the failures in our Mexican relations? Is it, actually, a lack of policy, or is the situation really an impossible one, or is it that we follow a policy which, as the Mexicans tell us, is outworn and unfair and unwise?

A learned doctor of laws from one of the great lands that lie to the south said to me the other day: —

'There are only three policies that you of the United States can follow toward Mexico. First, you can leave her alone. Second, you can intervene in her affairs by turning revolutions loose upon her. Third, you can make a conquest of her territory.

'The third you may not follow, because your people will not let you. The second, intervention, you have been following for a hundred years, in all the ways possible to the imagination, and yet you still have the same old troubles with Mexico. Why not try the first way, and leave Mexico alone?'

Before answering that keen inquiry, we have much ground to cover. First, this policy of 'intervention.' The Latin American can never be convinced that the United States is without a policy in Mexico, an international plan of procedure. The Latin American starts with a premise that all we have done with Mexico is a manifestation of that definite policy. He traces these steps in our past history: the Mexican War, and its conclusion in the cession of the rich empire of California to the United States; the thirty-five years of support of Porfirio Diaz while Americans grew in power and wealth in Mexico; the massing of troops at the Texas border, which all Mexico (including General Diaz himself) took to mean that his hour had struck, and that we had deserted him; the death of Madero, glibly laid to American interference; the fall of Victoriano Huerta, frankly brought about by President Wilson's pressure; the decision, in Washington, that Carranza, although he had flouted us, was the right man for Mexican president, and our forthright recognition of him; our disgust with Carranza that encouraged Obregón to hasten his own rise to power following upon his triumphal tour of the United States; and finally, in recent months, the tremendous diplomatic pressure on Calles while he was stubbornly seeking to enforce the myriad inchoate provisions of the Mexican Constitution of 1917 that his predecessors had allowed to lie fallow. The Latin American observer sees — not illogically — a continuing policy running through it all.

Whether these predatory appearances of what my Latin American friend called 'intervention' set forth fairly the real policy of the succeeding governments in Washington is, however, open to question. The recent reiteration by President Coolidge of an earlier Mexican doctrine — that of President Hayes — certainly suggests that the activities of the Department of State may really be motivated by a determination for 'the protection of American lives and property,' by means not always tactful, to be sure, but sincere, and, above all, the result of a definitely chosen road.

On January 7, at the White House Press Conference, the presidential 'spokesman' read, for the benefit of the assembled journalists and the millions who were to read their dispatches, the so-called 'Evarts Doctrine,' contained in the note written on August 12, 1878, by William M. Evarts, Secretary of State, to John W. Foster, then Minister to Mexico. It was stated, on behalf of the President, that this had been, and still was, the policy of the United States toward Mexico.

> The first duty of government is to protect life and property. This is a paramount obligation. For this governments are instituted, and governments neglecting or failing to perform it become worse than useless. This the government of the United States has determined to perform to the extent of its power toward its citizens on the border. It is not solicitous, it never has been, about the methods or ways in which that protection shall be accomplished, whether by formal treaty stipulation or formal convention; whether by action of judicial tribunals or that of military force.
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> Protection in fact to American lives and property is the sole point upon which the United States are tenacious.

We did not, however, have to wait for that old Evarts phantom to walk the boards anew to learn the present attitude of the American Government toward Mexico. It is expressed over and over again in the diplomatic correspondence of 1917 to 1926. True, the voice of the White House carries farther than voluminous notes hidden in government archives. But Mexico, at least, read the documents, even if the American public did not — for her Foreign Minister answered them. Out of the mass we can pick clarifying phrases regarding our present policy.

> My government reserves on behalf of citizens of the United States whose property interests are or may hereafter be affected by the application of the two above-mentioned laws (the alien land law and the petroleum law) all rights lawfully acquired by them under the constitution and laws of Mexico in force at the time of the acquisition of such property interests and under the rules of international law and equity, and points out that it is unable to assent to an application of the recent laws to American-owned properties so acquired which is or may hereafter be retroactive and confiscatory. (American Ambassador James R. Sheffield to the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, Aaron Saenz, January 8, 1926)
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> An injury done by one state to a citizen of another state through a denial of justice (should there be a denial of justice) is an injury done to the state whose national is injured. . . . The injury . . . is the basis of the right of his state to seek redress for the injury in conformity to the established standards of civilization which modern states have mutually acquiesced in and which have become a part of international law. (Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg to Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs Aaron Saenz, March 1, 1926)

The basis of present negotiations over the retroactivity of Mexican laws enacted in the past two years is a series of memoranda drawn up in August 1923 at the meeting in Mexico City of the Mexican and American Commissioners who negotiated the two Claims Conventions which were signed just prior to, and were in part the basis of, the recognition of President Obregón by the United States Government, on August 31, 1923. The American Commissioners were Charles Beecher Warren, later American Ambassador to Mexico, and John Barton Payne; the Mexican representatives were Ramon Ross and Fernando Gonzalez

Roa. Besides the Claims Conventions, arranging for a settlement of sixty years of damage suits against Mexico and the United States, the 'proceedings' of these conferences set down a number of principles. These included agreements on Mexico's future oil policy and on the form of payment to American owners for the lands taken by the Mexican Government for the establishment of small holdings and village commons.

These 1923 agreements the United States has continuously held to be of supreme political importance, as setting down the promised future policy of Mexico. In the negotiations with the Calles Government since 1924, the Mexicans have held that these agreements were merely the expressions of the policy of President Obregón, — his platform, so to speak, — and have neither the binding force of a treaty nor anything approaching it. Much has turned on this difference of point of view. It is typical of the whole controversy, and of its misunderstandings and charges of bad faith. To the Department of State the Mexican attitude has been a breach of honor, while to the Mexican Foreign Office it has apparently been a palladium of independence from the pressure of American diplomacy.

The Payne-Warren agreements do stand, however, as a definite milestone in Mexican-American negotiations, as the statement of Mexican policy accepted by Washington. At the formal Conference on August 2, 1923, the Mexican Commissioners set down the following as among the 'natural consequences of the political and administrative programme which the Mexican Government has been carrying out': —

> It is the duty of the federal executive power, under the Constitution, to respect and enforce the decisions of the judicial power. In accordance with such a duty, the Executive has respected and enforced, and will continue to do so, the principles of the decisions of the Supreme Court of Justice in the 'Texas Oil Company' case and the four other similar *amparo* cases, declaring that paragraph IV of Article 27 of the Constitution of 1917 is not retroactive in respect to all persons who have performed, prior to the promulgation of said Constitution, some positive act which would manifest the intention of the owner of the surface or of the persons entitled to exercise his rights to the oil under the surface to make use of or obtain the oil under the surface; such as drilling, leasing . . . or manifesting [such] an intention. . . .
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> The above statement has constituted and will constitute in the future the policy of the Mexican Government . . . and the Mexican Government will grant to the owners, assignees, or other persons entitled to the rights to the oil, drilling permits on such lands, subject only to police regulations, sanitary regulations, and measures for public order and the right of the Mexican Government to levy general taxes.

II

Although the present era in the negotiations over the oil situation dates properly from the Payne-Warren agreements, the question has been virtually unchanged as well as unsolved since May 1, 1917, when the new Constitution of Mexico went into effect. The first protests filed by the Department of State with the Mexican Government were over the provisions of Article 27, the famous antiforeign clause of that document. Then came the decrees of Presidents Carranza and Obregón, and now the law and its regulations. The Constitution of 1917 specifies: —

> In the Nation is vested direct ownership of all minerals . . . including petroleum and all hydrocarbons — solid, liquid, and gaseous.

The laws enacted under the old Constitution of 1857 provided that all minerals *excepting* coal and petroleum belonged to the nation; these belonged to the owner of the surface. This was the inheritance of the old Spanish royal right to precious minerals — coal and oil had not become precious in the colonial days. The Constitution of 1917 placed the 'direct ownership' over petroleum as well as all other minerals in the hands of the nation. In the meantime, however, American and other foreign oil companies had acquired an immense holding of producing and potential oil lands. They have held them ever since, against the presidential decrees of Carranza and the legal battlings of his successors.

The old titles, taken when the Mexican Constitution of 1857 gave the oil to the owner of the surface, are the bone of contention. The legal basis of these titles was wiped out by the Constitution of 1917 and its subsequent interpretations, and the American diplomatic controversy of the past ten years, so far as it concerns oil, has been directed toward saving those titles for the American oil companies. By the law which went into effect December 31, 1926, and under its regulations, the old fee-simple titles are exchangeable (if a 'positive act' of oil development has been performed) for fifty-year concessions; if there have been no 'positive acts,' the title lapses forthwith. The concession is to date from the beginning of development, which in some instances goes back nearly twenty years, considerably shortening the prospective life of the fifty-year concessions. There have been assertions (but not in the law) that Mexico will extend the concessions on the old properties for a second fifty years.

Mexico claims that the new plan is a 'right of use' and, therefore, constitutes a fair and equitable exchange for fee-simple titles to lands owned purely for their oil contents. The United States Government says the system makes the Constitution retroactive and confiscatory and insists on a 'confirmation' of the old titles under terms discussed and noted in the 1923 Payne-Warren conferences.

These claims of the United States Government, it should be made clear, are not presented on the basis of the Mexican Constitution; its legality does not enter into the discussion of the question. The claim of the United States is solely on the ground of international law and equity and the rights of Americans provided for in the 1923 agreements. Much ink has been spilled in the long discussion of these issues. The American position was perhaps best stated in the following excerpt: —

> This Government cannot fail to point out that the exchange of a present title for a concession having a limited duration does not confirm the title. Such confirmation can be brought about by regulations in harmony with the Supreme Court decision (in the Texas case cited in the Payne-Warren agreements). Nor can this Government fail to point out that anything less than a confirmation does not grant the owner in the language of the Supreme Court of Mexico, without the necessity of a permit from any authority, the right to appropriate such products of the subsoil (petroleum) and does not enable the owner to transmit his acquired rights as he would any other property. (Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg to Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs Aaron Saenz, January 28, 1926)

The Mexican answer to these objections was stated as follows: —

> To grant a concession in exchange for an actual title is to confirm the latter, because the granting of the concession will have no other foundation than respect for the former; and although it is true that concessions are for a limited duration of time, on the one hand to determine the period for the future exercise of a right is not to proceed retroactively, because it does not modify the effects already consummated

> of a right, but only applies a rule for future use, and on the other hand, the period of a concession having expired, the latter may be extended or another obtained, wherefore in practice no prejudice is caused by the application of the precepts under consideration. (Foreign Minister Aaron Saenz to Secretary Kellogg, February 12, 1926)

The petroleum law has also been protested by the United States Government on the ground that the 'positive acts' which were arranged in the Payne-Warren agreements are not held sufficient, in the new law, for the holding of some of the properties without actual wells, and much argument has been recorded on both sides. The Secretary of State has insisted consistently upon the English conception of property, holding that property must exist even without such 'positive acts of appropriation.' The conflict here has been well summarized by the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, in his note of October 7, 1926: —

> According to the American position, the rights exist just because the law makes it possible for them to exist. From the Mexican position, a right cannot exist unless there be a positive act of man which gave it birth.

Later in this same note he says: —

> In the matter of petroleum, the purpose of the foreigners who believe they have acquired rights to the subsoil antedating 1917 is that those rights be respected. The purpose of the Mexican Government is that the principles of nationalization of the petroleum be applied. But there cannot be two laws, one concerning the rights acquired prior to 1917 and another concerning rights acquired subsequently; and with regard to the rights acquired prior to 1917, neither can there be two ways of enforcing the law, one for the nationals and one for the aliens. Neither can the operation of the Constitution be indefinitely suspended. It is, therefore, proper to seek the manner in which the rights acquired prior to 1917 subsist in practice within the new laws, and this cannot be done except by placing the former acquired rights under the new rules under such conditions that although the legal theory on which they are based has been changed, they are not altered or impaired.

Mexico's antiforeignism is not a fetish manufactured out of the imaginations of discouraged diplomats. It is very real and usually quite frank. The Constitution provides for the elimination of foreign property holdings. This is being carried out literally to-day. The oil concessions will work themselves out in fifty years. Even earlier, in case of American acceptance of the new oil law, the control of the subsoil will all be in the hands of the Mexican Government. Titles to agricultural land must be disposed of by foreigners at the death of individuals now living, or, in the case of companies, within ten years. Mining concessions, which, during four hundred years, were granted in perpetuity so long as taxes were paid, are now (by a law already in effect, but hardly known in this country) outlawed, and must be exchanged for new concessions lasting thirty years or fifty years from the beginning of the first development, possibly generations or centuries ago. The forestry law places the control of all trees in the hands of government officials; the irrigation law allows commissions of small local landowners to divert streams which have been enjoyed for centuries. The labor law, which is to be an enactment of the rather elaborate labor provisions of the Constitution of 1917 (themselves virtually a code of labor legislation), is now under discussion in Congress; foreign employers have many times stated that its provisions are confiscatory of their industrial properties. The new banking law will, its critics say, take all banking out of the hands of foreigners.

Through all of these laws there runs the provision that foreigners, in order to hold property of any sort in Mexico, may do so only through a Mexican corporation in which the foreign stock holdings are definitely in the minority, or by renouncing all right to diplomatic protection and agreeing to consider themselves Mexicans with regard to that property. The Department of State, however, has again and again declared that, even though an American should so divest himself of the right of appeal, this Government cannot consider that it is estopped from protesting and protecting its national in case of a denial of justice in Mexican administrative or judicial procedure.

The Department of State has reiterated, nevertheless, its recognition of the full right of Mexico to legislate for the future, and the present controversies are definitely confined to cases where the United States Government holds that the Constitution has been or may be applied retroactively to destroy American-owned property that was legally acquired prior to 1917.

Mexico has from time to time brought up the fact that in certain American states, notably Arizona and Illinois, foreigners are not allowed to buy property. Secretary Kellogg replied to this contention in his note of January 28, 1926, pointing out that both the Illinois Law of 1897 and the Arizona law of 1913 'are expressly made to apply to future acquisitions of real property and do not apply to property already acquired.' He states also that, on the other hand, the Mexican land law requires the alien owner of many rural properties 'to divest himself of the ownership, control, and management of his property.'

Mexicans, none the less, do not expect to be deserted by capital. This is one of the facts of which we often lose sight. No Mexican, in discussing the future possibilities of the development of his country, has the slightest doubt that foreigners will flock there, once the legal tangle of the old property values is cleared up. In the note of October 7, 1926, Mr. Saenz says: —

> Investments which may be made in the future, and they will undoubtedly be made, because capital and enterprising men will always adapt themselves to new legislative conditions, will indisputably be of much greater importance than the interests which exist at present.

Mexico is certainly not anti-property, but she is firmly anti-capitalistic, and, at the moment, anti-American, in her enforcement of the provisions of her Constitution. There is a calm determination not to yield now to American pressure, chiefly because to yield now would be, in Mexico's concept, to continue forever, within the nation, a privileged group. It may well be that when the power of the Mexican Government is firmly settled there will still be the buying of privilege that there has been during the years of uncertainty, when capital had no rights and yet in strange ways (not widely advertised) still was enabled to worry along, whether or not Washington could furnish effective protection, or whether or not the Department of State could make an 'arrangement' with the current Mexican Government. But I suspect that even the most honest of the Mexican leaders will consider it a happier condition than if the foreigner had actual legal rights greater — in any sense or by any means — than the native Mexican's. In that ground I think we shall find the Mexican — honest man, grafter, agitator, or humble peon — as firmly embedded as in the dogmas of his individual religion.

III

There is no doubt that the Mexican shoe pinches in Washington. Those who have kept watch at the Department of State through the long months of the controversy have noted from time to time not a little exasperation on the receipt of these elaborately embroidered Mexican documents, with the sting hidden under words or within words. Why this exasperation, evident to others as well as to us of the press? Why is there apparently a deep resentment that makes distrust and dislike almost the basic tenets of our official attitude toward the Mexican problem?

There is, to begin with, no very pronounced knowledge or understanding of that Mexican psychology that baffles older heads in Latin American matters than Mr. Coolidge's or Mr. Kellogg's or Mr. Sheffield's. They have tried again and again, with more or less unsuccess, to reach in their notes a touchstone that will bring a compliance with their requests, or with their demands. Once, as most readers of the newspapers will remember, Secretary of State Kellogg made a formal statement to the press about what the United States Government thought of President Calles. These words from that statement of June 12, 1925, brought an avalanche of denials and protests from Mexico: —

> The Government of Mexico is now on trial before the world. We have the greatest interest in the stability, prosperity, and independence of Mexico. We have been patient and realize, of course, that it takes time to bring about a stable government, but we cannot countenance violation of her obligations and failure to protect American citizens.

That once, Mr. Kellogg let the American public in on his views of Mexico — he is not likely to do it that way again. There was no doubt, at the time, that this statement, and the reply made to it by President Calles, opened a door of frankness that could have been developed into some phase of at least honest disagreement, had President Calles in his turn been answered sanely and convincingly and been told what was really meant. But no answer was ever made, and to-day some of the deepest of all the unsayable things with regard to the policy of Washington toward Mexico are hidden beneath the débris that this remark brought down upon the head of a very much astonished Secretary of State.

Then, there is a disagreement as honest as it is profound over the American and Mexican points of view on the importance in world affairs (and in Mexican affairs) of the Mexican revolution. There is no reason for denying that, from the point of view of a practical, business-economy American administration, the supreme stupidity of the Mexican revolution has never really been forgiven. Washington simply cannot now, and perhaps never will, see a possible justification of the Mexican revolution in the social reforms attained or crudely begun. The Mexican diplomatic notes, meanwhile, go glibly ahead and present the new dogmas of the revolution, even the latest law passed by the legislatures, as if each phase of it — even those only a month old — had the binding force on the whole world of the centuries of accumulated equity of the Anglo-Saxon common law.

The graft of Mexico, to the mind of Washington, wipes out, also, much of the force of the Mexican discussions of right and justice. Mexico insists that the courts are not subject to the Executive, and Minister Saenz is very sad over the naïveté of Washington in thinking that they can possibly be. Mexico solemnly enacts her complicated laws and piles legal conflict upon legal conflict, and yet the accidental suggestion by Washington that this may be done for the benefit of Mexican lawyers would grieve the Mexican Government beyond words. The graft in Mexico is, however, colossal.

To-day the methods are more subtle

than in the early revolutionary days, but the present laws and all their innumerable regulations place the control of permits, of water, of wood, of transport, and so forth, in the hands of a horde of minor officials. They speak (to the thought of Washington that is never, now, put on paper) a peril for years to come to honest men in Mexico, be they foreigners or Mexicans.

In the course of the controversies over the oil laws, Mexico has brought forward many extraneous issues. Never fear, she has mentioned the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. On March 1, 1926, Secretary Kellogg replied, on that point, as follows: —

> The liquor business in the United States was not a property right but a licensed occupation which was subject to the fullest extent at all times to the police powers of the states, to license by the United States, to the war powers of the Federal Government, and now, subject under the constitutional amendment, to the police powers of the United States.

The Mexican Foreign Minister did not fail, however, to make a point out of this statement, regarding the conflict of systems which he so often emphasizes. In his note of March 27, 1926, Mr. Saenz writes: —

> By way of merely explaining the reference made on the subject by this department, I venture to say to your excellency that in Mexico the word ownership is understood to mean not only the dominion of the material thing, but also the same faculty over a right, and that was the point of view from which the allusion under consideration was made.

Late in 1926 the international relations of Mexico and the United States came to grips — over Nicaragua. The issue became, in a few weeks, the overshadowing phase of the whole problem. The oil controversy was forgotten for days, both by the press and, apparently, by the two Governments. But Nicaragua was from the beginning a secondary issue. In the long chain of strangely assorted links that make up the Mexican situation it fits rather less well than most of the extraneous issues that have been brought in with it. The Mexican situation itself remained much as it was before — with only the added problem of 'Bolshevism,' whose extremely liquid designation was applied to the anti-American manifestations which accompanied Mexico's espousal of the cause of the Liberal Party of Nicaragua.

There is no doubt that Russian radicals were active in Mexico in 1917, and since. So, also, were American radicals, and they were and have been rather more practical than the Russians, and quite as anti-American. There seems no doubt, however, that Moscow has striven definitely for the gradual turning of Latin America against the United States. Mexico has had a part in this, in various ways, chiefly through propaganda, but Mexico's support of Moscow in Latin America has been because Mexico seeks a leadership in Latin America to which the hegemony of the United States is the chief obstacle. The lessening of American influence through Russian anti-imperialistic propaganda fits in with the Mexican plan, and it is largely if not entirely for this reason that the two work as closely as they do in Central and South America.

The anti-Church agitation in Mexico, which is again active, and into which the United States is from time to time drawn in spirit if not in action, is not basically Communistic or Bolshevistic, to continue the use of that word. In the early years of the sixteenth century, the Vatican gave to the King of Spain the rights to the revenues of the Church in Mexico, as in all Spanish America. The net result, in the centuries that followed, was that the clergy kept as much of that revenue in Mexico as possible — they could not send it to Rome and they did not want too much of it to get to Madrid. They invested fabulous sums — not counting the labor, which the Indians were allowed to give free — in nine thousand superb colonial churches, most of which stand to-day. In addition, immense sums were invested in church lands, or loaned out at rates of interest as low as five per cent a year; Charles II of Spain tried to call in forty-four million pesos of these funds.

The Church opposed the early revolutionaries when they sought to take over the rights of the King of Spain to the church revenues as they took over other royal prerogatives. The battle has waged from that day to this. The churches and their property were confiscated in 1859; the reiteration and reënforcement of those old laws in 1917 and in 1926 had no great significance, except that they aroused the Catholics of the United States. The church problem in Mexico, so far as the Government is concerned, is chiefly economic; at its worst it is a denial of religious property rights in order to make the Church legitimate loot for the armies, and at its best it is an effort to place religion — the Roman Catholic religion — back in the spiritual field instead of the material.

IV

But where does all this leave us, the American people? Our Government has, we have seen, a policy toward Mexico. It has grievances against Mexico. Mexico has a policy of growing definiteness toward us — and that growing is in the direction of hostility, for Mexico has her own grievances against us. There is sincerity in both — Washington, of course, is no more the mere tool of Wall Street than Mexico is the tool of Moscow.

Yet, our policy and Mexico's policy have, between them, gotten us nowhere. Is there another policy that we both could follow, a policy that would really turn us toward a solution? Not dreams, now, but a practical plan that will carry us forward, that will solve the oil mess, and the land mess, and the mining mess, and all the others, and that will solve Mexico's difficulties and leave her a chance at that new Constitution she has never yet had an opportunity to enjoy to the full and complete extent of all its extravagances. Is there such a policy?

I think there is. I have had a growing conviction that the policy of to-day is an incomplete one and that the correction of that incompleteness does not mean an overthrow or necessarily a great change from what has been, but an addition to it, a relationship that would bring our own aims, and Mexico's, clearly into the light of the searching, yet friendly, scrutiny of the wisest and most potent minds in both countries.

Essentially the situation is that the policy of the United States toward Mexico (and of Mexico toward the United States) has, and must ever have, two phases. One is immediate, the other cumulative. The problem of the moment, on our side, is always the protection of American lives and property — that, as Secretary Evarts said, is a 'paramount obligation,' the obligation for which governments are created. That policy of protection we have followed, and follow to-day, over a rough and uncertain road, with no goal in sight, only an endless duty. The other policy overlaps, but does not touch, the immediate crises and their trends. Yet it builds, whether we wish it or not, the foundation upon which we shall stand in the future, when in that future we meet again the immediate issue — again the protection of American lives and property. That overlapping, cumulative policy can be controlled, however, as the immediate policy cannot. It can be made to produce for us a fountain of precreated good will, as well as, if not so easily as, a groundwork of ill will and distrust such as both we and Mexico inherit to-day.

The Mexican question will probably never even approach a solution until there sits in the great Secretaryship of State a man schooling himself, not only to meet the problems of the moment with firmness and understanding, but to build, in the very midst of the succeeding Mexican crises, the friendly foundations for the solutions of the problems of twenty-five years hence.

Could it be done? Could we do it without getting hurt? Ah, that is another question. We might get badly 'hurt' — oil wells might even be confiscated, or destroyed, land and mining titles wiped out. But it would be worth trying. My Latin American friend suggested leaving Mexico alone. That is not the solution. We must make Mexico our friend, or we gain nothing by leaving her alone, save a return to the days of border raids, battles, and then conquests, as in 1840–48 — some of the saddest pages of them all for Mexico.

Suaviter in modo — and, if need be, *fortiter in re.* It is that 'gently in manner' that will build for the future; 'firmly in fact' may be needed, I freely admit, in the problems of the present. Yet, however firm, no note we send to Mexico should be couched in any but words of sympathy. Heaven knows there is basis enough for sympathy, even if we take only the bitterness of Mexican pronouncements, or the innuendoes she buries for us in her notes — if we are big enough to see, and to pity.

The American ambassador to Mexico should, for such an end, always be an ambassador of good will, whatever his difficulties or exasperations. He must be ready, despite Shakespearian injunction, to dull his palm with entertainment of a dozen hundreds of men he may not like, or understand, at first. An ambassador opening schools in dingy, stupid, pitiful Indian villages, an ambassador entertaining and working and living close to the Mexicans, learning, changing his point of view each day, if he will and if new light comes to him. There is, to-day, no job on earth harder than being American ambassador to Mexico. This job just outlined is harder than any ambassador to Mexico has yet conceived it to be.

And not merely the ambassador, but American foundations, endowed institutions, colleges, universities, federations of art and labor, trade-unions — they must be brought into the picture, understandingly, loyally, having the facts and knowing the needs and the difficulties, and yet going in. Some of the greatest, indeed, are in Mexico to-day, seeking for common ground and common problems with Mexico, and in common labor finding friendship and coöperation and understanding. It is all fantastic, mad — even what has been done already. Yet what have we gained from all our worldly wisdom that has kept, and still keeps, our official world so far aloof and apart from the new Mexico of to-day?

As for the Secretary of State — why can he not do, why does he not do, what Mr. Baldwin and M. Briand and Herr Stresemann do in Europe to-day, and what their predecessors have done for centuries? Why could he not visit back and forth, informally and so frequently that the significance dies away, with the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs — in Mexico City as well as in Washington?

What would Europe be to-day without that very exchange? Were not such visits a problem, of time and safety, in Europe in the older days when there were no fast boats across the Channel, no trains, and no airplanes? Mexico City is now but four days away by rail — to-morrow it will be part of two days by airplane. Do you think that Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Saenz might not get somewhere if they sat down together with President Coolidge in Washington, or with President Calles in Mexico? Not the first visit, or the second, but the fifth, the sixth, the tenth — they would tell!

Yet it all might fail — I will admit it more readily than will he who reads. But it would be a great failure!

Before this article is printed the next issue that I would mention may be a practical reality — arbitration may at last be trying its hand at a resolution of the oil-law tangle. To be sure, the controversy had reached a stage of bitterness rather beyond the possibility of easy arbitration before President Calles and Senator Borah put out their respective feelers, in January, on this matter of arbitration. Surely such issues, if talked out frankly and with less of the vast formality of the diplomatic exchanges, might much earlier have reached such a tribunal as the Permanent Court at The Hague. There is, we must realize in criticizing Washington's caution, that deep distrust of Mexican sincerity in all such questions, but are we gaining anything by avoiding arbitration until it is forced upon us? We could take, I think, another chance on arbitration!

There is yet another point. The friendly way that Jesus Christ advocated to the disciples was to go quietly to an erring brother, and in quietness talk it over. There seems to be rather too much limelight on the remarks to and from Mexico. Mexico will always find a way, when she knows what is wanted, and if she is convinced that it is fair and not aimed at her dignity and sovereignty; and even if it is, if it can be done without the glare of the grim demand. She has always found a way; she has done it a few times, even, in the limelight, but I have always believed that the Evarts Doctrine, for instance, succeeded, not because it was rough, but because it was firm and fair and did not tell Mexico *how* to comply. I sometimes wonder if we do not talk too much about the modification of laws and judicial decisions and such methods when we carry on the oil and land and mining correspondence. We do not know our power; we think we must insist and 'arrange.' We seem no longer to negotiate; we demand and seek arrangements of myriad detailed issues. We might so easily be a little more mediæval, so to speak, in our diplomacy. *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re* — and Mexico would find the way to meet us.

Before these words are printed the Mexican situation may have flamed into fire; American lives, even, may have been taken, and diplomatic relations broken. As I write, the situation is electric with possibilities and dangers. Yet the problem remains unchanged, and the solution stated here is as true as it was when those who genuinely wished the best for Mexico first hailed Madero as a friend and savior for us all. A revolution or American soldiers might sweep President Calles out of office, and might even set up a profoundly 'pro-American' régime, but the 'Mexican situation' would remain; the problem of protection of American lives and property would remain; and there would remain, no nearer solved than it is to-day, the problem of making friends with Mexico. Yet it is simple, is the Mexican problem — simple if both we and Mexico face it with simplicity and wisdom and good will. And the greatest of these is good will.

THE INTERALLIED DEBTS

BY F. W. TAUSSIG

I

The sums involved in the settlements with our former allies are very great. The total owed to the United States comes in round numbers to ten billions of dollars — ten thousand millions. Almost the whole of this sum is due for advances made during the war and for the conduct of the war. Something is owed for American supplies left over in Europe after the war and sold there, and something more for relief extended after the war. Over nine-tenths, however, represents war expenditure, and it is this nine billions alone to which I shall give attention. The three chief debtors are Great Britain with four billions, France with three and one-third billions, Italy with one and two-thirds billions. I state the sums in round numbers, as I shall throughout this paper.

Agreements on the terms of repayment have been made with all the debtors, big and little. With the exception of France, each of them has come to a definitive settlement with the United States; and a settlement with France will doubtless come ere long. In every case the agreement is for annual payments spread over a period of sixty-two years — the period beginning with the year 1922 for Great Britain, with 1925 for Belgium, 1926 for Italy, and so on, according to the dates when the several agreements were reached. The annual payments are moderate, in some cases even small, for the first five years, and then rise to a figure which is maintained practically to the end. Great Britain is the only country that pays heavy sums at the start — roughly 160 millions a year for the first ten years, thereafter about 180 millions. Italy's payment begins with only five millions, rises to twenty-three millions by 1936, and finally attains a maximum of fifty millions a year. Belgium's begins with five millions and in ten years becomes about thirteen millions. The proposed arrangement with France calls for thirty millions annually during the earlier years (beginning with 1926?) and for a maximum of 125 millions by 1943; some such figures, it is probable, will be found in the eventual settlement. Taking all the countries concerned, and including the sums proposed for France, we find that the total remittances to the United States on debt account will be, in round numbers, 210 millions a year during the first five-year period, and 250 millions for the second quinquennium; then about 350 millions for forty-five years thereafter; and finally something more than 400 millions for the last decade of the long-drawn-out process. The end is to be reached in 1984 for Great Britain, and in the years immediately following for the other countries.

I remarked at the outset that the sums involved are huge — totaling no less than nine billions. But this total stands only for the book amount of the loans as made by us during the two short years of the war period. What it stands for in other terms than book account — what was really handed over by us to our allies when the loans were made and recorded — will be indicated presently. While it behooves us to understand and remember just how things then took their course, this aspect of the case does not bear on the point to which I would at present direct the reader's attention. What is now to be noted is the obvious contrast between the huge lump sum and the comparatively small annual payments, and the perhaps less obvious fact that this series of moderate annual payments is the one real thing coming back to the United States.

The annual payments alone have concrete importance. True, an actuary can calculate how much they represent, from his point of view, as an equivalent capital sum. According as he figures on a 3 per cent interest basis, or on one of 3½ per cent or 4 per cent, he will tell you that so many billions — more or less as the assumed percentage rate is lower or higher — may be reckoned as the 'present value' of what is coming back; and he will tell you, too, how much may be regarded as repayment of principal, how much as interest on deferred payments. But such figuring has no significance for the realities of the case. It may serve to allay hostility or criticism and make a good 'talking point' before Congressional committees and chambers of commerce. But it is hardly more than a pretty mathematical game — attractive to the mathematically-minded, impressive and puzzling to those not so minded. What is really to happen, what signifies for us and for the other peoples, is the series of annual payments.

What, now, about the amount of those annual payments and their importance to us?

Consider them in their proportion to other items, to other related things. Two, three, four hundred millions make impressive sums. But what do they signify in comparison, for example, with the total income of the people of the United States? Our total national income for 1925 is supposed to amount to 90,000 millions. This is a stupendous sum. I will not vouch for its precise accuracy. The total of our income may be something more, something less. My statistical friends believe the figure to be within 10 per cent of the truth; and for the present purpose that degree of accuracy is all that is needed. Compare with this total the 200 millions odd which we are to receive from the Europeans in the next year or two. They come to about one quarter of one per cent of our national income. It is as if, having one hundred dollars to receive, we were to get twenty-five cents in addition — a negligible supplement. No doubt the payments are to increase, and in a few years will be doubled. But our national income will also increase; and, at anything like the rate of advance we have had in the last five years, that too will be doubled in ten years or so. As elements in our total annual resources, the payments will always be trivial. On the other hand, they will be no small items for the repaying countries, their national incomes being so much below ours in money values — only half as much per head for the more prosperous of them, hardly one quarter as much for the less prosperous. And this discrepancy will become greater as time goes on. The growing remittances will become more and more onerous for them, since their national incomes, even though they may not stand still, cannot grow at the phenomenal rate which is ours and seems likely to remain ours.

Look at it in another way. These sums will go into the Federal treasury, and will be entered in the Government's budget. They may be directed either to lowering taxes or to reducing our national debt. The revenue of the Federal Government now amounts, in round numbers, to four billions a year. The debt receipt amounts for the present to 200 millions, more or less — say 5 per cent of the government revenue, possibly 6. It happens that for the last fiscal year the Government came out, quite unexpectedly, with a surplus substantially larger — some 300 millions; and we are at odds with each other about its disposition. Nor does it matter much what we do with it. As regards reduction of our national debt, we are repeating the course of events which followed the Civil War of 1861–65. Then, as now, we began to pay off a great debt with speed and with ease; and now, as then, we are in a fair way to get rid of it in a decade or two. This unexampled procedure — no other country has ever handled a public debt in this way — is due in but small degree, for either period, to surpassing financial leadership. It is the result of the growth of this industrial giant of ours; of an abounding and increasing prosperity, which gives us in many a way occasion to pause, to reflect, to consider what we shall do with our abundance of material things.

Consider, finally, what the repayments amount to in their possible effects on our foreign trade. What kind of effect they will have I shall presently indicate; here my question is, how great an effect? It happens that our imports — it is these which will be primarily affected — at present amount to about the same sum as our Federal revenue — roughly four billions a year. The debt repayments will again be 5 or 6 per cent of this sum total. Now the imports fluctuate from year to year by many hundreds of millions — by much more than 5 per cent a year. These fluctuations trouble us not at all. The business world hardly knows that they take place, and the public at large knows not and cares not, nor has it any reason for knowing or caring.

To sum up, the impressiveness of the figures when stated in suppositious capital sums is misleading. What actually comes to us — namely, the annual payment — is little as compared with the national income, with the Federal Government revenue, with the country's foreign trade. If we get these receipts we shall not be made rich. If we do not get them we shall not be ruined.

II

So much as to the magnitude and proportions of the facts of the case. I turn now to their meaning for us. Two questions arise. So far as all this payment goes, be it great or small, is it to our advantage or is it not? The second question is different: not whether the payment is to our advantage, but whether it is right that we should receive it. There is an economic question, and behind that there is a question of justice. I say justice. Perhaps it would be better to say chivalry, or even long-run expediency — at all events something other than the bare matter of measurable gain or loss.

As regards the immediate economic aspects of the case, the underlying fact is that payment must come to us in goods. Of course the debt settlements are in terms of dollars, and we have to reckon in dollars. But it is the merest commonplace in economics that payment cannot come in cash, or that but the merest fraction can so come. If it did come to us in cash — that is, in gold — we should be embarrassed to know what to do with the money. Our Federal banking system already has more gold in its reserve than it knows how to use with advantage. But, to repeat, it is through goods, not in money, that we must expect the remittances to be made. Our imports will become larger or will be made larger than they otherwise would have been. The increase will not be great relatively to the total volume of our foreign trade, as was just explained. But somewhat larger the imports will be. More goods will come in from abroad, and this is the way in which we shall really be paid.

No doubt the inflow of the additional imports of goods will be staved off for a time by loans, such as we have been making to foreigners in these post-war years. We used to be borrowers from Europe; now we are lenders to all the world. Like so many other things, our international credit position is being turned topsy-turvy. These lending operations of ours are not likely to cease, though they may not continue indefinitely at the pace of recent years. They bring possibilities of postponements of the rise in imports, of temporary overlappings and adjustments, by which our foreign trade for the next few years will be affected in ways not easy of prediction. These minutiæ are interesting and sometimes perplexing to the economist and the financier, but do not affect the outstanding fact: it is in goods that we must take payment.

The goods, however, will not necessarily come in from the countries which have to make the payments. They will probably come by indirect ways from other countries. English people will not sell us many English goods direct. They will send their goods to other countries — the Orient, South America, Australia. We shall then buy goods in those countries, and shall be able to pay for their goods by utilizing the debt remittances to our Government. This sort of indirect trade is going on all the time. Our imports now consist chiefly of raw materials and tropical commodities, most of which come in free of duty. It is imports of this very class that are likely to be swelled in consequence of the debt payments. We shall get more tea, coffee, raw silk, wool, jute, rubber, and the like.

No doubt the whole of the additional imports ascribable to the debt payments will not be accounted for in this way. Some share will come to us in the form of manufactured goods sent directly from England, France, Germany. Certain lines of American industry will experience additional competition from their European rivals. Consequences of this sort, even though less in quantitative importance than is commonly supposed, must be faced as a probable result of the debt payments. So far as this direct inflow of goods from Europe takes place, it raises the question whether added competition from abroad is on the whole a good thing for a country or a bad thing. The answer to that question depends upon one's entire attitude with regard to foreign trade and the maintenance of a system of very high protection — a much larger topic than I can go into on this occasion. I will merely remark that in my judgment the consequences do not all run one way. In the main they will not be harmful to us, in some part they will be. But in any event they will not be of great moment.

I may remark, in passing, that the free traders and tariff reformers are disposed to exaggerate the importance of this particular matter for the problems which interest them. They urge that, since payment must be made in goods, we must make it possible to receive the goods; whereas, by imposing tariff barriers, we make it impossible to receive them. A necessary corollary of the debt payments, in their view, is a lowering of our customs duties. Not quite so, for the reason just adduced. True, our high duties do make it somewhat harder to send in the goods directly from the remitting countries, and in so far impede the process of payment. I am entirely in sympathy with the movement for cutting down our high protective duties; and am willing to admit, too, that there is an obvious and indeed amusing inconsistency in our policies. We cannot insist on the debt payments and at the same time keep out European manufacturers from our own markets and also boost our own exports of similar manufacturers to their outlying markets. But it is all a question of more or less, and rather less than more. Some special kinds of goods have always been coming in from European countries. Probably more of these quasi-specialties will be sent us. The main inflow will be of the so-called noncompetitive articles — tropical products, raw materials, and the like. The staunch protectionists can hold to their policy, if they will, and yet not be seriously troubled by the consequences of the debt payments.

There is, however, another aspect of the process of payment in goods which must make us pause. We have to remember that from this point of view there is a contrast with the past — a resemblance in one way, but a disquieting contrast in another. When we made the loans to the Allies in 1917–19, we handed over to them not cash, but goods. This is the resemblance: our loans were made in goods, just as the repayments are to be made in goods. But now the contrast. We charged high prices for the goods that we sent out in 1917–19. 'Charged': this is a misleading term. No one deliberately charged high. But the plain fact is that the circumstances of those years were such that the goods which the Allies got from us — the only things they received — were debited to them at very high rates. While we put vast dollar funds at their disposal, they got few goods per dollar. Now the price situation is quite otherwise; and it will be otherwise, so far as we can foresee, for many years to come. Prices have gone down to two-thirds of what they were when the loans were made. Our debtors, to make up the same dollar values, must send us 50 per cent more of goods than they received — one half as much again. We are profiting as a people by the revulsion in prices since the great upheaval; not deliberately or intentionally, but profiting we are.

III

So much about the bare economic aspects, on which I feel qualified to speak with some assurance. I turn now to the other aspect of the problem, on which my qualifications cannot be those of the specialist. What can be said of the equities of the case?

First note that we — that is, the constituted authorities — have modified our position within the last few years.

When Congress in 1922 passed the first act for regulating the debt payments, it was provided that the commission then established for arranging the settlements should accept nothing but payment in full. The principle on which Congress legislated was that a debt is a debt, and that a debt should be paid. The letter of the contract should prevail. And this principle was virtually followed in the settlement with Great Britain. Virtually; it was not followed without some slight qualification. The total payments made by Great Britain can be figured out to be something less than the face value of the debt owed to us by Great Britain. But the deficiency is slight. To all intents and purposes it may be said that Great Britain met us on our own ground. Since the United States took the view that this was a plain and simple debt, Great Britain, in a period of acute depression in her industries, of painful recovery from enormous losses, of sad uncertainty about the future, conformed to the letter of the law as laid down by the United States. No complaint, no arguing; if you will have it so, let it be so.

When it comes to the other countries, however, our procedure has been different. With Belgium, Italy, France, not to mention the smaller countries, we have dealt in quite another spirit. With them we have regarded what is called their capacity to pay. Ordinarily, when one deals with a debtor and proceeds on the basis of the letter of the law, one does not regard his capacity to pay. Or it is regarded only if he is bankrupt and the creditor is in the position of simply taking what is left of his assets. We have not acted in this way with Belgium, Italy, France. We acceded to a compromise — even proposed it. With all these countries the compromise means, whatever be the actuarial method of computation, that we are accepting very much less than the amount of our loans. Congress has ratified the compromises (all except that with France, still to be ratified by France herself). Thereby it would seem that Congress has come to a state of mind not the same as that which prevailed when the original debt settlement act of 1922 was passed.

This acceptance of something other than the letter of the law would seem to carry with it an admission that, after all, the principles of settlement are not easy to define. Shall we treat these obligations as plain ordinary debts, to be collected in the same way and in the same spirit as debts between man and man, and have no regard for past community of spirit, for good relations in the future, for things other than the bare face of the contract? We are often told that it is healthy for people to pay their debts; nay, it is to their own advantage, if they wish to keep their credit good and perhaps borrow again another time. So it is, no doubt, in the ordinary transactions of trade. It is so, too, as regards those international loans which are extended by individuals (banking houses and their customers) to foreign Governments. Otherwise the fountains of business credit would be dried up. But were our loans to the Allies of this character? Were we moved by any such considerations as apply to ordinary loans? And were the Allies, on their part? Let us not forget the past, the very recent past. Surely we made these loans not as investors, in the way of a bargaining contract, but as peoples to peoples for mutual aid. We thought it our duty, and our interest also, to stand with the Allies in the dreadful struggle. For the first year of our participation the only effective thing we could do was to put at their disposal our supplies of goods. The form of loan was chosen because it was the easiest and quickest way to get the thing done. Doubtless in the rush and pressure of the crisis no deliberate choice was made. It was all a matter of getting things done. And so it was with the Allies. Loans if you will; anything that brings instant help.

Consider the loans for a moment, as it has been urged they should be considered, from the point of view of the debtor's own ultimate interest. Let him repay for his own good, we are told; if he repays now he will be able to borrow another time. Quite true as regards ordinary business operations. But in the stress and ferment of war is any such reflection or reckoning ever made by either party? Does anyone suppose that, if another such conflict should come (God forbid!) and if we were again compelled to align ourselves, we should hesitate to do anything and everything that might help the cause we deemed right; that we should debate whether to lend or not lend, to give or not give, to go ahead or to dicker, because once upon a time, in the forgotten past, another loan had been made, also in a great war, and had not been treated either by us or by our associates as a business contract? It is in no such spirit as this that individuals or peoples deal with each other when war comes on.

Reasoning and cold-blooded calculation, however, help little on the aspect of the case we are now considering — the equities. We get scant aid from any analysis of the bases of contractual obligations, from historical precedent, from economic lessons. The matter reaches into higher realms. However we deceive ourselves by focusing attention on the measurable gain or loss, whether for ourselves or for our allies, we cannot but be moved at bottom by conscience — by sentiment if you please. My own conscience is not easy. My sense of self-respect as an American is not happy. I find myself admiring the attitude of Great Britain and not entirely admiring our own attitude. For many, many dreadful months we were unable to aid our allies with anything except money and loans. We did this cheerfully. Surely we then had no thought of being engaged in purely commercial transactions. We gloried in being a rich and powerful country, and thereby in a position to aid our almost exhausted allies and friends. Has that spirit entirely disappeared?

Let it not be forgotten that Great Britain also made great loans to her allies — our allies; and that she is dealing with her debtors in quite a different way from ours. She lent almost identically as much to France as we did — something over three billions of dollars. She lent much more to Italy than we did: three billions, as against half as much by ourselves. She has come to settlements with them similar in plan to ours (payments spread over a long series of years). But there is a marked difference in degree, and a difference even more marked in spirit. She too is willing to accept annual installments; but the sums are very much less than those we call for. They are not half so much from France, barely a quarter as much from Italy. And — what is more on my conscience — she agrees to reduce these payments exactly in the proportion in which her own payments to us may be reduced. If we cut down, she will also cut down to the same extent. Early in the post-war negotiations she announced that she would proceed on this basis; and thus she is still ready to proceed.

One's attitude on the whole question is necessarily influenced by one's hopes or fears, confidence or despair, about the post-war situation. Did we really do well to enter on the war? Are we quite disillusioned about the consequences? Does the future still seem as dark and uncertain as it did three or four years ago? He who believes it was all in vain, that the world was bad and still is as bad as before, will acquiesce in turning our backs on the old allies. He will be disposed to deal with them at arm's length, collect what can be collected, disregard their plight, disregard, too, any feelings they may have about us. But he who believes that good is stirring, and that the world may be starting on better ways; that something is due from us to improve on the bad past — he will ask himself how this problem can be dealt with so as to promote the good that stirs and foster between nations a spirit of mutual help.

I have no proposal to submit. The time is not ripe for conferences, negotiations, revisions. We in the United States have not rid ourselves of the lamentable partisan divisions and entanglements which followed the war. At the present juncture, too, political and economic conditions in the agricultural regions of the Mid-West are not conducive to a re-reckoning. Things will run their present course for a while, and the debt remittances will continue to come to us. None the less we may pause and reflect, give time for the internal dissensions of the moment to die out, bethink ourselves soberly what we may wish to do in the end.

Sooner or later we shall have occasion to reconsider. The time may come shortly. The factor in the case which is most likely to lead to reconsideration is the progress of the German reparations payments. These payments, under the Dawes Plan, are rapidly approaching their maximum. By 1929 they will reach the highest sum which Germany is called upon to produce — namely, the sum of 625 million dollars a year. Without entering into any detailed discussion of the reparations programme, or of the difficulties which it may encounter, we must face the possibility — nay, the probability — that when the German obligations thus reach a head, and when the actual transfer of the large sums to the Allies needs to be contrived year after year, a new stage will be entered on. A revision of the whole international situation will then be on the cards. Hazardous though it is to make prediction, I believe that before many years — perhaps within a few — some arrangement for a single great lump-sum payment by Germany will be brought forward. The whole of this series of long-drawn-out international remittances, stretching over half a century and more, between ourselves and the Allies, between the Allies, and between Germany and the Allies, will then present itself in a new light.

For our part, are we resolved to insist unrelentingly on what the settlements now prescribe for the long period of sixty-two years? The war soon will cease to mean anything for our daily doings. The material sacrifices to which it led have been almost forgotten; within a decade or so the last remembrance of them, in the way of taxes and budget burdens, will have disappeared. To the younger generation it is already a matter of the dim past.

Can we think it probable that these long-strung payments will continue to have any meaning to the peoples involved, other than that they are a burden to one side and a dubious benefit to the other? Later generations will regard the question of fitness and justice from their own point of view. Will our people then believe the debt payments to be just? We are rich, and we are rapidly getting richer. Prosperous beyond anything hitherto imagined in the history of mankind, we now are preparing to receive, through half a century and more, payments from peoples much less prosperous. These annual streams of goods, legacies of a great historic disaster, will then be related to no services of ours, to no discernible obligations of theirs. They may be reminders of a high past, but may also be evidence of an unworthy present.

If the rest of the world wishes to sweep away the wreckage of the past, clear the decks, and start fresh and unencumbered, shall we remain aloof? I can feel no elevation of spirit, no pride in the position we are now taking. When the day for a new alignment comes, how shall America take her stand?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW

My hat was gone when I went back for it. 'I know,' I assured the waiter, 'you're "not responsible for hats, coats, or parcels left by patrons," but just between us — have you seen anything of a gray felt hat, with initials J. B. stamped in the band?'

I walked out before they might have a chance to arrest me, on charges of impersonating a man who'd lost his hat, when the waiter's lofty glance indicated that he strongly suspected I had never had one.

Well, the next thing was to get Doris's silk.

'Four yards,' she had said, eyeing me doubtfully. 'Like this. You show this piece to the saleslady, you see, and tell her you want more just like it.'

'Shall I —'

'That's all you need to know,' she interrupted. 'Any further directions would only confuse you.'

I smiled and thought that here at least was an easy one. All I need do is — I reached into my pocket. There were other pockets, into all of which I reached. I remembered that the restaurant's sign neglected to say the management would not be responsible for samples of silk goods left by the patrons. And yet — I had a record there, which might stand in my way.

'Let's see,' I mused. 'It was blue, with a little figure — a small flower, like. Or was it a house, with trees about? I'll try them both, anyhow.'

So, uncovered, and only vaguely acquainted with what I wanted to buy, I ventured into the great department store to which Doris had sent me.

If you want silk goods and you arrive in lingerie, the thing to do, of course, is to consult the floorwalker. Having been informed as to this trick once before, I complacently made my way toward the sleek fount of knowledge in the next aisle.

'Yes indeed, sir,' he was saying to a gentleman who evidently wanted baby carriages or tea wagons. 'We have the rubber-tired ones. On the fifth floor.' He smiled, bowed, and made a splendid gesture toward the elevator. A noble race of men, I thought, who were not accorded their just —

'Have you any silk goods with a flower, like, or a house on it?' I asked.

The expression of beatitude faded miraculously from his face.

'You'll have to learn these things faster,' he said. 'Did n't they tell you not to be in the way here? How long have you been with the company?'

I walked on, half hoping he would carry on his rebuke, whereupon I would call the manager and show my credentials — or my lack of credentials — to prove I was not with the company at all.

'Where is the ladies' hose, please?' demanded an aggressive, staccato voice over my shoulder. I was strongly tempted to ask, 'Which lady's?' Of course it is the first reaction one has to such a question. I turned around, however, and explained, a bit haughtily, that I was not with the company. I noticed distinctly a slight sneer, as though if I were not with the company it was my own inferiority that kept me from it.

I determined not to let them walk on me thereafter. The very next time —

The very next time came promptly, but it quite changed my mind.

'Could you direct me to the leather-goods counter, please?' A pretty, shy, blue-eyed little thing, with such a sweet voice! And to be buying leather goods. 'You, my dear, ought to be asking for the gossamer department, or the fairy-wings counter,' I wanted to say. But I looked for leather goods hastily. They were not in sight.

'Just what was it you — er —'

'A handbag,' she smiled; 'one with the fittings, you know.' A handbag. Ah, now I had got in it! I could n't tell her — well, I simply must be with the company. A silence, as though I were trying to provide the best handbag and the finest fittings possible.

'We have some on the second floor,' I said, 'and, if I remember rightly, one or two on the third floor. However, the best ones possibly can be found on floor four. If I were you —' But she had noticed the newspaper in my pocket, and had retreated in terror.

I started to meander on, hoping I might run across the silks if I pretended I did n't care whether I found them or not. I passed books and I passed toilet articles very successfully, but just as I reached the hosiery I was accosted again.

'Miss McMaster has fainted, sir! She's back there! What shall we do?' Two little girls in black were tugging at my arms, wide-eyed.

'I'm sure I — you say she's fainted?' I thought of several things for Miss McMaster, including smelling salts and the fire department. But this was getting to be serious. 'Tell that gentleman over there,' I said, pointing to a floor-walker and leaving the scene hurriedly.

'Have you any blue with a flower on it?'

The elderly saleswoman smiled at me as though she had been waiting all day for someone to ask for just that.

'We have six or eight blue patterns with flowers,' she replied.

'Well, then, I don't want that. Have you any blue with a little house on it?'

This was another matter. 'I'll look,' she conceded. Perhaps after all — but there was n't any. I went over the scene with Doris again. I was sure I had the right store.

'Well,' I said as a last resort, 'do you remember selling any blue to a young lady a few days ago with a flower on — I mean on the blue? Sort of slender and pretty — I mean the lady?'

'Let me see. Did she want it for draperies?'

'Well, now, I really could n't say.' The good woman was getting unreasonable, I thought. I had already given her enough information.

'I do remember the material, I believe,' she said. 'Was it this?'

It did have a flower, although it seemed to me a little more of the hot-house variety than Doris's.

'I believe that's it,' I said. I wanted to get it over with. 'I'll take — let me see, did she want five or seven yards?' I looked at the saleslady again, as one old friend seeks the help of another. 'Well, I'll take six, anyhow.'

'Oh, I'm so sorry, dear,' Doris said, when I had got home. 'You'll have to go back. You see, I measured wrong, and I'm afraid six will be needed. I told you four, did n't I?'

'Yes,' I said, grasping my opportunity immediately, 'but I felt sure it would n't be enough, so I got six.' That was something, at least. She looked at me wonderingly.

'Now, is this right?' Trembling, I revealed my purchase.

'Yes, that's it,' she said. 'But look — there's your hat and the sample, on the hall table. How did you ever get it without the sample?'

'Oh, I remembered, after I had seen it,' I said, calmly.

A GRANDFATHER'S 'MOTHER GOOSE'

Now that the snow is upon us, and the long evenings, and there is the open fire before which I can sit and think, I try to catch my breath after an all-summer effort to catch up with my sons and my daughters, their wives and their husbands, their babies and their automobiles. How happy they are, and what gay, laughing babies they have; but how they bounce about, even when I hold them — the babies — on my knees.

'It's the motion of the motor car,' their grandmother had said one morning when Jack, my namesake, was particularly 'bouncy.' 'His parents have been dashing around in a car from the day they met until this moment, allowing only three weeks off when she had to keep still in the hospital to welcome the child.'

All the time my wife was speaking, the baby had been moving up and down as though he had folding legs, and I kept murmuring 'Hey! diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,' as that was the only tune as lively as his movements. 'The cow jumped over the moon,' I continued. 'And the little dog laughed to see such sport — ' The baby gurgled with glee. 'And the dish ran away with the spoon.'

I brought him down, with a determined desire to have him keep still for just one moment. But it was no use, and now I sit here evenings by the fire, revising the lines of the old lady who made them.

'Hey! divver, divver,' was my first attempt.

'That's a hideous and distorted word,' said my wife.

'Never mind,' said I, 'they live a hideous and distorted life, and anyway, even if they don't, it rhymes.' I calmly proceeded: —

'Hey! divver, divver, the child and the flivver,
The car raced under the moon,
And the little lad laughed to feel such speed,
While Grandpa passed out in a swoon.'

'Go on,' said Jack's grandmother; then, 'No, you wait a minute, I have one,' and she recited: —

'There was a young woman who had a new car —

'That's the antithesis to the old woman who lived in a shoe,' she explained gratuitously, 'and is Marybelle.' Marybelle is our daughter.

'And also one infant, so they, with his Pa — '

'That's an ugly word,' I now interrupted, 'a hideous, distorted use of the good word "father," much worse than my "divver" for "diddle."' But my wife went right on: —

'There was a young woman who had a new car,
And also one infant, so they, with his Pa,
Took thermos and basket with butter and bread,
Locked up their home tightly, and outward they
sped.'

'That's fair,' said I.

'Rock-a-bye, baby — '

'There are no more treetops for the babies,' I interrupted, 'unless the car lands in one.'

'That does n't matter in the least.' My wife tossed that thought away with utter contempt, because —

'Rock-a-bye, baby,
In a Ford car,
When the brakes jam,
The baby will jar.

'Now you do one,' she ordered. 'It is n't fair for me to have the whole responsibility of modernizing *Mother Goose*. Try "Little Miss Muffet."'

After a while I produced this: —

'Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Feeding her car the gas,
There came a rude copper,
And he tried to stop her —
His widow 's now suing the lass.'

'That's rather bloodcurdling,' said Miss Muffet's grandmother. 'Now here's mine, about your favorite grandchild and namesake: —

'Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Watching the scenery fly.
He wiggled his thumb at the end of his nose
When a motor-cyc cop came by.'

'Well!' I cried heartily, 'I am rather proud of him for that. But not surprised. He comes of a long line of courageous ancestors — on both sides, my dear.' I arose, bowed, kissed her hand, and so to bed, mumbling something about 'Sing a song of cylinders, engine full of gas.'

WATCH YOUR STEP

MUCH has been written and more has been said about the duty and responsibility of the automobile driver, and no doubt there still exists urgent need for continuance of this propaganda for years to come. But into this concert of condemnation of drivers in general I should like to introduce a little roundelay, the theme of which is the duty and responsibility of the pedestrian! And I am certain that, given the note, every autoist will join me feelingly in the chorus.

I have driven a car for years cautiously and — I think I may say modestly — well; and in those years the number of people who have seemed determined to commit suicide beneath my wheels has increased alarmingly. Now I cannot say that I love my fellow man indiscriminately, but I wholesomely respect his right to life, limb, and pursuit of happiness. So I have resignedly dodged these would-be suicides with a glow of satisfaction at my dexterity and a sigh for their frustrated hopes.

However, with the speeding up through the years of the pace of traffic and the increase of numbers of vehicles on the road, the time has arrived when the driver of a car can no longer be the genial guardian of the entire public; and, though he may earnestly desire to turn out for the careless pedestrian, city traffic has so arranged it that there is no direction in which he can turn save one from which the force of gravity restrains him. Nevertheless, the good citizen who sees a pedestrian in a place where he has no right to be or reason for being will always make the attempt to avoid him, even though he jeopardizes his own life and limb in so doing.

And here is the burden of my song. If the pedestrian sets no value on his own life, it is nevertheless his duty and responsibility to allow the man behind the wheel to get home safely.

The woman with the baby carriage who seems to think she has exclusive first rights on all city streets; the saucy flapper who saunters out on a crossing just as a super-snappy traffic officer has told the motorist to 'Go ahead and STEP ON IT'; the youth who leaps across a street between blocks; the nervous lady that flutters out from nowhere to catch a trolley or bus that has just started; the demented scores of people who run around trolley cars during late afternoon rush hours — all of these owe their lives to the forbearance and alertness of the motorist who daily risks his life and bank account to save them.

The sidewalk belongs exclusively to the pedestrian, and is it too much to ask that, before he launches himself from his exclusive domain into the territory which he knows he must share with the automobile, he take one little look before he leaps? Countless lives and innumerable dollars would thus be saved and the sanity of many drivers be spared.

I SWEAR

THE scene is the naturalization court. I stand in the doorway amid a motley crowd, and my heart beats high with expectancy. This is the day for which I have waited so long. At last I am to take my part in the duties and privileges of American citizenship. My mind is stirred by a vision of that day of travail one hundred and fifty years ago, when the voice was raised of a newborn child among the nations. I see the long procession of those that have held high the torch, of those for whom 'Rather deathe than false of faythe' has been a natural instinct rather than an act of heroism. Solemnly in the procession moves the noble figure of Lincoln, brooding over the wayward children he must guide. How can I hope to be worthy of following these pioneers?

My dream is shattered by a voice — a crude and grating voice which invites me to 'make up your mind and come in or get out.' I come in, holding in my hand a slip of paper with a number on it. Each time a clerk drones out a number, a man pushes forward and stands before the judge. My eyes are riveted on a picture at his back — it is Justice, holding the scales. Gradually I move closer to the judge. The solemn moment is approaching when I shall be weighed in those pitiless scales outlined behind his shoulder. Now I am within earshot as another number is called. A man shuffles to the front, and the examiner, looking absent-mindedly at a pigeon perched on the coping outside, says, 'Who was the first president of the United States?' The man looks bewildered and fingers the brim of his hat. In a voice betraying boredom and irritation, the examiner is forced to answer the question himself, and then asks, 'Who made him president?' The man is afraid to leave the second question unanswered and replies desperately, 'Columbus.' Before I have recovered from my dazed astonishment another number is called, and the applicant is asked, 'Who is Mr. Dawes?' He does not know, and admits it in accents which are positive, though broken. The examiner seems willing to give each candidate as much assistance as possible. 'Well, who comes next after the first man of the land?' The applicant smiles confidently and answers without hesitation, 'The *second* man of the land.'

I begin to think there must be a mistake somewhere, when I hear a number which my subconscious mind tells me is the number on the paper which trembles in my hand. I move to the front of the tribunal. The examiner is about to formulate some question mechanically, then raises his eyes to look at me and says, 'You may pass on.'

More numbers, more questions, more mumbling and halting replies. O Lincoln! Was it for this you suffered?

At last it is finished. The applicants are herded together in the same casual spirit which has marked the whole ceremony. By countries they are called upon to stand up and renounce allegiance to all foreign potentates and sovereigns, and to swear to uphold the Constitution and laws of the United States.

The court adjourns, and out in the corridor there is a confused jostling of new citizens with their American witnesses.

'Come on, Tony,' says a florid man, chewing the stub of a cigar, 'let's go and celebrate. I know where you can get some good liquor — the real stuff!'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Since the days of Columbus the young men of Europe have been going West to discover, if possible, the American secret. According to **Thomas T. Read**, a supervising mining engineer, the secret of our success is the large number of 'invisible slaves' which each United States citizen commands. From 1919 to 1923 Mr. Read was Chief of Information Service, United States Bureau of Mines. ¶A cleric who writes and preaches with keen judgment and prophetic insight, the **Reverend Herbert Parrish** is rector of an historic New Jersey church. ¶As the senior partner of a prominent advertising concern it is the duty of **Earnest Elmo Calkins** to be on the outlook for every change in fashion or invention. **Captain Thierry Mallet**, a French veteran, now president of Revillon Frères, spends four months each year inspecting the fur-trading stations in the north countree. ¶Apart from her short-story writing, **Georgiana Pentlarge** has lately divided her interest between painting and what she calls 'stage journalism.' **Theodore Morrison** finds time from his editorial duties for occasional essays and verse. ¶The letters of **Hilda Rose**, the first installment of which we printed in the February *Atlantic*, came to us through the friendly agency of Mrs. Clarence G. White, of California, a correspondent with the little pioneer. Mrs. White sends us the following description of her meeting with Mrs. Rose: —

> This summer I made occasion when returning from Yellowstone and Glacier parks to meet Hilda Rose.
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> She and 'Daddy' and the Boy had given up the struggle on the 'stump ranch,' had sold all they could, paid all debts, and were headed for Canada — for the Peace River country, to take up a homestead. Taking Daddy back to die on Canadian soil. Daddy had gone ahead, traveling in the box car with the horses and wagon and household furniture. Mrs. Rose and Boy met me and we had forty minutes in the station at Spokane.
>
> She is all and more than the letters indicate. Five feet tall (or short), slight; all muscle and no spare flesh; and with a light in her blue eyes and an indomitable will in her square little chin. Every line of her face was kindly and hopeful, with a will to be gay.

* * *

Claud Mullins is a prominent barrister of London. **Margaret McIntosh Linton**, who is accompanying her husband, Ralph Linton, on the Marshall Field Expedition to Madagascar, writes us from Majunga as follows: —

> Here there is no fever, at this season, but we are in the midst of a bad plague epidemic. We took reports of bubonic plague very calmly at first, having been surrounded by twenty-five cases of pneumonic last winter in the capital. Bubonic is only 90 per cent fatal. Two weeks ago we began to be really frightened, a sensation I had come a long way to meet, and did not enjoy when I met it. We got inoculated, though that has its dangers, too, when the doctors are rushed and careless. We are presumably safe by now, though two inoculated people have died. We are continually exposed because we are doing collecting in the heart of the most congested districts. The natives, being in unusual need, are willing to sell fine old jewelry and ceremonial mats which they would not ordinarily part with. Ralph feels he must get all the jewelry he can, for if it is sold to the Hindu traders it will be melted down as just so much old gold or silver, and the best examples of Arab-Malagasy craft will be lost for all time.

Writer at large, **Harvey Wickham** has moved his headquarters from Paris to Rome. ¶It was last summer that **Ethel Wallace Hawkins** made her literary pilgrimage to Shropshire. **Alice Brown** is one of our most distinguished New England poets. **Oswald Couldrey** is an English writer and artist, now comfortably at home after a distinguished career in the Indian Civil Service. ¶That men are really less selfless than women is (so thinks a man) a perilous generalization, but in making it **N. B. Blankenship** (of the other gender) has the courage of conviction. ¶An American, **Wallace Thompson** has studied Mexico for twenty years as news correspondent, editor, investigator, and vice consul in Mexico, and as author of several books. **F. W. Taussig** is professor of economics at Harvard University.

* * *

During the six years the Sacco-Vanzetti case has been before the courts of Massachusetts it has become one of the most celebrated cases in the history of criminal procedure in the United States. Not only in this country, but in half a dozen countries abroad, it has aroused wide interest and deep differences of opinion.

Few people, however, know anything about the case beyond its merest outline. They know that Sacco and Vanzetti are Italians, that they are radicals, and that the crime for which they were convicted in 1921 was a typical pay-roll holdup in which the paymaster and his guard were killed. They know the courts have been considering the case for years and they wonder vaguely why the men have not been executed long since.

This paper by **Felix Frankfurter** is the first effort to give the public a complete and accurate résumé of the facts of the case. The account is based on the record of the successive court proceedings through which the case has gone, with such references to extrinsic facts as are necessary to understand what took place in court. The record itself covers thousands of pages of printed matter, accessible to anyone who wants to take the trouble to read it. The paper represents a necessary abridgment, compressed to make printing possible, but compressed accurately and fairly by a trained and responsible lawyer. Mr. Frankfurter was for four years Assistant United States Attorney, Southern District of New York; he is now professor of administrative law at the Harvard Law School.

It should be added that a more detailed account, with all necessary references, has been arranged by Mr. Frankfurter, in a small volume which will be published on the first of March as an Atlantic Monthly Press publication.

Reader, if you want the whole truth, that article by a Progressive Militarist in the January *Atlantic* was irony — unadulterated, sulphuric irony. Innocently enough we had supposed that the suggestion of disemboweling elderly gentlemen in public in order to harden the 'civil population' would be taken, not literally, but as satire on the militaristic attitude. We were quite wrong. At least forty letters have assured us that a public shambles is as contrary to the Gospel as it is opposed to ordinary politeness. Dr. Holmes used to talk about the dangers of being as funny as one can. Irony is a lot worse. It is harmless for children, as Swift proved, but for grown-ups — never.

As evidence of the mixed emotions with which the paper was read we quote portions of three letters, the first from a clergyman: —

> I am sending his 'modest proposal' to the proper bureau in the War Department in Washington, with a request for their immediate attention and action. It is my own and I shall do what I can to make it their opinion that the sooner this young philosopher and all others of his intellectual ilk are either incarcerated or else permanently removed from this country, the better for its welfare. . . .

The second from a doctor: —

> There is hope for a nation that can produce a worthy successor to the Dean of St. Patrick's.
>
> It is encouraging to find a magazine strong enough to publish 'A Modest Proposal.'

The third from a militarist: —

> Even a magazine of such widely recognized excellence as the *Atlantic Monthly* is to be congratulated upon the brilliant contribution in the January number, entitled, 'A Modest Proposal.' The author shows remarkable ingenuity in solving an important national problem as well as an admirable modesty in refusing to have his name associated with the plan. While his general plan cannot but make a strong appeal to intelligent Americans, there are one or two points of detail which, it seems to me, could be improved.
>
> It will, doubtless, be conceded by the author that the results which he desires could be more satisfactorily attained by a greater appeal to the sense of hearing instead of depending almost entirely upon the sight. It is therefore desirable that cries of distress and terror be produced in as

great volume as possible during the exercises which he proposes.

As is characteristic of noble animals, the horse suffers in more or less silence. It is evident that for this part of the plan a lower order of animal should be chosen.

The selection of retired army officers for the second phase is favored by their well-known willingness to sacrifice themselves for their country, but there appears the same objection as above. As men of courage they suffer in silence and would, therefore, not be suitable for this purpose.

It appears logical to me that the choice for the leading rôle in both parts of this plan should fall upon one of the lower order of animals whose lack of courage would cause them to make a great outcry and whose extirpation would be a benefit to the country. There is one class whose characteristics fit them perfectly for this part — the professional pacifists.

* * *

The conflict between good salesmanship and good publicity is ably suggested in this letter to Mr. Calkins.

New York City

Dear Mr. Calkins:—

Your article in the January *Atlantic Monthly* prompts me to write you, not only because I strongly agree with the arguments advanced, but because it deals with a question that has become extremely important for anyone engaged in advertising or selling work.

As far as I am personally concerned, your article is timely. We are just now considering the cancellation of a part of our regular advertising appropriation, in order to use that money as a retainer fee for a professional publicity man, who could undoubtedly give us a great deal more space, and, from certain standpoints, *more effective* space, than could be secured for the same amount in actual advertisements. I don't believe that ours is an isolated case. At any rate it indicates that the magazines and newspapers stand to lose money through the activities of 'public relations' experts and the willingness of newspapers to carry their 'releases.'

As you say, it is hard to understand why the business policy of newspapers in deleting advertising from news stories is so inconsistent with their editorial policy of admitting publicity that is simply advertising very poorly disguised. The question the advertiser must face, however, is how to get the greatest value from every dollar spent. If an altruistic editorial policy plays into his hands, so much the better. I have no doubt that many other advertisers are in the same position as ourselves in weighing the relative benefits we might receive from spending, say, $500 a month as a retainer fee for a capable publicity man, against $500 a month for newspaper space that ranges as high in cost as $14 a column inch.

Unless there is a decided reversal of policy on the part of the newspapers in the way of more rigid exclusion of free space, I think it quite likely that the choice of many advertisers will be in favor of the publicity man, in which event not only newspapers, but likewise advertising agencies and even the general public, are likely to be the losers. It is unfortunately true that a stick of free publicity is often worth more than a quarter page of paid advertising, if only for psychological reasons.

The only reason why I personally am opposed to publicity as against advertising expenditure is that the features of a company or product that are 'good publicity' are not necessarily good salesmanship, and cannot be depended on to present a permanent, consistent, and complete picture to the public. There are many people who would disagree with me in this respect, and such individuals would not hesitate in spending money for publicity rather than for paid space. Those who can well afford to do both would certainly be foolish to spend their money entirely for advertising and fail to take advantage of the present opportunity for publicity.

Very truly yours,
G. D.

* * *

From the larger laboratory.

Dear Editor, —

Reading 'Invisible Presences' in the January *Atlantic* brings me to the point of writing what I have long had in mind to record — an experience of my own. We lost our oldest son, a high-minded, talented, unselfish young man of great promise, and already much accomplishment.

The third day after he became invisible his father heard his voice saying, 'I have not gone away, Father.' But I heard nothing for more than a year. Then a younger brother, to whom he was in life devoted, was taken very ill. It was summer time, and we were at our country place, several miles from the city. Our physician was off on vacation and we must get another. Who should it be?

As day dawned I went to the kitchen and made coffee. After drinking a cup I sat down on a porch looking into the woods. My mind was entirely on the questions of what physician and what nurse. Then I heard our beloved, departed son, his voice natural as in life, say, 'Let *me* have him, Mother.' I replied instantly, 'Oh, no! Don't ask me that!'

feeling that I could not bear it to lose both.

That was all that happened. The voice came from an exact spot at the edge of the woods, not just out of the air — about thirty-six feet from me, and as if he were standing above the ground, about two feet perhaps, so that I thought at once, 'Spiritual bodies are not affected by gravitation.'

Since then I do not say I believe, because I *know*. I know that what we call death is only transition to a better life. It must be better or he would not have wanted his brother to share it. And it is a great comfort to be assured that the departed know of our affairs, keep their interest in us, and help us as far as they are able.

Do you not think that if all persons (not 'Spiritualists') who have any sort of communication from the other world would report it to the *Atlantic, exactly as it occurred,* it would be of value?

L. W. M.

* * *

In the November *Atlantic* Agnes Repplier dedicated her article to the 'Thieves of Time.' One of the gang forthwith held her up with this ironical letter and questionnaire.

To Miss Agnes Repplier, Authoress
Dear Madam: —

I am engaged in compiling a little book of personalia which, I flatter myself, —and not, I am confident, without reason, — will be of extraordinary value to posterity. From such a book the absence of information regarding the personal habits, tastes, and predilections of Agnes Repplier . . . would proclaim it a predestined failure.

May I ask for an hour or two of your time — always, I am sure, at the command of the Earnest Seeker?

Will you be good enough to fill out the accompanying questionnaire and let me have it at your earliest convenience? . . .

What seem to you to be the salient points of Homer's *Odyssey* as contrasted with the verse of the late Amy Lowell?

If Shelley had been familiar with the American bobolink, would he not, in your opinion, have apostrophized that bird rather than the skylark?

Would it have been possible for Walt Whitman to have written *Evangeline* or for Longfellow *Leaves of Grass?* If not, where lie the inhibitions?

I have learned that you reside on Clinton Street. Do you think the names of city streets should perpetuate those of distinguished men of history or of literature? Would it not be better to call them after the police?

You are fond of cats. Do you think that properly applied science of eugenics would result in developing a tail in a Manx cat?

Of what limitations are you yourself conscious? Do you suffer fools gladly or the reverse?

You have stated that you are of the Roman Catholic persuasion. In your opinion should *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* be placed upon the Index?

Jane Ridgeley Dunbar, *Investigator*

* * *

Everybody asks about Miss Boylston. As a vicarious excuse for her nonperformance, we quote from her recent letter from Somewhere in Albania.

Dear Atlantic, —

Please don't look at me like that. I don't deserve it. Truly I don't. I ask you as man to man what you would do in my place. Since November we have had

1 revolution
1 international crisis
3 balls
37 earthquakes

A great deal of my time has been spent in running out of the house and then running in again.

The Italian consul has just been here and he says I am all wrong in my earthquake count, because he himself counted sixty shocks before he lost track of them. Have you ever heard of a serial earthquake?

Helen Dore Boylston

* * *

The *Atlantic* is read —

You often tell us *where* and *when*,
By *whom* — but up to now
I have never seen a statement
Of just exactly *how*.
So let me give my method
(Which I highly recommend) —
Begin at the beginning
And read straight to the end!

THE CASE OF SACCO AND VANZETTI

BY FELIX FRANKFURTER

FOR more than six years the Sacco-Vanzetti case has been before the courts of Massachusetts. In a state where ordinary murder trials are promptly dispatched such extraordinary delay in itself challenges attention. The fact is that a long succession of disclosures has aroused interest far beyond the boundaries of Massachusetts and even of the United States, until the case has become one of those rare *causes célèbres* which are of international concern. The aim of this paper is to give in the briefest compass an accurate résumé of the facts of the case from its earliest stages to its present posture.

I

At about three o'clock in the afternoon of April 15, 1920, Parmenter, a paymaster, and Berardelli, his guard, were fired upon and killed by two men armed with pistols, as they were carrying two boxes containing the pay roll of the shoe factory of Slater and Morrill, amounting to $15,776.51, from the company's office building to the factory through the main street of South Braintree, Massachusetts. As the murder was being committed, a car containing several other men drew up to the spot. The murderers threw the two boxes into the car, jumped in themselves, and were driven away at high speed across some near-by railroad tracks. Two days later this car was found abandoned in woods at a distance from the scene of the crime.

At the time of the Braintree holdup the police were investigating a similar crime in the neighboring town of Bridgewater. In both cases a gang was involved. In both they made off in a car. In both eyewitnesses believed the criminals to be Italians. In the Bridgewater holdup the car had left the scene in the direction of Cochesett. Chief Stewart of Bridgewater was therefore, at the time of the Braintree murder, on the trail of an Italian owning or driving a car in Cochesett. He found his man in one Boda, whose car was in a garage awaiting repairs. Stewart instructed the garage proprietor to telephone to the police when anyone came to fetch it. Pursuing his theory, Stewart found that Boda had been living in Cochesett with a radical named Coacci. Now on April 16, 1920, which was the day after the Braintree murders, Stewart, at the instance of the Department of Justice, then engaged in the wholesale rounding up of Reds, had been to the house of Coacci to see why he had failed to appear at a hearing regarding his deportation. He found Coacci packing a trunk and apparently very anxious to leave. At the time, Coacci's trunk and his haste to depart for Italy were not connected in Chief Stewart's mind with the Braintree affair. But when, subsequently, the tracks of a smaller car were found near the murder car, he surmised that this car was Boda's; and in the light of his later discoveries he jumped to the conclusion that Coacci, Boda's pal, had 'skipped with the swag.' As a matter of fact, the contents of the trunk were found eventually to be wholly innocent. In the meantime, however, Chief Stewart continued to work on his theory that whosoever called for Boda's car at Johnson's garage would be suspect of the Braintree crime. On the night of May 5, Boda and three other Italians did in fact call. To explain how they came to do so we must go back a few days.

During the proceedings for the wholesale deportation of Reds under Attorney-General Palmer in the spring of 1920, one Salsedo was held incommunicado in a room in the New York offices of the

Department of Justice, on the fourteenth floor of a Park Row building. This Salsedo was a radical friend of Boda and his companions. On May 4 these friends learned that Salsedo had been found dead on the sidewalk outside the Park Row building. Already frightened by the Red raids, they bestirred themselves to 'hide the literature and notify the friends against the federal police.' For this purpose an automobile was needed, and they turned to Boda.

Such were the circumstances under which the four Italians appeared on the evening of May 5 at the Johnson garage. Two of them were Sacco and Vanzetti. The car was not available and the Italians left, but the police were notified. Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested on a street car, Boda escaped, and the fourth, Orciani, was arrested the next day.

Chief Stewart at once sought to apply his theory of the commission of the two 'jobs' by one gang. The theory, however, broke down. Orciani had been at work on the days of both crimes, so he was let go. Sacco, a shoe operative, in steady employment at a shoe factory in Stoughton, had taken a day off, and this was April 15. Hence, while he could not be charged with the Bridgewater crime, he was charged with the Braintree murder. Vanzetti, as a fish peddler at Plymouth and his own employer, could not give the same kind of alibi for either day and so he was held for both crimes. Stewart's theory that the crime was committed by these Italian radicals was not shared by the head of the state police, who always maintained that it was the work of professionals.[1]

Charged with the crime of murder on May 5, Sacco and Vanzetti were indicted on September 14, 1920, and put on trial May 21, 1921, at Dedham, Norfolk County. The setting of the trial, in the courthouse opposite the old home of Fisher Ames, furnished a striking contrast to the background and antecedents of the prisoners. Dedham is a quiet residential suburb, inhabited by well-to-do Bostonians, with a surviving element of New England small farmers. Part of the jury was specially selected by the sheriff's deputies from Masonic gatherings and from persons whom the deputies deemed 'representative citizens,' 'substantial' and 'intelligent.' The presiding judge was Webster Thayer of Worcester. The chief counsel for these Italians was a Westerner, a radical and a professional defender of radicals. In opinion, as well as in fact, he was an outsider. Unfamiliar with the traditions of the Massachusetts bench, not even a member of the Massachusetts bar, the characteristics of Judge Thayer unknown to him, Fred H. Moore found neither professional nor personal sympathies between himself and the Judge. So far as the relations between court and counsel seriously, even if unconsciously, affect the current of a trial, Moore was a factor of irritation. Sacco and Vanzetti spoke very broken English and their testimony shows how often they misunderstood the questions put to them. In fact, an interpreter had to be used, whose conduct raised such doubts that the defendants brought their own interpreter to check his questions and answers. The trial lasted nearly seven weeks, and on July 14, 1921, Sacco and Vanzetti were found guilty of murder in the first degree.

II

So far as the crime is concerned, we are dealing with a conventional case of pay-roll robbery. At the trial the killing of Parmenter and Berardelli was undisputed. The only issue was the identity of the murderers. Were Sacco and Vanzetti two of the assailants of Parmenter and Berardelli, or were they not?

On this issue there was at the trial a mass of conflicting evidence. Fifty-nine witnesses testified for the Commonwealth and ninety-nine for the defendants. The evidence offered by the Commonwealth was not the same against both defendants. The theory of the prosecution was that Sacco did the actual shooting while Vanzetti sat in the car as one of the collaborators in a conspiracy to murder. Witnesses testified to having seen both defendants in South Braintree on the morning of April 15; they claimed to recognize Sacco as the man who shot the guard Berardelli and to have seen him subsequently escape in the car. Expert testimony (the character of which, in the light of subsequent events, constitutes one of the most important features of the case and will be dealt with later) was offered seeking to connect one of four bullets removed from Berardelli's body with the Colt pistol found on Sacco at the time of his arrest. As to Vanzetti, the Commonwealth adduced evidence placing him in the murder car. Moreover, the Commonwealth introduced the conduct of the defendants, as evinced by pistols found on their persons and lies admittedly told by them when arrested, as further proof of identification, in that such conduct revealed 'consciousness of guilt.'

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[1] In this account of the joint trial of Sacco and Vanzetti the details of Vanzetti's separate trial cannot find a place. But Vanzetti's prosecution for the Bridgewater job was merely a phase of the South Braintree affair.

The defense met the Commonwealth's eyewitnesses by other eyewitnesses, slightly more numerous and at least as well circumstanced to observe the assailants, who testified that the defendants were not the men they saw. Their testimony was confirmed by witnesses who proved the presence of Sacco and Vanzetti elsewhere at the time of the murder. Other witnesses supported Sacco's testimony that on April 15 — the day that he was away from work — he was in Boston seeing about a passport to Italy, whither he was planning shortly to return to visit his recently bereaved father. The truth of that statement was supported by an official of the Italian consulate in Boston who deposed that Sacco visited his consulate at an hour that made it impossible for him to have been one of the Braintree murder gang. The claim of Vanzetti that on April 15 he was pursuing his customary trade as fish peddler was sustained by a number of witnesses who had been his customers that day.

From this summary it must be evident that the trustworthiness of the testimony which placed Sacco and Vanzetti in South Braintree on April 15 is the foundation of the case.

I. As to Sacco: —

The character of the testimony of the five witnesses who definitely identified Sacco as in the car or on the spot at the time of the murders demands critical attention. These witnesses were Mary Splaine, Frances Devlin, Lola Andrews, Louis Pelzer, Carlos E. Goodridge.

1. Splaine and Devlin were working together on the second floor of the Slater and Morrill factory with windows giving on the railroad crossing about sixty feet away. Both heard the shot, ran to the window, and saw an automobile crossing the tracks. Splaine's identification of Sacco as one of the occupants of this escaping car was one of the chief reliances of the prosecution. Viewing the scene from a distance of from sixty to eighty feet, she saw a man previously unknown to her in a car traveling at the rate of from fifteen to eighteen miles per hour, and she saw him only for a distance of about thirty feet — that is to say, for from one and a half to three seconds. Yet after more than a year she testified: —

> The man that appeared between the back of the front seat and the back seat was a man slightly taller than the witness. He weighed possibly from 140 to 145 pounds. He was muscular, an active-looking man. His left hand was a good-sized hand, a hand that denoted strength.
>
> Q. So that the hand you said you saw where? A. The left hand, that was placed on the back of the front seat. He had a gray, what I thought was a shirt — had a grayish, like navy color, and the face was what we would call clear-cut, clean-cut face. Through here [indicating] was a little narrow, just a little narrow. The forehead was high. The hair was brushed back and it was between, I should think, two inches and two and one-half inches in length and had dark eyebrows, but the complexion was a white, peculiar white that looked greenish.
>
> Q. Is that the same man you saw at Brockton? A. It is.
>
> Q. Are you sure? A. Positive.

The startling acuity of Splaine's vision was, as a matter of fact, the product of a year's reflection. Immediately after Sacco's arrest the police, in violation of approved police methods for the identification of suspects, brought Sacco alone into Splaine's presence. Then followed in about three weeks the preliminary hearing at which Sacco and Vanzetti were bound over for the grand jury. At this hearing — only forty days after the crime — Splaine was unable to identify Sacco.

> Q. You don't feel certain enough in your position to say he is the man? A. I don't think

my opportunity afforded me the right to say he is the man.

When confronted with this contradiction between her uncertainty a month after her observation and her certainty more than a year after her observation, she first took refuge in a claim of inaccuracy in the transcript of the stenographer's minutes. This charge she later withdrew and finally maintained: —

From the observation I had of him in the Quincy court and the comparison of the man I saw in the machine, on reflection I was sure he was the same man.

Then followed this cross-examination: —

Q. Your answer in the lower court was you did n't have opportunity to observe him. What did you mean when you said you did n't have opportunity sufficient, kindly tell us, you did n't have sufficient opportunity to observe him? A. Well, he was passing on the street.

Q. He was passing on the street and you did n't have sufficient opportunity to observe him to enable you to identify him? A. That is what I meant.

Q. That is the only opportunity you had? A. Yes, sir.

Q. You have had no other opportunity but that one fleeting glance? A. The remembrance of that.

Let Dr. Morton Prince, professor of dynamic psychology at Harvard University, comment on this testimony: —

I do not hesitate to say that the star witness for the government testified, honestly enough, no doubt, to what was psychologically impossible. Miss Splaine testified, though she had only seen Sacco at the time of the shooting from a distance of about sixty feet for from one and one-half to three seconds in a motor car going at an increasing rate of speed at about fifteen to eighteen miles an hour; that she saw and at the end of a year she remembered and described sixteen different details of his person, even to the size of his hand, the length of his hair as being between two and two and one-half inches long, and the shade of his eyebrows! Such perception and memory under such conditions can be easily proved to be psychologically impossible. Every psychologist knows that — so does Houdini. And what shall we think of the animus and honesty of the state that introduces such testimony to convict, knowing that the jury is too ignorant to disbelieve?

2. Devlin, at Quincy a month after the murder, merely said, 'He [Sacco] looks very much like the man that stood up in the back seat shooting.'

Q. Do you say positively he is the man? A. I don't say positively.

At the trial, over a year later, she had no doubt and when asked, 'Have you at any time had any doubt of your identification of this man?' replied, 'No.' The obvious discrepancy of an identification reaching certainty by lapse of time, without any additional opportunity for verification, she explained thus: 'At the time there I had in my own mind that he was the man, but on account of the immensity of the crime and everything, I hated to say right out and out.'

The inherent improbability of making any such accurate identification on the basis of a fleeting glimpse of an unknown man in the confusion of a sudden alarm is affirmed by the testimony of two other eyewitnesses. Ferguson and Pierce, from a window above Splaine and Devlin, on the next floor of the factory, had substantially the same view. They found it impossible to make any identification.

3. Pelzer, a young shoe-cutter, swore that when he heard the shooting he pulled up his window, took a glance at the scene, and saw the man who murdered Berardelli.

Q. How long did you stay in the window? A. Oh, about — I would say about a minute. . . .

Q. Then what did you do? A. I seen everything happen about that time, about in a minute.

This was the foundation for the following identification: —

Q. Do you see in the courtroom the man you saw shooting Berardelli that day? A. Well, I would n't say it was him, but he is a dead image of him.

Witness points out Mr. Sacco.

Q. Have you seen him since that time until you saw him in the courtroom? A. No, sir.

Witness was shown picture of him by Mr. Williams to-day.

Q. You say you would n't say it is him, but he is the dead image of him? What do you mean by that? A. Well, he has got the same appearance.

On cross-examination Pelzer admitted that immediately after Sacco's arrest, on May 6 or 7, he was unable to make any identification. His inability in May 1920 to make the identification which he made in June 1921 was confirmed by three fellow workmen. Two of them testified that instead of pulling up the window he took shelter under a bench, and the third in addition said: 'I heard him say that he did not see anybody.'

Pelzer's tergiversations and falsifications extracted from the District Attorney, Mr. Katzmann, the following eulogy: —

> He was frank enough here, gentlemen, to own that he had twice falsified before to both sides, treating them equally and alike, and he gave you his reason. I think he added that he had never been in court before. If not, somebody has and I confused him. It is of little consequence. He is big enough and manly enough now to tell you of his prior falsehoods and his reasons for them. If you accept them, gentlemen, give such weight to his testimony as you say should be given.

4. Lola Andrews, a woman of doubtful reputation, testified that at about 11 A.M. on the day of the murders, while in company with a Mrs. Campbell, she saw an automobile standing outside the Slater and Morrill factory. She saw a 'very light' man inside the car (concededly neither Sacco nor Vanzetti) and another man 'bending over the hood of the car,' whom she characterized as a 'dark-complexioned man.' She went into the factory in search of a job and at the time 'had no talk with either of the men.' When she came out 'fifteen minutes later' the dark man 'was down under the car like he was fixing something' and she asked him the way to another factory. He told her. That was the whole conversation between them. After Sacco's arrest she was taken to the Dedham jail and identified Sacco as the dark-complexioned man. She again identified him at the trial.

How came she to connect the dark man under the car with the murders which took place four hours later?

> Q. Would you say that the man had a fuller or more slender face [than the man in a photograph shown to the witness]? A. I don't know. He had a funny face. . . .
>
> Q. Meaning by that a face that was not a kindly face, a kind of brutal face? A. He did not have a real good looking face.
>
> Q. (by the District Attorney) What came to your mind, if anything, when you learned of the shooting? . . . A. Why, the only way I can answer that is this: When I heard of the shooting I somehow associated the man I saw at the car.

Four reputable witnesses completely discredited the Andrews testimony. The following sample must suffice. It is the testimony of a Quincy shopkeeper.

> I said to her, 'Hello, Lola,' and she stopped and she answered me. While she answered me I said, 'You look kind of tired.' She says, 'Yes.' She says, 'They are bothering the life out of me.' I says, 'What?' She says, 'I just come from jail.' I says, 'What have you done in jail?' She says, 'The Government took me down and want me to recognize those men,' she says, 'and I don't know a thing about them. I have never seen them and I can't recognize them.' She says, 'Unfortunately I have been down there to get a job and I have seen many men that I don't know and I have never paid any attention to anyone.'

Yet the District Attorney not only offered the Andrews testimony for the consideration of the jury, but gave it the weightiest possible personal sponsorship: —

> And then there is Lola Andrews. I have been in this office, gentlemen, for now more than eleven years. I cannot recall in that too long service for the Commonwealth that ever before I have laid eye or given ear to so convincing a witness as Lola Andrews.

5. Carlos E. Goodridge (who after the trial was discovered to be a fugitive from justice in another state and to have given evidence under a false name) swore that at the time of the shooting he was in a poolroom in South Braintree, heard shots, stepped to the door, and saw an automobile coming toward him, and that when he got to the sidewalk a man in the automobile 'poked a gun over towards him,' whereupon he 'went back into the poolroom.' About seven months later he identified Sacco as the man for the first time and identified him again at the trial.

Four witnesses, including his employer, squarely contradicted Goodridge's belated identification. Even when completely disinterested, identification testimony runs all the grave hazards due to the frailties and fallibilities of human observation and memory. But Goodridge's testimony, in addition to everything else, was tainted with self-interest. At the time he was a witness for the Commonwealth, he was facing jail under an indictment for larceny to which he had pleaded guilty. The case 'had been filed,' — that is, no sentence had been imposed, — and Goodridge had been placed on probation. The Judge did not allow the defense to show that Goodridge's testimony on behalf of the Commonwealth was influenced by leniency previously shown to him by the District Attorney in connection with the confessed charge of larceny and by fear of losing his immunity. In the light of settled principles of the law of evidence, this ruling, though later sustained by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, is indefensible.

II. As to Vanzetti: —

The Commonwealth offered two witnesses who claimed to identify Vanzetti as an occupant of the murder car. Of these one, Dolbeare, claimed to have seen him hours before the murder, leaving only a single individual, LeVangie, who claimed to have seen him on the spot. The Commonwealth sought to piece out the tenuous testimony by the evidence of two other witnesses who claimed to have seen Vanzetti during the day of the murder elsewhere than at Plymouth, but not at South Braintree. One witness, Faulkner, testified to recollecting a fellow passenger on a train going from Cochesett to Boston who got out at East Braintree at 9.54, and identified Vanzetti as that passenger. The basis of Faulkner's recollection was so frail, and was so fully destroyed by three railroad officials, that further recital of his testimony is superfluous. Finally Reed, a crossing tender, purported to recognize Vanzetti as the man sitting on the front seat of a car which he claimed to identify as the murder car. This was at some distance from Braintree, more than an hour after the murders. Reed's testimony placing Vanzetti on the front seat of the car ran counter to the theory of the Commonwealth that Vanzetti was at the rear. Moreover, Reed testified that 'the quality of the English [of Vanzetti] was unmistakable and clear,' while at the trial Vanzetti's English was found to be so imperfect that an interpreter had to be employed.

1. Harry E. Dolbeare testified that somewhere between 10 and 12 A.M. he saw a car going past him in South Braintree with five people in it, one of whom he identified as Vanzetti: —

> I felt it was a tough-looking bunch. That is the very feeling that came to my mind at the time. . . . I guess that is all. That is all I recall now.
>
> There is nothing other than what he has already given by which he characterizes these men as a tough-looking bunch. He does not know whether the other two men who sat on the back seat had moustaches or beards of any kind. He does not know what kind of a hat or cap the man in the middle, who leaned forward to speak, wore. He does not know whether this man had a cap with a visor projecting out or whether he had on a slouch hat.

2. LeVangie, the gate tender of the New Haven railroad, was on duty at the South Braintree grade crossing on the day of the murder. According to his testimony, the murder car drove up to the crossing just as he was lowering the gate, and a man inside forced him at the point of a revolver to let the car through before the advancing train. LeVangie identified Vanzetti as the man who was driving the car. LeVangie's testimony was discredited by the testimony of McCarthy, a locomotive fireman of the New Haven, who testified that three quarters of an hour after the murders he had the following conversation with LeVangie: —

> LeVangie said, 'There was a shooting affair going on.' I says, 'Someone shot?' I says, 'Who?' 'Someone, a fellow got murdered.' I said, 'Who did it?' He said he did not know. He said there was some fellows went by in an automobile and he heard the shots, and he started to put down the gates, and as he started to put them down one of them pointed a gun at him and he left the gates alone and ducked in the shanty. I asked him if he knew them. He said, no, he did not. I asked him if he would know them again if he saw them. He said, 'No.' He said all he could see was the gun and he ducked.

Moreover, LeVangie was discredited by all the other identification witnesses on both sides, who insisted that the driver of the car was a young, small, light-haired man, whereas Vanzetti was middle-aged, dark, with a black moustache. But, though the District Attorney had to repudiate LeVangie, he characteristically held on to LeVangie's identification. The following quotation from the District Attorney's summing up reveals the worthlessness of LeVangie's testimony; it throws no less light on the guiding attitude of the prosecution: —

> They find fault, gentlemen, with LeVangie. They say that LeVangie is wrong in saying that Vanzetti was driving that car. I agree with them, gentlemen. I would not be trying to do justice to these defendants if I pretended that personally so far as you are concerned about my personal belief on that, that Vanzetti drove that car over the crossing. I do not believe any such thing. You must be overwhelmed with the testimony that when the car started it was driven by a light-haired man who showed every indication of being sickly.
>
> We cannot mould the testimony of witnesses, gentlemen. We have got to take them as they testify on their oath, and we put LeVangie on because necessarily he must have been there. He saw something. He described a light-haired man to some of the witnesses. They produced Carter, the first witness they put on, to say that he said the light-haired man — the driver was a light-haired man. That is true. I believe my brothers will agree with me on that proposition, but he saw the face of Vanzetti in that car, and is his testimony to be rejected if it disagrees with everybody else if you are satisfied he honestly meant to tell the truth?
>
> And can't you reconcile it with the possibility, no, the likelihood, or, more than that, the probability that at that time Vanzetti was directly behind the driver in the quick glance this man LeVangie had of the car going over when they were going up over the crossing? . . .
>
> Right or wrong, we have to take it as it is. And I agree if it depends on the accuracy of the statement that Vanzetti was driving, then it is n't right, because I would have to reject personally the testimony of witnesses for the defense as well as for the Commonwealth who testified to the contrary. I ask you to find as a matter of common sense he was, in the light of other witnesses, in the car, and if on the left side that he may well have been immediately behind the driver.

In other words, obliged to repudiate the testimony of LeVangie that Vanzetti was on the front seat, the Commonwealth urged the jury to find that, although LeVangie said Vanzetti was on the front seat, he meant he was on the back seat.

At the time that he urged on the jury this testimony of LeVangie, the District Attorney had held interviews with, and had in his possession written statements of, the only two persons, Kelly and Kennedy, who had an extended opportunity to observe the driver of the car. The detailed description given by them absolutely excluded Vanzetti. The reliability of these observers and of their statements has not been challenged. Yet they were not called by the District Attorney; instead he called LeVangie. Unfortunately the existence of Kelly and Kennedy was until very recently unknown to the defense, and of course, therefore, their testimony was unavailable for Sacco and Vanzetti at the trial.

The alibi for Vanzetti was overwhelming. Thirty-one eyewitnesses testified positively that no one of the men that they saw in the murder car was Vanzetti. Thirteen witnesses either testified directly that Vanzetti was in Plymouth selling fish on the day of the murder or furnished corroboration of such testimony.

What is the worth of identification testimony even when uncontradicted? The identification of strangers is proverbially untrustworthy. The hazards of this type of testimony are established by a formidable number of instances in the records of English and American trials. These instances are recent — not due to the brutalities of ancient criminal procedure.

In the Sacco-Vanzetti case the elements of uncertainty were intensified. All the identifying witnesses were speaking from casual observation of men they had never seen before, men of foreign race, under circumstances of unusual confusion. Thus, one witness, Cole, 'thought at the first glance that the man was a Portuguese fellow named Tony that he knew.' Afterward he was sure it was Vanzetti. Nor can we abstain from comment on the methods pursued by the police in eliciting subsequent identification. The recognized procedure is to line up the suspect with others, and so far as possible with individuals of the same race and class, so as not to provoke identification through accentuation. In defiance of these necessary safeguards, Sacco and Vanzetti after their arrest were shown singly to persons brought there for the purposes of identification, not as part of a 'parade.' Moreover, Sacco and Vanzetti were not even allowed to be their natural selves; they were compelled to simulate the behavior of the Braintree bandits. Under such conditions identification of foreigners is a farce.

After the conviction Judge Thayer himself abandoned the identification of Sacco and Vanzetti as the ground on which the jury's verdict rested. In denying a motion for a new trial, based on the discovery of a new eyewitness with better opportunities for observation than any of the other witnesses on either side, who, in his affidavit, swore that Sacco was not the man in the car, Judge Thayer ruled that this evidence

> would simply mean one more piece of evidence of the same kind and directed to the same end, and in my judgment would have no effect whatever upon the verdicts. These verdicts did not rest, in my judgment, upon the testimony of the eyewitnesses, for the defendants, as it was, called more witnesses than the Commonwealth to testify that neither of the defendants were in the bandit car.
>
> The evidence that convicted these defendants was circumstantial and was evidence that is known in law as 'consciousness of guilt.'

III

'Consciousness of guilt' meant that the conduct of Sacco and Vanzetti after April 15 was the conduct of murderers. This inference of guilt was drawn from their behavior on the night of May 5, before and after arrest, and also from their possession of firearms. It is vital to keep in mind the evidence on which, according to Judge Thayer, these two men are to be sentenced to death. There was no claim whatever at the trial, and none has ever been suggested since, that Sacco and Vanzetti had any prior experience in holdups or any previous association with bandits; no claim that the sixteen thousand dollars taken from the victims ever found its way into their pockets; no claim that their financial condition or that of Sacco's family (he had a wife and child, and another child was soon to be born) was in any way changed after April 15; no claim that after the murder either Sacco or Vanzetti changed his manner of living or employment. Neither of these men had ever been accused of crime before their arrest. Nor did they during the three weeks between the murder and their arrest behave like men who were concealing the crime of murder. They did not go into hiding; they did not abscond with the spoils; they did not live under assumed names. They maintained their old lodgings; they pursued openly their callings within a few miles of the town where they were supposed to have committed murder in broad daylight; and when arrested Sacco was found to have in his pocket an announcement of a forthcoming meeting at which Vanzetti was to speak. Was this the behavior of men eluding identification?

What, then, was the evidence of guilty conduct against them?

1. Sacco and Vanzetti, as we have already explained, were two of four Italians who called for Boda's car at Johnson's garage on the evening of May 5. Mrs. Johnson gave the pretext of having to fetch some milk and went to a neighbor's house to telephone the police. She testified that the two defendants followed her to the house on the opposite side of the street, and when, after telephoning, she reappeared they followed her back. The men then left without taking the car, having been advised by Mr. Johnson not to run it without the current year's number plate.

> Q. Now, Boda came there to get his car, did n't he? A. Yes.
>
> Q. There were no 1920 number plates on it? A. No.
>
> Q. You advised him not to take the car and run it without the 1920 number plates, did n't you? A. Yes.
>
> Q. And he accepted your view? A. He seemed to.
>
> Q. He seemed to. And after some conversation went away? A. Yes.

This was the whole of the testimony on the strength of which Judge Thayer put the following question to the jury: —

> Did the defendants, in company with Orciani and Boda, leave the Johnson house because the

automobile had no 1920 number plate on it, or because they were conscious of or became suspicious of what Mrs. Johnson did in the Bartlett house? If they left because they had no 1920 number plates on the automobile, then you may say there was no consciousness of guilt in consequence of their sudden departure, but if they left because they were consciously guilty of what was being done by Mrs. Johnson in the Bartlett house, then you may say that is evidence tending to prove consciousness of guilt.

2. Following their departure from the Johnson house, Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested by a policeman who boarded their street car as it was coming into Brockton. Three policemen testified as to their behavior after being taken into custody. The following will serve as a sample: —

> I told them when we started that the first false move I would put a bullet in them. On the way up to the station Sacco reached his hand to put under his overcoat and I told him to keep his hands outside of his clothes and on his lap.
>
> Q. Will you illustrate to the jury how he placed his hands? A. He was sitting down with his hands that way [indicating], and he moved his hand up to put it in under his overcoat.
>
> Q. At what point? A. Just about the stomach there, across his waistband, and I says to him, 'Have you got a gun there?' He says, 'No.' He says, 'I ain't got no gun.' 'Well,' I says, 'keep your hands outside of your clothes.' We went along a little further and he done the same thing. I gets up on my knees on the front seat and I reaches over and I puts my hand under his coat, but I did not see any gun. 'Now,' I says, 'Mister, if you put your hand in there again, you are going to get into trouble.' He says, 'I don't want no trouble.'

3. In statements made to the District Attorney and to the Chief of Police at the police station after their arrest, both Sacco and Vanzetti lied. By misstatements they tried to conceal their movements on the day of their arrest, the friends they had been to see, the places they had visited. For instance, Vanzetti denied that he knew Boda.

What of this evidence of 'consciousness of guilt'? The testimony of the police that Sacco and Vanzetti were about to draw pistols was emphatically denied by them. These denials, it was urged, were confirmed by the inherent probabilities of the situation. Did Sacco and Vanzetti upon arrest reveal the qualities of the perpetrators of the Braintree murders? Would the ready and ruthless gunmen at Braintree have surrendered themselves so quietly into custody on a capital charge of which they knew themselves to be guilty? If Sacco and Vanzetti were the holdup men of Braintree, why did they not draw upon their expert skill and attempt to make their escape by scattering shots? But, not being gunmen, why should Sacco and Vanzetti have carried guns? The possession of firearms in this country has not at all the significance that it would have, say, in England. The extensive carrying of guns by people who are not 'gunmen' is a matter of common knowledge. Sacco acquired the habit of carrying a pistol while a night watchman in the shoe factory, because, as his employer testified, 'night watchmen protecting property do have guns.' Vanzetti carried a revolver 'because it was a very bad time, and I like to have a revolver for self-defense.'

> Q. How much money did you use to carry around with you? A. When I went to Boston for fish, I can carry eighty, one hundred dollars, one hundred and twenty dollars.
>
> There were many crimes, many holdups, many robberies at that time.

The other evidence from which 'consciousness of guilt' was drawn the two Italians admitted. They acknowledged that they behaved in the way described by Mrs. Johnson; and freely conceded that when questioned at the police station they told lies. What was their explanation of this conduct? To exculpate themselves of the crime of murder they had to disclose elaborately their guilt of radicalism. In order to meet the significance which the prosecution attached to the incidents at the Johnson house and those following, it became necessary for the defendants to advertise to the jury their offensive radicalism, and thereby to excite the deepest prejudices of a Norfolk County jury picked for its respectability and sitting in judgment upon two men of alien blood and abhorrent philosophy.

Innocent men, it is suggested, do not lie when picked up by the police. But Sacco and Vanzetti knew they were not innocent of the charge on which they supposed themselves arrested, and about which the police interrogated them. For, when apprehended, Sacco and Vanzetti were not confronted with the charge of murder; they were not accused of banditry; they were not given the remotest intimation that the murders of Parmenter and Berardelli were laid at their door. They were told they were arrested as 'suspicious characters,' and the meaning which that carried to their minds was rendered concrete by the questions that were put to them.

> Q. Tell us all you recall that Stewart, the chief, asked of you? A. He asked me why we were in Bridgewater, how long I knew Sacco, if I am a radical, if I am an anarchist or Communist, and he asked me if I believe in the government of the United States.
>
> Q. Did either Chief Stewart at the Brockton police station or Mr. Katzmann tell you that you were suspected of robberies and murder? A. No.
>
> Q. Was there any question asked of you or any statement made to you to indicate to you that you were charged with that crime on April 15? A. No.
>
> Q. What did you understand, in view of the questions asked of you, what did you understand you were being detained for at the Brockton police station? A. I understand they arrested me for a political matter. . . .
>
> Q. . . . Why did you feel you were being detained for political opinions? A. Because I was asked if I was a Socialist. I said, 'Well —'
>
> Q. You mean by reason of the questions asked of you? A. Because I was asked if I am a Socialist, if I am I. W. W., if I am a Communist, if I am a Radical, if I am a Black Hand.

Plainly their arrest meant to Sacco and Vanzetti arrest for radicalism.

Boston was one of the worst centres of the lawlessness and hysteria that characterized the campaign of the Department of Justice for the wholesale arrest and deportation of Reds. Its proximity to industrial communities having a large proportion of foreign labor and a history of past industrial conflicts lent to the lawless activities of the government officials the widespread support of influential public opinion. Mr. John F. Moors, himself a banker, has called attention to the fact that 'the hysteria against "the reds" was so great, at the time when these men were convicted, that even the most substantial bankers in this city [Boston] were carried away to the extent of paying for full-page advertisements about the red peril.' Sacco and Vanzetti were notorious Reds. They were associates of leading radicals; they had for some time been on the list of suspects of the Department of Justice; and they were especially obnoxious because they were draft-dodgers.

The terrorizing methods of the Government had very specific meaning for the two Italians. Two of their friends had already been deported. The arrest of the New York radical Salsedo, and his detention incommunicado by the Department of Justice, had been for some weeks a source of great concern to them. Vanzetti was sent to New York to confer with a committee having charge of the case of Salsedo and other Italian political prisoners. On his return, May 2, he reported to his Boston friends the advice which had been given him: namely, to dispose of their radical literature and thus eliminate the most damaging evidence in the deportation proceedings they feared. The urgency of acting on this advice was intensified by the tragic news of Salsedo's death after Vanzetti's return from New York. Though Salsedo's death was unexplained, to Sacco and Vanzetti it conveyed only one explanation. It was a symbol of their fears and an omen of their own fate.

On the witness stand Sacco and Vanzetti accounted for their movements on April 15. They also accounted for their ambiguous behavior on May 5. Up to the time that Sacco and Vanzetti testified to their radical activities, their pacifism, their flight to Mexico to avoid the draft, the trial was a trial for murder and banditry; with the cross-examination of Sacco and Vanzetti patriotism and radicalism became the dominant emotional issues. Outside the courtroom the Red hysteria was rampant; it was allowed to dominate within. The prosecutor systematically played on the feelings of the jury by exploiting the unpatriotic and despised beliefs of Sacco and Vanzetti, and the judge allowed him thus to divert and pervert the jury's mind.

The opening question in the cross-examination of Vanzetti by the District Attorney discloses a motif that he persistently played upon: —

Q. (by Mr. Katzmann) So you left Plymouth, Mr. Vanzetti, in May, 1917, to dodge the draft, did you? A. Yes, sir.

Q. When this country was at war, you ran away, so you would not have to fight as a soldier? A. Yes.

This method was elaborated when Sacco took the stand: —

Q. (by Mr. Katzmann) Did you say yesterday you love a free country? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you love this country in the month of May, 1917? A. I did not say — I don't want to say I did not love this country.

Q. Did you go to Mexico to avoid being a soldier for this country that you loved? A. Yes.

Q. And would it be your idea of showing your love for your wife that, when she needed you, you ran away from her? A. I did not run away from her.

Q. Don't you think going away from your country is a vulgar thing to do when she needs you? A. I don't believe in war.

Q. You don't believe in war? A. No, sir.

Q. Do you think it is a cowardly thing to do what you did? A. No, sir.

Q. Do you think it is a brave thing to do what you did? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you think it would be a brave thing to go away from your own wife? A. No.

Q. When she needed you? A. No.

The Court. All I ask is this one question, and it will simplify matters very much. Is it your claim that in the collection of the literature and the books and papers that that was done in the interest of the United States?

Mr. Jeremiah McAnarney. I make no such broad claim as that. . . .

Mr. Katzmann. Well, he [Sacco] stated in his direct examination yesterday that he loved a free country, and I offer it to attack that statement made in his examination by his own counsel.

The Court. That is what I supposed, and that is what I supposed that remark meant when it was introduced in this cross-examination, but counsel now say they don't make that claim.

Mr. Katzmann. They say they don't make the claim that gathering up the literature on May 5 at West Bridgewater was for the purpose of helping the country, but that is a different matter, not released [*sic*] to May 5.

The Court. I will let you inquire further first as to what he meant by the expression.

Q. What did you mean when you said yesterday you loved a free country? A. Give me a chance to explain.

Q. I am asking you to explain now. A. When I was in Italy, a boy, I was a Republican, so I always thinking Republican has more chance to manage education, develop, to build some day his family, to raise the child and education, if you could. But that was my opinion; so when I came to this country I saw there was not what I was thinking before, but there was all the difference, because I been working in Italy not so hard as I been work in this country. I could live free there just as well. Work in the same condition but not so hard, about seven or eight hours a day, better food. I mean genuine. Of course, over here is good food, because it is bigger country, to any those who got money to spend, not for the working and laboring class, and in Italy is more opportunity to laborer to eat vegetable, more fresh, and I came in this country. When I been started work here very hard and been work thirteen years, hard worker, I could not been afford much a family the way I did have the idea before. I could not put any money in the bank; I could no push my boy some to go to school and other things. I teach over here men who is with me. The free idea gives any man a chance to profess his own idea, not the supreme idea, not to give any person, not to be like Spain in position, yes, about twenty centuries ago, but to give a chance to print and education, literature, free speech, that I see it was all wrong. I could see the best men, intelligent, education, they been arrested and sent to prison and died in prison for years and years without getting them out, and Debs, one of the great men in his country, he is in prison, still away in prison, because he is a Socialist. He wanted the laboring class to have better conditions and better living, more education, give a push his son if he could have a chance some day, but they him in prison. Why? Because the capitalist class, they know, they are against that, because the capitalist class, they don't want our child to go to high school or college or Harvard College. There would be no chance, there would not be no — they don't want the working class educationed; they want the working class to be a low all the times, be underfoot, and not to be up with the head. So, sometimes, you see, the Rockefellers, Morgans, they give fifty — I mean they give five hundred thousand dollars to Harvard College, they give a million dollars for another school. Every day say, 'Well, D. Rockefeller is a great man, the best man in the country.' I want to ask him who is going to Harvard College? What benefit the working class they will get by those million dollars they give by Rockefeller, D. Rockefellers. They won't get, the poor class, they won't have no chance to go to Harvard College because men who is getting $21 a week or $30 a week, I don't care if he gets $80 a week, if he gets a family of five children he can't live and send his child and go to Harvard College if he wants to eat everything nature will give him. If he wants to eat like a cow, and that is the best thing, but I want men to live like men. I like men to get everything that nature will give best, because they belong — we are not the friend of any other place, but we are belong to nations. So that is why my idea has been changed. So that is why I love people who labor and work and see better conditions every day develop, makes no more war. We no want fight by the gun, and we don't want to destroy young men. The mother has been suffering for building the young man. Some day need a little more bread, so when the time the mother get some bread or profit out of that boy, the Rockefellers, Morgans, and some of the peoples, high class, they send to war. Why? What is war? The war is not shoots like Abraham Lincoln's and Abe Jefferson, to fight for the free country, for the better education to give chance to any other peoples, not the white people but the black and the others, because they believe and know they are mens like the rest, but they are war for the great millionaire. No war for the civilization of men. They are war for business, million dollars come on the side. What right we have to kill each other? I been work for the Irish. I have been working with the German fellow, with the French, many other peoples. I love them people just as I could love my wife, and my people for that did receive me. Why should I go kill them men? What he done to me? He never done anything, so I don't believe in no war. I want to destroy those guns. All I can say, the Government put the literature, give us educations. I remember in Italy, a long time ago, about sixty years ago, I should say, yes, about sixty years ago, the Government they could not control very much those two — devilment went on, and robbery, so one of the government in the cabinet he says, 'If you want to destroy those devilments, if you want to take off all those criminals, you ought to give a chance to Socialist literature, education of people, emancipation. That is why I destroy governments, boys.' That is why my idea I love Socialists. That is why I like people who want education and living, building, who is good, just as much as they could. That is all.

Q. And that is why you love the United States of America? A. Yes.

Q. She is back more than twenty centuries like Spain, is she? A. At the time of the war they do it.

Q. So without the light of knowledge on that subject, you are condemning even Harvard University, are you, as being a place for rich men? . . .

Q. Did you intend to condemn Harvard College? (Objection overruled.) A. No, sir.

Q. Were you ready to say none but the rich could go there without knowing about offering scholarships? (Objection overruled.)

Q. The question is this: As far as you understood Fruzetti's views, were yours the same? (Objection overruled.)

Q. Answer, please. A. (through the interpreter) I cannot say yes or no.

Q. Is it because you can't or because you don't want to? A. (through the interpreter) Because it is a very delicate question.

Q. It is very delicate, is n't it, because he was deported for his views?

Q. Do you know why Fruzetti was deported? A. (through the interpreter) Yes.

Q. Was it because he was of anarchistic opinions?

The Interpreter. He says he understands it now.

Q. Was it because Fruzetti entertained anarchistic opinions? A. One reason, he was an anarchist. Another reason, Fruzetti been writing all the time on the newspapers, and I am not sure why the reason he been deported.

Q. And the books which you intended to collect were books relating to anarchy, were n't they? A. Not all of them.

Q. How many of them? A. Well, all together. We are Socialists, democratic, any other socialistic information, Socialists, Syndicalists, Anarchists, any paper.

Q. Bolshevist? A. I do not know what Bolshevism means.

Q. Soviet? A. I do not know what Soviet means.

Q. Communism? A. Yes. I got some on astronomy, too.

Q. You were n't going to destroy them? A. I was going to keep them.

Q. You were going to keep them and when the time was over, you were going to bring them out again, were n't you? A. Yes.

In the Anglo-American system of criminal procedure the rôle of a public prosecutor is very different from that of an advocate in a private cause. In the words of a leading New York case: —

> Language which might be permitted to counsel in summing up a civil action cannot with propriety be used by a public prosecutor, who is a *quasi*-judicial officer, representing the people of the state, and presumed to act impartially in the interest only of justice. If he lays aside the impartiality that should characterize his official action to become a heated partisan, and by vituperation of the prisoner and appeals to prejudice seeks to procure a conviction at all hazards, he ceases to properly represent the public interest, which demands no victim, and asks no

> conviction through the aid of passion, sympathy, or resentment.

In 1921 the temper of the times made it the special duty of a prosecutor and a court engaged in trying two Italian radicals before a jury of native New Englanders to keep the instruments of justice free from the infection of passion or prejudice. In the case of Sacco and Vanzetti no such restraints were respected. By systematic exploitation of the defendants' alien blood, their imperfect knowledge of English, their unpopular social views, and their opposition to the war, the District Attorney invoked against them a riot of political passion and patriotic sentiment; and the trial judge connived at — one had almost written, coöperated in — the process. To quote the argument of Mr. William G. Thompson: —

> The persistent attempt of the Court in the presence of the jury to suggest that the defendants were claiming that the suppression of the Socialist literature was 'in the interest of the United States,' to which exception was taken, was even more objectionable and prejudicial. It seems incredible that the Court could have believed from any testimony that had been given by Vanzetti or Sacco that their purpose in collecting and suppressing the Socialist literature had anything to do with the interest of the United States. *If anything had been made plain, it was that they were actuated by personal fear of sharing the fate of Salsedo, not merely deportation, but death by violence while awaiting deportation.* Yet the Court eight times, in the face of as many explicit disclaimers from Mr. McAnarney, suggested that that was the defendants' claim. Had that claim been made it would, of course, have been the grossest hypocrisy, and might well have sealed the fate of both defendants with the jury. The repeated suggestion of the Court in the presence of the jury that that *was* the claim amounted to a violation by the Court of the defendants' elementary constitutional right to a fair and impartial trial. It was not cured by the Court's disclaimer made immediately after the exception was taken to the effect that he did not intend 'to prejudice the rights of either of these defendants.' Whatever the Court intended, he had fatally prejudiced their right to a fair trial, and no general disclaimer could undo the harm.

That the real purpose of this line of the prosecutor's cross-examination was to inflame the jury's passions is suggested by the professed ground on which, with the Court's sanction, it was conducted. The Commonwealth claimed that the alleged anxiety of Sacco and Vanzetti on the evening of their arrest and the lies they told could be explained only by the fact that they were the murderers of Parmenter and Berardelli. The defense replied that their conduct was clearly accounted for by the fact that the men were Reds in terror of the Department of Justice. To test the credibility of this answer the District Attorney proposed to examine Sacco and Vanzetti to find out whether they were really radicals or only pretending to be. In effect the Commonwealth undertook to show that the defendants were impostors, that they were spurious Reds. This it made not the least attempt to do. It never disputed their radicalism. Instead of undermining the claim of the defendants by which their conduct was explained, the District Attorney adopted their confession of radicalism, exaggerated and exploited it. He thereby wholly destroyed the basis of his original claim, for what reason was there any longer to suppose that the 'consciousness of guilt' was consciousness of murder rather than of radicalism?

IV

The deliberate effort to excite the emotions of jurors still in the grip of war fever is not unparalleled in the legal history of the times. During the year 1918–19 in the United States, forty-four convictions were reversed by appellate courts for misconduct of the trial judge or the public prosecutor; thirty-three of them for inflammatory appeals made by the district attorney on matters not properly before the jury. Appellate courts interfere reluctantly in such cases and only where there has been a flagrant abuse, so that we may safely assume the above figures indicate an even more widespread evil. What *is* unparalleled is that such an abuse should have succeeded in a Massachusetts court.

As things were, what wonder the jury convicted? The last words left with them by Mr. Katzmann were an appeal to their solidarity against the alien: 'Gentlemen of the jury, do your duty. Do it like men.

Stand together, you men of Norfolk.' The first words of Judge Thayer's charge revived their memories of the war and sharpened their indignation against the two draft-dodgers whose fate lay in their hands: 'The Commonwealth of Massachusetts called upon you to render a most important service. Although you knew that such service would be arduous, painful, and tiresome, yet you, like the true soldier, responded to that call in the spirit of supreme American loyalty. There is no better word in the English language than "loyalty."' It had been to the accompaniment of this same war motif that the jurors were first initiated into the case; by the license allowed to the prosecution it had remained continuously in their ears throughout the trial; and now by the final and authoritative voice of the Court it was a soldier's loyalty which was made the measure of their duty.

The function of a judge's charge is to enable the jury to find its way through the maze of conflicting testimony, to sift the relevant from the irrelevant, to weigh wisely, and to judge dispassionately. A trial judge is not expected to rehearse all the testimony; in Massachusetts he is not allowed to express his own opinion on it. But in drawing the disconnected threads of evidence and marshaling the claims on both sides he must exercise a scrupulous regard for relevance and proportion. Misplaced emphasis here and omission there may work more damage than any outspoken comment. By his summing up a judge reveals his estimate of relative importance. Judge Thayer's charge directs the emotions only too clearly. What guidance does he give to the mind? The charge occupies twenty-four pages; of these, fourteen are consumed in abstract legal generalities and moral exhortations. Having allowed the minds of the jurors to be impregnated with war feeling, Judge Thayer now invited them to breathe 'a purer atmosphere of unyielding impartiality and absolute fairness.' Unfortunately the passion and prejudice instilled during the course of a long trial cannot be exorcised by the general, placid language of a charge after the mischief is done. Every experienced lawyer knows that it is idle to ask jurors to dismiss from their memory what has been deposited in their feelings.

In this case the vital issue was identification. That the whole mass of conflicting identification testimony is dismissed in two pages out of twenty-four is a fair measure of the distorted perspective in which the Judge placed the case. He dealt with identification in abstract terms and without mentioning the name of any witness on either side. The alibi testimony he likewise dismissed in two paragraphs, again without reference to specific witnesses. In striking contrast to this sterile treatment of the issue whether or not Sacco and Vanzetti were in South Braintree on April 15 was his concrete and elaborate treatment of the inferences which might be drawn from the character of their conduct on the night of their arrest. Five pages of the charge are given over to 'consciousness of guilt,' set forth in great detail and with specific mention of the testimony given by the various police officials and by Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. The disproportionate consideration which Judge Thayer gave to this issue, in the light of his comments during the trial, must have left the impression that the case turned on 'consciousness of guilt.' As we have seen, Judge Thayer himself did in fact so interpret the jury's verdict afterward.

As to motive, the Court expatiated for more than a page on his legal conception and the undisputed claim of the Commonwealth that the motive of the murder of Parmenter and Berardelli was robbery, but made no comment whatever on the complete failure of the Commonwealth to trace any of the stolen money to either defendant or to connect them with the art of robbery. Undoubtedly, great weight must have been attached by the jury, as it was by the Court, to the identification of the fatal bullet taken from Berardelli's body as having passed through Sacco's pistol. The Court instructed the jury that Captain Proctor and another expert had testified that 'it was his [Sacco's] pistol that fired the bullet that caused the death of Berardelli,' when in fact that was not Captain Proctor's testimony. Of course, if the jury believed Proctor's testimony as interpreted by Judge Thayer, Sacco certainly was doomed. In view of the temper of the times, the nature of the accusation, the opinions of the accused, the tactics of the prosecution, and the conduct of the Judge, no wonder the 'men of Norfolk' convicted Sacco and Vanzetti!

Hitherto the methods pursued by the prosecution, which explain the convictions, rested on inferences, however compelling. But recently facts have been disclosed, and not denied by the prosecution, to indicate that the case against these Italians for murder was part of a collusive effort between the District Attorney and agents of the Department of Justice to rid the country of Sacco and Vanzetti because of their Red activities. In proof of this we have the affidavits of two former officers of the Government, one of whom served as post-office inspector for twenty-five years, and both of whom are now in honorable civil employment. Sacco's and Vanzetti's names were on the files of the Department of Justice 'as radicals to be watched'; the Department was eager for their deportation, but had not evidence enough to secure it; and inasmuch as the United States District Court for Massachusetts had checked abuses in deportation proceedings, the Department had become chary of resorting to deportation without adequate legal basis. The arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti, on the mistaken theory of Chief Stewart, furnished the agents of the Department their opportunity. Although the opinion of the agents working on the case was that 'the South Braintree crime was the work of professionals,' and that Sacco and Vanzetti, 'although anarchists and agitators, were not highway robbers, and had nothing to do with the South Braintree crime,' yet they collaborated with the District Attorney in the prosecution of Sacco and Vanzetti for murder. For 'it was the opinion of the Department agents here that a conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti for murder would be one way of disposing of these two men.' Here, to be sure, is a startling allegation. But it is made by a man of long years of important service in the Government's employ. It is supported by the now admitted installation of a government spy in a cell adjoining Sacco's with a view to 'obtaining whatever incriminating evidence he could . . . after winning his confidence'; by the insinuation of an 'under-cover man' into the councils of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee; by the proposed placement of another spy as a lodger in Mrs. Sacco's house; and by the supplying of information about the radical activities of Sacco and Vanzetti to the District Attorney by the agents of the Department of Justice.

These joint labors between Boston agents of the Department of Justice and the District Attorney led to a great deal of correspondence between the agent in charge and the District Attorney and to reports between the agents of the Department and Washington. These records have not been made available, nor has their absence been accounted for. An appeal to Attorney-General Sargent proved fruitless, although supported by Senator Butler of Massachusetts, requesting that Mr. West, the then agent in charge, 'be authorized to talk with counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti and to disclose whatever documents and correspondence are on file in his office dealing with the investigation made by the Boston agents before, during, and after the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti.' The facts upon which this appeal was made stand uncontradicted. West made no denial whatever and the District Attorney only emphasized his failure to deny the facts charged by the two former agents of the Department of Justice by an affidavit confined to a denial of some of the statements of a former government spy. The charge that the principal agent of the Department of Justice in Boston and the District Attorney collaborated to secure the conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti is denied neither by the agent nor by the District Attorney. Chief Stewart of Bridgewater takes it upon himself to say that the officials of the Department 'had nothing whatsoever to do with the preparation of this case for trial.' Instead of making a full disclosure of the facts, the representative of the Commonwealth indulged in vituperation against the former officers of the Department of Justice as men who were guilty of 'a breach of loyalty' because they violated the watchword of the Department of Justice, 'Do not betray the secrets of your departments.' To which Mr. Thompson rightly replies, 'What are the secrets which they admit? . . . A government which has come to value its own secrets more than it does the lives of its citizens has become a tyranny. . . .

Secrets, secrets! And he says you should abstain from touching this verdict of your jury because it is so sacred. Would they not have liked to know something about the secrets? The case is admitted by that inadvertent concession. There are, then, secrets to be admitted.' Yet Judge Thayer found in these circumstances only opportunity to make innuendo against a former official of the Government well known for his long and honorable service, and an elaborate denial of a claim that was never made. Not less than twelve times Judge Thayer ridicules the charge of a conspiracy between 'these two great Governments — that of the United States and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts'! He indulges in much patriotic protestation, but is wholly silent about the specific acts of wrongdoing and lawlessness connected with the Red raids of 1920. The historian who relied on this opinion would have to assume that the charge of lawlessness and misconduct in the deportations of outlawed radicals was the traitorous invention of a diseased mind.

V

The verdict of guilty was brought in on July 14, 1921. The exceptions which had been taken to rulings at the trial were made the basis of an application for a new trial, which Judge Thayer refused. Subsequently a great mass of new evidence was unearthed by the defense, and made the subject of other motions for a new trial, all heard before Judge Thayer and all denied by him. The hearing on the later motions took place on October 1, 1923, and was the occasion of the entry into the case of Mr. William G. Thompson, a powerful advocate bred in the traditions of the Massachusetts courts. The espousal of the Sacco-Vanzetti cause by a man of Mr. Thompson's professional prestige at once gave it a new complexion and has been its mainstay ever since. For he has brought to the case, not only his great ability as a lawyer, but the strength of his conviction that these two men are innocent and that their trial was not characterized by those high standards which are the pride of Massachusetts justice.

We have now reached a stage of the case the details of which shake one's confidence in the whole course of the proceedings and reveal a situation which undermines the respect usually to be accorded to a jury's verdict. By prearrangement the prosecution brought before the jury a piece of evidence apparently most damaging to the defendants, when in fact the full truth concerning this evidence was very favorable to them. Vital to the identification of Sacco and Vanzetti as the murderers was the identification of one of the fatal bullets as a bullet coming from Sacco's pistol. The evidence excluded the possibility that five other bullets found in the dead bodies were fired by either Sacco or Vanzetti. When Judge Thayer placed the case in the jury's hands for judgment he charged them that the Commonwealth had introduced the testimony of two experts, Proctor and Van Amburgh, to the effect that the fatal bullet went through Sacco's pistol.

Such was not the belief of Proctor; he refused to accede to this view in the course of the preparation of the case, and the District Attorney knew that such was not intended to be his testimony. These startling statements call for detailed proof.

Proctor at the time of his testimony was head of the state police and had been in the Department of Public Safety for twenty-three years. On the witness stand he was qualified at length as an expert who had for twenty years been making examination of, and experiments with, bullets and revolvers and had testified in over a hundred capital cases. His testimony was thus offered by the State as entitled to the greatest weight. If the jury could be convinced that the bullet found in Berardelli's body came out of Sacco's pistol, the State's case was invincible. On this crucial issue Captain Proctor testified as follows at the trial: —

> Q. Have you an opinion as to whether bullet Number 3 (Exhibit 18) was fired from the Colt automatic, which is in evidence? A. I have.
>
> Q. And what is your opinion? A. My opinion is that it is consistent with being fired from that pistol.

The Government placed chief reliance on his expert testimony. In his closing argument the District Attorney told the jury, 'You might disregard all the identification testimony, and base your verdict on the testimony of these experts.' It weighed heavily in the Court's charge. In simple English he interpreted the evidence to mean that

> it was his [Sacco's] pistol that fired the bullet that caused the death of Berardelli. To this effect the Commonwealth introduced the testimony of two witnesses, Messrs. Proctor and Van Amburgh.

Naturally the Court's interpretation became the jury's. By their silence the District Attorney and the counsel for the defense acquiesced in the Court's interpretation, showing that counsel for both sides apparently attached the same meaning to this testimony. After the conviction Proctor in an affidavit swore to the following account of his true views and the manner in which they were phrased for purposes of the trial. After giving his experience and the fact that he had had the custody of the bullets, cartridges, shells, and pistols in the case, he swore that one of the bullets

> was, as I then testified and still believe, fired from a Colt automatic pistol of 32 calibre. During the preparation for the trial, my attention was repeatedly called by the District Attorney and his assistants to the question: whether I could find any evidence which would justify the opinion that the particular bullet taken from the body of Berardelli, which came from a Colt automatic pistol, came from the particular Colt automatic pistol taken from Sacco. I used every means available to me for forming an opinion on this subject. I conducted, with Captain Van Amburgh, certain tests at Lowell, about which I testified, consisting in firing certain cartridges through Sacco's pistol. At no time was I able to find any evidence whatever which tended to convince me that the particular model bullet found in Berardelli's body, which came from *a* Colt automatic pistol, which I think was numbered 3 and had some other exhibit number, came from Sacco's pistol, and I so informed the District Attorney and his assistant before the trial. This bullet was what is commonly called a full metal-patch bullet and although I repeatedly talked over with Captain Van Amburgh the scratch or scratches which he claimed tended to identify this bullet as one that must have gone through Sacco's pistol, his statements concerning the identifying marks seemed to me entirely unconvincing.
>
> At the trial, the District Attorney did not ask me whether I had found any evidence that the so-called mortal bullet which I have referred to as Number 3 passed through Sacco's pistol, nor was I asked that question on cross-examination. The District Attorney desired to ask me that question, but I had repeatedly told him that if he did I should be obliged to answer in the negative; consequently, he put to me this question: Q. Have you an opinion as to whether bullet Number 3 was fired from the Colt automatic which is in evidence? To which I answered, 'I have.' He then proceeded. Q. And what is your opinion? A. My opinion is that it is consistent with being fired by that pistol.

He proceeded to state that he is still of the same opinion: —

> But I do not intend by that answer to imply that I had found any evidence that the so-called mortal bullet had passed through this particular Colt automatic pistol and the District Attorney well knew that I did not so intend and framed his question accordingly. Had I been asked the direct question: whether I had found any affirmative evidence whatever that this so-called mortal bullet had passed through this particular Sacco's pistol, I should have answered then, as I do now without hesitation, in the negative.

This affidavit of Proctor was made the basis of Mr. Thompson's motion for a new trial before Judge Thayer. Here was a charge going to the vitals of the case, made by a high official of the police agencies of the state. How did the District Attorney meet it? Mr. Katzmann and his assistant, Mr Williams, filed affidavits in reply. Did they contradict Proctor? They could not deny his testimony or the weight that the prosecution and the Court had attached to it. These were matters of record. Did they deny the prearrangement which he charged? Did they deny that he told them he was unable to identify the mortal bullet as Sacco's bullet?

Katzmann's affidavit stated that

> prior to his testifying, Captain Proctor told me that he was prepared to testify that the mortal bullet was consistent with having been fired from the Sacco pistol; that I did not *repeatedly* ask him whether he had found any evidence that the mortal bullet had passed through the Sacco pistol, nor did he *repeatedly* tell me that if I did ask him that question he would be obliged to reply in the negative. [Italics ours]

Williams's affidavit, after setting forth that Captain Proctor told him before the trial that comparisons of the mortal bullet with bullets 'pushed by him through various types of pistols' showed that 'the mortal bullet had been fired in *a* Colt automatic pistol,' proceeded: —

> He said that all he could do was to determine the width of the landmarks upon the bullet. His attention was not *repeatedly* called to the question, whether he could find any evidence which would justify the opinion that this bullet came from the Sacco pistol. I conducted the direct examination of Captain Proctor at the trial and asked him the question quoted in his affidavit, 'Have you an opinion as to whether bullet Number 3 was fired from the Colt automatic which is in evidence?'
>
> This question was suggested by Captain Proctor himself as best calculated to give him an opportunity to tell what opinion he had respecting the mortal bullet and its connection with the Sacco pistol. His answer in court was the same answer he had given me personally before.

Proctor's disclosures remain uncontradicted: he was unable to identify the murder bullet as Sacco's bullet; he told Katzmann and Williams that he was unable to do it; he told them if he were asked the question on the witness stand he would have to testify that he could not make the identification; a form of words was therefore found by which, without committing perjury, he could convey the impression that he had testified to the identification. The only contradiction by Katzmann and Williams of Proctor's account affects the number of times that he told them that he was unable to make the identification, he having sworn that he told them 'repeatedly' and they denying that he told them 'repeatedly.' Yet Judge Thayer found no warrant in the Proctor incident for directing a new trial. And why?

The Judge quotes the Proctor questions and answers and argues that the questions were clear and must have been perfectly understood by Captain Proctor. Of course the questions were clear and clearly understood by Proctor. The whole meaning of Captain Proctor's affidavit was that the questions and answers were prearranged and that by this prearrangement court and jury were misled with terrible harm to the defendants.

The Judge is extraordinarily versatile in misinterpreting the true purport of the Proctor affidavit. Thus he seriously asks why, if Captain Proctor at the trial was 'desirous of expressing his true opinion,' he used the phrase 'consistent with,' language selected by himself. The crux of the matter is that Captain Proctor at the trial was not 'desirous of expressing his true opinion,' that the District Attorney was very desirous that he should not do so, and that between them they agreed on a form of words to avoid it.

The Judge next attempts to belittle the weight of Proctor's testimony two years after he was offered by the Commonwealth with elaborate reliance as a most important expert. We must dwell on one amazing statement of the Court. 'With his limited knowledge,' says Judge Thayer, 'Captain Proctor did not testify that the mortal bullet did pass through Sacco's pistol, but that from his examination of the facts it was simply consistent with it.' Why did not Judge Thayer say this to the jury when he charged them with determining the guilt or innocence of Sacco? Why did the Judge charge the jury that Captain Proctor *did* testify that the mortal bullet passed through Sacco's pistol? And why, having in October 1924, for the purpose of denying the Proctor motion, minimized the Proctor testimony by saying that Proctor testified that the passing of the mortal bullet through Sacco's pistol was 'simply consistent with' the facts, does he two years later, in order to show how strong the case was at the original trial, state that the 'experts testified in their judgment it [the mortal bullet] was *perfectly* consistent with' having been fired through the Sacco pistol? In charging the jury Judge Thayer misled them by maximizing the Proctor testimony as the prearrangement intended that it should be maximized. When the prearrangement was discovered and made the basis of a motion for a new trial, Judge Thayer depreciated Proctor's qualifications as an expert and minimized Proctor's actual testimony. Finally, when confronted with new evidence pointing seriously to guilt for the Berardelli murder, not only away from Sacco and Vanzetti, but positively in another direction, in order to give the appearance of impressiveness to the facts before the jury

Judge Thayer again relies upon the weightiness of Proctor's expert testimony and maximizes Proctor's evidence at the trial, but not to the extent that he did in charging the jury because Proctor's affidavit now prevents him from doing so!

This is the attitude of mind which has guided the conduct of this case from the beginning; this is the judge who has for all practical purposes sat in judgment upon his own conduct.

English criminal justice is constantly held up to us, and rightly so, as an example. One ventures confidently to say that conduct like that revealed by the Proctor incident is inconceivable in an English prosecution. But if it did take place, there is no possible doubt that the corrective resources of the English courts would not allow a verdict secured by such means to stand. Such behavior surely violates the standards which the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court has laid down for district attorneys:—

> The powers of a district attorney under our laws are very extensive. They affect to a high degree the liberty of the individual, the good order of society, and the safety of the community. His natural influence with the grand jury, and the confidence commonly reposed in his recommendations by judges, afford to the unscrupulous, the weak or the wicked incumbent of the office vast opportunity to oppress the innocent and to shield the guilty, to trouble his enemies and to protect his friends, and to make the interest of the public subservient to his personal desires, his individual ambitions, and his private advantage. . . . Powers so great impose responsibilities correspondingly grave. They demand character incorruptible, reputation unsullied, a high standard of professional ethics, and sound judgment of no mean order.

If the Proctor situation does not come within the condemnation of these requirements, language certainly has strange meaning. Yet the Massachusetts Supreme Court held that Judge Thayer's decision could not 'as a matter of law' be reversed.

VI

On May 12, 1926, the Supreme Court of Massachusetts found 'no error' in any of the rulings of Judge Thayer. The guilt or innocence of the defendants was not retried in the Supreme Court. That court could not inquire whether the facts as set forth in the printed record justified the verdict. Such would have been the scope of judicial review had the case come before the New York Court of Appeals or the English Court of Criminal Appeal. In those jurisdictions a judgment upon the facts as well as upon the law is open, and their courts decide whether convictions should stand in view of the whole record. A much more limited scope in reviewing convictions prevails in Massachusetts. What is reviewed in effect is the conduct of the trial judge; only so-called questions of law are open.

The merits of the legal questions raised by the exceptions cannot be discussed here. Suffice it to say, with deference, that some of the Supreme Court rulings are puzzling in the extreme. One question of law, however, can be explained within small compass, and that is the question which is the crux of the case: Did Judge Thayer observe the standards of Anglo-American justice? In legal parlance, was there abuse of 'judicial discretion' by Judge Thayer? What, then, is 'judicial discretion'? Is it a legal abracadabra, or does it imply standards of conduct within the comprehension of the laity in whose interests they are enforced? The present Chief Justice of Massachusetts has given an authoritative definition: —

> Discretion in this connection means a sound judicial discretion, enlighted by intelligence and learning, controlled by sound principles of law, of firm courage combined with the calmness of a cool mind, free from partiality, not swayed by sympathy nor warped by prejudice nor moved by any kind of influence save alone the overwhelming passion to do that which is just. It may be assumed that conduct manifesting abuse of judicial discretion will be reviewed and some relief afforded.

This is the test by which Judge Thayer's conduct must be measured. The Supreme Court found no abuse of judicial discretion on the record presented at the first hearing before it. In other words, the Court was satisfied that throughout the conduct of the trial and the proceedings that followed it Judge Thayer was governed by 'the calmness of a cool mind, free from partiality, not swayed by sympathy nor warped by prejudice nor moved by any kind of influence save alone the overwhelming passion to do that which is just.'

The reader has now had placed before him fairly, it is hoped, however briefly, the means of forming a judgment. Let him judge for himself!

VII

Hitherto the defense has maintained that the circumstances of the case all pointed away from Sacco and Vanzetti. But the deaths of Parmenter and Berardelli have remained unexplained. Now the defense has adduced new proof, not only that Sacco and Vanzetti did *not* commit the murders, but also, positively, that a well-known gang of professional criminals *did* commit them. Hitherto a new trial has been pressed because of the character of the original trial. Now a new trial has been demanded because an impressive body of evidence tends to establish the guilt of others.

Celestino F. Madeiros, a young Portuguese with a bad criminal record, was in 1925 confined in the same prison with Sacco. On November 18, while his appeal from a conviction of murder committed in an attempt at bank robbery was pending in the Supreme Court, he sent to Sacco through a jail messenger the following note: —

> I hear by confess to being in the South Braintree shoe company crime and Sacco and Vanzetti was not in said crime.
>
> Celestino F. Madeiros

The confession of a criminal assuming guilt for a crime laid at another's door is always suspect and rightly so. But, as we cannot too strongly insist, the new evidence is not *contained in* the Madeiros confession. His note to Sacco was only the starting point which enabled the defense to weave the network of independent evidence implicating the Morelli gang of Providence.

As soon as Sacco's counsel was apprized of this note he began a searching investigation of Madeiros's claim. It then appeared that Madeiros had tried several times previously to tell Sacco that he knew the real perpetrators of the Braintree job, but Sacco, fearing he was a spy, had disregarded what he said. An interview with Madeiros revealed such circumstantiality of detail that an examination of Madeiros, both by the defense and by the Commonwealth, was plainly called for. The various affidavits given by Madeiros and the deposition of one hundred pages, in which he was cross-examined by the District Attorney, tell the following story.

In 1920 Madeiros, then eighteen years old, was living in Providence. He already had a criminal record and was associated with a gang of Italians engaged in robbing freight cars. One evening, when they were talking together in a saloon in Providence, some members of the gang invited him to join them in a pay-roll robbery at South Braintree. A holdup was a new form of criminal enterprise for him, but they told him 'they had done lots of jobs of this kind' and persuaded him to come along. As an eighteen-year-old novice he was to be given only a subordinate part. He was to sit in the back of a car with a revolver and 'help hold back the crowd in case they made a rush.' Accordingly a few days later, on April 15, 1920, the plan was carried into execution. In the party, besides Madeiros, were three Italians and a 'kind of a slim fellow with light hair,' who drove the car. In order to prevent identification they adopted the familiar device of using two cars. They started out in a Hudson, driving to some woods near Randolph. They then exchanged the Hudson for a Buick brought them by another member of the gang. In the Buick they proceeded to South Braintree, arriving there about noon. When the time came the actual shooting was done by the oldest of the Italians, a man about forty, and one other. The rest of the party remained near by in the automobile. As the crime was being committed they drove up, took aboard the murderers and the money, and made off. They drove back to the Randolph woods, exchanged the Buick again for the Hudson, and returned to Providence. The arrangement was that Madeiros should meet the others in a saloon at Providence the following night to divide the spoils. Whether this arrangement was kept and whether he got any of the Braintree loot Madeiros persistently refused to say.

This refusal was in pursuance of Madeiros's avowed policy. From the outset he announced his determination not to reveal the identity of his associates in the Braintree job, while holding back nothing which seemed to implicate himself alone. To shield them he obstinately declined to answer questions and, if necessary, frankly resorted to lies. Thus, examination could not extort from him the surnames of the gang, and he further sought to cover up their identity by giving some of them false Christian names. Madeiros showed considerable astuteness in evading what he wanted to conceal. But in undertaking to tell the story of the crime without revealing the criminals he set himself an impossible task. In spite of his efforts, a lawyer as resourceful as Mr. Thompson was able to elicit facts which, when followed up, established the identity of the gang and also strongly corroborated the story of Madeiros.

Madeiros said that the gang 'had been engaged in robbing freight cars in Providence.' Was there such a gang? There was the Morelli gang, well known to the police of Providence and New Bedford as professional criminals, several of whom at the time of the Braintree murders were actually under indictment in the United States District Court for Rhode Island for stealing from freight cars. Five out of nine indictments charging shoe thefts were for stealing consignments from *Slater and Morrill at South Braintree* and from Rice and Hutchins, the factory next door. In view of their method of operations, the gang must have had a confederate at South Braintree to spot shipments for them. The Slater and Morrill factory was about one hundred yards from the South Braintree railroad station and an accomplice spotting shipments would be passed by the paymaster on his weekly trip. It will be recalled that the pay roll was that of the Slater and Morrill factory and that the murder and the robbery occurred in front of these two factories. The Morellis under indictment were out of jail awaiting trial. They needed money for their defense; their only source of income was crime. They were at large until May 25, when they were convicted and sent to Atlanta.

Madeiros did not name the gang, but described the men who were with him at South Braintree. How did his descriptions fit the Morelli gang? The leader of the gang was Joe, aged thirty-nine. His brothers were Mike, Patsy, Butsy, and Fred. Other members were Bibba Barone, Gyp the Blood, Mancini, and Steve the Pole. Bibba Barone and Fred Morelli were in jail on April 15, 1920. According to Madeiros there were five, including himself, in the murder car, three of whom were Italians, and the driver 'Polish or Finland or something northern Europe.' The shooting was done by the oldest of the Italians, a man of about forty, and another called Bill. A fourth Italian brought up the Buick car for exchange at Randolph. As far as his descriptions carry, Madeiros's party fits the members of the Morelli gang. But the testimony of independent witnesses corroborates Madeiros and makes the identification decisive. One of the gravest difficulties of the prosecution's case against Sacco and Vanzetti was the collapse of the Government's attempt to identify the driver of the murder car as Vanzetti. The District Attorney told the jury that 'they must be overwhelmed with the testimony that when the car started it was driven by a light-haired man, who gave every appearance of being sickly.' Steve the Pole satisfies Madeiros's description of the driver as well as the testimony at the trial. To set the matter beyond a doubt, two women who were working in the Slater and Morrill factory identified Steve the Pole as the man they saw standing for half an hour by a car outside their window on that day. Two witnesses who testified at the trial identified Joe Morelli as one of the men who did the shooting and another identified Mancini. The Morellis were American-born, which will explain the testimony at the trial that one of the bandits spoke clear and unmistakable English, a thing impossible to Sacco and Vanzetti.

Plainly the personnel of the Morelli gang fits the Braintree crime. What of other details? The mortal bullet came out of a 32 Colt; Joe Morelli had a 32 Colt at this time. Mancini's pistol was of a type and calibre to account for the other five bullets found in the victims. The 'murder car' at the trial was a Buick. Madeiros said a Buick was used; and Mike Morelli, according to the New Bedford police, at this time was driving a Buick, which disappeared immediately after April 15, 1920. In fact, the police of New Bedford, where the Morelli gang had been operating, suspected them of the Braintree crime, but dropped the matter after the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti. Shortly after the Braintree job, Madeiros was imprisoned for five months for larceny of an amount less than $100. But immediately after his release he had about $2800 in bank, which enabled him to go on a pleasure trip to the West and Mexico. The $2800 is unaccounted for otherwise than as his share of the Braintree booty. Joe Morelli, as we know, was sent to Atlanta for his share in the robbery of the Slater and Morrill shoes. While confined he made an arrangement with a fellow prisoner whereby the latter was to furnish him with an alibi, in case of need, for April 15, 1920, placing Morelli in New York.

Even so compressed a précis of the evidence of many witnesses will have made it clear that the defense has built up a powerful case, without the resources at the command of the State in criminal investigations. The witnesses other than Madeiros of themselves afford strong probability of the guilt of the Morellis. What of the intrinsic credibility of Madeiros's confession, which, if believed, settles the matter? A criminal's confession, as we have noted, must be scrutinized with the utmost skepticism. A man who assumes guilt for one crime while about to undergo the penalty of death for another does not carry the least conviction. The circumstances of Madeiros's confession, however, free it from suspicion and furnish assurances of its trustworthiness. Far from having nothing to lose by making the confession, Madeiros stood to jeopardize his life. For while, to be sure, at the time of his confession he was under sentence for another murder, an appeal from this conviction was pending, which was in fact successful in getting him a new trial. Could anything be more prejudicial to an effort to reverse conviction for one crime than to admit guilt for another? So clearly prejudicial, in fact, was his confession that by arrangement with the District Attorney it was kept secret until after the outcome of his appeal and the new trial which followed it. Moreover, the note of confession sent by Madeiros to Sacco on November 18 was not, as we have seen, his first communication to Sacco. Nor was it his first explicit confession. The murder for which he had been convicted, together with a man named Weeks, — the Wrentham bank crime, — was a holdup like the Braintree job. Weeks, under life sentence in another jail, when questioned revealed that in planning the Wrentham job Madeiros drew on his experience at South Braintree. During their partnership Madeiros had frequently referred to the Braintree job, saying it was arranged by the Morelli gang (whom Weeks knew), and at one time identifying a speak-easy in which they found themselves as the one the gang visited before the Braintree holdup. In planning the Wrentham job Madeiros further told Weeks that he 'had had enough of the Buick in the South Braintree job.' Before the Wrentham crime he had talked to the couple who kept the roadhouse where for a time he was a 'bouncer' of his part in the Braintree crime and said 'that he would like to save Sacco and Vanzetti because he knew they were perfectly innocent.'

These earlier disclosures by Madeiros completely refute the theory that he was led to make his latest confession in 1925 by the hope of getting money. It is suggested that in November 1925 he had seen the financial statement of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee. But, in the first place there is no proof that Madeiros saw this statement before he made the confession. Secondly, he could not have had knowledge of this statement before he talked to Weeks and the others and when he attempted the prior communications to Sacco, because it was not then in existence. It is incredible that a man fighting for his life on a charge for one murder would, in the hope of getting money, falsely accuse himself of another murder. Madeiros knew the danger of a confession, for his conviction in the Wrentham case largely rested upon confessions made by him. Why should he be believed and suffer death when he confesses one crime and not be believed when he confesses another of the same character? Is not his own statement in accordance with the motives even of a murderer?

> I seen Sacco's wife come up here with the kids and I felt sorry for the kids.

Let us compare the two hypotheses. The Morelli theory accounts for all members of the Braintree murder gang; the Sacco-Vanzetti theory for only two, for it is conceded that, if Madeiros was there, Sacco and Vanzetti were not. The Morelli theory accounts for all the bullets found in the dead men; the Sacco-Vanzetti theory for only one out of six. The Morelli explanation settles the motive, for the Morelli gang were criminals desperately in need of money for legal expenses pending their trial for felonies, whereas the Sacco-Vanzetti theory is unsupported by any motive. Moreover, Madeiros's possession of $2800 accounts for his share of the booty, whereas not a penny has ever been traced to anybody or accounted for on the Sacco-Vanzetti theory. The Morelli story is not subject to the absurd premise that professional holdup men who stole automobiles at will and who had recently made a haul of nearly $16,000 would devote an evening, as did Sacco and Vanzetti the night of their arrest, to riding around on suburban street cars to borrow a friend's six-year-old Overland. The character of the Morelli gang fits the opinion of police investigators and the inherent facts of the situation, which tended to prove that the crime was the work of professionals, whereas the past character and record of Sacco and Vanzetti have always made it inherently incredible that they should spontaneously become perpetrators of a bold murder, executed with the utmost expertness. A good mechanic, regularly employed at his trade, but away from work on a particular day which is clearly accounted for, and a dreamy fish peddler, openly engaged in political propaganda, neither do nor can suddenly commit an isolated job of highly professional banditry.

Can the situation be put more conservatively than this? Every reasonable probability points away from Sacco and Vanzetti; every reasonable probability points toward the Morelli gang.

How did these facts appear to Judge Thayer?

VIII

At the outset the scope of Judge Thayer's duty toward the motion for a new trial based upon this new evidence must be kept in mind. It was not for him to determine the guilt of the Morellis or the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti; it was not for him to weigh the new evidence as though he were a jury, determining what is true and what is false. Judge Thayer's duty was the very narrow one of ascertaining whether here was new material fit for a new jury's judgment. May honest minds, capable of dealing with evidence, reach a different conclusion, because of the new evidence, from that of the first jury? Do the new facts raise debatable issues? Could another jury, conscious of its oath and conscientiously obedient to it, be sufficiently impressed with the new evidence to reach a verdict contrary to the one that was reached on a record wholly different from the present, in view of evidence recently discovered and not adduceable by the defense at the time of the original trial? To all these questions Judge Thayer says, 'No.' This amazing conclusion he reached after studying the motion 'for several weeks without interruption' and set forth in an opinion of 25,000 words! We wish for nothing more than that every reader who has proceeded thus far should study the full text of this latest Thayer opinion. Space precludes its detailed treatment here. To quote it, to analyze it, adequately to comment upon it would require a book. Having now put the materials for detailed judgment at the disposal of readers, we are compelled to confine ourselves to a few brief observations. By what is left out and by what is put in, the uninformed reader of Judge Thayer's opinion would be wholly misled as to the real facts of the case. Speaking from a considerable experience as a prosecuting officer, whose special task for a time it was to sustain on appeal convictions for the Government, and whose scientific duties since have led to the examination of a great number of records and the opinions based thereon, I assert with deep regret, but without the slightest fear of disproof, that certainly in modern times Judge Thayer's opinion stands unmatched for discrepancies between what the record discloses and what the opinion conveys. His 25,000-word document cannot accurately be described otherwise than as a farrago of misquotations, misrepresentations, suppressions, and mutilations. The disinterested inquirer could not possibly derive from it a true knowledge of the new evidence that was submitted to him as the basis for a new trial. The opinion is literally honeycombed with demonstrable errors, and a spirit alien to judicial utterance permeates the whole. A study of the opinion in the light of the record led the conservative *Boston Herald*, which long held the view that the sentence against these men should be carried out, to a frank reversal of its position.

Dr. Morton Prince writes that any expert psychologist reading the Thayer opinion 'could not fail to find evidences that portray strong personal feeling, poorly concealed, that should have no place in a judicial document.' One or two illustrations must suffice. William G. Thompson is one of the leaders of the Boston bar. Yet Judge Thayer thus characterized Mr. Thompson's activities in behalf of these two Italians: —

> Since the trial before the jury of these cases a new type of disease would seem to have developed. It might be called 'lego-psychic neurosis' or hysteria, which means: 'A belief in the existence of something which in fact and truth has no such existence.'

And this from a judge who gives meretricious authority to his self-justification by speaking of the verdict which convicted these men as 'approved by the Supreme Judicial Court of this Commonwealth.' The Supreme Court never approved the verdict; nor did it pretend to do so. The Supreme Court passed on technical claims of error, and, 'finding no error, the verdicts are to stand.' Judge Thayer knows this, but laymen may not. Yet Judge Thayer refers to the verdict as 'approved by the Supreme Judicial Court.'

No wonder that Judge Thayer's opinion has confirmed old doubts as to the guilt of these two Italians and aroused new anxieties concerning the resources of our law to avoid grave miscarriage of justice. The courageous stand taken by the *Boston Herald* has enlisted the support of some of the most distinguished citizens of Massachusetts. The *Independent* has thus epitomized this demand: —

> Because of the increasing doubt that surrounds the question of the guilt of these men, springing from the intrinsic character of Judge Thayer's decision, and instanced by the judgment of the *Herald* editorial writer and other observers whose impartiality is unquestioned, we strongly hope that a new trial will be granted. It is important to note that the appeal is being made on the basis of new evidence never passed on before the Supreme Court.

No narrow, merely technical, question is thus presented. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts will be called upon to search the whole record in order to determine whether Judge Thayer duly observed the traditional standards of fairness and reason which govern the conduct of an Anglo-American judge, particularly in a capital case. This court has given us the requirements by which Judge Thayer's decision is to be measured and the tests which it will use in determining whether a new trial shall be granted: —

> The various statements of the extent of the power and of limitations upon the right to grant new trials . . . must yield to the fundamental test, in aid of which most rules have been formulated, that such motions ought not to be granted unless on a survey of the whole case it appears to the judicial conscience and judgment that otherwise a miscarriage of justice will result.

Nor must a new trial be withheld where in justice it is called for because thereby encouragement will be given to improper demands for a new trial. For, as the Chief Justice of Massachusetts has announced, courts cannot close 'their eyes to injustice on account of facility of abuse.'

With these legal canons as a guide, the outcome ought not to be in doubt.

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THE PRINCESS AND THE DUCKLINGS

LETTERS OF MARIE BALASCHEFF, PRINCESS CANTACUZENE

September 9, 1923

Now I must tell you of a plan which we have made, the Eldest and I, and which my husband approves of. All we have left, from the sale of the boat and so on, cannot last us long with the size of our family and the growing cost of life, but at present it may still just cover the purchase of one hectare of land and a cottage such as the peasants here live in — two or three rooms and a kitchen which is also dining and sitting room, an outhouse or two, a well, a strip of land, and a clump of old trees if possible. By working one hectare very intensively, a peasant here lives quite decently and rears his family. The one condition is to have no hired labor except for the ploughing once a year.

I think I have told you that for twelve years we lived both summer and winter in our country home. The older boys were country-bred, and this kind of thing is familiar to us all. The call of the soil is instinctive and very strong. The Eldest is best fitted for work when living in sea air, and is free from headaches and all the other consequences of his wound received in the war. He says he prefers being a laborer at home to being a well-paid chauffeur in livery — or without it, either — in another man's service. He and I can manage one hectare, and in the holidays we should have the assistance of the other boys of assorted sizes. As for myself, I quite realize how hard such work will be, but I am not sure that teaching in Lille as I was, tramping day by day in all weathers from house to house for the lessons, living in cheap town lodgings, was not more tiring. I can go to town, now and then, to church and to see the youngsters at school, and make myself small holidays. Having a healthy country home of our own, however small, near the sea, for them to spend their summers in, is a most serious advantage. Altogether, the plan seems wise as well as attractive, and we are waiting for my husband to see what can be done and take the final decision. Whether he works in Paris and runs down to see us, or settles down with us and turns into a peasant too, will depend on circumstances.

I quite understand that for me, personally, this is something of a break, almost a betrayal. It is a change from the state of a refugee, which is being only a rolling stone, to that of a settler or emigrant. But for the young ones I believe it is the best and most stabilizing thing to do. When the day of deliverance comes these roots will not hold them, but in the meantime it is best to *have* roots somewhere.

November 26

We have actually bought our hectare of land near the bay, where we mean to breed ducks: a strip of grazing land beyond the dike, a mile or more distant from the village. It is fenced in, but devoid of buildings of any description, and as we cannot afford to build a house, we have bought two small *baraquements de guerre* — the army barracks that are being sold so cheaply all over France. These must have been built at the outset of the war, and are not in good repair, but they were the last which remained for sale at Étaples. They are to be brought over here in sections on a motor truck and set up on foundations which we are to prepare. It is too late in the season for stone and cement foundations to go in, so they will stand on wooden supports for the present. By next winter they will probably be quite comfortable, when we have coated them with cement and filled in the interstices between the supports with stone; in the meanwhile, we are quite ready for temporary discomfort cramped up here, for the time will be full of interest and excitement!

Hired labor is the one thing to be avoided here as much as possible, it is so expensive; but fortunately we have plenty of this commodity in the family. The Eldest and my nephew, with the help of the younger boys next summer, must get through the work unaided and make most of the furniture. With time and patience we shall be comfortable, I trust. We are busy and happy, and mean to move into our shanty as soon as it is possible, for now the boys lose so much time going back and forth.

No — never lend us any books! The boys are too intimately in contact with Mother Earth just now to keep them clean. And don't *buy* books for us; but any old English book destined to be thrown away would be a pleasure to four greedy boys.

Winter

I must confess that I am doing my housework with extraordinary inefficiency, though with unabated good will. I never have learned to cook decently, and the boys succeed far better than I do at it, but they care less about keeping things tidy than I do. Coal dust, kerosene oil, grease, and muddy boots are my perpetual unconquered enemies. I am afraid I do a lot of grumbling and scolding, but a sense of humor always comes to our rescue. Still, I wonder sometimes, as I scrub, about the speckless beeswaxed floors of our dream farm; clogs will certainly have to be worn about the place and left at the door, like the row of slippers in front of a mosque — do you remember that familiar sight?

The boys drove one hundred and twenty tarred stakes into the ground — old railway sleepers sawed in two — by way of a temporary foundation. Then the weather broke, and sheets of rain came down unceasingly and flooded the road leading to our meadow. The motor truck could get no nearer than two miles or more from the foundation, and all the material was left in a field at the spot where the highway ended. A cart and two strong horses were hired to move the stuff to its destination. It took a week to get through that job, as the horses could do no more than two or three trips a day, and during that week the rain never stopped. The boys would load the cart with great heavy sections of wall, flooring, or ceilings, which loomed gigantic through the rain and fog, and then the cart would start ploughing its way through the mud, sinking axle-deep into loose sticky clay, horses straining, men and boys shoving and supporting the top-heavy contrivance, and making very slow progress. Dim, who is not old and strong enough to be of much use, accompanied the rest, and sank nearly to his waist in the holes! Then the cart had to be unloaded and the horses rested. When I went out to watch proceedings, the driver told me it was a job for eight strong men. It strained our men's strength and endurance to the breaking point. They came home after dark dog-tired, drenched to the bone, and hardly able to eat their suppers. I felt rather anxious during that week, but in due time it was over, and I was taken out to see Our House standing upright on its black stakes, like a giant centipede.

It was not raining that afternoon, but the meadow looked bare and desolate; a gale was blowing from the sea, bending the scraggy trees and bushes, disporting itself through the barrack, and tearing off strips of tarred paper and playing with them. It had been a black barrack at best; now the paper or cardboard which had covered its outer walls came off in patches, giving the impression of some sort of skin disease. There were gaps and chinks and crevices in every wall, the roof leaked, and the rain had run through cracked ceilings and floors. The wind got under the floor and tried to raise it bodily. One corner seemed inclined to gape open. The north wall threatened to cave in, and it was a hard job to prop it up and make it solid. It looked, on the whole, like the dilapidated booth of a wandering circus. The two carpenters from Étaples had not even tried to join the sections of wall properly, and remarked that these buildings never stood being moved. I dare say they had done their best, but we were glad to be rid of them.

February 1924

It seems evident that a poultry farm is the best thing we can think of. The Eldest has visited the best-known *élevage industrialisé*, got in touch with specialists, and is reading furiously and learning all he can on the subject, and drawing up careful estimates of what can be done. Books and pencil and paper seem to prove conclusively that a well-regulated poultry farm is very profitable, and that this part of France is propitious for breeding ducks. The two conditions to success are artificial hatching and the complete absence of hired labor. My nephew will throw in his lot with ours, which will make two men and two boys to do the work, with me to keep house. It seems feasible.

When the first three hundred ducklings are hatched out we shall have no warm enough shelter for them, I fear, and yet we cannot put off their appearance and their sale! We were all thankful when the sun came out at last, and some clear, frosty weather is promised.

March

The boys have papered one large room with old newspapers to keep out the wind, and have set up an iron stove in it, four large incubators, and their own beds! Also some packing cases by way of tables. There is a watering trough at the farther end of the meadow, holding some muddy water and a number of frogs — still, it is water. The Eldest and my nephew, with one hundred hens and sixty ducks, are hoping to settle down there next week. I cannot risk it with the youngsters yet; our future dwelling still has so many cracks in floors, ceilings, and walls that it is like a sieve and needs a lot of time and work still to be really habitable. It settled on its stakes and all its joints gape open a bit. I shall wait till April before I move in, as for a time it will mean camping out amid many ducklings and few comforts. The Eldest asked me if I would mind having half the ducklings put into *my* room for a week or two if things grew critical. I gasped and firmly refused, so the question remains open. I never bargained for this: one hundred and fifty ducklings and myself in one room! The boys' room will hold the incubators and some of the babies, but not all, and I am afraid the parlor will have to be given up to them, since their welfare is all-important, and the kitchen not secluded enough for their safety.

April 8

Here I am, in Paris. The boys asked me to give them a little more time to get the place ready, so, after tidying up the house we have used as winter quarters, I decided to come here.

The house is neither finished nor furnished, but there seems little chance of accomplishing this until some of the ducklings have been reared, fattened, and sold to Paris restaurants, so we are in a state of suspended animation for a couple of months.

John is here now, and it is a great joy having him with me so much. He drops in whenever he can after University hours and talks psychology at me. He is very successful in his work and experiments at the *Institut,* and his professors think highly of him. He is living in a garret and often gives up a meal to buy a book. It is the life of a very poor student, only made possible at all by his having gotten a scholarship and being able to give up the not very successful Morocco experiment. As for me, I am very content to have him nearer; one of the hardest things that refugees have to bear is enforced separation, and the impossibility of getting to each other in case of disaster.

The more I hear of Paris, the more thankful I am to think that we did purchase that hectare of land and our baraquements, for the money they cost would not take very long to spend here; while now every cabbage we plant, every egg our hens lay, is so much toward our upkeep. And to be allowed to live by working the soil seems to me a great blessing. There is something fair and square about it. We may not live well, but if a hectare will provide for a large French family, there is no reason why it should not do so for us, and give our children muscle and strength and clean surroundings into the bargain — well, the clean kind of dirt, I mean! I still find it pretty hard to get used to, when my sons come in to dinner straight from their work, and I sometimes wonder who they are or where I am.

April 23

Le Crotoy — no street, no address, no postman! One of the boys walks in to town for our letters, which they keep for us at the post office. We are called *La Pâture Russe;* everyone knows us.

I am actually at home — *chez nous!* It was on the fourteenth of April that I returned from Paris, quite ready to share the boys' life in a barn. But when the boys took me into the house, I could not believe my eyes. My room had been partitioned off and papered, the ceiling mended and painted white, a new double floor made of fresh white planks, also two new windows, an improvised cupboard, a writing table, and a real washstand with a drawer, purchased at a sale. The contrast to the rest of the house made this one room look wonderfully bright and fresh and cozy. I realized all the pains that had been taken with it, and the amount of work it had meant. Many other things had been accomplished, such as making a well, laying drains, and so on, which I heard about later; but in the midst of chaos is a clean, tidy room which *looks* like a room, and the whole family often look in to feast their eyes upon it. Chairs, a real jug and basin on the stand, hooks and a deep shelf behind the curtained-off cupboard — all their pocket money went and they cut down on their food to manage it! I had to dig out all my possessions: bits of material, pictures, photographs, my mother's inkstand and old silver candlesticks, and to please the boys I take particular care of this room of mine, and they come there to rest, taking off their heavy boots and clogs at the door.

They served an excellent supper on a real table covered with a new white oilcloth. Then we sat far into the night, exchanging impressions, making plans.

My room was flooded by moonlight when I went to bed that night. A slight breeze from the sea came in at the open window; it was wonderfully peaceful. I can remember no happier experience in exile than this home-coming. It was perfect, and I love to recall it.

Next day I started planting potatoes with the help of Dim. In some ways Dim is an ill-used chap. Andrick works too hard for his age and lifts weights too heavy for him, but Dim is the odd boy at present. It is just because he has not the strength to share in all his brothers' work that he is made to run all the messages, fetch all the supplies, do all the little things that others have no time or liking for. Weeding is his particular bugbear, and building his ambition!

The nights are still so cold that the room destined to be our kitchen has to be given up to the ducklings just hatched by our incubators, which occupy a large space later to be partitioned off into bedrooms for the boys. At present they sleep with the incubators, which need watching day and night, for we could not afford the self-regulating American machines which save so much work and turn the eggs automatically. In the future kitchen, on a floor of cardboard and fine sand, penned in by boards, dozens and dozens of fluffy balls which pretend to be ducklings and chickens disport themselves round a special stove called *une éleveuse*. A shaggy dog is at the door. Twenty-seven very fine Rouennais ducks waddle about the large enclosure outside and wake me at sunrise, insisting on food and freedom. A dozen hens lay very few eggs, and hide them in the grass instead of in the seemly places prepared for them, so we have to search the whole place and tread carefully. Behind what will some day be the house, ploughed land — one half hectare of it — stretches out into a distance that makes my heart sink as I do my best with it while the boys build.

Fields and pastures on three sides of us, the sea on the fourth, with a dike between us and the beach — no great beauty, but wide, wind-swept spaces which I like. We often work by the hour silently at different ends of our bit of land, and the width and peace sink in; every daisy near the ditch and every lark in the sky is a joy and a godsend; subconsciously we all feel it. Frankly, I am often tired, and my back aches so much from digging and planting that I wonder how to hold on; but inside, all is well, and manual work of this kind does not interfere with thought and feeling, though it does very distinctly with writing and reading. It is terribly tiring to the body, before one is in training, but wonderfully restful to the soul.

Sandro arrived on a visit, looking very starched, spruce, and clean-shaven, the city air still clinging round him, and disappointed us by not admiring our farm! He developed chicken pox, and as the bed where he was obliged to remain while his temperature was high was in close proximity to the incubator, which was hatching just then, he took a dislike to ducklings in general. Then my nephew and both younger boys sickened with the same disease; they had it violently and felt ill and neglected. The Eldest and I, left short-handed at a critical time, are said to have been most heartless and unsympathetic; beyond dumping down food and drink on a packing case in the sick room, we did nothing to relieve the sufferers.

Early in May

Our ducklings are certainly thriving. They are taken out for an airing daily, and wander into the tall grass, and have to be watched, searched for, and counted; now they have learned to get out of their enclosure and raid the dining room, where we are cooking our meals at present, and follow us about like dogs. I killed one by rising too quickly from my knees after feeding them. I had not noticed a little fellow perched on my sleeve; he tumbled off, and died the same night. It is wonderful that we do not squash dozens of them as we move.

Every duckling who looks poorly is the object of special care and attention. We read up the diagnosis of every ailment a duckling can be subject to, and it usually recovers before we arrive at any conclusion. But ducklings are not clean — they do not exactly smell of lavender. We long for the weather to be warm enough to move them into their own outhouse, but this ought not to be done before the second half of May. One fine warm day we took them over to the watering trough to give them their first swimming lesson, as prescribed in the book. They did n't enjoy it, scrambled out of the water as fast as they could, had convulsions, turned over on their backs, and lay stiff and stark, to all appearances dead. Think of it — the whole lot of our first batch of ducklings! We laid them out in the sun, we wrapped them in flannel and warmed them in the kitchen near the fire, we fussed endlessly over them, till one of them stirred, sneezed, hiccoughed, and sat up. All but one recovered in due time. I don't know what went wrong. Was the water too cold or had the temperature of their room been too high? We shall not repeat the experience until they are full-grown.

The boys have started on the foundations. Great quantities of sand and gravel and broken shells have to be brought from the bay and mixed with cement; barbed wire is stretched along to strengthen the building, and steel clamps screwed into the corner posts. One wheelbarrow collapsed under the weight of sand, but a handcart contrived by the boys is too heavy to move when filled. So tons of sand full of picturesque tiny shells have to be hauled across the dike, a boy-load at a time, and this is what they are building the outer walls with, or rather putting a very thick coating on the wooden framework and plank walls, as fast as the foundations underneath have hardened. They work without scaffoldings, since wood is so scarce and precious; two ladders with a board between and a rope are all they have. The duck dwellings must be treated the same way, so that we can face the winter in a camp of stone and cement.

June

Just now the farm is full of laughter, high spirits, and young voices. My five sons are all with us: Nikola, John, Sandro, Andrick, and Dim; also my nephew; and for six weeks his two young sisters have joined us. The men and boys wear coarse dark blue overalls and the girls print dresses; all are sunburned, active, happy, and doing their best. Their appetites are excellent, and pints of milk and great hunches of bread disappear in a twinkling. Their capacity for enjoyment is boundless as well, and work is now accompanied by songs and laughter.

Some of my housework is being taken over in a very well-meaning and rather amateur fashion by the young people. My nieces take care of the kitchen, but as they are very young and apt to forget things, I have a little more than usual to do sometimes, especially after all the youngsters have been to the casino in town for a dance, — when their day has not been too hard and tiring, — and come home by moonlight at two or three in the morning.

The farm is a playground now, and I am a spectator. I need not amuse them, I need only stand aside for them to amuse themselves, and I see that boys and girls can amuse themselves very thoroughly without flirting, and set off on foot for a dance, carrying their slippers in a parcel, with the same enjoyment and zest as girls used to feel over real balls when I was young.

My family maintains that the thing I enjoy in our present conditions is that no one bothers me about matters of dress. When I see the trouble my boys take over ironing a collar or the trousers of a Sunday suit, I wonder if this is a good thing or not. It certainly seems a pity to feel uncomfortable over a shabby suit, but it is natural when one is young, as is their wish of bettering their conditions and working back to a more congenial way of living. At my age it is different, and these things lose their significance.

Lots of beans and peas in our garden, lots of hungry young people to devour them with gusto, and I am too weak to refuse and take the things to market instead, as I ought to if I had ever learned to count centimes. I must add that I enjoy eating vegetables too, instead of getting two or three francs a day for them. But it is all wrong: beans and peas and cauliflower should go to market, leaving us the onions and potatoes. We eat our new-laid eggs, we eat our nice fresh vegetables, we devour what the farm produces, and I am delighted that the boys are no longer underfed, as they have been in a degree for years. It makes our life much cheaper, but it is not the way to make money for the future.

My only serious trouble is the thought of the younger boys' education. We are too tired at night to teach and they to learn, so the idea of teaching them ourselves has come to nothing, and the youngsters have lost a year's schooling. I still believe that they have gained some very useful knowledge in that year, but to let them forget all they know and turn into farmhands for good, at their age, is an idea I cannot resign myself to. So we are hoping, when the summer holiday is over, to get them into schools for Russian boys such as the one near Vichy, an American school with French tuition, a Russian priest and teachers of Russian literature and history, very low prices — and very few vacancies! Dim is growing robust and contented, quite ready to become a little peasant, but Andrick longs passionately to complete his secondary education at least, and takes the present situation rather tragically to heart, though he works exceptionally well.

There was a time when I felt that culture and leisure to read and think were slipping away and I was turning into a mere drudge and beast of burden. Now that I am actually helping to work the land, I find it physically tiring but very wonderful, in that it leaves the soul and mind so free. Your back is bent, your hands occupied, but your whole being is absorbing the sunshine and dew and all the peace around you, blends with the big, simple, real things, and draws stability from them.

Our great problem now is to cheapen the ducks' food, since their appetites cannot be reduced. Excellent food for them is a kind of clam or mussel to be had for nothing at low tide about a mile or two from here. So far, we buy them; but when the building of the farm is completed and time less precious, the boys can fetch them. We shall have our own grain for the old ducks and straw for their beds, but we must build a storehouse for grain and potatoes and build a small ducks' hospital at some distance from the other birds.

Up to six weeks, ducklings have a fenced-in exercise ground, smooth and sandy. Afterward they are moved over into grassy plots on the other side of the house, with low shelters for bad weather and a small level sandy place in front for feeding. So they have a clover pasture to disport themselves and catch worms and insects in. The fetching of mountains of sand in barrows to keep all this clean and tidy takes time; in our future plan is a swimming bath to be dug out, and the water kept fresh by pumping it into the ditch. Now this is all very well; but when the ducks' toilet arrangements and comfort are assured, I must have a refuge of my own from ducks, dirt, mud, buckets of feed to be mixed, pails of water to be drawn, perpetual backache and all unpleasantness. I want a hot bath daily; pictures, books, flowers, clean hands, a comfortable armchair, a fireplace out of reach of the kitchen smells, white table linen — all the things I professed to care nothing for, the fleshpots of Egypt! Well, I do not always hanker after them, and I never show the boys I do. But it does me good to tell you and let you see me as I am.

July 26

The recent heat wave is over; thunderstorms gather daily, only to pass over our heads and burst elsewhere. The garden is getting very dry; two new wells dug by the boys — deep holes which we call wells — provide some of our vegetable beds with water; the rest, with the potato field, will have to be abandoned to their fate. But my enemies the weeds are as sturdy and prickly as ever; no drought affects *them*. I have never been able to weed or do any sort of work in gloves; consequently my hands are in a disgraceful condition — Tolstoy himself would approve of them.

What incalculable harm that great man did to our young generation, and how terrible was his expiation. He had fervently sought after truth, and was blindly followed even when he strayed farthest from the Church. His disciples believed far more firmly than he ever did in the new creed he professed. As he felt the approach of death, he understood — too late. His last days have always struck me as a great tragedy — this torment of repentance coming too late.

I don't think his last works could have done as much harm abroad as they did at home. My husband was saying not long ago that the young generation makes him think of men who fancy they see a glimmer of light ahead in an underground passage. In order to see this light more distinctly, they hasten to extinguish the torches which lighted their way, and so remain — temporarily, at least — in utter darkness.

But it is only when there is no yearning for light, when men grow indifferent and callous, that the spiritual life seems suspended and things look hopeless. Have you ever noticed that it all begins with denying Evil as an active principle? 'Evil is but the lack of goodness, as cold is a lack of heat or darkness a lack of light; there is no evil principle to fear, only a void not as yet filled in.' Words like these I have heard from men who have done away with Hell and Satan, and hold what they call a broad, enlightened faith. 'When I have taught men to believe that I do not exist, I shall be their master' is the sense of a sentence Satan is supposed to say to Ivan Karamazov in Dostoievsky's wonderful book. The older I grow the better I understand and appreciate Dostoievsky's genius. Many of his words turned out to be prophecies, and none understood the Russian psychology as he did or believed so firmly in the destiny of the Russian people. After all her sins and iniquity, Russia will sit at Christ's feet, he writes. If I had his books I should translate many passages for you which I cannot remember by heart. To me he is infinitely deeper and greater than Tolstoy.

It is easy for indifferent people to be broad. I feel that I have become narrower since the Church has come to mean so much to me. This should not be so, but it is. A saint is certain to be broad, but the seeker seems to narrow as he goes deeper.

An unbeliever told me once that he was skeptical about the Christian faith mostly on account of the behavior of Christian men and women. 'If it were all true,' he said, 'if you actually believed it to be true, it would be the only thing on earth that mattered at all, and you Christians could not possibly be what you are. You would all radiate it, and would not care for worldly things, or money, or bear ill will to one another.' He could not admit that sincere faith can go with infinite weakness. I wondered whether Mohammedans or Jews live their faith more than we do.

The few things that really matter in our lives are so hard to word that when we find a book in which they are even partially expressed we naturally treasure those pages. But we not only find it hard to voice these things — we often have no time or leisure to *sense* them. In the hurry and bustle we lose even our receptivity.

Do you know, at the age of forty-five I looked into myself to discover an absolute void there. I could see the impressions left by those I have loved and trusted, impressions which I used to take for my own thoughts; they were like the traces of writing on a blotting pad. But of my own there was nothing. I realized then that photographs and plans of the most glorious edifice could not replace the roughest and simplest structure built with one's own hands — that a crisis had come which must be faced squarely. The only thing left was to start all over, to make and shape and bake bricks, one by one, with which to build a shelter. This happened to me in the very first of our exile. Well — I have tried; all the sorrows and experiences which have come to me can be used as tools. I am a very poor hand at it, but what I build now is at least genuine. Very few things are needful, but they must be real, for the real things are solid; they will not bend to convenience or compromise or convention; they will not be gainsaid or circumvented.

As for the house, the boys hope to have it ready soon to turn over to me for the final coats of paint on doors and window frames. We shall whitewash the messy things as our Podolian peasants do. When our young birds are sold and only one hundred and fifty ducks left, we shall all be able to rest for a bit. And I can say quite frankly to you how tired I sometimes get of ducks and ducklings, their smell, their appetites, their illnesses and sudden deaths, their absurd accidents — like drowning in two inches of water in the drinking trough! We are paying a heavy price for our inexperience, and for the exceptionally stormy summer weather we are now having.

August

Things are going so badly here that they can only change for the better. Cold nights, hurricanes, hourly downpours, hailstorms, the whole place flooded — yard and meadow and the birds' summer dwellings and shelters. We cannot take seven hundred ducklings into the house, and they die by dozens during every storm — all but those in full feather. I consulted a vet, and '*Plus il y en a, plus ils crevent*' was his only comfort. So we repair all the damages caused by every storm, bury our ducklings, and try to make the best of it, and plan for high and dry floors and well-drained buildings with hot-water pipes for heat, which we hope to have ready for next year, and new ditches to drain our flooded domain; but for the present we are helpless and can only splash about in the puddles and hope for a change of weather. Ducks in full feather seem to enjoy the rain, and the sale of five hundred will cover our winter needs; so my boys work on, in drenched overalls, and suffer from rheumatism, as do all the local inhabitants more or less.

The barrack has turned into a decent gray stone house, which only needs a better roof and some ivy to look quite respectable, but now all the outbuildings and duck quarters must be treated in the same way. And worst of all, a hundred ducks I took so much trouble to rear must now be killed and plucked and sent to Paris. Of course this is a consummation devoutly to be wished, though I had hoped to send them off alive in baskets, with some barley for the journey; but restaurants want plucked fowls. I shall go for a long walk during the slaughter, and the boys hate the prospect as much as I do.

September 3

I shall not speak of ducks this evening — the first batch for sale has been sent to Paris this week, and the fittest who have survived will help us face the coming winter. In a couple of months, when most of the boys leave us, we shall settle down quietly, shut up some rooms, and try to keep the rest warm. We can arrange a workshop where all the things we are short of can be made: a new incubator, shelves and shutters, and what not; mats, too, from the rushes that grow in our ditch. My head is full of plans, and if materials of every kind were less expensive I really believe we could fix up this house with our own hands to be a credit to anyone. As it is, old packing cases have had to be turned into furniture, except for our little iron beds, of course, which were bought at a sale; and though we are very proud of the result, I am not sure anyone but ourselves would admire it.

Since last I wrote we have had a deluge, our barrack on its high foundations serving as an Ark. All the rest was flooded — the roads leading to us disappeared under water and mud, potatoes rotted underground, most of the barley was spoiled and could not be even cut. From our doorstep we sank into a veritable bog, ankle-deep and more. Most of this year's work is lost, and worst of all, the storeroom and 'barn' and the homes of the ducks were flooded, the result being that all our young birds died except a hundred or so. We lacked the courage to save them by cramming all our bedrooms full of them, and our efforts in bringing quantities of sand, making temporary floors, and putting up extra stoves to warm and dry them, failed. The torrents of rain continued and the water rose steadily, and our kitchen was filled with shipwrecked ducks.

The whole house could not have held half of them, but of course some could have been saved in our bedrooms at the sacrifice of our bourgeois instincts and prejudices. You really cannot make a room clean after ducks have lived in it; scrub as you will, the smell clings to every board. The birds did not actually drown or freeze, but caught chills in the general state of dampness and misery, and died off rapidly. Now that the rains have stopped, all the survivors look so wretched that I am not sure how many of them will recover.

Our first year has ended disastrously, and the boys have to face that disheartening fact after long, tiring days, drenched hour by hour, working in a bog, fighting the elements. Of course the choice of this shore and this particular low-lying patch of land was the primary mistake. But last summer, when we first saw it, the weather was so fine and dry here that we never suspected what the climate could be like, nor that our farm behind that substantial dike could be flooded. It probably was a mistake, too, to start with so small a capital, but under the circumstances this could not be helped. We had to buy cheap incubators which proved almost worthless, when we should have had a first-class one in a room properly built and kept at an even temperature. Our own eggs should be used for hatching, not eggs which have been subjected to transport. These things one learns from experience; in fact, this has been a year of experiences. We had several hundred birds where we hoped to have several thousand.

This year's disaster must be faced and accepted. There is no doubt that it cripples us far more than our neighbors, who have also suffered from the weather, but who have reserves for such emergencies. Most of them raise cattle, and a flooded pasture is not such a calamity as a flooded poultry farm. A good thing for the boys is that they *must* keep on working. Even if we have to sell the farm, it must first be brought into proper condition, the buildings completed, and the harm done by the water repaired. Of course we are very blue, but we cannot stop to think how we feel; we must keep on! John and Sandro will be glad enough, I dare say, to settle down to their studies in a small room in the *Quartier latin* this winter, but until the schools open they have much to do here.

Should we fail completely and have to scatter in search of work, I should still feel that the time spent here will not have been wholly wasted; it has done more for the boys than they know, were it only the clean, salt-wind-blown life and the fact of having a home. To see my boys almost their old selves again is enough to make me grateful for this life, failure and all. They have certainly not made a fortune yet, but they have taken care of me and worked to the best of their ability, which means more.

My own difficulties are of a very different order: not to lose one's temper or let little things ruffle one; never to say 'I told you so!' when one has happened to turn out a true prophet; never to croak, but always to meet them with a smile even when the kitchen stove will not burn and the coal is wet and the roof leaks down one's neck — when it comes to keeping it up in practice, well, my dear, I am nowhere! I growl and fuss and snap, and then repent at leisure. It all comes back to the same old question of keeping one's own inner chambers clean. The trouble is that you can never get straight for good by *one* effort or sacrifice; before you know where you are, the same battle has to be fought all over again. And here we have not even the spiritual support of living near a church.

September 17

I am afraid my last letter was a bit dejected. A week's bright sunshine has made me feel more cheerful upon all subjects, and after all, we each have our little immediate tasks and must not worry about what we cannot mend. I was laid up for a bit with a bad cough, which gave me an enforced rest and time to think, and there are many things sadder, I realize, than the premature death of ducks, perhaps even harder than the physical needs and troubles of refugees.

Speaking of material things, I wonder why so many of us Russians fail. Is it inefficiency only, or are we not destined to succeed in exile? One of your American correspondents says in a recent magazine article that Russian refugees all over the world are broken people and can be of no further account in the question of Russia's future. Well, I believe — and it is a great comfort to me — that Russia's future does not depend on the welfare or survival of a few hundred thousands of us. It is for us exiles that I fear the consequences of losing touch with our country. We certainly have not the solidarity and endurance of the Jews, and we are scattering more and more, instead of forming into colonies with a church and a national school in each. Church is now our one link with home, for there too, in the people's hearts and consciences, nothing else is left standing. All through their sins and downfall, their suffering and expiation, the people at home have still clung to their Church, and this many of us still have in common with them. Religious persecution and compromises like the 'Living Church' have failed, and the civil authorities must recognize the strength of this factor in the people — passive, but deep-rooted and lasting.

November

Even when things are most difficult here and we are prone to grumble at being chained to this patch of land, we realize that it has proved a blessing and that we may pull through. By pulling through I do not mean being well off, but reaching the point where the farm is able to feed, warm, and clothe us to a certain degree, besides giving us shelter. Of course we are too many here, and of course we ought all to live in one room, round one stove and one lamp, instead of enjoying a little privacy and lighting our fires when it freezes — we have a little fire for an hour or two in the evenings in our little iron stoves, and hot water too. The trouble is that we are only sham peasants after all, and cannot yet form the habit of going to bed with the chickens as real ones do. Luckily, after a spell of cold weather we always have a few mild days to thaw in, and they save coal and comfort us.

By all of which you will see that I have got safely through my autumn attack of the blues!

December

The kitchen should be the living room by rights, if we are to pattern ourselves on the local custom, but ours is put to so many uses! Favorite birds and sick birds live there, linen is washed and dried, ducks plucked before packing, ducks' food prepared. It is so full of miscellaneous objects, all particularly necessary at the moment, that I have given up my dream of a kitchen-sitting-room, cheerful, cozy, and neat.

January 7, 1925

Christmas! A real one this year, too. I have had such a splendid time with my youngsters during their holidays! A Christmas tree, in a box full of earth so as to plant it the very next day in the Refuge; lots of oranges and sweets, roast duck and salad of our own raising, coal to keep the house warm, and above all, the delight of being all together again. Now they are back at school, and I have time to take up my pen and tell you about it.

Of course, lucre is never very plentiful with us, and various necessary trips to Paris with all their attendant expenses had made us wonder how the boys were to come home for Christmas. Then an unexpected bit came in, and we decided to have a very good time! A warm blanket for each, and strong boots and warm socks, one excellent cigar for the Eldest, and a dictionary for me, and even another book or two for us all to share.

Then my husband came down from

Paris after a very long absence, so as to make it a real reunion, and on his way to the station to meet his father the Eldest looked in at the post office and found your parcel. He brought it home with his father's valise and our supper in a complete jumble. We had quite a festival: an *oukha* (a Russian soup made of fish with bits of potato in it), a beefsteak, fried potatoes, cabbage, dried figs, and coffee. Then we cleared the table, lit cigarettes, put on coal, as the weather is cold, and, gathering round the lamp, opened your parcel. I wish you could have seen us at it. Never since my childhood have I enjoyed unwrapping a surprise so much. The green papers and Christmas cards all looked so wonderfully cozy. The customs officials had kept the box for a long time, but did it no harm in the end.

After examining the contents of the little parcels we came to the cross-word puzzle book, and the Eldest and his cousin settled down to the first puzzle, while I said I would leave this occupation to them till I got through my last translation. But I heard them discussing words and letters, and was led to offer a suggestion which happened to be a fortunate one. Then we all went completely mad, and got to bed at impossible hours of the night, and enjoyed ourselves quite absurdly. And now I really must keep those books under lock and key till all the day's work is properly finished, or there will be nothing done on this farm. It is a virulent catching disease, a form of mania, I believe, and we have all caught it! My husband took it a fortnight ago when ill in Paris, over some puzzles in one of the English papers he reads, so he was the most experienced member of our mad family. Is it a passing madness or a lasting one? Very fascinating, at any rate. The children's book we got through quickly and I shall keep it for the younger boys to do over again. The other will give us plenty of occupation for a long time to come, and it is wonderful practice for our English. My feeble vocabulary ought to revive quickly by its aid.

During the twenty-four hours when we were all here together we called a family council and sat down with a pencil and paper to figure things out. Our bit of land is evidently swamped by rains periodically, and for this reason people more experienced than we were would not buy this farm for raising poultry; neither ducklings nor chickens can flourish in the damp, and the only really dry place in all seasons is the house, because the floors are half a metre above ground. The walls want another hot summer like our first to dry them through and through, but it is still dry enough for young birds. Now the youngsters have a large room which they use only in the holidays; so we have made up our minds to the very thing I considered unendurable, and ducklings and chicks under six weeks old are to be given this room to be born and reared in, right in the midst of the house, with a door made through the outer wall to enable them to go out on fine sunny days. The boys are to live elsewhere together as best they may.

It will be an incentive to keep the bird infants as clean as they possibly can be kept, but the fact remains that they will squeak and smell all over the house! I have stopped protesting, because it is unreasonable to risk another disastrous year, and now that we must begin over again very modestly, we really should do *anything* that will better conditions. It is a question of three or four months' incubation and early rearing, and it is easier to keep an eye on the beastly birds indoors. If we fail with them again, we must turn the whole hectare into a kitchen garden.

There is an element of cheer in the fact that the worst of the winter will be over by the middle of this month; this latitude and longitude differ rather markedly from Russia! Already we have longer light, rather better weather, and will soon be preparing the garden for spring.

I shall draw the house for you some day when it is warmer. Very little remains to remind one of the three boarded shanties, barracks, or sheds — I hardly know what to call them — which we originally bought.

I have been rather tired and hustled and hurried by my work during the past year. When all the boys except the Eldest and my nephew left us, I felt lonely and lost. So few human beings and birds left, so little housework, and so many stormy days when outdoor work was impossible. The whole place seemed to go to sleep, and grew silent and strange all of a sudden. The boys took over drawing water from the well and fetching the milk. After tidying up and sweeping in the morning — the whole house is not a vast job — I was left to face a pile of mending in my own room, and felt stale, flat, and unprofitable. Missing the youngsters was probably at the bottom of it, for every free moment of mine had formerly belonged to them. And let me tell you that I am not a successful peasant woman. I wear sabots and a big blue apron, but have to strain my strength to the utmost to accomplish what a real working woman of my age does with very little effort or outlay of energy on all the farms about us here. I have improved, but a day's digging still gives me a backache and makes me feel asthmatic and inefficient. So, though leisure and rest upset me, — '*l'homme est un animal d'habitude*,' — I shall let the boys work while I merely fuss about for a time.

For I suddenly understood that the time for recuperating has come and that I stand in need of it. So I have settled down to a new and rather lazy life: get up later, stop work at a certain hour, and give myself time to read and think. Work will begin soon enough, but just now I can afford to slacken the physical strain and lay in stores. So it seems as if I could finally turn my attention to something which I promised to do for you — write down a sort of history of my memories, drawing as it were a series of pictures for you of our old life.

I realize that the old life in Russia can never come back, and that our children growing up in exile can never know what I have known at first hand. There has been a complete break, the end of the old life; and yet there was so much in the old Russia which I cannot bear to think lost forever. A former culture is being buried now, but it must, after a period of time, be excavated again if the history of our country is to be complete. Just as the World War was the end and the beginning of an epoch, so the revolution and overturning of a whole system in Russia will soon live only in the memories of us older ones, and especially because so much of Russia has been unknown and misunderstood by the rest of the world. There has been in our intensely national life something cut off, hidden from even our nearest European neighbors. And then I should like those who have become friends since this new phase of my life began to know and understand a little of what makes the background of every new picture, every new experience, for me.

So you can picture me quiet and lazy as to my hands, but with my mind often very far from here. My equipment is a deal chair, a cold room, a dark evening, a small lamp, and a pair of spectacles!

THE MONEY POWER IN POLITICS

BY WILLIAM B. MUNRO

I

A DOZEN years ago, in a notable speech before the New York Constitutional Convention, Mr. Elihu Root startled his hearers by a dramatic reference to what he called 'our invisible government.' 'What is the government of this state?' he asked. 'The government of the constitution?' 'Oh, no,' he replied. 'Not half the time, nor halfway.' The greater part of it, Mr. Root went on to declare, was government of the invisible variety, a government controlled by forces operating beneath the surface, forces which the great majority of the governed neither see nor understand.

Mr. Root was correct in his portrayal of the driving mechanism in American politics. His characterization can be applied to every branch of government, national, state, or local. All governments, wheresoever they operate, are subject to the pressure of invisible influences. This pressure is unrelenting; it comes from many quarters; it is exerted upon voters, legislatures, executives, and courts alike; and its sources are often so well concealed as to be unrecognizable even by those against whom it is directed.

The study of government and politics has concerned itself too largely with the visible apparatus, with the established structure and the public functions, disregarding the motive power that keeps the whole apparatus going. 'Governments are like clocks,' said William Penn; 'they go from the motion that men give them.' And men supply the motion because they have ends to serve. Only a small part of what we call 'government' is conducted in the open, or ever becomes a matter of public record. How, then, can the average citizen, absorbed in the task of paying his ever-recurring installments on an automobile, a radio, a frigidaire, and a vacuum cleaner, expect to gain any adequate idea of what his government is or does? It has become far too complex for him to follow, save by devoting to it more time than he can spare. The average citizen is busy. When he is not busy he is tired. His research in the field of government does not go deeper than the newspaper headlines.

Take, for example, the process by which the laws of the land are made. When I ask, 'Who makes the laws?' I am told that Congress and the state legislatures make the laws. They are our institutions for transforming the public will into legislation. But if you will reflect a moment you will realize that our legislatures do not by any means control the whole process of lawmaking. Instead of saying that legislators make the laws, it would be far more nearly correct to say that legislatures merely put the finishing touches on the laws. To say that they 'make the laws' is like saying that books are made by bookbinders, forgetting that there are authors, printers, and proofreaders too.

The motive power in lawmaking is

all supplied from somewhere outside the legislative halls. The making of a law begins with the birth of an idea — somewhere, in somebody's mind. There is no law on the statute books that did not have its beginning in that way. Of itself a government initiates nothing. It merely responds, more or less tardily, to the urgings that are put upon it. The Congress of the United States did not originate the idea of an income tax, or woman suffrage, or national prohibition, or any of the other statutory innovations which now add so mightily to the charm of American life. Some fertile intellect outside the realm of active politics first conceives an idea. It spreads to the minds of other individuals, slowly at first, but gradually gaining momentum. Presently there is an organized movement in its favor; then comes the deluge of propaganda, until the proposal becomes an issue and the politicians begin to take note of it. A law is half made, or more than half made, when a large body of aggressive support has been mobilized among the voters; yet during this part of the process the legislative bodies have nothing whatever to do with it.

Most of the momentum in government is provided, therefore, by the action of various organized groups among the people, groups which have definite interests to serve and which are aggressive in promoting them. These interest-groups, as we may call them, work for the most part within the ranks of the party organizations. Indeed, the chief function of the party organization is to furnish a cover or screen for the political activities of groups which desire to keep their true objectives invisible. When any racial, sectional, or economic element desires to make government serve its own special interest, there is never any open avowal of this design. That would be fatal to the end in view. The special interest must be, in some way, put forth as identical with the general interest, and must usurp a slogan that suggests democracy, justice, Americanism. Hence when we demand that the laws shall guarantee the worker more than he is worth, we call it social justice. And when the ex-service man proceeds to raid the public treasury he calls it adjusted compensation.

II

From first to last in the history of government the money power, the interest of vested wealth, has been the best organized and, on the whole, the most enlightened determinant of public policy. Racial and sectional groups rise to importance and after a season are placated. Divisions among the people are occasionally moulded by issues of a definitely political sort, such as state rights or foreign policy. But nothing can be plainer to the student of political history than the tolerable regularity with which, in all ages and countries with amazingly few exceptions, the power of the well-to-do has strongly influenced the course of public affairs. It must inevitably be so, and I am not sure that its being so is a matter for either regret or criticism. Indeed, it is this unremitting guidance by a stabilized, intelligent self-interest that has injected order into the process of political evolution. One might even go so far as to say that without the consistent direction of government by organized wealth throughout the ages we could not have either the form or the spirit of those political institutions which exist in the United States to-day. The Great Charter of 1215 was wrung from a reluctant king by barons and landowners, not by peasants and proletarians. It was the knights of the shire who built up the power of the House of Commons. Hampden, Pym, and Oliver

Cromwell were men of substance, gentlemen of England, not members of any laboring or exploited class. Civil liberty owed far more in the early stages of its development to the landed man than to the landless, and in its later stages it is much more deeply indebted to the leadership of wealth than to the riotous emotionalism of that phantom fellow, the common man.

Some years ago our sociologists announced as a new and startling discovery the doctrine of economic determinism. They burst upon us with the tidings that economic self-interest is, and always has been, the chief determining force in affairs of statecraft. It was in truth no new discovery. Aristotle, twenty centuries ago, pointed out that Greek politics were ruled by economic factors, and almost every writer on political theory since Aristotle's day has adverted to the same obvious phenomenon. The founders of the American republic were by no means oblivious of it. John Adams proclaimed his conviction that the economic status of various elements among the people was the chief factor in determining their attitude on political issues. James Madison averred that property, or the lack of it, formed the inevitable basis of political cleavage. Assuredly there is nothing new in the assertion that the ruling classes in government have been mindful of their own advantage. On the other hand, there is no warrant for the assumption, so commonly made, that the interests of the well-to-do are necessarily inimical to the well-being of the whole people, or that there is an essential antagonism between wealth and the common good. In the main, as history proves, the two have been identical, or measurably identical; they have not usually been in conflict.

The student of political history, when he has traced power to its source, is too prone to say, with Dante, 'Here we found Wealth, the Great Enemy.' When wealth comes into politics, he believes, virtue must go out. Its influence is pernicious as a self-evident proposition; it is easier for a camel to pass through the needle's eye than for a rich man to be a patriot. Even so distinguished a student of politics as Lord Bryce has said that 'democracy has no more persistent or insidious foe than the money power.' Yet the history of government does not seem to support that proposition. Nor do interpretations of history, although some of the 'new historians' have worked hard to have it so.

It is made a reproach by them, nowadays, that the Constitution of the United States was framed and ratified, one hundred and forty years ago, by men who were large landowners, capitalists, and holders of government bonds — by men who had a direct pecuniary interest in the establishment of a strong centralized authority. A whole volume has been written by a distinguished American scholar to prove — what anyone might have suspected — that the framers of the national Constitution were for the most part men of means, not frontiersmen or factory workers. Washington, who presided at the Convention of 1787, was the richest Virginian of his day, and probably the wealthiest man in the thirteen states. A dozen others were entitled to a high financial rating. At least three fourths of the delegates in the Philadelphia Convention could properly be called opulent according to the standards of the time. There was not a single small farmer or manual laborer among the fifty-five men who helped to make the Constitution. On the other hand, there were many who had bought, during the war, government bonds which had become heavily depreciated, and who stood to profit from the establishment of a strong government, able to pay its debts.

These facts of history being easily established, the imputation of sinister self-interest is not difficult, if you want to make it. The Founding Fathers had wealth; their controlling motive must have been to protect and to increase it. Holders of bonds, they were naturally governed by the desire to make two coupons sprout where one grew before. Their work must be construed in the light of their motives. Yet the same basis for an imputation of self-seeking is equally warranted in the case of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence, eleven years previously. They also were men of wealth, most of them. John Hancock was probably the richest man in Massachusetts. Thomas Jefferson was a large owner of property. Benjamin Franklin and Robert Morris were both of them rich. So were Elbridge Gerry, Robert Treat Paine, and others. No one has yet made an intensive study of the economic status of the Signers, but I will venture the prediction that such a study would show relatively as much wealth represented in this galaxy as in the group which framed the Constitution. It can readily be demonstrated, in fact, that certain important economic interests stood to gain financially, and did gain, through the achievement of independence. Shall we therefore conclude that the Declaration was also motivated by class consciousness or by an ungenerous desire on the part of wealth to promote its own advantage?

Granted that the Constitution was largely the work of the money power and that its ratification was effected by the aggressive support of the same groups. Did the money power thereby render posterity a bad turn? Is there any reason to believe that a constitution framed by Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, Daniel Shays, and the other rabble-rousers of their day would have served the nation better during the past fourteen decades? France has had more than one republican constitution given to her by the foes of wealth and property. Let history attest the extent to which they have profited her people.

Not only the Declaration and the Constitution, but most of the landmarks of national legislation during the past century and a half, are the work of men whose affiliations were with big business. Their work began in Washington's first administration under the ægis of Alexander Hamilton, with the funding of the national debt, the inauguration of a tariff policy, and the chartering of the first bank of the United States. Since Hamilton's time the general direction of American national policy by the money power has been fairly consistent, with the exception of a few hectic interludes of which the reign of Andrew Jackson is the best remembered. The outstanding issues of this whole period have been chiefly economic, — the tariff, the banking system, the preservation of the gold standard, regulation of the railroads, labor questions, the curbing of big business, taxation and surtaxes, — all of them calculated to promote the solidarity of the propertied class. Time and circumstance have meanwhile changed the custodians of the money power. Of old it was the landowner who typified big business and the vested interests. To-day it is the corporation, the banker, the railroad operator, the manufacturer, the shipowner, the merchant. The money power has varied its outward semblance, impelled thereto by the industrial transformation of the past hundred years. It will keep changing, no doubt, but there are no signs that its influence will diminish so long as cupidity remains a trait of humankind. Wealth will have power so long as wealth remains.

III

Philip of Macedonia was in the habit of boasting, twenty-two hundred years ago, that he could capture any city on earth by driving into it an ass laden with gold. To-day there are men who can capture city halls and state capitols with the same facility and in the same way — except that it is a 'bagman' who now carries the coin. These bagmen have become an essential part of our invisible government. 'Legislative counsel' is the name by which they are known in polite society.

It is an interesting and significant fact that the whole course of American political development during the past fifty years has served to accentuate and facilitate the accumulation of political power in the hands of these emissaries of the rich. Franchises, patronage, and other gifts from the public authorities are worth a good deal more to the recipients than they used to be. The newer agencies of democracy, such as the direct primary, the initiative, referendum, and recall, the extension of the suffrage to women, and the removal of party designations from the ballot in local elections — all of them have served to increase, not to diminish, the cost of operating our electoral machinery. They have caused the diversion to politics of vastly larger sums than were formerly used. And it ought to be reasonably clear that, in so far as we make our politics more expensive to all who engage in it, we proportionately strengthen the power of those who have the money at their command.

Most of these electoral 'reforms' have been founded upon a false hope. They have been based upon the expectation that the whole people would act wisely, and in their own interest, if they could only be safeguarded against political guidance, leadership, and influence. Lest leadership develop into bossism, we deprive the people of it. We suggest that they inform themselves, make up their own minds on rival candidates and on complicated issues — which is just what the demos has never done and will never do. People will seek and obtain guidance and leadership from some source, and it is the absence of a leader that produces the boss. The function of informing the voter must be performed by somebody, and it has become a very expensive function. It involves building up an organization and spending large sums of money.

Take the direct primary as an illustration. It is a device intended to make the corruptible put on incorruption. In various ways it has demonstrated its superiority over the older method of nominating candidates by conventions of delegates. There is no doubt that it has at times encouraged independent voters to take a more active interest in the nominating process. It has brought out a larger vote than was customarily cast for delegates to nominating conventions and has helped to raise the tone of politics, especially in local elections. But on the other hand there can be no question as to the expensiveness of the direct primary to all concerned. A stiff primary contest always develops into a publicity *combat à outrance.* Victory demands that the candidate shall 'sell himself' to the people. He must do this by using all the agencies of self-marketing that are open to him; hence the campaign becomes a spirited competition in self-salesmanship and radio perorations.

Those who are unfamiliar with the workings of our invisible government were shocked and surprised, not long ago, when senatorial investigations disclosed what seemed to be unduly large expenditures on behalf of various candidates at some of the state primaries, more particularly in Pennsylvania and Illinois. The figures ran into the hundreds of thousands. There was a fine display of indignation in purist quarters that so large a 'slush fund' should be spent in 'debauching the electorate.' Yet these revelations afford no occasion for surprise. Democracy is the most expensive form of government known to man; its cost increases as the square of the degree of direct popular participation in it. The adoption of universal suffrage doubled the size of the voters' list and made it far more than twice as costly to cover the ground. Primary campaigns are conducted under the law of increasing cost per capita. The more voters to be reached and informed, the higher is the cost per voter. We say that every candidate for a nomination should appeal to the people on his own merits, but how few of us ever stop to figure what such an appeal involves. It means literally tons of campaign literature, the hiring of halls, paying for space in newspapers, placarding the billboards, the transportation of speakers to rallies all over the state, clerk hire at headquarters, 'messengers' by the hundred, the chartering of radio broadcasting stations, organizing political clubs, getting endorsements, and all the rest of it.

In a word, we make politics a highly organized business and then seem surprised that business involves the spending of money. Broadcasting appeals by radio is a mere incident of the campaign; yet this diversion costs every candidate from fifteen to twenty dollars per minute. When the citizen receives a campaign circular in the mails it does not always occur to him that the cost of sending this missive, including the preparation of the material, the printing, the addressing, and the postage, is about ten cents per voter — in other words that it costs a hundred thousand dollars to reach a million voters with a single appeal sent through the mails. There are more than two million registered voters in Pennsylvania, and more than three million in Illinois.

I am not trying to justify the amount of money expended by individual candidates in these two commonwealths, much less the manner of spending or the sources from which the campaign funds were derived. I am merely pointing out that our philosophy of a direct appeal to the electorate, as we have embodied it in the state-wide primary, is bound to be regularly associated with big spending — and the money must be furnished by those who have it. The idea that a man of high personal merit, but without an organization, without funds, without powerful interests behind him, can burst into the arena of politics and win a party nomination — that idea is the outstanding hallucination upon which the direct primary rests. It is political poppycock of the first order. The human herd does not seek the thoroughbred and follow him. It trails the bellwether with the loudest clang.

IV

Six years ago the Kenyon Committee of the United States Senate reported that the expenditure of vast sums at primaries and elections was a 'growing menace to the nation.' The menace is relatively no greater to-day than it was fifty years ago. It is estimated that the Republican national organization spent only $100,000 to elect Abraham Lincoln in 1860; it reported an expenditure of $3,000,000 to elect Calvin Coolidge in 1924. Thirty times as much! But wait a moment. The population of the country has nearly quadrupled since Lincoln's first election, and woman suffrage has virtually doubled the proportion of qualified voters in it. This alone would warrant an eightfold increase in campaign expenditures. And the cost of everything connected with political campaigning has also mounted during these sixty-odd years. The cost of advertising, printing, renting halls, clerk hire, transporting speakers, and all the rest has certainly doubled in this interval — in some cases it has more than doubled. Campaign methods have also improved in quality, with the inevitably greater cost that this involves. The crude broadsides and dodgers have given place to lithographed circulars and handsomely printed campaign handbooks. All in all, therefore, an expenditure of three millions in 1924 is relatively not much larger than the increase of population, voters, prices, and the improved quality of campaigning would seem to warrant. It is certainly not so great an increase over the modest figure of 1860 as to warrant its being called a menace to the nation.

V

But it is not merely at primaries and elections that the money power is said to show its pernicious hand. There are the lobbyists who frequent the legislative halls, endeavoring to coerce or cajole the lawmakers as the tactics of the moment may dictate. And it is a nation-wide impression that these lobbyists represent only the vested interests — that is, the railroads, the big business corporations, the beneficiaries of a high tariff, Wall Street, and the public utility companies. The plain citizen is egged on by the hinky-dinks and the yellow press to boo at the packers and the profiteers, the trusts and the stock exchanges, the money octopus in general. It has become a national recreation. In earlier days, when men wanted to work off their surplus animosity they were encouraged to burn heretics, whip witches, or bait the Jews. Nowadays many of them seem to find just as much enjoyment in assailing the open shop and the company union, baiting the supersurtax victims, and taking pot shots at the World Court. We are expected to believe that righteousness is always on the side of the dirt farmer or the horny-handed fellow in the factories, and that it is he who always gets the short end of the lawmaker's solicitude in Congress and elsewhere.

Yet the fact is that the most formidable lobby which has functioned in Washington during the past half-dozen years is the one which represents the American Farm Bureau Federation. It is the most formidable because it has the widest ramifications and the least compunction in putting the screws on senators and congressmen from the agricultural states. The lobby of the Anti-Saloon League runs it a close second. And that of the American Federation of Labor, in the extent and effectiveness of its coercive power, deserves third place. None of these three organizations, be it observed, is controlled by big business; two of them are avowedly hostile. The money power, in its tussles with clodhoppers from the hookworm belt and labor lobbyists from the industrial cities, has chalked up more defeats than victories. It would have fared worse during the past decade but for the superior adroitness of its political strategy.

Mark you, I am not trying to whitewash the plutocrat in politics. It would be a thankless task, for nobody loves him. It would be an impossible task, for there are too many sins on his conduct-sheet. The money power is no myth in American political life; it is an active, relentless, and for the most part an invisible factor there. But a good deal of the popular antipathy to it rests upon a myth — on the illusion that the money power is all-dominating in politics, and that its activities are invariably detrimental to the best interests of the people as a whole. It is with this contention that I take issue.

It was the money power that rallied to the Revolution from motives of sheer patriotism and carried the cause of independence through the darkest days. It was the money power that secured the ratification of the Constitution by the several states; committed the country to the policy of protection, and thus laid the basis of our present industrial supremacy; established the American banking system; gridironed the continent with railroads; secured the resumption of specie payments after the Civil War; and preserved the gold standard in 1896. Vested wealth in politics has often sinned against both the truth and the light, but it is by no means the scarlet woman that our self-constituted tribunes of the common man would have us believe. In the great crises of political history its own interests have often coincided with those of the people.

REVISITING A RIVER

BY BLISS PERRY

To revisit a river is like trying to redream a dream. You are aware, of course, that you have changed and that the river must have changed and that no two dreams are precisely alike. Yet the identities are more profound than the differences, and the moment you are on the stream you have the old illusion of timelessness. This mortal has put on immortality. Some hundreds of miles to the south of you your secretary is saying firmly: 'No, he cannot be reached by telephone or letters or telegrams. He expects to come out in about a month.' There may be other ways of securing such absolute freedom from this most relative of worlds, but if a man has sense enough to know when he is happy, is there anything like that moment when the guide has packed the duffle bags and rods and tent and provisions into the canoe, seen that she trims well with your weight in the bow, and pushes off! '*Au large!*' he may exclaim if he is a Frenchman. If he is an Indian or a dour Scot he will e'en just say nothing. But what is there to say? The cup is full.

I

Let us have a little geography, but not too much. The river which I am revisiting after five years' absence is in New Brunswick, and where we take the water we are one hundred and fifty miles from the sea and fifty miles above 'the settlements,' with only two rough hunting and fishing shacks on that stretch of fifty miles. The river is the only road. There are larger streams in the Province, and a few where the salmon and sea trout are heavier, but none that runs through wilder country. On the Crown Lands map you will find the region of C. E. B. C.'s camp indicated by the words 'Tungsten and Salmon' in red letters. But the tungsten mine, worked for a time during the World War, is now abandoned, and a saturnine hedgehog, the sole watchman over all that costly machinery, lies curled on the rotting rafters above the main shaft. Prospectors for gold and radium have come here likewise, but they are all gone now, like the caribou. Once or twice a week, during the summer, a fisherman's canoe slips up or down the river, and in October there are a few hunters in quest of moose and bear.

Two of the three guides waiting for us are old friends. All three are Scotchmen, born and bred on this river, like their fathers and grandfathers before them — lumbering in the winter, driving logs in the spring, guiding fishermen in the short summers, and hunting in the fall. They are a wiry, tough breed, used to what they call 'brutin' work,' though there is not much of that in store for them at Burnt Hill, whither we are bound.

I miss the log canoes this year — those old thirty-foot dugouts, hollowed from a single stick of pine. Down by the settlements you still see a few of them, but almost never a new one. The primeval pines were burned in the great fire that swept up the river a century ago, and, though the pines are slowly coming back, there are few big enough to make a dugout. But these log canoes were steady, strong, and good for thirty or forty years of rough work. Poled by two men, they are surprisingly quick in the water: indeed, this very summer we were visited by a tall, lean guide who had poled his 'log' alone twenty-nine miles upriver in five hours and a half. Fast going! And you can stand up in them to cast for salmon far more securely than in a canvas canoe.

Our three 'canvases,' this year, are shod on the outside with extra longitudinal ribs to protect them in this rockiest of rivers. The water is low, and the bigger rapids, though seemingly less formidable than usual, require dexterous poling as well as that special knowledge of channels and currents which is the priceless inheritance of guides who have spent their whole lives upon one stream. You do not realize their expertness until you watch canoes manned by good men, though strange to this river, pick their way cautiously through the fast water by our camp. They may be Frenchmen or Indians or Tobique or St. John men — seasoned guides, of course, who can be trusted, even in new territory, to pick up a trail or find a spring. But how gingerly they pole past Orr's Rock and Dyer's Hole and the Lower Pitch! This is no job for a mere general practitioner. It calls for a specialist.

Were the salmon already running up? Yes! That strange wireless telegraphy by which every dweller on a salmon stream knows precisely who killed the fish this morning — perhaps forty miles away — is working accurately. And there are reports of a big run of grilse, too — a grilse being a three-year-old salmon, making his first trip back from salt water to his native river. Last season he was only a four- or five-inch parr, swarming in every trout brook that pours into a salmon river, and often rising voraciously to a salmon fly in the river itself. But now, after only a few months in the Atlantic, he weighs from three to six pounds, and every ounce of him is full of fight.

As we slip downstream, watching warily for everything from a mink to a moose, it is evident that the season is two or three weeks late. Pale wild roses are still in bloom, and blue iris. Bluebells are waving everywhere in the crevices of the gray rocks, and the pink sheep laurel covers the sunnier, higher ledges. Not a huckleberry yet anywhere. My guide whispers: 'On the right; way down!' and there is the first deer, with his head quite under water as he munches the short green moss on the submerged rocks. There is the first fish hawk, and when we go ashore for lunch and pull a trout rod from the case and make the first cast after many a month of abstinence — *bang!* There is the first squaretail! C. E. B. C., whose canoe is ahead of G.'s and mine, is lucky enough, as we near Burnt Hill, to see a huge black bear standing up on his hind legs by the shore — the very bear, perhaps, that sneaked into the camp last year and stole all the fresh doughnuts.

We round the last bend of the river, catch the steady roar of Burnt Hill Brook on the left, shoot the last rapids, and there — as if we had left it only yesterday — is the old camp, a fishing shack built thirty years ago for Joseph Jefferson. 'Mr.' Jefferson, I notice the older guides say, and never 'Joe.' They were very fond of him, though he had stern prejudices against spearing salmon by torchlight and shooting deer out of season. On the east end of the porch — where the boards are gnawed by hedgehogs and split off by hunters in too great a hurry, on October evenings, to get a fire started in the cookstove inside the cabin — thousands of salmon have been flung down. A few of the biggest have had their outlines rudely carved on boards, nailed up outside and inside the cabin, with the captor's name and the date. Two women fishermen, in gracious recognition of the rights of the owner of these best pools on the river, have added the words 'By courtesy of C. E. B. C.' Laurence Hutton — a friend of Mr. Jefferson and of nearly everybody else — used to say that there was one difference between persons even more marked than Charles Lamb's distinction between the men who borrow and the men who lend — the difference, namely, between those who forget to say 'Thank you' and those who remember.

The twilights are long here, and after the tents were pitched on the bluff and supper eaten in the cabin there was light enough to hook — and lose — the first salmon. As it slowly darkened, the nighthawks began to circle above the stream, the deer stole out to drink, and the ripples along the faster water began to weave their fantastic patterns of black velvet shot with silver. A whippoorwill, the first I remember hearing as far north as this, is calling from the white birches behind the tents. The thermometer registers 43, and we crawl into our sleeping bags and listen for a few happy minutes to the roar of the river — and the next thing I know a golden-coated three-year-old buck is pawing and snorting just outside the tent, in the broad morning sunshine. We have come home.

II

How wayward are a fisherman's memories! I recall that buck far more vividly than the first day's fishing, and indeed I have to turn to the log book to discover that for three or four days the fishing was hardly worth recording. The water was still falling and the days were bright and hot. I watched for certain friends made on the previous trip, and found the marvelous clusters of mourning bride butterflies still circling about the hollow of the ledges, just out of reach of the rapids. There was a great flight of big yellow Turnus butterflies also. The kingfishers still haunt the river, flying, G. says, 'as if they were going somewhere.' But the purple finches that used to swarm about the cabin five years ago had dwindled to a single pair. The rabbits were not so friendly, and there was not a partridge to be seen.

There are hours in these long tranquil days when salmon fishing is a fierce obsession, and you cast greedily, insatiably; but there are other hours when all you seem to want is to watch the butterflies on the rocks, to try to recall the names of plants, and to bewail your general ignorance. 'The advantage of going into the woods,' said a Maine guide to me once, 'is that you learn something new each day.' That is true enough, but what you learn is pitifully small compared with what you would like to learn. The guides can set you straight on rare varieties of trees, for they are born lumbermen, but I have never known one possessed of more than a child's knowledge of birds and flowers. This river is one of the richest fields for a mineralogist, but the guides know only that the quartz veins begin a couple of miles above the camp, and that schist and granite are just schist and granite. An angler ought really to be rich enough to lead a captive botanist and ornithologist and geologist in his train to answer questions — provided they would not complain too much of the black flies, and would keep out of the way of his backcast!

No angler could ask for better company, it is true, than G. and C. E. B. C. They sit on the cabin porch for hours during the glaring middle of the day, discoursing learnedly about the relative advantages of Hoff and Hardy reels, and the precise number of ounces that a dry-fly salmon rod should weigh, and whether a certain imported English line is really too light or too heavy for a certain Leonard rod. They know all about knots. They have read the latest treatises on fishing. Their fly-books are a Paradise of Dainty Devices, and they argue amiably about patterns and sizes and double-pointed hooks and all the other tangible aspects of this old art and mystery of angling. It is with unfeigned humility, after listening to them, that I reach into the pocket of a disreputable fishing coat, faded with the rains and sunshine of a dozen summers, and pull out a cheap water-stained fly-book which I have carried for thirty years. Alas, I find that I am 'short' of this or that approved pattern for the day, and that I cannot remember the names of half the flies in the book. Worse yet, I am secretly aware that there are some battered lucky flies there, on which I have killed fish year after year, although I know well enough that the loops are liable to pull out if I strike a heavy salmon. I ought, of course, to weed them out, and have a new pigskin book, properly filled with this year's flies, all as neatly arranged as a museum. And I ought to sort my leaders more carefully, and record the exact number of pounds each is warranted to pull. I am getting lower and lower in my mind. To think that I once ventured to grade myself as a 'C+' fisherman! 'D−' would be nearer the truth.

III

Just then, curiously enough, my guide Henry passes the porch, axe in hand and a young birch tree, for firewood, balanced on his shoulder. As I recall something Henry happened to say last night, my humility alters suddenly into a whimsical inverted pride. I had lent him my rod, to see if he could hook a fish that I had raised once but could not tempt again. Henry tacitly hooked and landed him, as simply as if there were no approved theories to be observed and it was just a question of catching one more fish and salting him down for the winter. I asked him how he liked the reel — a borrowed one, costing $52.50. 'It's all right,' said Henry laconically and without enthusiasm. And then he added, with a proud shyness which I liked: 'I bought a reel myself this spring. Paid five dollars for it. I can take it apart with my jackknife and fix the drag just to suit me. For *fishing*, it's just as good as that fifty-two-dollar one.'

'For *fishing!*' Is not that, after all, the test? I am not foolish enough to believe that it is the country boy's traditional cut pole and bent pin that give him the advantage over the 'city fellow' on a trout brook. His advantage does not lie in inferiority of apparent equipment, but in superiority of real equipment — in which tackle is only a minor element. If the Lord made that country boy a fisherman to begin with, and he knows the brook, he has already won more than half the battle. A good marksman with a poor rifle can outshoot a poor marksman with a good rifle. I reckon that superior excellence of tackle makes about ten per cent of one's fortune in fishing. Now a thrifty angler will not readily surrender that ten per cent of advantage. Chill penury should not repress his noble rage for the best outfit he can afford, even though he be, in Donald's phrase, 'too poor to make the first payment on a fishhook.' It is silly for him to mar his pleasure and his chances by using a reel that is liable to 'skip' or bind or backlash at precisely the wrong moment. But the point is that if your rod is supple enough to put out the line easily, and strong enough to hold your fish, you had better forget who built it and how much you paid for it, and concentrate your attention upon the far more important ninety per cent of the business, which depends not upon your outfit but upon yourself.

I fished a certain pool in Nova Scotia once with three New Yorkers. Our tackle was costly and correct, and we had all had a fair amount of experience. We never raised a fish. Just as we were moving upstream a lady appeared upon the bank, followed by a slouching fellow carrying a gaff. She wore a black hat with a red feather, a dark skirt that came to her ankles, and she looked oddly out of place upon a salmon river. But she produced a light greenheart rod of native manufacture, spliced with electric tape, selected a fly from a small brown pasteboard box, and made a side-arm cast or two, to work her line out, which opened my eyes a little. And they were opened still wider when the lady tranquilly proceeded to hook and bring to the gaff two very fine salmon. Now I do not affirm that she killed those fish because she used an old-fashioned spliced rod. If she had traded rods with one of us she might have had even greater success. But her intangible equipment 'for *fishing*' was infinitely better than ours. (I learned later that she lived on the first farm above the pool.)

In short, one must know a hundred things which are not set down in the Hardy or Mills catalogues of tackle, and which cannot be passed over the counter by the smoothest salesman that ever outfitted a green millionaire. Here, at this moment, is an illustration. Fifty yards in front of that cabin porch where we have been discussing theory and technique is the Cocktail Pool. Down toward the foot of it, by an egg-shaped blue rock that breaks the glassy current, I catch sight of the back fin and tail of a gently rising salmon. I pick up my rod and sneak down through the alders. My self-respect is beginning to return. In starting after that fish, inexpert as I am, I have one advantage over the most perfectly outfitted stranger: for I have fished that pool some hundreds of times and know precisely the distance for each cast and every trick of the current. Yet what I should like even better than hooking this particular salmon would be to know the answers to the unanswerable questions: Why is the salmon rising at this moment? Why should he rise again five minutes from now, as I trust he will, when the fly swings around the lower left-hand curve of that blue rock? Will it be a proof of hunger? Of curiosity? Of irritation? Of the play instinct? There are dozens of scientific chapters written on this topic, and no two of them agree. And why should he rise to-day to an artificial fly of one special color and pattern, and to no other, when none of the flies resemble closely any natural fly that can be seen in New Brunswick this month? And — apparently a far simpler question — why should salmon after salmon, in an endless procession, prefer the north side of that special blue rock? I took one there last night, and here is another! (I *lost him;* but we will forget that.)

Where the Clearwater joins the Miramichi, there is a flat white rock on the sandy bottom, so low and level that your eye cannot perceive that it gives any shelter; and yet for the last score of years, if there have been grilse in the river, one has been lying beside that white rock. Two summers ago I watched for an hour a superb salmon under Ross's Bridge on the Margaree. A piece of white cardboard had blown off the bridge and sunk to the bottom, in about fifteen feet of water. That king salmon hovered just above it, moving twenty feet upstream at intervals of about two minutes, turning always at precisely the same point, like a restless tiger in a cage, and then drifting back downstream to his post above that sodden bit of paper. Was it a landmark for him? Or was there a dead point in the current which had allowed the paper to sink, and which made it easier for the salmon to hover exactly there? We may have our guesses on all these matters, but we do not know. It is ninety years since the wisest of American writers gently reminded us that 'we are as much strangers in Nature as we are aliens from God. We do not understand the notes of birds. The fox and the deer run away from us.'

IV

Many nature-lovers are keenly conscious of the impression of changelessness, of timelessness, conveyed by any running stream. Carlyle writes of Annan Water in *Sartor:* 'It struck me much, as I sat by the Kuhbach, one silent noontide, and watched it flowing, gurgling, to think how this same streamlet had flowed and gurgled, through all changes of weather and of fortune, from beyond the earliest date of History. Yes, probably on the morning when Joshua forded Jordan; even as at the midday when Cæsar, doubtless with difficulty, swam the Nile, yet kept his *Commentaries* dry, this little Kuhbach, assiduous as Tiber, Eurotas, or Siloa, was murmuring on across the wilderness, as yet unnamed, unseen.'

One has this feeling often in the northern wilderness, where Indians are spearing and netting fish to-day from the same rocks on which Indians were standing when the canoes of the first *coureurs de bois* paddled up the St. Maurice or the Ottawa. Nothing seems to change, if you are only far enough north. The learned Cambridge chemists and physicists are now inclined to put the age of our planet — on the evidence furnished by the intricate and unhurried process by which nature manufactures radium — at about 1,600,000,000 years. Reflecting on their calculations, last summer, and watching the huge glacial boulder left stranded on the point near the head of Lake Nicotaus, I remarked to old John Sibley, the guide, 'John, that rock has been there a long time.' 'Yes, sir,' said John confidently, 'I don't see that that rock has changed *any* in the fifty years that I've known it.' If I had had a trained captive geologist in the canoe, he could have taught John that fifty years in the world of his science are less than a moment in the life of a lumberman.

Yet one of the discoveries that one makes in revisiting a river — even one whose banks and bed are largely worn out of the solid rock — is that the river is altering visibly from year to year. It is not the fact that we are now grown up which makes the 'old swimming hole' of our boyhood days so strangely shallow. The truer explanation is that the hole has filled up with sand and gravel, in the ceaseless process of erosion. On a swift river like the Miramichi there are ice jams and freshets to be reckoned with, to say nothing of the occasional dynamite used in the spring drive. 'That pool has been no good since the freshet of 1923,' say the guides, meaning that the rocks have been rolled down the ancient channels, filling in here and scooping out there, altering the currents, and disturbing, in some way we cannot fathom, the preferences of the fish. Five years, in fact, have made more changes in certain favorite pools of ours than I should have supposed were possible in five hundred. Some of the humble have been exalted and some of the mighty have been brought low. I confess that I have never noticed until this year, and then only when Donald pointed it out, that the big rocks which survive this age-long annual pressure of the ice jam are the ones whose upper surfaces slope upstream. The descending ice slides on up and over them, whereas a square rock which took the full force of that terrific impact would be torn from its bed. It is a curious instance of fitness for survival.

Even when your eye can detect no difference in the pool, the salmon find causes for dissatisfaction or for content. Sometimes, of course, you can reason the thing out, after a fashion: you can see that the colder water pouring in from Burnt Hill Brook, for instance, and traceable for two or three miles down the north shore of the river, has been diverted by some new heap of boulders, so that the salmon in search of the 'brook water' — which the guides distinguish sharply from what they call the 'sour' river water — will now shelter themselves under a different ledge or hover in a deeper or shallower 'run.' Every trout fisherman knows that there are certain favorite places in a stream where the fish find the right food and shelter, and that these spots are moved into like the best rooms in a hotel. When one trout 'checks out,' either upstream or by capture, another promptly takes possession. Now a salmon, who almost certainly takes no food while in the river, — except perhaps the juice of some fly squeezed between his jaws and rapidly ejected, — chooses his temporary quarters in an apparently arbitrary fashion, with far less obvious attention to shelter than a trout. Many a skillful fly-caster who does not know these changes in the pools will be tempted to cast 'over the fish's head' for a salmon that may be lying not fifteen feet away from him. In fact anybody who has fished a strange salmon river alone, and then gone over the ground again with a competent guide, will admit his humiliation at having fished so stupidly at first, though his only real error lay in not knowing what it was impossible that he should know.

V

And no two summers are just alike. A year ago this week, according to C. E. B. C.'s log book, under precisely the same conditions as to weather and water, the Burnt Hill salmon were rising plentifully to dry flies. This year they take the wet fly when they are taking anything. Last year there was only an average run of grilse; this year the river is full of them, and they are bigger and stouter in battle than for a score of years. What happened to them out in the mysterious Atlantic? Anglers will always have their moments of glory and their hours, or it may be whole days, of shame, but the moods of one visit to a river can never be repeated in the next. I am not sure, however, that the pleasures of recognition are not as deep as the joys of discovery. One remembers exactly where a big fish rose, — it may be five years ago or thirty, — and as you put your fly over what looks like the same ripple, you expect, in defiance of the laws of logic, that the miracle will happen again. And it often does — though this proves, perhaps, that fishing is an art and not a magic. An angler is bound to believe in the causes of effects. There was a reason for that fish's rising, once before, and now it is your privilege to juggle with the causes until you can reproduce the effect. Yet what inconsistent reasoners we are! If the fish comes up in accordance with your carefully worked-out plan of campaign, it seems a triumphant demonstration of the beneficent laws of the universe. If he does n't rise, how easy it is to slip back into the psychology of the gambler or the medicine man, and to content yourself with phrases about luck! Or you may turn materialist, blaming the wind or the light or the barometer, or settle down into the hopeless fatalism of declaring that they are not 'taking' to-day.

When this last mood is on you, the remedy is to say casually to the head guide, 'Donald, it's fifty cents to a dime that *you* can't raise a salmon.' The Scotchman is game. He borrows your rod, glances through your disorderly fly-book, selects a fly as different as possible from the one you have been using, and in a minute he is at it, with that inimitable coaxing, wheedling, teasing cast, very light and not too long, covering each yard of water once and once only, until suddenly there is a flash, an oath, — '*Holy Lazarus!*' — and before your duller senses have registered either the flash or the oath, Donald has struck him! Donald will lose that half dollar playing forty-five with the other guides to-night, but what of it? He has cured your fatalism.

I missed old John S. on the river this year. He must be nearly eighty, and being a notoriously reckless and shiftless guide, I suspect that no one engaged him and that he was forced to stay in the settlements. But I could have put up with his poor cooking for the sake of seeing again his unique method of fly-casting. As he starts his backcast, he inhales a long rapt breath as if he were going into a trance, lifting his ribs and his elbows very high, like some strange old bird about to take flight. As the cast starts forward, he seems to breathe it out softly across the river, as gently as a child blowing dandelion seed. He gets an incredible distance, but I never saw him raise a fish.

Yet the story of John S.'s salmon at the mouth of the Clearwater deserves to be set down. Improvident as ever, he was fishing with a frayed leader and with the one fly he owned, when he hooked and lost a big salmon — the leader parting. John was cast down but not destroyed. In his hat was a rusty long-shanked pickerel hook, and in the sand bank above the pool was the hole of a kingfisher. John puts in his hand cautiously and captures the mother bird on her nest, pulls out two or three feathers, — taking pains, he says, to hurt her feelings as little as possible, and replacing her gently on the eggs, — ties those feathers on the pickerel hook in imitation of a big Blue Doctor, and at the third cast he hooks and lands the identical runaway salmon, with the other fly and the broken leader still in its mouth! Whether there were reliable witnesses to this exploit I cannot say, but the sand bank is still there, and on the thirtieth of July, 1926, there was a hole in it which strongly suggested a kingfisher.

I miss also, this year, the companionship of a painter with whom I have fished many a stream, and whose eye was far quicker than mine in noting the changing colors of the water. There are no claybanks here, or rich alluvial meadows to help stain the river ten minutes after a shower. The Miramichi alters little at first, except to turn a slightly darker brown, while the bubbles and raindrops spoil its transparency. But as the rain comes more heavily, and the Burnt Hill Brook and the Clearwater begin to pour their brighter torrents into the main river, you can distinguish the brook water for a long distance on the north bank, and on the spring drive, I am told, the rivermen can trace it for a dozen miles — only they do not have, like my painter friend, a color vocabulary, any more than trout or salmon.

How under-vocabularied are most fishermen, likewise, in recording the charm of the changing sounds as the river falls or rises! When it is 'holding,' it seems hushed at noon, louder at dusk and lower at dawn, but I am not sure. Certainly it grows hoarser and deeper with rising water, until the flood covers most of the boulders, and then it seems strangely quieter, except for the dull crumbling reverberation of the loose rocks as they are rolled along the deep-worn channels. I wish that Thoreau, whose ear was so acute for any sound in the woods, and whose 'tree fall' sentence in the *Maine Woods* volume is one of the most perfect things in literature, had spent more time on big rocky rivers and less on the quiet, brimming Concord streams. He could have detected tones and overtones that are too subtle for my ear to catch distinctly. But what happiness, even for a dullard, to wake at night in your tent on the bluff above the rapids, and guess by the sound whether the river is rising or falling, or — by the sound again — whether the next day will be muggy or crystal-clear!

VI

The guides, naturally, are far more weatherwise than we. They accept philosophically the long days of waiting for the river to come up or go down sufficiently to give us the best fishing, for they are paid by the day and the work here is light. But they are as eager as we for a successful trip, and they like a cold night or a strong wind to stir up the fish and set them traveling; and they hate as much as we the ghastliness of very low water, where all the bones of the starved stream stick out, and you scan the northwest in vain for thunderheads. To these guides, infinitely more than to any transient sportsman, the river is a living, sentient creature. It is to them what 'Mother Earth' was to the Greeks. They were born on the river and they will die on it, like their fathers. They draw all their livelihood from it and from the forests to which it is the only path. Highlanders by race, and settled here since their ancestors drove out the French in the old wars, they keep alive the history and romance of the river by oral tradition. Nothing is lost, and it may be that here and there the Celtic imagination adds something.

What talk I have heard, in low tones,

as the camp fire burns out and the fog rises ghostlike along the river! Not that these Scotchmen believe in ghosts; but they do believe in 'forerunners.' Were not three of them playing cards one night in our cabin, when they heard Sandy W.'s step on the west end of the porch? The step neared the door, and paused. 'Hullo, Sandy,' said the guides, scarcely looking up from the cards. Then they dropped the cards. *There was no one on the porch at all.* And Sandy W. had died that night, in Boston. That was a forerunner. And how about the fellow that owned the old camp by the spring opposite the mouth of the Clearwater? Two guides camping at the outlet, one autumn night, heard him call: 'I want to come over!' They poled across in their log canoes, and as they poled he called again: 'I want to come over!' But there was nobody in the old camp, and the owner, as they learned a month later, was five hundred miles away that night, crossing a far darker and deeper river than the Miramichi! The cry they heard was a forerunner.

Did not Donald himself, a Scotchman with nerve enough to stay alone one winter as watchman of the now abandoned tungsten mine, across the river from our camp, hear, late one afternoon, a call for 'Help!' in the woods above the mine? It was thirty below zero, but he put on his snowshoes and climbed the hill, followed by his black cat. And there was just nothing, but as he neared the mine on his way back he heard that despairing cry once more. This time he stopped to make himself a cup of tea, and then took his rifle. And again there was nothing on the hilltop. But Donald did not sleep that night, and the next morning he tramped out to Maple Grove, to find that a friend of his had frozen to death the evening before, on top of his load of logs, some twenty miles from the mine. Now no man's voice can be heard for twenty miles, even in the silence of the winter woods. Donald knows that well enough; what he heard was a forerunner.

Have you ever heard of a 'blood-stopper'? There are ghastly injuries every season in the logging camps, even among this race of skilled axemen, and the surgery is rude. When a man is bleeding to death, the only hope lies in the services of a blood-stopper — a man who possesses the mysterious power of causing the flow of blood to cease. The secret of this power can be passed on from a man to a woman or from a woman to a man, but — as I understand it — only one person in a family can exercise it in any generation. He must be brought as near as possible to the wounded man, must whisper the charmed syllables, — I was told with awe that they were 'Bible words,' — and then the blood instantly stops flowing. Only, mind you, if there is *any running water* between the blood-stopper and the wounded man, the charm fails. Not until the hastily summoned blood-stopper has crossed the last river or the last brook that lies between him and the sufferer does his magic gift prevail. What potency of evil, what enmity of healing power, can there be in a running stream? I do not know. But I have seen a blood-stopper and a man saved by him from death on last spring's drive — unless these Scotchmen are in error. Around the camp fire it is easier than elsewhere to indulge in that 'willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith.'

The truth is that to these men of the Miramichi the love of the river and the fear of the river, the history and romance and superstition and toil and tragedy of the river, are blended inextricably. Their stories of Dead Man's Brook and of the Island

Mystery, of treasure buried by fleeing Frenchmen nearly two hundred years ago and dug for at intervals ever since, their memories of cold and hunger, of poaching and fighting and triumphant hunting, pass into the blood of the listener. Five years ago, a few hundred yards up Burnt Hill Brook, I saw a paddle nailed crosswise to a tree. On it was scribbled the name of a young Frenchman, drowned there on the spring drive, with the date. This summer both name and date have been washed out by the rain, but no human hand will ever touch that rude cross, and no Miramichi man forgets it. Life on the river shares in the immense dignity of Death.

VII

Let us come back to our fishing. Among all these constant reminders of our ignorance, these equally constant but tiny accretions to our knowledge of the woods and the river, there are strange flashes of self-knowledge, too. Perhaps it is the sort of revelation for which hermits once tarried long in waste and solitary places. You come back to yourself. Companionship in the woods is essential if one is to keep his sanity, but a few hours of absolute solitude make for sanity also. Here you are, the same person that fished here five years or a score of years before, with the same slender collection of virtues, possibly, but certainly with the same large assortment of faults. Are you cursed with impatience, indecision, pedantry, envy, covetousness, and idolatry? An evening's fishing will betray you as remorselessly as the Day of Judgment.

I confess to wonderment and irritation over the fisherman — though there are legions of his type — who is always certain that he has done the right thing in the right way. If he loses a fish, it is demonstrably the fault of the fish or of the reel or of the fast water or of the guide who was too slow with the gaff. I like much better the lad who asks, 'Dad, did I strike that laker too quick, or was I too slow?' Note that he does not blame either the fish or the tackle, but only himself! And we debate the question hour after hour, while the boat swings at anchor on our little Vermont lake and we wait for another strike. Neither of us knows the right answer, and both of us are entirely happy — having inherited an inquiring strain of blood, some ability for seeing both sides of a question, and a deep respect for 'hunches.'

It was a fisherman on our lake, by the way, who once gave me a thoroughly local interpretation of the story of the Miraculous Draught of Fishes. In this lake the biggest trout lie in pockets along the edge of the ledges, sixty or seventy feet down, and it takes a good eye for landmarks to anchor the boat precisely in the right spot. Often one side of the boat, when two men are fishing, will have all the luck — that four or five feet of difference in latitude or longitude meaning success or failure in reaching the big lakers with your minnow. Hence my old friend's cautious and entirely reverent attempt at New Testament exegesis: 'Mr. Perry, don't you think that when Our Lord told the disciples to let down the net on the other side of the boat, *He had a hunch that they was anchored just on the aidge of a laidge?*'

I cannot say that there was anything miraculous about our draught of fishes on the Miramichi this summer, unless it be in the number and size and splendid fighting quality of the grilse. The salmon fishing was below the average. But somehow the great pork barrel on the east porch of the cabin kept filling steadily with salted fish, and by and by we began to feel the premonitions of departure. Ominous yellow leaves appear on the tips of the young white birches across the river. We have no other calendar with us than such signs of the passing weeks, and a hint from the cook that we must hold back a little on this or that delicacy. I notice that G., who expects some trout fishing elsewhere in August, begins to talk about the fun of dry-fly fishing with your very lightest tackle on some brimming meadow brook where there would be no danger of a rushing grilse or salmon wrecking your rod. Alas for the inconsistency of fishermen! We hook and release every day, here on the river, trout that would astonish our friends at home, and already, with shoulder blades still aching with swinging a salmon rod, we are dreaming of meadow brooks in New England. And nothing is more certain than that when we are floating our tiniest flies again over one of those brooks we shall dream of the sudden sullen plunge of a salmon!

The final morning comes, and that 'one more' cast, which every angler knows. For me it is always an excessively solemn rite and is usually unattended with any luck whatever. But on this occasion, as I was slowly reeling in, a besotted salmon, hovering in the ripple not six yards below me, seemed to decide from the melancholy look upon my face that it was now or never! I struck, for once, just as he flashed, and he was so well hooked that even I could not have lost him. He weighed only ten pounds, but I am sure that he possessed a most magnanimous soul.

Reluctantly we settled ourselves into the canoes at last, at the head of the 'Pond,' bound homeward. As I took a final look at the rough water between my canoe and the ledge on the opposite shore, a huge salmon leaped, as if with an ironic gesture of farewell. He looked exactly like the monster that had carried off my Dusty Miller and a bit of broken leader, in that very spot, ten days before. Well, I hope now that he will rub that fly off upon the rocks long before the spawning season! I had hated to lose him, but I cannot help admiring, this morning, that sardonic parting assertion of superiority. 'Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook?' he seems to shout as he plunges down, while the river, for a moment, seems strangely flat and empty.

'Perhaps not, old fellow,' I whisper to him, as I pick up the bow paddle instead of a rod and we head downstream. 'Perhaps not, but there is another summer coming! *Au revoir!* May no poacher's net entangle you or otter tear you. May you not linger under the river ice all winter and become a mere "black salmon" to rise hungrily in the broad eddies at any lure next spring. May you rather go down proudly into the North Atlantic and take your lordly ease in the great deep until some full tide next June. Then may you make gallantly the long uphill climb against one hundred and thirty miles of tumbling water and settle again in the old pool under the gray ledge. And if in some soft July twilight you swirl up once more at a Dusty Miller or a Silver Doctor, may it be a fair fight, and may the leader hold!'

AMENITIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES

BY H. H. POWERS

I

In the course of a morning walk while waiting for my friends in the little Japanese inn to be ready for breakfast, I climbed a neighboring hill for its view over the Inland Sea. Suddenly my attention was arrested by a rustling noise, accompanied by little squeaks, in the grass near by. Looking in the direction indicated, I saw a beautiful snake with markings such as I had never seen before, making his way through the grass with a frog he had seized, who was uttering the squeaks that I had heard. As the frog's legs were spread wide on either side, the snake found it impossible to push him ahead through the grass, and so he was wriggling backward and dragging the frog after him. I had never seen a snake move backward and had never heard a frog squeak, so I watched them with interest for the brief moment before they disappeared from view. Then I returned to the inn and recounted my adventure to the little group of friends with whom I was traveling. They listened with such interest as the incident merited, but the reaction in one case was unexpected. A charming young woman said with tears in her voice, 'Did n't you help the frog?'

We smiled at this exhibition of sympathy, but liked her the better for it. Yet no one seconded her suggestion or seemed to think that I ought to have helped the frog. They seemed to realize that sympathy should be tempered by discrimination. The impulse to help the under dog is universal among associated beings. There can be no human society, not even a wolf pack, without a certain mitigation of the competitive struggle. Hence the impulse to take the side of the weak against the strong. But the strong may have the right of it. Nay, in the long run theirs is manifestly the better case. For it is not for the interest of the race that the weak should inherit the earth.

I am prompted to these suggestions by recent developments in our international relations. Our situation as a nation is peculiar. We are, or believe ourselves to be, the most powerful nation in the world. We are at the same time the most detached. We feel international responsibilities less than any other nation and our criticisms of national policies are restrained by neither experience nor fear. The facetious advice to young debaters always to debate questions they know nothing about, as they would thus be less hampered by facts, quite fits our case. In foreign affairs America is the paradise of the doctrinaire and the sentimentalist, the champion of the under dog.

China seems for the moment to be the under dog. Foreign Powers have compelled her to open her doors to their commerce, they have restricted her right to tax their imports, they have compelled her to set aside districts in which their nationals may live and which they may develop and govern as they see fit, and they have compelled her to grant them within these areas, and in a measure wherever they go, the privilege of living under their own laws and of administering these laws through courts of their own creation. In other words, foreign Powers have moved into China, bag and baggage, and have carried their national cultural establishments with them. While they avoid the term 'annexation,' and recognize in Chinese sovereignty a certain reversionary right to these territories when they are through with them, that sovereignty is for the present entirely in abeyance in the 'concessions,' those marvelous settlements which the Western Powers have created on Chinese soil. Even outside the concessions the foreigner, in a sense, plants his national flag on the spot where he stands. And all this he seems well content to continue, and shows no sign either of leaving or of surrendering his privileges. Such is the Chinese indictment, which, barring certain large omissions, fairly states the facts.

All this went on comparatively unnoticed for half a century simply because our attention was not called to it. But of late this attitude has changed. China has found a voice in a small but growing class impregnated with Western ideas that deeply resents the unreciprocal relation and demands for China the same recognition of sovereignty which is accorded to other nations. This means the recognition of no other law or police authority than that of China in Chinese territory. It means the end of consular courts and of restrictions upon taxation. And generous impulse among us is prompt to respond to the appeal. We are exhorted to stop bullying China.

There is not one of the Western nations to-day that is not willing and eager to do that very thing.

How do we know this? Because in an analogous case they did it, and did it without coercion or exhortation; because, further, the system is costly and vexatious. The Powers do not establish concessions and organize a police force and maintain consular courts for the fun of it. They have no more desire to do these things in Shanghai than they have to do them in New York. It is a burden to maintain these establishments. Only the uninitiated regard it as a privilege. If the Powers hesitate to abolish them it is for reasons of historic import which it behoves us to consider.

II

The system did not originate in China. It is much more ancient — how ancient we cannot say. I suspect that the Greek quarter in Memphis on the banks of the Nile three thousand years ago was much like a Chinese concession. Japan, too, had similar settlements in Korea centuries ago. We have little knowledge of the arrangements governing these settlements, but we may safely assume that they were under the control of their own inhabitants and governed by their customs and laws.

The system first appears in clear outline in connection with the Venetian empire. When Venice joined the crusades she made it a condition of her coöperation that a portion of every city captured should be placed under her jurisdiction. Here she established a Venetian quarter, building warehouses, docks, and all the essentials of commerce. Here, too, her law was established with all the machinery for its administration. It became a Venice in miniature, sometimes more. The Venetian quarter in Constantinople, a concession voluntarily granted, is said to have contained two hundred thousand inhabitants, a population equal to that of Venice herself. Eventually these settlements dotted every island and coast of the Mediterranean.

Whatever may have been the motive for establishing these settlements, their justification is to be found in the fact that Venice had developed a body of commercial law and a system of administration which was infinitely superior to that of the countries with which she had to deal. Many of them had no body of law and were ruled by edict — that is, by autocratic caprice tempered by ill-defined custom. Even with good intentions such procedure was incapable of regulating the complex relations which the highly developed commerce of Venice involved.

When the Turks fell heir to the East, they had no thought of abolishing this system, but sought rather to encourage and extend it. With the long-coveted Constantinople now in their possession, but shrunk to a tenth of its former size and with grass growing in its streets, they turned to this system of privileged settlements as the means of restoring its commercial supremacy. Not at all under compulsion, but with eagerness and an eye to commercial advantage, they renewed and enlarged these privileges of self-government. It did not seem at all an unreasonable thing that commercial communities of highly developed peoples should live under their own laws and regulate their affairs in a manner suited to their needs. These privileges were therefore in the strictest sense concessions granted by a Power, perhaps the strongest in Europe, in the interest of its own convenience and advantage. These concessions were eventually extended to all foreigners as well as to the subject Christian populations, all in the interest of the State. It allowed these populations to live under laws with which they were familiar, and saved the Turks the trouble of regulating affairs which they did not understand. Above all it gave the merchant the necessary inducement to restore the prosperity of the State.

The system continued with little change until its abolition during the World War. But changes in the nations themselves greatly modified its character. Turkey decayed, while the Western Powers grew strong. As the gulf widened between the unadaptable Turk and the progressive West, the foreigner increasingly prized his independence and exploited his privileged position. The 'capitulations,' as the system was called, thus came to be recognized as the normal relation between nations whose social and legal systems were widely divergent.

When, about the middle of the nineteenth century, China and Japan were brought within the orbit of Western commerce, the system of exterritoriality was adopted as a matter of necessity. I shall not recall the incidents of this transaction, which involved several wars and a naval demonstration on our part which failed of becoming a war only because it cowed the Japanese into submission. If I were to challenge the policy of the Western Powers I think I should choose this point for attack. If we ever wronged the Eastern nations it was when we insisted upon trading with them at a time when they were unwilling that we should do so. But to discuss the legitimacy of a commercial expansion which no power on earth could have prevented and to which all peoples are now reconciled is as futile as to discuss the ethics of the solar system. I will pass this period with but the single remark that there never was an opium war properly so designated — that is, a war in which the use of opium by the Chinese was either the object aimed at or the chief object attained. It is unfortunate that Britain was obliged to establish the most fundamental of all commercial principles, the right of property against confiscation, in connection with a commodity since fallen into deserved discredit, but the principle was worth the struggle, worth even the obloquy and inevitable misrepresentation.

If commercial relations were to be established there was but one possible way to do it. China and Japan had a highly developed civilization, but one whose whole orientation was unsuited to the new relation. In Japan, commerce was tolerated but despised. Gifts from a merchant, though accepted by a shrine, would not be admitted inside the temple. Foreign commerce was practically unknown, and no laws existed for its regulation. Conditions in China, though different, were no more favorable. The trader had no rights and found no body of law or custom to regulate his dealings with the people. More fundamental still, he found the physical conditions of life such as he could not accept. Permanent commercial relations involved, then as always, resident agents and ultimately a large foreign community. Wives and children followed their husbands and legitimately sought the decencies of European life. Was it too much for Europe to ask — was it too much for China to grant — that they should have the privilege of peaceably creating these conditions?

The privilege was granted, albeit but grudgingly, and in the ocean seaports, up the mighty Yangtze, and in strategic sites all over the empire, some of them previously uninhabited, appeared these oases of alien civilization. Harbors were dredged, docks and warehouses built, broad streets laid out, schools established, churches erected, and the whole fabric of our civilization created. The fisher hamlet of Yokohama grew into a handsome city of half a million. On vacant ground, along a sluggish tributary of the lower Yangtze, rose Shanghai, model city of the East. Outside the walls of ancient Tientsin appeared its modern double, with miles upon miles of broad streets and modern homes surrounded with shrubbery and flowers. The desert islet of Hong-Kong, a barren rock haunted by pirates, became an earthly paradise where, under the Midas touch of British justice, two thirds of a million Chinese have risen to an affluence undreamed of under their own government a few miles away. And at Kiukiang, the city of porcelain, at Ichang where the foaming river pours through the gorges the melted snows of the Himalayas, at Chungking beyond the gorges, and at scores of other spots we find these far-flung outposts of civilization.

I wish that every American could visit one of these settlements, perhaps Hankow, the centre of recent disturbances and of antiforeign agitation. It is six hundred miles up the Yangtze, one of the most majestic of rivers. Great ocean steamers from London sail up these six hundred miles and anchor at Hankow. It is as central as Chicago and almost as accessible as New York. Here, at the confluence of the Yangtze and the Han, are the three 'Wu-Han' cities, Hankow, Hanyang, and Wuchang, the last a provincial capital and the recently chosen Cantonese or nationalist capital of China. All are essentially one city, no more separated than Brooklyn and New York, except that there are neither bridges nor tunnels nor steam ferries.

Few things will impress the traveler more than the 'Bund' of Hankow. It stretches, a magnificent esplanade perhaps two hundred feet wide, for a couple of miles along the river facing the concessions — British, French, Russian, German, and Japanese. Imposing buildings succeed one another for a mile or more — not crowded together, nor yet of the traditional commercial type, but broad-spaced and mansion-like, their deep verandahs filled with flowerpots and the whole set in spacious lawns and shrubbery. When I saw them first I thought of Euclid Avenue as I knew it in my youth. Yet these buildings bore the names of steamship companies, banks, commercial agencies, and other enterprises that I had not hitherto associated with lawns and flowers. Farther on, two splendid American structures were nearing completion, the property of well-known New York banks. They were more ambitious and, I am sorry to say, more commercial in appearance than the others, but I found they were fundamentally the same. Indeed it was from them that I learned the secret of the domestic appearance of the others. Fine housekeeping suites were being finished off in the upper stories, where the young married employees not only could find protection against coolie mobs and social disturbances, but could preserve the integrity of the Anglo-Saxon home. For business has learned in China, if not at home, that its interests are rooted in something deeper than salaries and contracts.

Behind the Bund are other streets with stores that would do honor to any American city. There are schools and churches, too, in familiar guise. On the edge of the concession I found a country club, a model institution of its kind, where I saw assembled the beauty and the chivalry of Hankow.

And then I visited 'Chinatown' and crossed over to venerable Wuchang, whose temple-crowned hill had beckoned enticingly. It seemed to embody the romance of the dreamy East. Perhaps it did, but we did n't find it. We climbed from the landing place through the slops of the water carriers who, in endless procession, supplied the coffee-colored, germ-laden water to the householders for domestic use. We saw the squalor of the homes, the littered streets, and the human offal borne open through the city. We heard the firecrackers exploded to scare away the demons from a wedding or a funeral. What we had taken for temples proved to be gambling dens, while a gay kiosk near by was occupied by a fantastically clad diviner or luck man whose lucrative occupation it was to find the lucky places to dig graves, the lucky time to start building or to undertake a journey. We saw — but why continue? I could not describe what one sees in a Chinese city, nor would the reader thank me if I did. It is but fair to add that behind it all is the battered wreck of much that once was great; that hidden from the traveler's view there is much of present elegance and of comfort for those who are wonted to Chinese ways. Finally it is to be noted that all this is changing, especially where the Chinese are in contact with the concessions. But, when all is said, it remains true that between the two modes of life a gulf is fixed which the Westerner cannot cross without hardship and demoralization.

III

I have dealt only with the outward aspect of the concession, the aspect most easily seen and portrayed. Its more vital aspect — its soul, so to speak — is in the system of law and administrative procedure, the product of centuries of struggle with the problems which here have found so large a measure of solution. This legal framework, and still more this body of instincts, habits, and ideals which are the essence of our Western civilization — these are not indigenous to Chinese soil. Reared under hothouse protection in the concessions, it remains to be seen whether they will survive with this protection removed. Let us hope so, but those of us who have seen their present flower and fruit may be pardoned if we face the transfer with misgivings.

And now that the transfer seems imminent let us ask somewhat carefully just what China wants and what are the grounds for hesitation in granting her request. The demand is for complete sovereignty as accorded to other nations. *As accorded to other nations!* Just what do we accord to other nations?

The most fundamental obligation devolving upon any government is to protect the lives and property of its citizens. These are the two basic interests. All else derives from these or is subordinate to them. Nothing can absolve government from this obligation except action of the individual in contravention of government authority. In an age when foreign trade and industry are universally recognized as legitimate, the need and the obligation of protection are not limited by national frontiers. Wherever the citizen goes the duty to protect him goes with him. Government may fail in its efforts. In so far it fails as government. But it can never repudiate the obligation.

The modern comity of nations to which China aspires rests upon the recognition of this obligation. As a matter of convenience and economy of effort, governments exchange these trusts with one another when assured that they can do so safely. If we do not establish an American concession in London and demand the right of setting up our own courts and police protection for our citizens there it is because we are perfectly sure that Britain will protect them quite as well as we could, and we find it much more economical to protect her citizens residing here in exchange. It is a perfectly reciprocal arrangement based on identical principles and fairly equivalent facilities.

There is not a nation in the world that does not prefer this reciprocal arrangement wherever possible. When Japan and China were opened to Western trade it was obviously impossible. Neither country had recognized for centuries the obligation to protect foreigners within its limits. In both countries there was a prejudice against their presence which it was doubtful if the government could control. In both countries the attitude and good faith of the government were in question. No reciprocity was possible. The Western Powers did not delegate their responsibilities, but followed their citizens abroad and built about them and their belongings the home safeguards. To have done less would have been a breach of trust.

The arrangement was provisional. Its abrogation depended on the development of the conditions of reciprocity. With amazing energy and wisdom Japan set about the task. Her entire legal system, devised for a hermit nation with no dealings outside her borders, had to be reconstructed. This entailed political, military, and economic reorganization, the abolition of long-sanctioned class distinctions, and ultimately the complete reconstruction both of Japanese society and of the mentality of the Japanese people. The task was an heroic one and it involved unparalleled sacrifice and determination. The result was apparent when, a generation after the great resolve, Japan successfully resisted mighty Russia, and astonished Europe discovered that a Western nation had arisen in the East. The demand for recognition on the basis of reciprocity was promptly granted. There were misgivings, but they were few and brief. The sneer is sometimes heard that Japan obtained the coveted recognition only when she had sharpened her sword and made herself feared. Possibly. The imputation of cowardice as the sole motive of seeming justice and generosity is a favorite with those whose temperament suggests such explanations. The fact would seem to be that the successful prosecution of a great war against a superior enemy implies not only military power but national unity, discipline, and organization. These were the guaranties that laws promulgated and promises made would be carried into effect. They have been, and no one now regrets Japanese recognition.

Why has not China followed suit? Simply because she was not like Japan. Though alike unprepared at the outset for the new relation of reciprocity with Europe, the two nations were otherwise totally unlike. Ever since the sixteenth century Japan has enjoyed one of the most perfectly organized governments on record. For two centuries and a half this government, the work of two superlative statesmen, maintained unity and order with a minimum of tyranny and corruption, establishing the traditions of discipline and obedience to central authority which have since rendered such remarkable service. Though reluctant to come out of her seclusion, she emerged with herself perfectly in hand and ready for the crisis.

China had no such background. Never closely organized, she was in full decadence when confronted with the new situation. With a central government devoid of authority, and an almost complete lack of the organs of modern government, China faced the exigencies of the commercial era with the government machinery of the primitive clan. Her military impotence but reflects her helplessness in every department of the social organism. Imagine a people whose soldiers, when taken prisoners, unhesitatingly enroll in the other army on assurance of food and pay. Think of a country without roads opening its doors to commerce. When the rain gullies the peasant's precious field he goes out into the narrow path which does duty for a road and digs up the earth needed to repair the damage. The traveler who later finds a mud hole in his path gets his vengeance by making a new path through the peasant's field. More completely than any other people the Chinese have gotten along without government, without machinery, without national organization. Said the headman of a Chinese village to the interpreter of an invading army in the Boxer Rebellion: 'We pay taxes to the Manchus. We would just as soon pay taxes to you if we can get the same thing in return. We pay taxes to be let alone. If you can guarantee that we will be let alone we would just as soon pay to you.' That is thoroughly Chinese. The ideal is nonintervention. That government is best that governs least. Taxes are paid to bribe the government to inaction.

It is not asserted that these are altogether the ideals of to-day, least of all the ideals of that limited nationalist element which of late has made itself the vocal exponent of China's demands. It is rather the historic attitude, the mute instinct of the uncounted millions with whom the inertia of habit so far outweighs all reasoned choice.

IV

The generous-hearted demand that we accord to China the recognition due to a modern nation is sometimes made in oversight of the fundamental elements in the problem. We do not recognize peoples or countries, but governments. Recognition of peoples is a private affair. There is nothing to prevent Americans recognizing Chinese to any extent that they choose. But governments can only recognize governments. Where is the Chinese government? It is an open secret that there has been difficulty for some years in locating that important entity.

There is much reason to believe that no Chinese government exists. The foreigner in China deals chiefly with local authorities not recognized, perhaps, ten miles away. At the port of entry he deals with the Maritime Customs, an institution imposed by treaty and presided over by foreigners. In the capital he deals with the municipal government, largely controlled by the foreign legations. Finally and chiefly, in various centres he deals with a military free lance who exercises within his sphere of influence the unauthorized authority of force. The alleged government at Peking is the puppet of one of these chieftains. That of to-morrow will be the puppet of another. Present recognition could only be of one of these self-constituted authorities. Recognition of each would be a powerful influence in favor of the partition of China. Effective recognition of one would be a potent interference in domestic affairs. Under these conditions does not that very deference to the Chinese people which is so feelingly invoked require us to withhold rather than to grant recognition?

Further, it is not always remembered that recognition is not an amenity, but a trust. Recognition such as is demanded implies a mutual delegation of the basic responsibilities of government. For a government to delegate its responsibilities to those who lack either the will or the authority or the facilities to discharge those responsibilities is a violation of trust. The present relation is condemned as unreciprocal. Would a mutual arrangement without effective guaranties on China's part be any less so?

It is inevitable that the present system should pass away. Provisional in its very nature and involving an essentially abnormal exercise of foreign power, its perpetuation would prevent that development of Chinese responsibility which is the recognized need of the world. The harassed governments of the West are more than willing to rid themselves of these remote jurisdictions. But there is a lively realization on their part, as there is a slumbering, instinctive conviction in the minds of their peoples, that these fundamental responsibilities of government must not lapse. Whatever the cost and whatever the delay, the transfer must be made only to trustworthy hands. Great principles and great interests, interests as legitimate as any in the homeland, are at stake. These settlements, if aggregated, would make a modern nation equal in population and superior in wealth and intelligence to nations now members of the League and eligible to a seat on its Council. No American municipality is governed so well as Shanghai. The wealth that these men have won they have created, and more, very much more, which has inured to the benefit of their Chinese neighbors, millions of whom owe them both livelihood and fortune.

By what right are these things adjudged less sacred here than elsewhere? Who stands to profit by the precipitate surrender of all this to a government whose identity is unestablished and whose existence is doubtful, a government whose only certainty is its incompetence? The rising tide of race consciousness in China at a time when her people are as yet unequipped with adequate organs of government renders extremely difficult the safeguarding of these interests during this trying period of transition. But if the Western Powers are forced to precipitate action, and the great structure of civilization so laboriously reared in the East by missionary and merchant goes down in ruin and possibly in blood, I fear the chief responsibility will rest, not with Young China, but with her doctrinaire partisans in the West.

THE CLASSIC MASQUE

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

I

SHARP, jagged lines stabbed at the sky through fog and smoke; the air was acrid with the bitterness of dirt and oils and rotted, water-soaked wood. Vittoria, leaning on the rail of the incoming steamer, smelled her roses to dispel the odors and shut out what her eyes had seen. Her idea of it all had been far different.

'It's a rotten day,' said Mr. Tempest anxiously. 'I'm afraid it's given you the wrong impression. Generally this is one of the most beautiful harbors in the world.'

Vittoria was ready to admit it; she had not the habit of comparisons, and anyway she was not observant enough to bother. It was a feeling, not an observation; the stab of those mammoth buildings was in her side, not in her eyes.

'Will you receive the reporters in your sitting room?' Tempest began again. He had just been rounding them up, and had left them there in charge of Vittoria's large and noisy crowd of dependents.

She came with him willingly enough. It seemed to be so abysmally unimportant whether she did or not. The fog and drizzle were in her brain, or her heart — she could not tell which.

In the sitting room Madame Magini, perspiring a vigorous red, was in struggle with the reporters.

'Madonna!' she exclaimed as Vittoria entered. 'Here are men who have never heard of me — of me, the Magini! Twenty-five years ago their grandfathers lost their sausage heads over me. And now — Madonna!'

Magini was astonishingly fat, and her little beady eyes looked astonishingly small by comparison with their setting. Her nose was a commanding feature, presiding superciliously over the rest of her face like a cathedral in a slum. Her voice squeaked indignation in oddly assorted Italian and French. The reporters, some ten or twelve of them, of all ages and descriptions, looked at her with considerable alarm.

Vittoria sat down and folded her hands in her lap. She had been prepared for this; there was no flutter of embarrassment about her.

The reporters looked at each other significantly. To most of them she was a species unexpected, legendary: she was an opera singer of fame, and she was undeniably beautiful. Her face had the repose, the ageless purity of Greek marble; and her burnished bronze hair, when she removed her hat, clustered at her neck like grapes overripe.

'I make my début on the twelfth of November, as Isolde,' she told them evenly. Her English was the precise, uncolored idiom of the educated foreigner; it was as correct and accentless as a history book.

'Yes, I was born in this country. At Springfield, in the Massachusetts. My father was a violinist in a traveling opera troupe; my mother sang. She was Italian. He was American. Named Holmar. They are dead.'

With a tranquil, unemotional affection, she paraded her eyes over the indignant figure of Magini, spread across the largest chair in the room.

'Madame Magini has been my father and my mother,' she stated with a certain mathematical precision (five hundred and seventy-three plus eighty-four equals six hundred and fifty-seven). 'She was one of the greatest artists of her generation, and she has taught me everything I know. Not everything she knows. I still have a great deal to learn.'

They smiled politely at this. But they wrote it all down.

'No, I am not married. I never have been. I am thirty-three, and I do not see why I should marry. Perhaps, when I am sixty-five. . . .

'No, I do not disbelieve in marriage. Or believe in it. Or believe or disbelieve in anything. I have enough to do to sing. I have no time for believing or disbelieving in things. . . .

'I do not remember America at all. I was only five years old when I left here. . . . Yes, it is very impressive, the harbor. . . . No, I do not think it is beautiful. It is something, yes; but it is not beautiful. . . . Yes, I shall be here all season. In the spring, Paris and Covent Garden. In the summer, Bayreuth. Here I shall sing Isolde, Iphigénie en Aulide, Sieglinde, Elsa, Elisabeth, Donna Anna, the Contessa in *The Marriage of Figaro*. Other things, perhaps. . . . I have been singing for ten years. Everywhere. All the Italian houses; German ones, too; French, Spanish. The Scala at Milan is the best house I know. . . . I know nothing about woman's suffrage. . . . I have no pets, but Madame Magini has a cat. . . . I have forty-one pieces of luggage. . . . No, I shall not miss wines very much; but is it certain that I shall not have them? . . . The Metropolitan is a very great house; I am glad to come here. . . . Yes, I have heard that my wage is very high. I do not know if it is the highest offered a new singer; I do not care. I am not permitted to say what it is. The contract is for one year; there is an option for five more years.'

They were photographed on the top deck, Vittoria many times, once with Madame Magini and her saffron-colored husband, Artemidoro. Mr. Tempest hovered about, apprehensive, thoughtful; he distrusted this unregulated publicity, like a good Metropolitan attaché, and felt that a dignified silence was more in keeping with the traditions of the house. When questions about marriage and prohibition were in the air, you never could tell what these singers would say, especially when they were new to the country.

Vittoria went through it all unmoved, and as silent as the circumstances allowed. The mist and the cold would not leave her; the skyline maintained its terrifying gesture. She was in the presence of the totally unfamiliar, the completely new; it depressed without exciting her. She could not be puzzled, for she never asked herself questions; it was only that same deaf pressure on the chest, a crushing of inexplicable foreboding. She could not fear what could not hurt her; but if she had ever known what it was to be afraid, she would have been then, perhaps.

An apartment spacious enough for twenty had been reserved for them at the Ritz; Magini and Artemidoro, with a maid and a voluble, decrepit valet de chambre, one of Magini's innumerable relics, established themselves with much inefficient excitement while Vittoria locked herself wearily into her room and went to sleep.

II

She met Henry Morehouse the next day at a tea given for her by the wife of one of the Metropolitan's directors.

It was the usual musical-literary-social business there, as she had seen it everywhere from Munich to Buenos Ayres, and for the first time in twenty-four hours she felt no disturbing unfamiliarity about her. There was less of the musical and literary here, and more of the social, perhaps; but it was essentially the same. Even many of the people were the same; the Russian Jewish violinist, the Hungarian pianist, the earnest-eyed, horse-faced young British composer, had not changed in translation to New York. The women belonged, mostly, to the universally established type characterized as lion-hunters; they were a necessary evil of the career, blessed only in their exquisite absence. One felt at home, in the vague way of the homeless who carry their world with them. Henry Morehouse alone was unlike anything else.

Not that he was unmusical, unliterary, or unsocial. If he had been, he would not have been there. He talked, in a more or less self-contained way, of much the same things as the rest of them; but the difference was none the less apparent for that. It was partly his clothes, his unpretentious correctness, and partly the restraint of his attitudes, which belonged to neither the tall-hat nor the long-haired school of behavior. But most of all the difference resided in the lines of his jaw and mouth, the fineness of nostril allied to the strength of feature, the distant awareness of his eyes. He appeared to have penetration, acumen, and humor — three qualities which have no business at a gathering of musical celebrities and their assiduous appreciators. Vittoria resented him distinctly for the first fifteen minutes. His intelligence was almost insulting; it made a spectator out of him. After they had talked a little of music here and there, and of the plans for the season, she asked him if he was a composer. In that category he might just conceivably fit.

'No,' he answered with an amused grin. 'I'm only, temporarily, a man of business. In Wall Street. I'm not anything concerned with music or the theatre. I believe I'm probably what you would call The Public.'

She looked at him gravely, her wide, indeterminate dark eyes reflecting upon his presence. There was no humor in her; she studied him intently.

'Madonna!' she said at last. 'I have been looking for you for ten years. And I have never met you until to-day. I have often wondered about you, but when I have thought to be meeting you, you have always turned out to be — *that!*'

She indicated the swarm of people in the room. His glance followed hers; he seemed a little disconcerted at the seriousness of her attack.

'Oh, I'm a good fellow, really,' he said, a shade of embarrassment coming over him. 'Not awfully musical, perhaps, but not too ignorant either. I'm just about the same anywhere — a plugging, sincere, earnest soul. There are millions of me.'

'I know,' she thought aloud. 'Rows upon rows of you, paying large sums of money to hear us sing or watch us walk the tight rope. If I were not a singer I should never listen to other singers. I often wonder why you do. If you like singing, why don't you do it yourselves? In Munich you come because of the good beer in the intervals, and because the arguments afterward give you chances to talk; in Paris you come because you want to see all the pretty women; in London you come to be able to say you have been. Only in Italy do you come because you sing yourself and like to imagine you are doing it on the stage. You are very strange, Public.'

'In New York, I come to see and be seen, I suppose,' he said. 'But I like the reflection, too, that mine is the best opera company money can buy in the whole world. I am like that. All the millions of me.'

His eyes did not lose their penetration; he seemed to be aware of her in a completer sense than anybody she had ever known, and yet oddly unmoved by her beauty or her actuality. He belonged, with a destructive certainty, to the world of the unfamiliar and the new — he belonged to the skyscrapers and the November drizzle. Yet he gave evidence of a sort of mind and training which were neither unfamiliar nor new; in a way, he bridged the Atlantic. Not that Vittoria thought of it thus specifically; indeed, she hardly thought of it at all. She asked him to lunch with her the next day, and barely observed the touch of reluctance with which he accepted. . . .

Morehouse at luncheon was monopolized by Magini. Magini had found at last somebody who had heard of her, of her glorious past: somebody who could remember how she had sung Norma and L'Africana at the Metropolitan twenty-five years ago. It made no difference to Magini that he was too polite to be really interested; his deferential manner hid, perhaps, colossal boredom. She raced on, eating vast quantities of food and spilling reminiscence after reminiscence into the already overflowing monologue. She was at times embarrassingly frank; the men who had succeeded one another in her capacious affections had as much place in her memory as the rôles she had sung, and she scanted nothing.

Vittoria never remembered having experienced any impatience or annoyance with Magini before. It was as new as everything else, this feeling that there was something wrong, that Magini was somehow not the person to be talking to Morehouse — that he remained, even at the luncheon table, The Public, separated from the rest of them by a row of footlights and an interplanetary space.

After luncheon Magini went on a shopping expedition with her Artemidoro. Morehouse lingered almost unwillingly; there were liqueurs, but no conversation. Vittoria went to the piano in her drawing room and sang to him. When puzzles presented themselves, she could always sing.

He kept his eyes on his little glass of brandy while she did it. The sound of it, rich and smooth and full, was everywhere in the little room, pervasive even in a whisper. 'Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,' she said, 'weisst was ich leide. . . .'

When she had finished, she sat there a moment indifferently. The tones had come gratefully out of her throat; she knew from the hum of them in her chest, the echo of them in her ears afterward, that she had done very well indeed.

As she turned round, Morehouse rose to leave. He was very much disturbed, too disturbed to be polite. He hardly thanked her; he seemed nervous and only anxious to get away. She walked with him to the door and closed it behind him slowly. As she turned back to the piano it seemed to her that she understood things even less than before.

In a week's time she knew. She was in love.

III

At first it seemed too ridiculous to be believed, even for a moment. But it could not be dismissed; it was a force, an eccentric, disintegrating thing. Nothing had ever been like it. No man. She had been 'in love' before, of course;

love was a joyous, natural phenomenon, not in the least like this. Love came and went, like the seasons passing over the white marble of a statue, mellowing and caressing; love touched and vanished, and with its departure were forever added new tones to the voice, new heights, and the magic of new color. Everything had contributed to the glory of her voice, the rising and the setting of the sun, winds over a marsh, men and books and music and the rainy salt of an open sea. They had all seasoned, enriched; no tone but represented the flavor of life, full and unafraid. Love had always given a radiance; this thing was fierce and destructive, like age clawing at the throat.

At the first rehearsal of *Isolde* sick horror laid hold of Vittoria. She was singing very badly; there were weary notes and raucous notes, inadequate and tired. Most desperate was the knowledge that it did not essentially matter; she had no longer the whole-hearted rapture in making what music could come from her. She was no longer a perfect instrument — she was Vittoria sick and fearful.

'Furchtbar, schrecklich!' she said dully to the hook-nosed conductor at the end of the rehearsal.

He looked at her from his height of wisdom.

'It is best, my child,' he told her in his fiercely gentle way. 'You will be a great Isolde whatever happens.'

This was cryptic and unnecessary; Vittoria knew how bad it had been, and what Magini, squeezed horror-stricken into one of the orchestra stalls, was ready and waiting to say to her.

For from the beginning Morehouse had made it plain that it was impossible. Not that they had said much of anything; he had come twice to her hotel, and once he had driven her for dinner to a restaurant far out on Long Island. Each time he had had spells of talking feverishly about the things they had in common, followed by spells of complete silence. She was nearly always speechless with him; the feeling of his bitter hostility, not to her, but to something of which she was, perhaps, a part or a symbol, froze everything she might have said. It was no help to realize, as Vittoria did definitely realize, that he loved her. His hungry, nervous eyes, and the look of sleepless worry that had come over him, told a good deal; the sound of his voice sometimes, when he was most under restraint, told more. The night before the first *Isolde* rehearsal, at dinner in the Long Island roadhouse, he had most closely approached revelation of what was in his mind.

'I'm on the fence,' he put it, fingering his champagne glass, 'between two worlds. Always have been, I suppose. And I'm forty now, and it's too late to get off. For the outside, at least, I've chosen. . . . We're like that often, we whom you call The Public. Sometimes it's only circumstance makes us what we are, and we don't know it until we have our own grooves. . . . Position, wife, children, and the things we call collectively honor. . . . It might be better to be a Russian Jewish violinist, I suppose.'

She felt very sure of what he was talking about; it was like a ton weight, depressing the breadth of her chest.

He came again the night before her début. They drove again to the roadhouse on Long Island.

Vittoria's change had equaled his; she knew it. She was a beautiful woman always; the look of other people as she passed them could have told her so if she had never seen a mirror. The heavy clusters of her hair still cast shadows over the white of her neck; but her eyes were deeper and darker. There was a drawn look about the mouth, too; she had seen it in the glass, and did not care. She wore a dress of severe black and silver; her shoulders kept their magnificence, but her whole beauty had grown definitely older in two weeks. Not older, either, exactly; but what had been as ageless as a statue had now taken on the human stamp of its years. She did not care; definitively, she knew she did not care for anything at all. Except for what was impossible.

'I'm sailing for Europe Saturday with my wife,' he mentioned, as casually as could be. He was looking through the window at the lashing rain. 'She needs a vacation, she seems to think, and I'm sure I do. We mean to run down to Philadelphia to-morrow for some leave-takings.'

Vittoria put her hand, for one moment, to her side. It was a strictly physical pain she felt there, sharp and restless.

'You will not hear me, then, tomorrow night?' she asked. Her voice sounded a little muffled, as if her teeth had suddenly filled all her mouth.

'No,' he answered. He turned round toward her again, and his miserable eyes looked at her fairly. 'I could n't,' he added. 'I could n't.'

They drove back through the angry rain, mile after mile of silence. Vittoria could feel, through her furs, the slight touch of his shoulder. The headlights made sudden wet drifts of light against the solemn black all around. He drove fast at first, but later very slowly; with the jagged, stabbing pain in her side, Vittoria felt the inevitability of what was coming. They had seen each other nine times, all told. Two weeks. Relentless and certain, like death itself. At the end of this black road. Drive fast or drive slow, the end could not be changed. It was there, waiting.

At the Ritz he took her through the lobby, but paused before the elevator.

'I'm going now,' he said quietly, looking long at her. 'I've got to go. Good-bye.'

She turned to him and staggered very slightly. The brutal, certain inevitability. Nothing to be done against it. Cry out until the voice was torn, and the heart too. No good — the end of the road.

'You are going?' she asked.

'Yes,' he said. He bent over swiftly, took her hand, and held it to his lips. With the accomplishment of the gesture, he was gone. The lobby was empty; gilt and brocade leered.

She walked into the elevator. The physical pain was in her chest, the reiteration of it in her head, revolving dully. A brutal, inevitable fact. Perhaps — she could not possibly know — a truth. Honor, wife, children. Children, wife, honor. Good-bye.

She went into her room and locked the door. It was past daylight when she fell asleep.

IV

At five in the afternoon she woke up again. Magini was in the room, looking at her anxiously.

'*Accidente!* I was afraid you would sleep forever! In another minute I should have wakened you. It is well to sleep as much as possible, Torina, but it is five o'clock now. You must be ready at seven. A bath, a hot bath! Ay! Ay! Rosaccia!'

The maid prepared the bath; eggs and tea were brought in. Magini chattered on shrewdly; she did not know what had happened, but it must be forgotten. Many people had come during the day, she said, the general manager of the company among them. She had warded them all off. Vittoria must have rest, *poveretta.*

In her dressing room Vittoria put on her costume and jewels slowly, carefully, mechanically. With Magini she had done half an hour's exercises before leaving the hotel. The voice was dull and lifeless. Suddenly, terribly, it mattered; if the voice went, too, what was left? Magini was prostrate and profane with nervousness; she had never heard Vittoria sing so badly. No kindness could hide her alarm.

Vittoria sent them out into the house shortly before eight. The conductor came in to see her, and rapped her sharply on the hand with his skinny fingers.

'Sing, my child,' he commanded thunderously. 'Nothing is important but that. Sing everything you have — *everything*. Let it out. It is a big house. You can be a great Isolde; all the rest is *Schweinerei*.'

She studied herself in the mirror. Her eyes were tired, brilliant, and she looked almost haggard. But she was beautiful, almost more beautiful than three weeks ago. That was something. Suddenly she remembered what that fool Borelli, the poet man in Milan, had written of her once six or eight years before. A poem called the Maschera Classica, the Classic Masque, le Masque Classique. How did it go? She was a masque in a Greek garden, he had said; the seasons touched her only with love, and everything was nothing to her marble serenity. She could not even remember what language it was written in. Borelli. . . . How many years. . . . He had said that the masque would break one day: fall upon reality and break. With it had broken something else, she thought; it was what people called the heart. Or the courage of life, perhaps. No masque looked at her from the mirror. There was reality there, at last.

That fool Borelli!

She took her place on the stage. The ship, Tristan's ship, was set against a sky of hieratic blue. The contralto who was to sing Brängane looked at Vittoria pityingly.

'Courage,' she said, in a voluminous German way. 'Courage. You are very great. You need not fear the dumb brutes out there. Sing as you sang in Bayreuth last year. You will conquer them easily.'

The woman actually thought she was afraid. Vittoria threw back her head as the curtains swept apart.

From the first notes she sang she knew that her day of power had come. It was no longer easy and joyous singing, the making of great, beautiful tones; it was drawn out of her ruthlessly now, muscle and brain and blood, until there was nothing of her left for thinking. She went through it with the meaning of ten years; at the end, when the vast conglomerate roar came to her from the crowded house, she knew that it could not matter any more. She would sing because she could not help it; they would cheer because they could not help it; it was no longer a thing she did, an effect she achieved. Singer and listener, they were part of an inevitability. Like death. Waiting.

After the second act she was exhausted and very old. She could take no more curtain calls; she lay with her eyelids closed on the couch in her dressing room. Rosaccia piled up flowers, unheeded. Magini came in, breathless and tearful. When she saw the motionless figure on the couch she went away again and closed the door softly behind her.

'Artemidoro! Artemidoro!' she sobbed comfortably; the whole massive grotesque of her fell into the arms of her wraith-like little man. 'I have seen and heard a great artist, a very great artist. Dio, Dio, I am sorry for her, my little Toruccia!'

Artemidoro's saffron-colored face was mournful as ever. He put one arm about the Magini obediently. He was used to these scenes.

The Liebestod was the end of everything. Nothing could ever happen to her afterward, Vittoria knew. Weak, trembling, uncertain, she found her way to her dressing room. Willing hands helped her; adoring eyes followed her. No voice and no singing like this had stirred the dusty backstage echoes for at least a generation.

Magini felt, somehow, what had happened. Her competent, if slightly hysterical, person warded off hosts of visitors again; she found an attaché and posted him at a vantage point to say, 'Madame Vittoria is tired and can see nobody.'

They went out by the Thirty-ninth Street entrance, through the press bureau. There was a great crowd churning about there; cheers welled up, German, Italian, English. As she got into the car waiting for her, Vittoria tried to smile and bow. It was a wan effort. She was tired and old, old and tired. Lived out.

In the hotel she locked herself in her room. Magini and Artemidoro had ordered food for themselves; she could hear them squabbling about the sauce for the spaghetti.

She walked to the window and leaned against it. The street below was still alive with passing cars and hurrying people; the huge, impersonal roar of subway and elevated and chattering voices, the yells of newsboys and the submerged noise of marching feet, came up massed and sickening. Building after building poked through the murky sky; lights blazed from them at strange altitudes, a monstrous Walpurgisnacht.

One push, and she could be a part of the cruel clamor. She could fall swiftly, blessedly, certainly, to the street beneath. Nothing more. Death.

Or she could turn her back upon it and join Magini. . . . Magini! Magini had been a great artist, too; Magini had known all there was to be known of triumph. Magini sat out there now, eating spaghetti and drinking Chianti; weeping, no doubt, noisily as she ate, reminiscing. Joy over, there remained food and drink. And reminiscence. One went on in a world too beautiful, and one fell upon a fact. The classic masque smashed, lying in fragments over the pattern of a garden walk. After that, nothing. Nothing but age and appetite — the years taking beauty and leaving its bewildering memory. One could go on, triumph to triumph. No joy left, but appetite. Fat and sentimental. The voice torn out of one unconsciously by remembered things from a haunted place. Fame, certainly, and fortune. Age, at last, and death.

The street was clamoring, would be always clamoring, in its terrible depths. Its noise invited; it could give an end as ugly as itself — swift, real, true. With no beauty or dignity in it. One could fall vertiginously into its ugliness, surrender to its jagged edges and its stony yawn.

Vittoria turned away into the other room. Magini sat there, a platter of spaghetti before her. Artemidoro was silent as always, eating.

'Ring for the waiter, *cara*,' Vittoria said, 'and order more spaghetti. Spaghetti, I want, and wine.'

DEFENDING A BAD CAUSE

BY F. LYMAN WINDOLPH

On Sunday, February 1, 1623, Archbishop Laud recorded in his diary that he had that day stood by the most illustrious Prince Charles Stuart, at dinner. The Prince 'was then very merry, and talked occasionally of many things with his attendants. Among other things, he said that if he were necessitated to take any particular profession of life he could not be a lawyer, adding his reasons: "I cannot (saith he) defend a bad, nor yield in a good cause."'

Twenty-six years afterward, almost to the day, the former Prince, then Charles I, was beheaded at Whitehall, though whether in a good or a bad cause — whether as a glorious martyr or an inglorious tyrant — is a question about which honorable and patriotic Englishmen contested with one another, on the field of battle as well as in debate, for more than a century after his death, and came at last to peace and a mutual toleration rather than to agreement.

The cause of King Charles has passed, never to be finally decided, into the realm of old, unhappy, far-off things. His theory of the divine right of kings is dead, — or at least has been transmuted into a theory of the divine right of the legislature to make police regulations, — but his opinion about the practice of law is as representative of the opinions of a large number of intelligent men and women to-day as it doubtless was when he made his casual statement of it on that Sunday morning three hundred years ago.

I have listened a score of times to informal discussions among laymen about the ethics of the legal profession. Sometimes no more is expressed than a mere personal disinclination to be a lawyer, as on the part of Prince Charles, because of the necessity of urging unconscionable claims and defenses. Sometimes a question is asked like that which Boswell addressed to Dr. Johnson: 'But what do you think of supporting a cause which you know to be bad?' Sometimes an apologist argues in the words of Dr. Paley, the English theologian, that 'there are falsehoods that are no lies . . . a criminal pleading not guilty; an advocate asserting the justice, or his belief in the justice, of his client's cause . . . no confidence is destroyed, because none is reposed; no promise to speak the truth is violated, because none is given.'

I must confess to a dislike for this last piece of casuistry. I object to the reference to advocates immediately after criminals; and I do not relish the implications of the statement that the falsehoods of an advocate are not to be regarded as lies because nobody will believe them. But, whatever form of words may be used, the truth is that many people feel — I am persuaded that some of the readers of the *Atlantic* feel — that the successful practice of law, particularly in criminal cases, is incompatible with conduct which is, in the highest degree, honorable, and with speech and thought which are, in the highest degree, candid. And the further truth is that this feeling is centred about the supposed duty of a lawyer in what are commonly referred to as 'unjust causes.'

The accepted legal canons defining that duty have been stated many times, but, unfortunately, for the most part in books which are to be found only in the hands of lawyers and students of law. The purpose of this paper is not so much to restate them as to set down my own observations about the problem of unjust causes during a professional experience of more than fifteen years in a small American city. If what I have to say is almost entirely concerned with the defense of accused persons, the reason lies in the fact that criminal practice, as all the world knows, presents the question under consideration in its most acute and debatable form. Like most lawyers in active practice in small cities, I have tried all sorts of cases for all sorts of clients, often with an intimate knowledge of surrounding circumstances and an opportunity for insight into hidden motives that are not possible of attainment in our larger centres of population; but, apart from this experience, I cannot claim to speak with any special authority, either as a lawyer or as a moralist. I am comforted, however, by the conviction that, at all events, I know as much about the practice of morality as Dr. Paley did about the practice of law.

I

There are four sources of information from which a lawyer representing a defendant in a criminal prosecution may be said, with any degree of accuracy, to 'know that his client is guilty': (1) the entry of a plea of guilty in open court; (2) personal observation, as by having actually witnessed the commission of the offense; (3) a confession privately made by the client; and (4) such an 'assemblage of probabilities,' whether resulting from the weight of the evidence in favor of conviction or otherwise, as to amount to a moral certainty. This classification appears to me to be exhaustive, and it is obvious that, in the first case supposed, no question of legal ethics is involved, since a defendant, in pleading guilty, instantly brings to an end the prosecution against him by his own solemn and deliberate act. It is likewise obvious that, in the second case supposed, the ethical question involved is a very simple one — no man ought, in the same proceeding, to appear both as a witness and as an advocate, and, accordingly, a lawyer should refuse professional employment in a cause in which he has such a knowledge of the facts at first hand as might require him to offer himself for examination on the witness stand.

The duty of a lawyer to whom a client has made a private confession of guilt is, in theory at least, equally simple — he ought to advise his client to plead guilty, and, if the client refuses to do so, he ought to withdraw from the case. In practice private confessions are much less common than is generally supposed, and I can give but two instances from my own experience.

On the first occasion, I was retained by a Negro who had been indicted for larceny. I asked him what his defense was, and he replied that he was guilty, but that he guessed he 'had better deny it in court,' and that, if he did so, his 'word would be as good as hers' (the prosecutrix's). I told him that he would have to plead guilty, and after only a very little hesitation he did so with the utmost good humor.

On the second occasion, I was consulted by an intelligent white man who was being prosecuted for conducting a gambling house. He told me that the prosecution against him was a frame-up; he did run a gambling house, but the game was straight and his arrest was the act of players who had lost their money and who had proved to be poor losers. I asked him whether the general public frequented his house and whether he got a rake-off on the game, and he answered both questions in the affirmative. I then said to him that, on his own statement, it was manifest that he was violating the statute, and that there was nothing for him to do except to enter a plea of guilty. He went out of the office without making any special comment on what I had told him, and some weeks afterward it was brought to my attention that he had retained other counsel. Under the circumstances, I felt sufficiently interested in the case to make it my business to find out what happened at the trial. The defendant testified that friends of his sometimes came to his house to play poker and sometimes played for money, but that the public was not admitted; that the game was straight; and that he did not get a rake-off. The verdict of the jury was 'Not guilty.' I do not think for a moment that the reputable and experienced advocate who tried the case for the defense acted improperly. I am satisfied, on the contrary, that the defendant learned some law during the course of his conference with me, and, having duly digested it, amended his story to meet the requirements of an acquittal.

A somewhat novel view, though one not fundamentally inconsistent with what has been said, was expressed by the Earl of Birkenhead, former Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, in an address delivered at a banquet of the American Bar Association, on August 31, 1923. 'If,' he said, 'you take the extremest case of all, the case where it has been put at its strongest against the ethical situation of our profession, the case where a confession has been made by a prisoner to an advocate — I would meet that case without hesitation. It arose once at a critical stage of a great English litigation. I would meet that by saying, "You are not to be the judge of whether that confession is made under an aberration, under a delusion, in hysteria; you are to put the whole facts of that case as those facts are known to you before the jury and before the judge, and they and not you are to decide as to the facts that have been proved, and as to the reliability of that which has been admitted."' This amounts to saying to the defendant, 'Do not plead guilty, because guilt and innocence are matters of law which you are incompetent to decide. Tell the whole truth in open court, and the judge and jury will draw the proper conclusion.' I am bound to say that this point of view seems to me to be ethically unobjectionable, and I am disposed to think that I should adopt it in a capital case, because false confessions of guilt, whether induced by mental abnormalities or an unselfish, though perhaps misguided, wish to shield the real offender, are not particularly uncommon. But in cases of minor importance, where the facts are comparatively simple and there is no reason to suspect hysteria or deliberate deception, it seems to me unnecessarily scrupulous to oppose the defendant's willingness to enter a formal plea of guilty.

The 'great English litigation' to which Lord Birkenhead referred was doubtless that resulting from the death of Lord William Russell, an old man who was found murdered in his bed in May 1840. His valet, Courvoisier, was suspected and tried for the murder, and was defended by Mr. Philips, an eminent barrister. The defendant denied his guilt, and the evidence against him was purely circumstantial. In the course of the trial, which lasted three days, Courvoisier suddenly demanded an interview with his counsel, confessed that he had murdered his master, but insisted that Philips should defend him to the uttermost. What happened thereafter is, unfortunately, disputed, but I state the facts as Philips contended them to be. In great distress of mind, Philips consulted a number of famous judges and barristers. They were unanimous in advising him that, under the circumstances, he was bound to go on with the case. Courvoisier was entitled to a trial by jury and was entitled to be represented by counsel. The facts were too complicated to permit a new lawyer to take charge of the case without preparation. Philips had accepted the employment and consequently was bound to proceed. This Philips did. Courvoisier was found guilty and duly executed.

With every respect for the learned judges and barristers who were consulted, I cannot accept their conclusion. Philips was Courvoisier's attorney, and on that account was in duty bound to express to the court and jury his client's version of the facts. If this version changed during the course of the trial, Courvoisier could not complain, as I see it, if his attorney's expression of it underwent a similar change. I think Philips should have withdrawn from the case, unless Courvoisier had been willing to tell on the witness stand exactly what he had told Philips in private.

The circumstances of this case are, of course, altogether extraordinary. Most accused persons protest to their lawyers that they are innocent. A few confess their guilt. I doubt whether there is another instance on record of a defendant actually on trial making a private confession of guilt, while continuing to profess his innocence in public.

II

But though one accused of crime persist in a denial of the charge against him both in public and in private, the evidence of his guilt may be little short of overwhelming. Moreover, his statement of what occurred may be inherently improbable, and his reputation, both generally and in connection with the previous commission of offenses like the one concerned, may be equivocal or notorious. These considerations and a hundred others, slighter perhaps, but none the less persuasive, may create a settled conviction in the mind of his attorney that the accused is indeed 'guilty in manner and form as he stands indicted.' Of course, a lawyer is not in the position of an innkeeper and a common carrier — that is, bound to render service to whosoever claims it — and he is professionally free to withdraw from such a case. He is likewise professionally free to proceed with it.[1] But is he morally free to do so?

It is, I think, here, rather than in the instance of a private confession, that the current of public opinion sets 'at its strongest against the ethical situation' of the legal profession. A lawyer who continues to defend a client from whose lips he has received a private confession of guilt is, after all, only a dishonest lawyer; but a lawyer who urges a defense which he believes to be false may be held, arguably enough, to be, at the least, a disingenuous man, and his disingenuousness may well appear the more significant and corroding because he is subjected to no sort of professional discipline or censure on account of it. The first judgment condemns only the particular advocate who has been false to his trust, but the second condemns all advocates, and calls into question not only trial by jury but every system of administering justice of which advocacy is a part.

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[1] 'It is the right of the lawyer to undertake the defense of a person accused of crime, regardless of his personal opinion as to the guilt of the accused; otherwise innocent persons, victims only of suspicious circumstances, might be denied proper defense.' — Canons of Ethics adopted by the American Bar Association

Whatever the system may be, the *dramatis personæ* of all criminal prosecutions are the same, an accuser and an accused person, and the problems presented are those of determining what actually happened in respect to the matters with which the defendant stands charged and what the consequences to the defendant ought to be. Our ancestors experimented with a number of ways of solving these problems, such as trial by ordeal and by wager of battle, and finally adopted the expedient of submitting disputed matters of fact to the finding of twelve laymen and matters of law to the decision of a single judge. It so happens that I am a very warm and convinced believer in the jury system, particularly where it exists in its traditional and characteristic form and unanimous verdicts are required, but, as may be freely admitted, it sometimes results in the conviction of the innocent and sometimes in the acquittal of the guilty. With its merits and defects, however, I am not at the moment concerned. Let it suffice, for present purposes, that trial by jury is our method of answering the question, 'What happened?' and that this question must be answered somehow whenever a criminal accusation is made on the one hand and denied on the other.

In the conduct of trial by jury, 'the advocate,' as Dr. Johnson said, 'is not to usurp the functions of the judge; the advocate is to make himself the mouthpiece of him who is accused.' He is likewise not to usurp the functions of the jury, and to suggest that he ought to do so is, in effect, to propose that the jury system be replaced by some other method of finding facts. When, therefore, the argument is advanced — as I heard it advanced not long ago by a professor in a theological seminary — that a lawyer ought not to defend a prisoner whom 'all the decent people in the community know to be guilty,' the criticism really intended is rather of due process of law, as at present constituted in the United States, than of the conduct of any particular lawyer or even of lawyers in general. Since the defendant in the case giving rise to the discussion had in fact been acquitted, the form of the criticism is perhaps to be attributed to righteous indignation at a real or supposed miscarriage of justice. Certainly the substitution of what 'all the decent people in the community know' for the verdict of a jury which has at least listened to evidence and had an opportunity of seeing the parties face to face would seem to amount to a reversal of the classical precedent by appealing from Philip sober to Philip drunk. But, in any event, it is contrary to a common sense of fairness to try accused persons more than once for the same offense. If we really regard it as desirable that their legal guilt or innocence be determined by the judgment of public opinion, let us amend our laws accordingly. But until we do so, and until we make a law that a man shall be deemed guilty when his defense does not succeed in convincing his own lawyer, an advocate has no more justification for sitting in judgment on his client's cause than the members of a jury have for assuming the rôles of partisans, or than a judge has for passing upon the credibility of witnesses.

But the assumption by a lawyer of a judicial attitude is not merely bad as a matter of logic. It is bad in practice as well, because a lawyer's opinion as to guilt or innocence is as fallible as that of anyone else. One of the first criminal cases in which I ever took part was a prosecution in which I was retained by the defendant, who had been indicted for stealing a dog. I asked him what his defense was and he told me that the dog had been given to him by a man whose name he had forgotten. Since the defendant had been in jail awaiting trial for about six weeks and presumably had had ample time to think matters over, this lapse of memory on his part appeared to me exceedingly odd. Moreover, the defense on which he relied is humorously referred to by lawyers as the 'mysterious stranger' defense, and there is a tradition that when it is interposed unsuccessfully, as it almost invariably is, the court is accustomed to add a few months to the usual sentence, on the theory that the defendant is not only guilty, but gifted with very poor powers of invention besides. In brief, I did not believe a word of what my client told me, and, being somewhat influenced by that fact as well as very inexperienced, I tried the case badly. For some reason which I have never been able to understand the defendant was acquitted. Perhaps the jury thought that, under the law, he was entitled to a better lawyer.

About six months afterward an accident put me in possession of the true facts of the case. The story told by my client was, as I had suspected, false, but he was, nevertheless, entirely innocent. The dog had been stolen by his sister's husband, and the defendant, who was unmarried, had come to the conclusion that, with winter coming on, it would be better for him to go to jail than to have his sister and her children deprived of the support and comfort to be expected from his erring brother-in-law.

Perhaps it may fairly be asked whether this incident is better suited to 'point a moral or adorn a tale,' and whether a proper answer would not confine it to the latter purpose. Certainly its hero, though he was innocent of being a thief, was an unabashed perjurer, who remains, so far as I know, unrepentant to this very hour. And yet when, as happens from time to time, I see him working at his trade as a stonemason on some building in course of erection and he waves a greeting to me as I pass, I cannot help feeling grateful that the legal conviction of a defendant is not made to depend upon the conscientious conviction of his attorney.

III

That 'the advocate is to make himself the mouthpiece' of his client is a figure of speech which must be accepted with certain obvious qualifications, as, for instance, — to borrow an example which has frequently been used by legal writers, — that an advocate must speak for his client within and not without the bounds of the law, and cannot, therefore, justify the use of abusive language toward the opposing party on the theory that his client would be equally abusive if he were permitted to speak.

But, taking the figure at its strongest, we are still a long way from the conclusions of Dr. Paley. According to that authority, a lawyer may assert 'his belief in the justice of his client's cause,' and, though the assertion be a 'falsehood,' it is, nevertheless, 'no lie.' Any respectable lawyer can preach a simpler and sounder doctrine.[2] It is his duty to present to the court and jury his client's version of the facts, as well as every argument and inference which may fairly be drawn in the latter's favor. It is the duty of the jury to decide the case on the evidence as it comes from the mouths of the witnesses and the law as it comes from the mouth of the trial judge. If, therefore, an advocate makes, by way of argument, an honest statement of his opinion, he nevertheless acts improperly, since his opinion is either relevant, — as it might be on the subject of previous good character, — in which event he ought to have been sworn as a witness, or irrelevant, in which event he ought to be silent. If, on the other hand, his statement is dishonestly made, he is in no different position, either personally or professionally, from any other man who makes dishonest statements.

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[2] 'It is improper for a lawyer to assert in argument his personal belief in his client's innocence or in the justice of his cause.'—Canons of Ethics adopted by the American Bar Association

Perhaps no formal code of ethics can do more than to condemn the expression by an advocate of his personal beliefs about the character and conduct of his client; but to stop here is nevertheless to leave something unsaid. Everyone who has sat for any considerable period of time in a courtroom has listened to the closing speech of at least one lawyer, who, like the player in *Hamlet*,

> Could force his soul so to his own conceit
> That from her working all his visage wann'd,
> Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
> A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
> With forms to his conceit.

Whatever words may be used by such a pleader, it is obvious that he makes a representation as to the state of his emotions which is intended to incline the scales in his client's favor by the weight of his own influence. Jury speeches of this kind are, I believe, both less common and less generally effective than they were a half century ago — a result which is, no doubt, to be attributed as much to an improved taste as to a regenerated morality. The degree of conscious deception involved differs, of course, in individual cases, and no hard and fast rule can be laid down.

In this and in every like connection there is, however, one proposition from which no escape can be found. There is no room for an esoteric morality in the legal profession or in any other. Sir Edward Coke's classic definition of a burglar is 'he that by night breaketh and entereth into a mansion house with intent to commit a felony,' and, accordingly, one indicted for burglary at common law was entitled to an acquittal upon showing that he broke into a mansion house by day instead of by night, or that he entered with the consent of the owner instead of by breaking, or that he broke into a shop instead of a mansion house, or that his original breaking was without intent to commit a felony.

It is beside the point to say that these are technical defenses. The answer is that they are no more technical than the crime itself, and that crime will always be, to a greater or less degree, a technical matter. But sin is not a technical matter, and the conscience is a more sacred tribunal than any court. A righteous lawyer is first of all a righteous man. What is candid and honorable in private life retains those characteristics before a judge and jury, and no principle of ethics is sound which declares a liar to be a less despicable figure in a courtroom than anywhere else.

WEST AFRICAN MELODIES

BY AQUAH LALUAH

NATIVITY

Within a native hut, ere stirred the dawn,
Unto the Pure one was an Infant born;
Wrapped in blue lappah that His mother dyed,
Laid on His father's home-tanned deerskin hide,
The Babe still slept, by all things glorified.
Spirits of black bards burst their bonds and sang
'Peace upon earth' until the heavens rang.
All the black babies who from earth had fled
Peeped through the clouds — then gathered round His head.
Telling of things a baby needs to do,
When first he opes his eyes on wonders new;
Telling Him that to sleep was sweetest rest,
All comfort came from His black mother's breast.
Their gift was Love, caught from the springing sod,
Whilst tears and laughter were the gifts of God.
Then all the Wise Men of the past stood forth,
Filling the air East, West, and South and North;
And told Him of the joy that wisdom brings
To mortals in their earthly wanderings.
The children of the past shook down each bough,
Wreathed frangipani blossoms for His brow;
They put pink lilies in His mother's hand,
And heaped for both the first fruits of the land.
His father cut some palm fronds, that the air
Be coaxed to zephyrs while He rested there.

Birds trilled their hallelujahs; all the dew
Trembled with laughter, till the Babe laughed too.
All the black women brought their love so wise,
And kissed their motherhood into His mother's eyes.

THE SERVING GIRL

The calabash wherein she served my food
Was as smooth and polished as sandalwood;
Fish, as white as foam from the sea,
Peppered, and golden fried for me;
She brought palm wine, that carelessly slips
From the sleeping palm tree's honeyed lips.
But who can guess, or even surmise,
Of the countless things she served with her eyes?

THE SOULS OF BLACK AND WHITE

The souls of black and white were made
By the selfsame God of the selfsame shade.
God made both pure, and He left one white;
God laughed o'er the other, and wrapped it in night.

Said He, 'I've a flower, and none can unfold it;
I've a breath of great mystery, nothing can hold it.
Spirit so illusive the wind cannot sway it,
A force of such might even death cannot slay it.'

But so that He might conceal its glow
He wrapped it in darkness, that men might not know.
Oh, the wonderful souls of both black and white
Were made by one God, of one sod, on one night.

THE RED-HAIRED CITY

BY MARY AGNES HAMILTON

I

In one of those old fairy books that belong to the vivid actualities of childhood is a story which recounts how a girl found herself, to her bitter chagrin, without the easy power to attract that so many of her sisters possessed — a power she had grown up to regard as her feminine birthright. Though neither ill-favored nor ill-natured, she was insignificant, apt to be left out; had on social occasions to play the part of wallflower, and did not like it. Desperate, she sought the aid of an Enchanter. The Enchanter, as happens in such tales, had a curious passion for collecting souls. What he did with them no one knew; there, after all, he was like other collectors then and since. As the price of giving the girl power over the eyes and hearts of men he demanded her soul. She hesitated. He told her he would make her beautiful and at the same time different, so that even among beautiful women she would possess something they had not, which would exercise an instant and irresistible fascination. As to the thing she was to part with in exchange, that, he assured her, would never be noticed. He offered to give her red hair — hair that in its brightness held the lustre of the sun, and in its darkness the sombre glow of bronze, shot with mysterious gleams of purple. In a glass he held the image she might see every day and show to others. Finally she agreed to his bargain. She got her red hair, and paid the price put upon it.

This was at one time a parable — but now the time gives it proof. Is not red hair, in a beautiful woman, the final touch of wonder? Does it not lift its possessor up and out above her rivals, render her visibly sister and daughter of the sun? Does it not make even the moderately pretty in form and feature pass as lovely, and to the generously gifted add wonder and excitement? Socially, does it not spell success without effort? Display is superfluous; the red-haired woman has only to be there to be seen. Fashion may change and veer, but red hair is independent of it. Its appeal must tell so long as color continues to move us. When a man says he dislikes it, he is but paying inverted tribute to something primitive in himself which at once thrills him and makes him afraid. When a woman says the same, no one believes her, and rightly not. And yet, behind the fear of the one and the envy of the other, there lurks something deeper, to which neither may be able or willing to give tongue. In some way the red-haired woman is different, and the difference goes deeper than the pigmentation of her hair.

That it is not only the color can easily be proved. No one has ever felt either mystery or attraction in red hair in men. Red-headed boys are described as 'carroty'; red-headed men cut their hair exceptionally short, as if in the hope of concealing it. Judas is supposed to have had it, and —

perhaps for that reason — the heroes of sentimental novels are sometimes thus disguised, under a misleading veil of ugliness subsequently withdrawn to reveal more fully the white light of a pure soul. But even then the red hair is not enough in itself; in a man it has no distinct significance — none of the significance it has in a woman.

In her we all know it means something. As to what it means there is, no doubt, little agreement. But I believe that if the red-haired women one knows are submitted to an impartial comparative scrutiny it will be found that there is something, difficult to define, impossible not to feel, which all of them lack. It is the harder to distinguish in that few of them are destitute of attraction; yet the ruthless analysis of close contact will, in nine cases out of ten, bring the attracted up against some ultimate blind spot, some chord that does not sound, some insensitiveness that cannot be moved. Until one gets near, probes deep, cares much, one may not discover it; but as one does one will. There is something inaccessible, something that does not respond, something, above all, that rejects responsibility.

There is a word for this thing the red-haired woman has not got, though it is one that has gone out of fashion and will probably be hailed with contempt. A soul. The red-haired woman has no soul.

Much as we delight to mention the unmentionable and touch the untouchable, we have got frightened of some of the words our ancestors used with a cruel candor. Especially is this the case with the words that indicate, without pretending to analyze or exhaust, spiritual facts and forces. So the word 'soul,' though it still figures, for want of a better, in our vocabularies, makes us shy. We say we do not know what it means. And yet, for all our cleverness and our superconsciousness, we have evolved no other word that does its work. Sentimentalism may mask realities from us, but there is a thing behind it, nevertheless, which it caricatures, whose absence can be felt, though its outline is hard to draw. Being soulful is not the same thing as having a soul; being selfish is not the same thing as being without one. There are men and women who have souls; there are men and women who have not; and we know them when we meet them. Red-haired women belong to the latter class; and there is no other form of words which will cover their peculiarities except that which declares that they have no souls.

Puzzling things, if they have enough charm to keep us intrigued by the riddle they set us, are still likened to women. It is so with ships, engines, nations, cities. But we have passed away from the days when it could be imagined that to describe a city or anything else as a woman is to tell one much about it. Women are as various as men, and no one has yet succeeded in laying his finger on any single quality common to all women as women, and thereby distinguishing them from men. True things may be said of certain kinds of women as of certain kinds of men — not of women as such. Or of cities as such. They are not all charming, any more than are women. Some are, however; and among them none is more richly endowed with both charm and wonder, with that quality which sets one puzzling and keeps one so, than New York. It makes one want to talk; one can no more be restrained from talking about it by one's ignorance than about a beautiful woman, of whose fascination one is afraid, in whose past may be hid some revealing secret. New York need have no fear of its past; its secrets, whether fearful or beautiful, or both, are in the future;

and in talking of it one is constantly impelled to be looking there.

II

As happens when one meets a lovely red-haired woman, fear and admiration mingle in the mind; more than a touch of envy, and, behind that, a hesitating doubt. New York has so much that one boggles at saying that anything is missing; and yet this sense of something missing will persist. Behind wonder, admiration, envy, dread, the mind fumbles for the clue that may relate them, and can neither find it nor cease from searching.

More than any other city in the world, New York is an embodied question mark. The approach from overseas presents this aspect vividly. No other thrusts itself, with such arrogant and challenging beauty, right upon one. To others one comes gradually, out of stations, through tunnels, across country, from amid a bewilderment of docks and wharves. Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, Rome, Budapest, have aspects as remarkable, which can be found. In each case, however, they need finding. New York is there. One comes upon a thing defined, rounded off, from the start. What one sees across the water is not an aspect; it is the city as it remains. Looking expectantly over the bay, one watches the great buildings rising, high enough, assured enough in outline, arresting enough in design and combination, to tell even against its superb sweep. There, facing one, is an image that persists and is genuinely symbolic of what is to come. On the very threshold one is confronted by a picture composed, not by the accidental beauties of situation and atmosphere, but by the resolute will of man, of which it is the expression. The situation, of course, is always there, but on nine days out of ten there is, in our European sense, little or no atmosphere. The lines are etched on an air of crystalline clearness, blue and white. Unveiled, the city looks at one.

Before it one shrinks, dwindles, quails. One grows smaller and smaller as it looms up before one. Questions, thoughts, preconceptions, are overpowered; judgment is dominated; standards are pushed aside. Here is the not-self multiplied and aggrandized to the point of terror; here is something one could not have imagined and does not understand. It is not only that one sinks and shrinks under sheer size, height, mass, and solidity of specification, though that plays its part; the element of fear is driven home by the awful authority of rectilinear pattern and perpetual right angles. Evasion is impossible. The fluid mind is seized and held in the clamp of geometric design. Things rise up, before one, around one, above one; they are there — more than one is one's self. One is a mere rounded bundle of softness; they have risen out of the water, out of the earth, in a form that asserts, at every turn, an alien dominance. The ordinary subterfuges of dismissal and equivocation fail. Even the æsthetic canon betrays, for, with a final turn of the screw, the beauty of these strange structures overwhelms, and a perverse delight is mingled with one's terror. For they have beauty, a new beauty, fearsome as that of the Pyramids, because, like theirs, it seems to be at once the supreme expression and the supreme denial of human will.

Nature, time, the slow accumulating pressure of event and experience, have made the capitals of Europe. New York has made itself. Under one's eyes it is remaking itself. Buildings here do not change or decay. Overnight they are torn down; next morning new erections are rising in their places, 'pinnacled dim in the intense inane.'

They have the right to rise; the right of their fresh compelling beauty. Architecture is the proudest of the arts; nowhere is its pride so salient as in New York. It sets endless questions, but knows none. Men have heaped these stones one upon another, climbing to the sky; one can watch the gangs of Italians, transformed out of their Latin *dolce far niente,* subdued to what they work in, creating towers high as that of Babel; and one asks, as one watches, at what point the creature becomes the creator. Men have made this city, but it seems, in the very act of being created, to deny them significance. The scurrying lines of indistinguishable atoms moving under the shadow of the skyscrapers seem their servants rather than their masters. The triumph of matter is complete. Soaring stone, glass, concrete, steel, make a sounding screen for the metallic clangor of the streets, and this clangor drives into the nerves and makes part of their tissue the sense of the control of things over the puny human spirit.

Our world is ruled by capitalism. Elsewhere one feels its shadow. New York gives the thing itself. In other cities the impression is broken and refracted by the brooding atmosphere of the past; in New York it is continuous and direct. In other cities one can escape; in New York there is no escape. Mechanics enclose and dominate. The comparisons to which its citizens are markedly addicted tend always to be expressed in terms of things. To ask about anything is to be told that there is more of it here than in any other city of the globe. Very soon it becomes impossible to resist the trick of quantitative analysis. It is only by a clutch at older habits of thought that one remembers the existence of elements in life that cannot be so weighed and summed up. Let a thing be a thing and one can find it here.

'Finding' is, indeed, an inappropriate word in this connection. New York does nothing by stealth. Beauty flaunts, too magnificently sure of itself for vulgarity in the ordinary sense. Look at the gold, green, and purple of the Radiator Building, seen against the thick blues of the night sky; or the wonder of the myriad lighted windows of the vast office or apartment blocks. So does ugliness. I am not thinking of the jazz decorations of Broadway, — for which there is much to be said, — but of the squalor of the avenues east and west of the central oblong of which one thinks when one says New York, though it is in fact but a small segment of the city. Nothing picturesque in the broken pavements, the slush and garbage heaped up against the supports of the Elevated, or the mean and ragged outline of the houses into whose windows one stares as one passes along. In Europe poverty and misery are, in the main, in hiding. Not so here. Here nothing hides. New York does not deal in secrets or in silence. There is the story of the multimillionaire who, in order to find it, had to construct for himself a soundproof chamber in the heart of an immense building. For the ordinary man the only discoverable silence is the silence of his own soul. Loneliness, of course, there is; but privacy is a more difficult achievement where gregariousness is the ruling note.

The universal and, to the English visitor, the uncomfortable open door is the formal intimation of the habit of publicity. To work in an island of plate glass; to talk with the door thrown wide — that, for us, is awkward. True, the drafts that threaten from the chilly English passages have no terrors in the steam-heated house; but the difficulty is not merely one of temperature. To us the 'settling down' that belongs to an intimate and truly social atmosphere is hardly possible when the open door offers its perpetual suggestion of coming and going. Also, most of us like, at times, not only to be alone, but to be secure against incursion. New York gives its inhabitants endless opportunities of escaping from themselves, comparatively few for escaping from one another.

III

Neither capitalism, the dominance of mechanics, nor an emphasized gregariousness distinguishes New York, except in degree, from other capital cities. Something does, however. I feel her a red-haired city because of this something which insists on being felt while it evades description. In the effort to describe it one searches one's impressions. In that process some curiosities emerge which demand fuller analysis than can here be given. In its default one takes freedom to be crudely dogmatic. Speaking thus, I find New York lacking in what, as measured against the European capitals, may be called the sex atmosphere. Publicity of reference has an ambiguous result. The thing is there, of course; but not its aroma. What used to be called the 'secrets of the toilette' fill an extraordinarily high proportion of every advertisement column; sky signs reveal them and they are shown in action daily in restaurant and train. Women are instructed, in screaming capitals, how they may get rid of superfluous hair and superfluous fat; men are reminded that bad-smelling breath or the signs of dandruff on the coat collar may lose them executive positions. Cosmetics dominate the magazines. There is no detail of marital familiarity that is not canvassed with entire frankness, from birth to death. Ingenious morticians appeal to the 'prospective widow' to select the last home for her partner with his assistance now. As in Europe, the theatre, the movie, the novel, and the newspaper are perpetually preoccupied with sex, but here the terms of this preoccupation are of a distinguished explicitness, a most arresting naïveté, and as a consequence the sex atmosphere is not there. Take one illustrative phenomenon. What is known in England as the 'glad eye' is almost never cast. One could live for days in the subway or the street without meeting it. The business to which the 'glad eye' is the invitation exists, but it has its own time, its own place. It is provided for, scheduled, organized. It is there, but its atmosphere is not. New York has its night life, planned, like the day life, in a high glare of publicity, but, for good or evil, there is nothing of the glamour of sex that floats in and out of the air of Paris, Vienna, London, Brussels, or even Berlin. Look at the novel, that sensitive thermometer of social temperature, and you will find the sex adventure there reduced to its lowest common measure of explicitness; a story, essentially, of swift and swiftly sated possession, not of pursuit.

Woman dominates New York, but hers is a curious kind of dominance. She is without her most dangerous weapons. Mystery, glamour, and romance belong, if they belong anywhere, to business, not to sex. The fastnesses of the city, its controlling nerve ganglia, are immune from her interference. Woman may be seen in Wall Street, but she does not count as a disturbing force. She dominates the city, but she is not its centre, not the substance of its dreams.

But when one is comparing the impression made by New York with that made by the capitals of Europe one must note another difference in atmosphere that certainly goes far deeper than the presence, or absence, of a romantic sense of sex; deeper, even, than the division that separates the young from the old, although these elements contribute to it. A case to bring up sharply what I feel is that of Prague. Prague as a capital is a young city. Yet it has something New York has not. Is it not that it has a central nerve to which everything in it corresponds — the nerve of nationality? Through each European capital that same nerve vibrates. I do not feel it in New York.

New York 'is not America.' There is more than a merely negative warning in that remark. It explains much. It explains in part why, in this city, one feels about so vaguely for a central cohesive idea, and cannot quite discover it. Therefore the European misses what he finds in other cities, though because it is there so familiar, taken so for granted, he can hardly give it a name. People say, 'I know that Paris is not France, that London is not England'; but in saying it they know that, in the deeper sense, the remark is untrue. Paris *is* France, London *is* England, inasmuch as it is through them that the central currents run which make and express the nation. Not the currents of pride only; the currents of feeling, the stored and checkered experience of the race. Shared experience gives to nations the ultimate cohesion we call a soul, as it gives mystery and significance to the cities where the nations dwell. What experiences have New Yorkers shared? One word sums them up — success. Success is the substance of their dreams and of their story. In itself it carries limitation with it. Of all human adventures, that of success has least of the quality of fellowship. Its lessons, like its technique, are lessons of separation rather than of cohesion.

So New York seems to me to have what the red-haired woman has and to miss what she misses. One wonders, admires, at times loves her, yet, in that very movement of spontaneous affection, is aware of a certain arrest. There is something that this lovely, young, triumphant, successful city does not give one, does not seem to know. The sense of cruelty forced on one by the very splendor of its inhuman architecture goes deeper than its angular outline. Is it not connected somehow with the experience the city has not yet won, despite all the experience it affords? Why, being so beautiful and so strange, is it not more romantic? What element is lacking in the tribute of astonished applause it commands? Is there, here, a blind spot, like the blind spot in the red-haired woman who hurts the man who loves her? Something that it is easier and perhaps happier not to see, that the complete human being yet must see, though the sight sear his vision?

To a European to-day, a city whose accent is one of success may well seem alien. Why, however, is his sense here not purely envious? Surely because in this accent certain deeper human notes are missing. Success at some stage brings the successful up against its limitations; suggests its exclusions as well as its inclusions. So, compared with the cities of Europe, the atmosphere of New York has a certain tenuousness which derives from the experiences it has not known. Chief among them is the experience of suffering. Think of the life story of Rome, of London, of Vienna, of Paris, of Berlin; of the plague and famine, war, revolution, and catastrophe which have swept over them and which, thanks to some quality in themselves, they have survived. The harsh realities of the struggle of man against destiny are written in their stones, on the scarred faces of their public buildings, and embodied in the memories that walk their streets like ghosts. Out of this suffering their souls have come to birth. What does New York know of it? Like the red-haired woman of the legend, she smiles, and assures us that she gets on very well without it. Is it of any use to quote *Othello* and say of her beauty, 'This hand . . . hath felt no age nor known no sorrow'? Probably not. Yet this limitation in experience, which carries with it a limitation in sympathy, means that certain deep human notes fail to sound fully. There are times when one is fain not to hear them; times when one is envious of those to whom they are unknown; times when one would gladly spare knowledge of them to a creature whose beauty and whose splendor excite such glad admiration. At such times any reminder of them seems an unkind impertinence. Yet one knows they wait, even for the youngest and most brilliant. They wait for New York. Her red hair will turn gray. In that process she may lose something. But out of it her soul will come to birth.

THE JUNIOR COLLEGE

BY GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

I

In the last ten years a notable movement has appeared in secondary education. Our academies, seminaries, and even our high schools have been offering their graduates an additional two years of study of college grade, enabling them to enter college as juniors instead of as freshmen. This advance work, known as the Junior College course, is optional and does not interfere with the regular curriculum, which continues what it has always been, the regular students possibly somewhat stimulated by association with those of superior rank. The movement began tentatively and advanced for a time slowly, but lately has become a torrent. The latest official figures I have seen give 375 Junior Colleges already established and an average increase of something like five a month. I do not guarantee these figures. They look large, startling even. I have no means of verifying them. Though called official, I think we must treat them as only approximate.

Nothing is more striking in this movement than its escape from criticism. I at least have heard no word of doubt. Such silence alarms me. I want to hear discussion. I am like the mother who, when little Johnnie is quiet, knows that some mischief is at hand. We need controversy. But wherever teachers gather they assume the Junior College to be a long step onward and mourn that their funds are not large enough to allow them to adopt it. This temper does them credit. They are intellectually ambitious. Their regular work has been largely one of routine, where year after year they have gone over the same elementary ground. Here something more thought-provoking appears. Then too a teacher looks sadly on a pupil who has begun to taste the joys of an intellectual life and now, with books abruptly closed, is drawn off by a parent to the ballroom or business. Even though no decision for a full college course could at that time be reached, might not decision be postponed and a year or two more be allowed at school? Perhaps entrance to college might then become possible.

Colleges too are in general not unfavorable to the movement. Their professors are annoyed by the amount of elementary work which must now be done by freshmen and sophomores before they are fit for the research and independent thought for which the final years are planned. In Germany that preliminary work is done in a Gymnasium. If we too could relegate all this preparation to a Junior College at a distance from the campus, our intellectual atmosphere would be improved.

Naturally enough, then, those who are considering the immediate effects of the Junior College — what we may call the movement in its short run — regard it as a notable advance in American education. In the many reports of teachers' meetings which I have read I have not met an adverse word. On all other accounts than the heavy new financial burdens, it is assumed as a matter of course to be a blessing. In this paper I want to question this assumption and invite attention to the effects of it in the long run. In my judgment it is more likely to bring disaster than anything which has happened in our world of education during the last fifty years. I call on the public to see whether there is still time to lessen this damage and I acknowledge my own fault in not having protested before. Perhaps some excuse may be found for a very old man already burdened with other heavy cares.

II

Let me point out first a few of the lesser evils. While, in any academy, — Bradford, for example, — the girl who was not going to college might in this way get a taste of what college would be, it would be a very small taste and at the cost of the girl who might have tasted the real thing. No one will pretend that the instruction had in a secondary school will generally be as valuable as that given by college professors. And certainly there is a great difference in the surroundings. At Bradford the great majority of the associates of a Junior College girl must be her inferiors, mere schoolgirls. More than three fourths of those she meets at college will be her superiors. Can there be any question which is the more maturing atmosphere? Or again, however irksome a professor finds it to be spending time over half-prepared freshmen, there are advantages in it if he is looking toward fashioning intellectual character. That is difficult business at best. Even after four years many young men graduate without bearing any distinct mark of their college life. Could that life, then, be safely cut in two? I doubt it.

It is agreed, however, that as soon as Junior Colleges become usual, universities will drop their freshman and sophomore years. This has already occurred at Johns Hopkins and Stanford. Other universities are preparing for it. But they are not likely to stop there. They will feel the need of the longer disciplinary time of which I have just spoken and will substitute for the dropped years two advanced or graduate years. Certainly this looks like a clear gain in our education, putting us on a genuine level with education abroad. But it is precisely on that fact that I base my strongest objection. Almost certainly the Junior College will in the long run blot out what I regard as the precious distinction of the American university in contrast to the European. But to demonstrate this as a fact and show why it would be a calamity is a long affair and will require the entire remainder of this paper.

Hitherto, in America, rather more than half of our college graduates have gone into business. A small group, chiefly in art and literature, gives itself up to the private pursuit of these tastes. The rest enter some one or other of the professional schools. But no sharp line is drawn separating men of affairs from scholars. In every city between the two oceans are men and women who, though not members of any profession, have in passing through some college acquired an interest in scholarly things, and use their times of leisure for carrying this interest on. They are known as cultivated persons, caring for much besides money-making. Centres of civilization we may call them, to whom their communities look for leadership in all idealistic matters. They become trustees of libraries, museums, galleries, schools. They plan and support organizations for the protection of the poor and feeble-minded. They watch over the beauty of their town, guarding its trees and parks from neglect and encroachment. They are honored with the hate of the local politicians, and when that corrupt tribe becomes intolerable these dreamers organize and secure a brief decency. All my readers will recognize this public-minded class and will feel that its influence, while auxiliary to what is best among the lawyers, doctors, teachers, and ministers, differs from that and is perhaps more pervasive. They are our true aristocrats, keeping our precious democracy wholesome.

Now if the Junior College system should ever become complete, our colleges would turn into professional schools and this important class of amateur scholars would disappear. America is the only country which has ventured to interpose four years of culture study between its day schools and its professional training. For the essential topic to which the college is given is the student himself. In James Russell Lowell's fine phrase, it aims at teaching nothing useful, and so by its presence in a society disposed to measure everything by material standards it becomes a factor of extremest use. The student in these formative years directly faces his mind and examines its working in many fields. Here he is transformed from boy to man. His countenance, figure, speech, and bearing undergo a maturing process before he is subjected to professional discipline.

There is nothing like this in any other country, and nowhere is the double tutelage so much needed. Elsewhere one or the other is sacrificed, the professional school or the cultural school. England can hardly be said to have professional schools. The study of divinity in the Established Church is more elementary than with us, than with the Dissenters, or with the Catholics. The intending lawyer reads his Blackstone or Maitland in the office of someone already in practice. The medical student enters a hospital and picks up what he can from books, dissections, and the unsystematic supervision of the doctors in charge. That there are advantages in leaving the student so largely to himself must be acknowledged. But I think most Americans will consider them outweighed by our dual system of guidance.

The universities of the Continent, on the other hand, are entirely professional. There is no pretense of culture training. Some years ago I asked the professor of education at the Sorbonne how many men were then there for purposes of culture. He answered, 'Not one.' I put the same question to Professor Villari in Florence. He said he thought he had seen two. He was not sure. They might have been studying art for professional purposes. The French, German, or Italian university is a mere group of professional schools, yet so centralized in government supervision that at one time a French Minister of Education could boast that at any given hour he knew just what lecture was being given in every university of France.

III

It is plain, then, why the Junior College, when fully established, must exterminate our scholarly amateur. No doubt he could pick up much cultural matter in a law school or scientific school. So he could now, but he does not go there. His ideal interests are not often aroused till the last years of his college course. A professional school, too, while serving his purpose only incidentally, will oblige him to postpone for six years his entering business life. He will do nothing of the kind. He will go directly from school to business, and the glorious peculiarity of American education will disappear.

And with its disappearance will go, not only the quiet spread of civilization over the dark places of our land, but also the principal means of support of the colleges themselves. Those four years in a cultural college are generally the radiant period in the life of whoever passes through them. Youthful pulses are astir; all possibilities open before us; nowhere else have we met so many worth-while friends; talk with them awakens our thought, our aspirations; he is an unusual person who does not come upon some study that stirs him and discloses something of the joy of knowledge; then the sports, the concerts, clubs, with the hundred interests he never dreamed of before; and above all the sense of being merged in an historic university in whose behalf each member counts his own life cheap — all these things melt together into memory with a glow such as nothing else can equal. The graduate looks back to this as the halcyon period of his life. He returns to the sacred spot as often as possible and, as soon as he acquires wealth, gratefully joins the company of preceding donors. By such loving devotion many of our colleges were founded and all are now maintained. What shall we do when, through the working out of Junior College schemes, it ceases?

Presumably we shall do what European universities have done — rely on the State. Gifts to higher education from individuals are hardly known on the Continent. The comparatively small number of universities there are state institutions; new ones are seldom founded. Their professors hold by government appointment, and the subjects taught must have the sanction of the Minister of Education. Are these educational conditions what we want? Shall we count them an advance on what we have at present? Is it wise to drift into them without criticism, following a popular cry?

It may be said that we already have state universities and they do us no harm. In my judgment they do us much good. But they do not stand alone. A state that supports one of them has ordinarily at least half a dozen others of diverse types in its neighborhood. Feeling the influence of these, the state university draws into its curriculum as many cultural subjects as the legislature is willing to pay for. This in several states is as many as any cultural college offers. Accordingly our state university is never a mere group of advanced professional schools. A large part of its work is of the most 'useful' sort. The common people who vote money for its support properly expect that their sons and daughters shall be taught the 'practical' matters which would be required in making an average living. No other college does this work so well. As most of these universities are in states predominantly agricultural, the rudest details of farming appear on their programmes side by side with literature, philosophy, and history. This is as it should be. I merely adduce it to show that there is no analogy between our state university and the state university of Europe. When our Junior Colleges attain their goal it will be nothing of this widely beneficial sort. It will remove learning from the common people. It will not bring it to their doors. A European university can keep up the number of its students by prescribing a degree as a condition for political appointment.

I hope the purpose and limitations of this paper will be clearly seen. One must not turn to it for instruction on conditions of study in Europe. I have not been there since the war. The enjoyment and profit of my sixteen previous visits were so great that I have not been willing to go back and look on desolation. About as great changes must have come in the intellectual scenery as in the physical. What I have stated, therefore, as facts cannot be minutely trusted. All that I would insist upon is that between the higher education of Europe and of America there is a substantial and important difference which the Junior Colleges, if unchecked, will break down. I write merely to start inquiry. The more fully I am proved in error, the more pleased I shall be. I cannot myself detect that error. The steps through which my argument has passed are tolerably simple and the conclusion is for me inevitable. Wherever Junior Colleges are strong, colleges will drop their first two years and will add two graduate years, chiefly of professional study. The unique intermediate culture college of America will disappear, and with it the great troop of men and women who, having had contact with scholarship, have become leaders in idealism and centres of civilization for our waste places. The financial backing of these persons, the main support of our colleges hitherto, now ceasing, we must, like the universities of Europe, come into dependence on the State and let our politicians refuse money if we teach such science as they do not like. I do not detect the flaw in this argument. Will someone point it out?

My only desire is to awaken thought. This paper is an impassioned cry to superintendents to mind what they are doing, to regard ultimate consequences rather than attractive immediate issues. Whoever will show that I am unduly alarmed and that it is wise to break down the distinction between American and European education will earn my gratitude. I don't want to think as I do, but I can't help it.

THE PATHOS AND HUMOR OF DR. JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

We are apt to think of this great book as the work of a pious, not overclean old scholar, much given to talk and tea, and somewhat too fond of abusing people. It will come, therefore, as a surprise to some to learn that the Dictionary was the work of 'an obscure young man' (I am quoting Dr. Burney, Fanny's father), who, 'single-handed' and alone, began it when he was little more than thirty-six years of age; that he had completed it before he had received any degree from any university; that he kept back the title-page until the authorities at Oxford had time to confer upon him a small degree, that of Master of Arts; that it was many years later that finally and forever he became 'Dr. Johnson.'

It was Robert Dodsley, the publisher, who first made the suggestion that Johnson should undertake the work, but Johnson told Boswell that he had long thought of it himself; and it was another publisher, Andrew Millar, who, associated with Dodsley and others, carried on the negotiations which led to Johnson's receiving fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds for the complete work, out of which he was to pay the expenses of his six amanuenses while the book was in progress. It was not much, but Johnson never complained: he said he hated a complainer, and years later, when Boswell remarked that he was sorry he had not received more for his work, his reply was, 'I am sorry, too, but it was very well; the booksellers are generous, liberal-minded men; they are the true patrons of literature.'

Johnson, when he made his bargain with the booksellers, expected that he would be able to complete the work in about three years, and, when a friend pointed out that it took the French Academy, which consisted of forty members, forty years to compile its Dictionary, replied, 'This, then, is the proportion: forty times forty is sixteen hundred; as three is to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman.' But it took him, in fact, seven years: when he first began his labors he was living in Holborn, but he soon took a large house (still standing) at 17 Gough Square, just off Fleet Street, in the garret of which, fitted up like a rude counting-house, he carried to completion his work.

William Strahan, the printer of the Dictionary, had his printing establishment not far off, and it was to be near him that Johnson indulged himself with the most commodious residence he ever had; and, moreover, had he not just been promised fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds? — which he may have thought a magnificent sum. Poor fellow! He little thought that after the completion of his great undertaking he would be arrested for a debt of five pounds, eighteen shillings, which amount he was to borrow from Samuel Richardson, the author of *Pamela*, and thus free himself from the bailiffs. I have always thought it curious that Samuel Johnson never met Benjamin Franklin: both were living in London at the same time, and both were intimate friends of Strahan's, to whom, it may be remembered, Franklin addressed one of his cleverest letters. One is permitted to wonder what would have happened at a meeting of the wisest and wittiest American that ever lived with the wisest and wittiest Englishman of his time. I believe it has not yet been decided what takes place when an irresistible force meets an immovable body.

It is rather curious too that, although Johnson affected to dislike Scotchmen, practically all who were concerned with the Dictionary were Scotch: five out of six of his amanuenses were, as were also Millar, his publisher-in-chief, and Strahan. Millar must have been sorely tried by Johnson's lack of punctuality, for we are told that when the work was finally done, and the last sheet brought to him, he exclaimed, 'Thank God I have done with him.' Johnson, on being told this, replied with a smile, 'I am glad that he thanks God for anything.'

Eight years before the Dictionary was published, Johnson had printed what he called *The Plan of a Dictionary*, addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield. It was an elaborate outline of what he hoped to accomplish by his work, but the noble lord paid no attention to it until, on the eve of publication, Dodsley informed him that, after many years of toil, the book was about to make its appearance, and no doubt reminded him that the Plan had been addressed to him, and perhaps suggested that if he expected the work to be dedicated to him it was time for him to make some sign of his approval. Chesterfield took the hint and wrote two letters to the *World*, which were fulsome in their flattery. In one he said, 'In times of confusion we must chuse a Dictator. . . . I give my vote for Mr. Johnson . . . and I hereby declare that I make a total surrender of all my rights and privileges in the English language as a free born British subject, to the said Mr. Johnson during the term of his dictatorship. Nay, more, I will not only obey him, like an old Roman, as my Dictator, but like a modern Roman, I will implicitly believe in him as my Pope, and hold him to be infallible.' This, it will be admitted, was very handsomely said, but in between the time when the Plan was published and the Dictionary completed, something had happened: Chesterfield had totally neglected the Lexicographer, who was, indeed, the proudest man in England. 'Ay, sir,' said Johnson, when Boswell taxed him with it, 'but mine was defensive pride.' 'And,' continued Johnson, 'after making great professions he had, for many years, taken no notice of me, but when my Dictionary was coming out he fell to scribbling in the *World* about it.' But Johnson — although he defined himself as a lexicographer, and a lexicographer as a 'harmless drudge' — was not to be beguiled, and, seizing his pen, he wrote what is probably the most smashing letter in all literature: —

> Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward room or was repulsed from your door, during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. . . . The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors had it been early, had been kind, but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it.

It is a great letter — too long to quote in its entirety — and it must have crushed, utterly, a man less vain and complacent than the man to whom it was addressed. Carlyle called it a 'blast of doom, proclaiming into the ears of Lord Chesterfield, and through him to the listening world, that patronage should be no more.' It was indeed a Declaration of Independence.

The book appeared in two large folio volumes, on February 20, 1755. It was a time of profound depression for Johnson: he had, as he said, 'devoted the labor of years, to the honor of my country that we may no longer yield the palm of philology without a contest to the nations of the continent,' but, as he also said, 'I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds: I therefore dismiss the book with frigid tranquillity — having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.'

II

In this brief paper I shall not attempt to conceal the fact that I regard the present great esteem which the world — our world, that is — has for Dr. Johnson, his Life, and his works, with some amusement. It may be that I am to some extent responsible for it: at any rate, if you enter any good bookshop in England and ask for any book by Dr. Johnson in first edition you will almost certainly be met with a sad shake of the head and the remark that Johnson, in first editions, is almost impossible except at prohibitive prices, and that this advance is due to the American demand. And then you may be told — as I have been, more than once — that 'a man in Philadelphia is largely responsible for Johnson's being collected; before he began to write about him, Boswell's Life, a big ugly book in two volumes, was hard to sell at three guineas; there was no more demand for Johnson's Dictionary than there was for — Fox's *Martyrs*, and now you can't get them fast enough.'

Forty years ago my friends used to say, by way of disconcerting me, 'Eddie, tell us something about Dr. Johnson,' and usually I did so, for I had just fallen under the spell of Boswell and was by way — as far as a man with a treacherous memory could be — of knowing him by heart. It is a happy possession and affords one an apt quotation in every conceivable discussion and upon every possible occasion. Have you a difficult business matter to discuss? Do it after a good dinner and not before: remember what Dr. Johnson says: 'Sir, a good dinner lubricates business.'

Since then I have met many Johnsonians, and have come to believe that all Johnsonians are good fellows, — 'clubable' men, as Dr. Johnson would say, — and as the years passed and I came to know wiser and better Johnsonians than myself this suspicion became conviction. Finally came the desire to own, and in some measure to know, the books of the Great Lexicographer himself.

But I remember that my copy of the first edition of Boswell's Life was purchased for twenty dollars, — a good copy cannot now be had for less than three hundred, — and the first *Rasselas* I ever bought cost me but ten, and the last, two hundred. And as for the Dictionary — well, Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi's copy, probably given her by Johnson, with her inscription and a fine holograph letter from the Lexicographer, cost me only sixty dollars; and a fine copy in boards, uncut, thirty-five! Taking a census of the Johnson Dictionaries now in my library, I find

I have in all five copies of the first edition, besides a copy which was once Charles Dickens's, with his notes therein, and an excellent — shall I say common or garden copy? — a reprint from the author's last folio edition, in one volume, for ready reference, which was once E. Coppee Mitchell's

Why so many?

Let me explain. One copy I bought to show people to whom one copy is as good as another: this saves wear and tear on the copies I highly value. Two came in this way. On the fifteenth of February, last year, my great friend and fellow Johnsonian, Mr. R. B. Adam of Buffalo, had a sale at the Anderson Galleries in New York of a portion of his library — not of his wonderful Johnson collection, but of books of which he had tired or which did not fit into the period which he has made peculiarly his own. With the idea of paying him homage, I gave a little dinner in New York, the first night of the sale, to a small group of friends and booksellers (friends also). It was a speedy affair: including speeches, we were at the table just one hour and fifteen minutes, and it may be remembered by those present that Mr. Owen D. Young — that accomplished gentleman who, in company with General Dawes, brought order out of chaos in Germany — signally failed to secure a hearing at our little dinner party; whereupon the meeting adjourned to the auction room.

The sale had just begun, and as we took our seats my wife joined my friend Mr. William Jay Turner, who had been one of my party, and I took a seat in the back part of the room next to Walter Hill, the Chicago bookseller, and immediately bought a book I did n't want just to prevent him from getting it. (He did n't want it either.) We were in just the form that brings joy to the heart of an auctioneer. The books were fine and the sale went merrily.

After a time a copy of the Dictionary, first edition, two volumes, old calf, was put up, and I saw at once that it was not Adam's best copy: it was what might be called 'a spare.' The bidding started at fifty dollars, went to one hundred and fifty, — the then proper price for the book, — then more slowly to three hundred; and finally it was knocked down at three hundred and twenty dollars to — of all people in the world — my wife, who wanted it as a souvenir of a pleasant evening. Whereupon, discovering that my friend Turner was the runner-up, — he wanted the book for the same reason my wife did, and would have paid any amount had he not discovered that he was in competition with Mrs. Newton, — I rose and assured all present that there was, obviously, no 'knock-out' in the room — and the sale went on.

Subsequently, in talking over the events of the evening, which is one of the delights of a good auction, Jay Turner asked me to watch my chance and pick up for him a good copy of the Dictionary, which I promised to do. Several months later, in the catalogue of an English bookseller, I noticed a copy — Mrs. Vesey's copy — priced at forty pounds, and I at once cabled for it. Mr. Vesey was a member of 'the Club' founded by Dr. Johnson, was elected through the influence of Edmund Burke; and it was Mrs. Vesey who gave the famous bluestocking parties. She did n't wear blue stockings herself — a man by the name of Stillingfleet wore them; Mrs. Vesey's were — what they were; certainly not the skin-colored kind so much in evidence to-day. Her copy of the Dictionary, then, was one which Dr. Johnson might have seen in the library in her house in Clarges Street, and, conceivably, the not too Reverend Laurence Sterne might have referred to it to settle some disputed point in conversation — for, it will be remembered, he was much with Mrs. Vesey, on whom he was very sweet, as he was on every other pretty and attractive woman he met.

Here, then, was a copy of the Dictionary with a 'provenance' of which anyone might be proud, and I certainly hoped to get it; but in due course I received a letter from the bookseller saying that he was sorry he could not send me the desired item, as an hour before my cable arrived he had received a cable from Mr. Adam of Buffalo, to whom the volume must be dispatched. 'That settles that,' said I.

But not so. A month later a bulky package arrived at my office; opening it, I found Mrs. Vesey's copy of the Dictionary, and a wonderful letter from Adam telling me that he had immediately made up his mind not to take my wife's money for his copy of the Dictionary (she had paid for it out of the household account, and we had been living on short rations); that this was a better copy; that it had once belonged to a famous lady and had her signature and bookplate; that it was bound in three volumes, with a separate title-page for the third volume, to be easier for reference; and, finally, that I was to take the copy which had once been his, and upon some suitable occasion to present it with his compliments to the Shakspere Society of Philadelphia, over which my friend Dr. Furness presides with such distinction. Here, then, was a very pretty 'amenity,' — which Johnson defines as 'an agreeableness of situation,' — and such are not of infrequent occurrence among those who play at this book-collecting game.

III

It is a wonderful book, is Dr. Johnson's Dictionary; and think of the circumstances under which it was composed: 'with,' as its author says, 'little assistance of the learned; without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow.' 'What do you read, my lord?' 'Words, words, words,' replies Hamlet. Buckle read it through to enlarge his vocabulary; so did Browning; and no other dictionary can be read with such pleasure and profit, for in it Johnson gave — and for the first time — quotations from esteemed authors illustrating the use of words he defined. He fitted himself for this mighty task by diligent reading, underscoring with a pencil the selections which were subsequently copied out on slips of paper by his amanuenses: his marvelous memory, of course, stood him in good stead, while the range of his reading was boundless. And yet he always spoke and thought of himself as lazy. One day, entering Mrs. Thrale's drawing-room and seeing her dog asleep before the fire, he remarked, 'Presto, you are, if possible, a lazier dog than I am.'

Every reader of Boswell will remember the kindly interest that Johnson took in Fanny Burney: how he called her his 'Little Burney,' and extolled her first — and only good — novel to the skies; saying it was superior to the work of Fielding and equal to that of Richardson. I have always thought this excessive eulogy was by way of return for the interest her father had shown him at the time the Dictionary was published. Charles Burney, not yet the distinguished Doctor of Music which he subsequently became, was then living in

Norfolk. He does not appear to have known Johnson personally, but to have made his acquaintance through his *Ramblers*. When the Dictionary was announced in the newspapers, he wrote Johnson a kindly letter and offered to subscribe for six copies for himself and his friends. I have an autograph letter in Johnson's hand, in which he says, 'I was bred a bookseller and have not forgotten my trade,' but he was not soliciting orders for his book, and asked that Mr. Burney direct his inquiries to Mr. Dodsley, 'because it was by his recommendation that he was employed in the work.' But note the modesty of the great man: 'When you have looked into my Dictionary, if you find faults I shall endeavour to mend them; if you find none I shall think you blinded by kind partiality.'

Then followed further letters on the subject, and seemingly Mr. Burney was insistent that he be sent a prospectus, order forms, and the like — what we would to-day call 'literature' on the subject. A letter has recently come into my hands, from which I must quote, as it shows only too clearly Johnson's habit of procrastination and at least one reason for his depression. This letter is addressed from Gough Square to Mr. Burney, and reads, in part: —

> Sir,
>
> That I may shew myself sensible of your favours, and not commit the same fault a second time I make haste to answer the letter which I received this morning. The truth is, the other likewise was received, and I wrote an answer, but being desirous to transmit you some proposals and receipts, I waited till I could find a convenient conveyance, and day was passed after day, till other things drove it from my thoughts, yet not so, but that I remember with great pleasure your commendation of my dictionary. Your praise was welcome not only because I believe it was sincere, but because praise has been very scarce. A man of your candour will be surprised when I tell you that among all my acquaintance there were only two who upon the publication of my book did not endeavour to depress me with threats of censure from the publick, or with objections learned from those who had learned them from my own preface. Yours is the only letter of goodwill that I have yet received, though indeed I am promised something of that sort from Sweden.

Can we wonder at the great man's depression? Years of work rewarded by poverty and neglect, and one letter of goodwill and a promise of something from Sweden. The day of the patron was past, and the day of the logroller had not yet come.

Slowly, and by degrees, Johnson's Dictionary became a best seller, and a best seller it remained for almost a century. 'What I like about your Dictionary, Mr. Johnson,' said one old lady to him, 'is that it has no naughty words in it.' 'Madam, I hope you have not been looking for them,' replied the Lexicographer. And to another, who remarked that for steady reading it changes the subject pretty often, Johnson admitted that it had that fault in common with most dictionaries. Again, to someone who said that the word 'ocean' was omitted, he replied, 'Madam, you will look for it in vain if you spell it *o-s-h-u-n*.' Garrick, his old friend and former pupil, broke into verse about it, and so marvelous an actor was the little man that his cleverness as a poet of occasional verse has never been fully recognized. Let me quote his lines: —

Talk of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance,
That one English soldier will beat ten of France;
Would we alter the boast from the sword to the pen,
Our odds are still greater, still greater our men:
In the deep mines of science tho' Frenchmen may toil,
Can their strength be compar'd to Locke, Newton, and Boyle?

Let them rally their heroes, send forth all their pow'rs,
Their verse-men, and prose-men; then match them with ours!
First Shakespeare and Milton, like gods in the fight,
Have put their whole drama and epic to flight;
In satires, epistles, and odes would they cope,
Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope;
And Johnson, well arm'd, like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French, and will beat forty more.

IV

Some of Johnson's definitions have given the world amusement since the day of publication. Let me give a few examples.

A *blister* sounds worse than it is: he defines it as 'a pustule formed by raising the cuticle from the cutis, and filled with serous blood.'

Buxom, now understood to mean 'plump and comely,' was defined thus: 'It originally signified *obedient*. Before the reformation the bride in the marriage service promised to be obedient and buxom in bed and at board.' Alas! the word has gone, and 'obey' is going, we are told. I am against change in any form and would put 'em both back.

Johnson's opportunity of studying wild animals at close range was slight, even had his eyesight been good. A *camelopard* 'is an Abyssinian animal taller than an elephant but not so thick. He is so named because he has a neck and head like a camel; he is spotted like a pard' (a pard is a leopard) 'but his spots are white upon a red ground. The Italians call him a giaraffa.'

Cant was particularly offensive to Johnson, and he was frequently heard to say, when in heated argument with a friend, 'Clear your mind of cant' — which was 'a whining pretension to goodness, in formal and affected terms.'

A *chicken* was, among other things, 'a term for a young girl.' You have seen a chicken flap its wings: hence 'flapper,' the word of to-day; and I have observed as I get older that flappers get better-looking and wear fewer clothes.

Much danger lurks in a *cough:* it is 'a convulsion of the lungs, vellicated by some sharp serosity.' There is a priceless poem — and a poem is 'sense enriched by sound' — which I wish Dr. Johnson could have known: —

To cough and sneeze
Will spread disease.
So does spit;
Take care of it.

Perhaps because Johnson was himself an essayist, he does not rate that form of composition highly. An *essay* he calls 'a loose sally of the mind; an irregular indigested piece; not a regular and orderly composition.'

The thought of death in any form was at all times abhorrent to him; hence we are not surprised to learn that *death's-door* 'is now a low phrase.'

The definition of *excise* is one of the Doctor's most famous: 'A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.' This definition roused to fury the Commissioners of Excise, who sought the opinion of the Attorney-General, afterward Lord Mansfield, whether or not it was libelous. He thought that it was, but wisely suggested that the author be allowed an opportunity of altering his definition; it was not changed.

One definition of *favourite* is 'a mean wretch whose whole business is by any means to please.'

Grubstreet: 'Originally the name of a street in Moorfields in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems.' The street still exists, but it is now Milton Street — not named after the poet, as is generally supposed, but after a builder of that name.

Leeward and *windward*, though of opposite meaning, are both described as 'towards the wind.'

A *lexicographer* is 'a writer of dictionaries; a harmless drudge, that busies himself in tracing the original, and detailing the significance of words.' Johnson was not above making fun of himself as well as others.

Network has indeed a portentous definition: it is 'anything reticulated, or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections.'

Oats is equally famous: 'A grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.' 'Very true,' was the retort of Lord Elibank, 'and where will you find such men and such horses?'

Pastern is defined as 'the knee of a horse.' It led a lady to question him how this slip was made. Johnson's reply is historic: 'Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance.'

And his definition of *patriotism* — that is to say, 'reform' — is not in the Dictionary, but it should be worn as a sort of badge by every would-be reformer: 'The last refuge of a scoundrel.'

A *pension* is 'an allowance made to anyone without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.' When, subsequently, Johnson accepted a pension from the King, this definition was brought up against him, but it moved him not an iota. 'I wish,' he said, with a laugh, 'that my pension had been twice as large, that they could make twice as much fun of it.'

A *poetess* is a 'she poet.' I am afraid this is not a very gallant definition. Perhaps Johnson had in mind Anna Seward, alias 'the Swan of Lichfield,' as she loved to hear herself called.

A *stockjobber* is 'a low wretch who gets money by buying and selling shares in the funds.' We should now say 'stockbroker,' and it will occur to some that the definition is not obsolete.

Tory 'is a cant term derived' (Johnson supposes) 'from an Irish word signifying a savage,' but he indulges himself in one of his rolling periods by adding: 'One who adheres to the ancient constitution of the state, and the apostolical hierarchy of the Church of England.' No one doubts that Johnson was a Tory.

Whig is defined as 'the name of a faction'; and in conversation he did not hesitate to say that 'the first Whig was the Devil.'

But it was in the 'Grammar of the English Tongue' that Johnson made his most risible slip — where he says: '*H* seldom, perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable.' Wilkes, the scamp, pounced on this instantly with the sarcastic remark: 'The author of this observation must be a man of quick appre-hension, and of a most comprehensive genius.' Johnson, no doubt, felt the shaft, but malignancy, if it is to be kept in the air, must, like the shuttlecock, be struck from both sides: Johnson let it pass and the sneer was forgotten. It was not until the fourth edition that he paid his compliments to Wilkes in this sentence: 'It sometimes begins middle or final syllables in words compounded, as in block-head.' Johnson would never permit anyone to 'get his goat,' as we should now say.

The list might be longer, but to what end? Only, as Johnson said, that the 'few wild blunders might for a time furnish folly with laughter.' So much for his definitions. Scholars say that his etymologies are defective; Macaulay calls them wretched, and it may be that they are. I hate to quote Carlyle, that dyspeptic prophet, but, after all, no one had a juster appreciation of Johnson than he. Listen to him: 'Had Johnson left nothing but his Dictionary, one might have traced there a great intellect, a genuine man. Looking to its clearness of definition, its genuine solidity, honesty, insight, and successful method, it may be called the best of all Dictionaries. There is in it a kind of architectural nobleness: it stands like a great solid square-built edifice, finished: symmetrically complete; you judge that a true Builder did it.'

Johnson's Dictionary was based on a work compiled and published in 1721 by Nathaniel Bailey. Bailey's dictionary is a mere list of words. Johnson had an interleaved copy of it made, and worked therefrom. This book was exhibited at Stationers' Hall in London so recently as 1912. Who has it now? Johnson's own copy of the last edition of his Dictionary to be published in his lifetime is now one of the treasures of the John Rylands Library in Manchester. I wonder whether this is the copy that at the sale of Johnson's library after his death, in 'Mr. Christie's Great Room in Pall Mall,' brought the magnificent sum of thirteen shillings! But then, it was disfigured by his notes, and we must remember, too, that his first folio of Shakespeare, similarly disfigured, brought only twenty-two. And consider the price of the smallest scrap of Johnsoniana to-day!

Let us allow our imagination to play for a moment and fancy that the tools of Johnson's trade — his library — could be reassembled and resold in New York City to-morrow, at Mitchell Kennerley's Great Room. What competition there would be, with 'Dr. R.' and 'Brick Row' and 'Dunster House,' to say nothing of the 'Wells of English undefiled,' and Drake, and Beyer, and Walter Hill — all of the talent, with unlimited bids from Adam and Isham and Young and Clark and Pforzheimer and Hearst, and all the lesser fry of Johnsonians who are numbered as the sands of the sea. I should have at such a sale just as much chance as a canary at a cats' congress; and yet, Doctor, if I did not set your ball a-rolling, I certainly gave it acceleration. They tell me that there are Johnson collectors in England; are there forsooth? And they put a price of five pounds on your Life by Boswell; we, of 'the Plantations,' put it at fifty, and it is worth a hundred. It is the greatest biography in the world, and the best part of it, a taste of its quality, was published the year after your death, and is known as *A Tour to the Hebrides:* it is the quintessence of Boswell.

Why is all the world 'Johnsonianissimus' to-day? Johnson had, according to Taine, 'the manners of a beadle and the inclinations of a constable.' Every Johnsonian will have a different answer, and they will all be right. This is Austin Dobson's opinion: —

Turn now to his Writings. I grant, in his tales,
That he made little fishes talk vastly like whales;
I grant that his language was rather emphatic,
Nay, even — to put the thing plainly — dogmatic;
But read him for Style — and dismiss from your thoughts,
The crowd of compilers who copied his faults, —
Say, where is there English so full and so clear,
So weighty, so dignified, manly, sincere?
So strong in expression, conviction, persuasion?
So prompt to take colour from place and occasion?
So widely remov'd from the doubtful, the tentative;
So truly — and in the best sense — argumentative?
You may talk of your Burkes and your Gibbons so clever,
But I hark back to him with a 'Johnson forever!'
And I feel as I muse on his ponderous figure,
Tho' he's great in this age, in the next he'll grow bigger.

V

A happy coincidence enables me to display to my friends an important manuscript of which not everyone, not even every Johnsonian, knows the existence.

In 1772, Johnson, then being in his sixty-third year, wrote in Latin a long ode addressed to himself, with a Greek title which translates, 'Know Thyself.' In it he compares himself — and to his disadvantage — with the great French scholar, Scaliger, and says that indolence and a penury of mind coöperate to prevent him from taking on another task, if indeed he has the requisite knowledge. Instead of which he confesses that he seeks

At midnight clubs, where wit with noise conspires,
Where Comus revels and where wine inspires

(I am quoting from a translation), relief from the dull melancholy which at all times dogs his steps. The poem closes:

What then remains? Must I in slow decline
To mute inglorious ease old age resign?
Or, bold ambition kindling in my breast,
Attempt some arduous task? Or, were it best,
Brooding o'er Lexicons to pass the day,
And in that labor drudge my life away?

How he answered the self-imposed question is beyond the scope of this paper.

Finally, — and I seem to hear the sigh of relief which is occasionally audible in church at the end of a long sermon, — I wish to dip my flag to the latest descendant of Dr. Johnson's genius, the Concise Oxford Dictionary. I own that colossal monument of wordy learning, the New English Dictionary, so far as it is published, but its possession is a species of swank, and I seldom refer to it. But the Concise is ever at hand. It is a masterpiece of reference and condensation. Derivations do not much interest me, but I like to have some idea of the meaning of the words I am using, and, as I dictate more than I write, I have forgotten — if indeed I ever knew — how to spell. Every foreign word that has worked its way into our language is given in it, and one small joke, for which I love it. I can imagine several learned old gentlemen, sitting and sipping their port after a dinner at the 'high table' in some Oxford college, debating whether the joke might be permitted: wisely they agreed that it might. Turn to the word 'wing': it is defined, 'One of the limbs or organs by which the flight of a bird, bat, insect, *angel*, &c., is effected.' How do we know that angels fly? Who ever saw one? But this is no place for skepticism: the authority of the greatest of universities is not to be challenged by an insect.

THE STUMP FARM. III

A CHRONICLE OF PIONEERING

BY HILDA ROSE

July 6, 1925

THE weeds in the acre on the prairie took me longer than I expected. I'm not used to that kind of work; it takes a Jap to do it, but I experimented, first one way and then another. First I straddled the row on my knees, one knee on each side of the row and with a hand weeder in one hand, hacking at the weeds, and the other hand pulling out plants where they were too thick. I got along pretty good, doing a row in about two hours. But then burning pain came on my knees and I found them red and swollen and some big blisters. That would never do, so I walked to the nearest house and borrowed two gunny sacks and some sack twine. No one lives on the acre I have rented. I rolled a sack around each knee and tied it, and started the second row. I finished the day that way, but it worried me to find that I had slowed down instead of speeding up. As the sun rose higher and became hotter, it was all I could do to keep up my morale and stick her out. I tried all kinds of ways to amuse my mind. I pictured you and the girls drinking iced lemonade on the deck of a beautiful ship, and J. fox-trotting with a handsome lieutenant, going out to the islands. My water jug did n't taste half so lukey after that. The rows were so long they looked like railroad tracks coming together at the far end. It brought a long-forgotten picture to my mind. Many years ago I saw Mansfield. I don't remember whom he played with, but I think it was Julia Marlowe. There was some misunderstanding and the heroine went back to her humble life in the country. The hero hunted her up and found her in the 'lettuce fields of France.' Those long rows of lettuce looked just like the long rows of beets. So after that it was n't in the beet fields I was weeding, it was in the 'lettuce fields of France.'

I stood it three days on my knees and then they were so bad I sat down and moved along like a frog in little jumps. In two days I did n't have any seat in my overalls and nothing to patch them with. 'There's always something to take the joy out of life,' as Daddy says. Then I took the hoe and walked stooped, and hoed and pulled, and next day I could hardly get out of bed. My back seemed to have gone back on me. I made breakfast and washed the dishes three times a day for my board, and I planned to write letters nights, but was too tired. I talked to myself all day long; it helped me to forget the blazing sun overhead and the dust and the long, long rows. The utter hopelessness in Daddy's old eyes drives me on. I have thought how nice it would be if we had old-age pensions. Nothing to dread any more. No hunger, no cold. It would be heaven here on earth.

Boy and I have been reading *Alice in Wonderland*. He wants my little

'22' so he can 'get' that March hare who was so mean to Alice. That March hare lives in the woods just east of us — he's seen him lots of times, he says. But out in the beet field the song the Mock Turtle sang rang in my head day after day, but the words were a little different. I tried to get rid of the jingle, but it persisted:

'Will you work a little faster?' said old Summer to the snail.
'For Old Winter's just behind me, and he's treading on my tail.'

It hustled me up all right. I had another acre of vegetables and beets at home and I could n't be at it all summer. Well, I finished it in seven days and came home to find my garden choked with weeds and drying up badly. Have been at it ever since. Except for two days when I loused chickens on a hen ranch down on the prairie. Gee, it was hot in that henhouse. I shed everything but my overalls, and I got thirty-five cents an hour, and we, another woman and I, did a hen and a half a minute. That's ninety hens an hour, but experienced workers do a hundred an hour. My job was to catch the hen with a miniature shepherd's crook that caught the leg, put a ring on the right leg, and pass her to the other woman, who put on lice poison and threw her into the hen yard.

The Spokane paper said the heat broke all records, going to 102 in the shade. There was no time for dreaming, or even thinking. I was glad I was little and thin, and my little crook was flying every minute faster and faster. Poor frightened hens! But I was happy, for I was earning a pair of new shoes for Daddy and a sack of flour. Daddy's wheat is all gone and we have been without bread some time. It's been hardest on the boy, but we'll have plenty from now on if I can pick up a day's work now and then. The future looks much brighter.

If I were to put down on paper one half of the struggle, one half of the hardships, or picture one winter, day by day, you could hardly believe it to be true, and yet my life is not half so hard as many here, up in these hills. I can plan ahead fairly well; I know food chemistry and what is needed to keep healthy. When winter comes, I'll have about the same amount of wheat for Daddy to thrash out with the old team, enough potatoes and vegetables and sugar beets to make molasses, which will give us all the sweets we need. Fruit is scarce, but I will have crab apples and rhubarb to can, and that will furnish the acids. A cow to make soups for Daddy and Boy. As Daddy says, 'We have taken our noble President's advice and are trying to raise everything we need on the farm.' If everyone would try this, it would be better for them. Every month some family is pulling out because they can't make it. M.'s have gone to live in a logging camp where he can work. S. went back to Oklahoma last week. B.'s lost their place because they could n't pay the interest on the mortgage. L. pulled out with his wife and four lovely children. I asked him, 'Where are you going?' He said, 'God knows.' They lived closest to us, and how little we know even our nearest neighbors. When they left, Mrs. L. and the children walked on ahead and stopped to say good-bye to me. It was exactly twelve o'clock and I had a kettle of soup waiting for Daddy, as he had n't come in yet. The soup was made from field peas and a piece of pork and it was 'licking good,' as Boy says. 'You're starting early,' says I to Mrs. L. 'Have you already had your lunch, or are you going to picnic along the road?' She startled me by saying quietly: 'We have n't had anything to eat to-day and there's not much show of our getting anything very soon.' I said, 'Come right in. There's soup and bread and butter and rhubarb sauce, lots of it. I'll tell Mr. L. to tie his team and come in too.' I never saw youngsters so hungry in all my life. The little four-year-old girl stood up in her chair and screamed with joy at the sight of the food I put on her plate.

I watched them until they were out of sight over the hill and it was with a feeling of insecurity that I came back into the house. Perhaps it will be me next. There are empty farmhouses all over the West, and each one has its story.

Daddy says every day that he's going to pull out and go to British Columbia. 'Why,' he says, 'it's better than a stump ranch; there'll be grass for the cows and the boy will have a better chance.' I don't want to go. It's so beautiful here. I love it, and I dread the unknown. What could I do there with a feeble old man and a young child?

July 26. — I'm worried to-night, not so much for myself as for my neighbors north a couple of miles. The smoke is rolling up fast, big billows of it in the sky, and one by one the settlers have gone by and none have come back, which means there is a big fire and help needed. I hear S. has been appointed fire warden for this district, and a better man could n't be found, even if he is a bootlegger. A big, clean, helpful man, he was quite downhearted when he got arrested and sentenced to six months in jail. 'I ought n't to have done it,' he told me, 'but times are so hard.' 'Cheer up,' I said, 'no use to worry about it now, but do keep out of the real penitentiary — it's so disgraceful to your family!' Daddy and I don't believe in bootlegging nor lawbreaking, but you can't do anything in a community if you antagonize people. I would n't sleep nights if I had helped to put anyone in jail. I love freedom so much myself.

July 30. — Mrs. F.'s house is gone. She lost everything, which was n't much, but all she had. More work for our Club. All the men except Daddy are gone there. He can't go any more. A strong wind is blowing the flames north, but if it changes, it will be so thick with smoke one can hardly breathe. We are not in any danger, as there is a road between us, and that's a fine firebreak.

There's about a hundred settlers fighting it, and the logging company just sent down as many more to help. Mrs. L. got out in time. These fires roll awfully fast when it's dry, and there's plenty of slashings to feed it along. I see the smoke clouds rolling faster and faster. And what do you think started it? An orphaned boy that's been working around for his board set fire to a yellow jacket's (yellow hornet's) nest in the woods. Those yellow jackets are pesky, but that orphan had better vanish from this neck of the woods or he might get strung up. We consider anyone that starts a fire as worse than any other criminal. It's looking bad. I go out to look at it every few minutes. It looks awfully close. There are several families that will have to get out before very long. It seems to be only a city block away, but that's on account of the hills and the dense smoke. I can tell when the fire strikes into green timber and when it's in slashings. The smoke is so different. It's interesting to watch it, but I feel bad over the homes that are going. Nothing much in the way of buildings — just shacks mostly — but they sheltered from the storms and each was a home.

Latest reports from the fire: A man just came by and says the Forest

Reserve has sent help and that the L. home is n't burned yet, and it may be saved; but they are all out, in case the wind comes up.

August 2. — The fire is still bad and cars are running back and forth all night with men. The wind has changed and it's racing up into the mountains on the reserve. It gives the settlers a chance to back-fire before the wind changes again.

You have reason to be proud of your children. When I see fine children, I know they have pure-bred parents, speaking in stock terms. Many times have I wondered why I married an old man, but I'd do it over again to get my boy. Daddy's ancestors are the finest in Scotland and England. I believe in blood and good breeding and I love Daddy for the beauty of his mind, which is the result of generations. What I mean is this: Leisure is needed to cultivate the mind in music, literature, and so forth. Therefore my boy is more receptive and by instinct chooses the better things because I chose for him a father of that type. There are members of the family still living in the ancestral castle in Scotland. His grandfather was a captain in the British navy and we have his old telescope and several other old keepsakes.

I told Daddy to-day that I was ready to pull out any time he was. If he thought it best to go, I was willing to follow him and work for him. If things get much harder than they are, we can't even exist here and we must go like the others, but never to a city. I'd take up a homestead in British Columbia before I'd live in a city. The country has got into my very bones. I love it — the trees and birds and growing things. And city, what would that give me? A little comfort and starve my soul. Better to die fasting with a flower in my hand.

FORT VERMILION, ALBERTA
July 14, 1926

It did take grit to go to a strange land and my courage almost failed me many times, for I did n't know a soul here or anyone who had ever been here. There were only the government statistics to go by. But when you're down and out there's not much to lose, so I staked my all to get here and I'm not sorry yet. The captain of the steamer was surprised when I told him to land us at a certain point and he told us there was only one white settler there. But he said it did n't matter to him, and he dumped my belongings off on a mud bank where there was no sign of human habitation. I felt like Robinson Crusoe as I stood on the shore of this mighty river and looked at the swamp that edged it, so dense and luxuriant that I had never seen anything like it. The mosquitoes soon put an end to dreaming and we all got busy gathering sticks for a nice smoky fire. The potatoes and bacon cooked over it tasted good in spite of the cinders that got into the pan. We rolled the boy up in a blanket so even his nose could n't be found by the singing chorus. It looked like rain, so we covered our boxes with the tent and spent the night by the fire. Daddy fell asleep and I covered him up from the mosquitoes with a piece of old canvas. A hard bed for old bones, but the best I could do for that night. I sat there alone, thinking of all that lay ahead to do. No home, no shelter, and a long winter ahead. Two o'clock the heavy dew quieted the mosquitoes and I turned the three old horses loose to feed in the swamp. Following them, I was soon lost in the heavy undergrowth, higher than my head, and I called and called, getting more frightened every moment, and at last I heard Daddy's halloo and he came to meet me through the brush. I was trembling all over when he found me and put his arms around me and held me close. To get lost is a fearful thing here. The captain, the purser, and the cook all warned me to be careful. Then we sat and watched the sun turn the twilight night into day.

The white settler lives a mile inland on a slight rise of the land, as this river sometimes overflows and covers the river flats, but only for short periods and very seldom. This bottom land is very level and from one half to two miles wide only. The soil is very heavy, black, and rich. Above this the land is higher, not so rich, and lighter.

July 16. — The white settler has given us a bedroom where we sleep — but we eat at our little camp by the river. The river is wonderful, over a mile wide and flows north. The banks are very low the farther north it flows. The Indians are extremely dark, unkempt, and shiftless. They live entirely by trapping and fishing. There are swarms of 'breeds,' some of them quite good-looking and once in a while one that could easily pass for white. They furnish the only labor element here and few of them are worth their salt.

July 17. — We have picked out our homestead and will move on to it as soon as possible. It will be tough until we get a cabin and get through the first winter, but if we survive that we'll be old settlers. The more I see of this country, the better I like it. Coming from a dry country with a blazing sky all summer, it is pleasant to see the fleecy clouds go scudding by, and there's seldom a day that we don't get at least one shower. The rain is n't even cold and I go out in it just to get my bobbed head wet as when I was a child back in Illinois. The gardens just love to grow here. Mrs. L. is using green beans, peas, new potatoes, beets, carrots, and lettuce on her table and has radishes coming on new and crisp all summer long. Ever since Daddy begged to die in Canada, the country of his birth, I have studied it, and chose this spot as the best and most available in my meagre circumstances. Daddy will die happy and contented; we'll have a home without being afraid of being forced to go into some city to die in the slums, and Boy will grow up like Lincoln, in the wilderness.

The 'fur' is pretty well trapped out here along the river. But there will always be some. Dogs are used here all winter and our big black-and-white shepherd dog is very much admired by the Indians and breeds. He is better than their dogs and is worth $75. Now I'll have him to worry about for fear they steal him. That would break our hearts. We smell like Indians now from sitting in the smoke so much. It's the only comfort one gets during the day, while at night forgetfulness comes when you crawl under a cheesecloth canopy. Well, I have found the place where hay and potatoes never fail, thank God. Once more I can say the Twenty-third Psalm when I wake in the morning as I always used to do.

Sunday afternoon. — Mrs. L. gathered her children around the old organ for a few hymns. Each one of us chose a hymn, even the three-year-old baby boy. The young married daughter, home with her wee babe, chose a song about love from the songs of matrimony in the English Prayer and Hymn Book. Her father said, 'A good hymn.' We sang 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' 'Rescue the Perishing,' and many others. It gave me hope and strength to carry on when I looked at this wonderful family singing so earnestly alone here in this vastness. I don't know yet just how I'll get a home built. If winter comes too fast for me, I'll have to dig out a room in a small hill on one side of the homestead and put a log front on it. If I have time, we'll build a room entirely of logs. We have an old mower with us, but no rake, so we'll have to rake what hay we cut by hand.

There are hardships that nobody reckons,
There are valleys unpeopled and still.

But nothing matters, so we get some kind of a shelter before winter comes. The lowest has been 78 degrees below, but it generally stays at 40 degrees below, which is n't so bad. But the winters are very long.

How beautiful it is and how happy we will be in our little home! I found an old hymn in the Prayer Book that appealed to me and expresses what I can't say myself.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There is n't time to write to Mrs. W. and you will pass this letter on, for I am working very hard and one letter must do for all. Love to you all and write once in a while. The mail this winter comes up by dog sleds when no other way can be used. So we are n't entirely isolated from the Outside.

August, 1926

I have just received your letter and the boat is n't back yet and I'm writing in a hurry to thank you for your letter and the things in it. Next two weeks I will write you and Mrs. W. another letter of the events that come and my impressions of this place. I don't know the date; time means nothing here. I am glad Mrs. W. liked the two adventurers she met in the railway depot for forty minutes. I was very tired, worried, and depressed, so I did n't look my best, but I surely felt good when she actually kissed me and Boy good-bye. She did like me a little, and me a perfect stranger too. The white settler's wife is a college woman and she teaches the children and conducts a real school in a log cabin. Two daughters are home from college and one will teach this year and give the mother a little rest. I'll tell you more about them later, as they are indeed a very interesting family. And these woods and wilderness have human souls buried, I am finding out. That's my specialty, digging up the half dead and helping them to find themselves again. Queer, is n't it? They tell me their troubles and I lay them on you. I am still happy. How wonderful it seems to know I will never starve any more. To always have potatoes and hay for the cow. No 'straw horses' any more. Never to hear Daddy say, like Little Claus, 'Get up, all my straw horses,' and then see the poor ribby creatures try to pull a plough. I have four wool blankets, all heavy, besides quilts. The winter is long and cold and I am trying to prepare for it. I have fifty-six traps and a good location to trap muskrats and also fox. I'll just make it, I figure, and by next fall have a good vegetable garden and what grain I need for bread. I have a grubstake for the winter and spring of beans, dry peas, rice, flour, and vegetables already cached away. The only thing I'm worrying about is a place to live in and I have a month to do it in. No need to worry. Hay for the winter, plenty of milk, fish in the river, and wild game and deer to shoot for meat. I'll make it. 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.'

September 5, 1926

The silence almost gets me and I have to say to myself that the same sun shines on you. You see the same stars and moon and it's the same old earth, only I am farther north. It helps some as I stand on this bend of the river and gaze in awe on the northern lights as they play and shake their shimmering curtains. The breeds are afraid of them and have a tradition that they sometimes carry people away. The past two weeks I have seen only two breeds, one Indian, and one white trapper. As winter comes on I don't expect to see even that many in a month. The boy is changing even in the short time we have been here. He is more like a man and takes his responsibilities very seriously. He is allowed two shells each day for the '22' and is supposed to bring in one prairie chicken or rabbit each day. It usually only takes one shell. How proud he is when he comes in! I hear him whistling long before I see him and one day I heard him say to Daddy, 'I guess I can keep the pot boiling for Mother.' He gets lonesome, too, and I have to play with him. There is n't a breed or Indian around here but what he knows their names and all about them. They have named him 'Jabbering Colt' and he thinks that's a fine name. These silent folk find a little white boy quite amusing. Boy has another friend in the Mounted Police who is nicknamed Baldy. He has had many adventures and Boy is a devoted admirer and listener. To live up here far from the madding crowd, automobiles, and movies gives us a saner view of what life is and time to reflect. There is time to look at the stars and wonder at their stillness. I have been reading bedtime stories to Boy and we enjoy them very much. And in the night I sit up sometimes and listen to some of the 'little people' that hunt for crumbs in the dark. Last night one that we call Mrs. Deer Mouse fell into the water pail. I heard her swimming frantically and butting her head against its side. Poor little thing! I rushed up and emptied the pail outside on the grass and went back to sleep.

The white settler's daughter M. is much on my mind. She is a very sweet and refined girl of twenty-two years and has fallen in love with a breed. Unhappy child, her parents have told her they will treat her as if she were dead if she marries him. She broke down and cried one day when we were alone, and it was so pitiful that I had to comfort her and assure her that it would all come out right in the end and N. was certainly a fine fellow. Well, he is an exception, being good-looking, well educated, and almost white. Yet I feel like a Pharisee, for if she were my girl I'd never allow it. Not for her sake, but I should hate to have breed grandchildren. Some would be quite dark and they are n't regarded as well as whites out in the world. Just prejudice, in a way, but it's there. What do you think about it?

This is but a short letter, but the winter will soon be here and I'm far from ready for it. I had intended to get us each a warm wool sweater, but decided to get two old ewes and a spinning wheel instead. I have Grandma Rose's old cards to comb the wool with and next year we'll have good warm sweaters that I shall knit as soon as I have the wool. Besides, I'll have the lambs. We can get along with what we have this winter. I have to look ahead to the many winters that are coming. There is plenty of hay and I'm going to utilize it. The tent is already cold at night, so I can't sit up any longer, as my feet get so cold. My tallow candle is getting low, and so good night.

Lovingly,

Hilda Rose

THE HOBBY OF A TRAVELING MAN

BY KENNETH GRIGGS MERRILL

I

FROM 1914 to 1924 I traveled continuously throughout the United States, selling engineering materials.

Dickens and Thackeray took me through my first year. Something had to. For I soon found that I had within me a capacity for acute loneliness which I had never dreamed of — a loneliness which swept over me in angry waves and threatened to drown me utterly. Superficial diversions left this melancholy strain untouched. Perhaps I took to reading because the characters in Dickens's and Thackeray's books had become so familiar that I looked upon them as friends, and, as friends, turned to them in my trouble. But read I did, endlessly. Now reading involves a distinct technique when one is thousands of miles from one's own hearthside. One cannot enjoy a book in a hotel bedroom. The four unfamiliar walls press in upon one's consciousness and destroy all illusion. To get the full flavor of an author, to come wholly within the comforting influence of his characters, one should be among people. I liked the mezzanine floor of my hotel or a parlor car, where, figuratively speaking, I could rub elbows with others. I found that those about me gave vitality to my book people.

Whenever it was possible to arrange my schedule so that an evening could be spent in a parlor car, I did so. I made rather a ritual of it, and took great care to adjust my window curtain so that I might look out upon the darkening countryside. One's imagination so easily becomes occupied with the cozy farmhouse lamps gleaming through the night! It is an excellent prelude to reading. 'There,' I would say, 'is that beautiful symbol of family life, a well-shaded lamp. It is only a hundred yards away as I pass it. Grouped about it are happy and congenial people doing just what I am doing — settling down to read after a hard day. All about them is the quieting comfort of familiar things. There is a dozing cat by the fireside, stretching with the exquisite languor of some Persian beauty. Peace has descended upon that household, peace and the plethoric ticking of some portly clock, warm in its place upon the mantelpiece. Can I be lonely with that fireside — even for a fleeting second — near me?'

With considerable ceremony I would pick up my book. Now I do not use bookmarks; they are for precise people who read a book as they would build a brick wall, layer on layer. It delights me to find my place leisurely. Salient phrases catch my eye as, like a child in a guessing game, I find myself growing 'warmer and warmer.' I do not hesitate to reread the last few pages and get fully into the spirit of the story before going on. One cannot waste time on a train. If a passage pleases, it is read again, with no counting of minutes. Time stands still while the earth rushes by. Comfortably seated in a parlor car, I once finished *Vanity Fair* and, deliberately turning back to the first page, started to read it again.

I had spent some two years on the road, when I realized that something must be done about Saturdays and Sundays. You who have never spent forty-four of the fifty-two Sundays in a year away from home cannot imagine their bleak and awful isolation. I could not bring rational analysis to the problem; the situation held a poignancy which clouded clear reasoning. If this seems overdrawn, I shall ask a question. What thoughts come to one on a rainy Sunday spent looking at the four walls of a dingy hotel bedroom, with the warmth and beauty of home a thousand miles away? Let me answer it: horrid, creeping little thoughts! 'Life is passing. Each minute dragging so wearily away might have held a precious experience if you had been home. You are getting older day by day — and filling your granaries with sawdust. Age has but its memories. What beauty, what warmth, might you have stored in your mind this day if you had been with your friends? At this very moment they are dropping into your home for a cup of tea, their fine familiar faces reflecting the light of candles on the gleaming sideboard. They are talking — brilliant little scraps of conversation, brave mots that one remembers and chuckles over, suddenly, years later. And you're missing it, missing it all. A day that might have been glorious, and is really but twenty-four hours subtracted from your tiny span of life, with not a thought worth recording, not a memory worth holding, not a picture worth recalling, given you in return!' Traveling men may not as a group radiate profound orthodox religious convictions, but they all believe in Hell, for they live in it over each week-end.

I found my salvation quite accidentally. One Saturday afternoon as I searched the mezzanine floor of my hotel for a suitable reading chair, I became conscious of the fact that I did not care whether I found one or not. I did not 'feel fer readin',' as the Pennsylvania Dutch say. But what else was there for me to do? A morning of walking in the rain effectually dampened any idea of going out. Abruptly something caught my attention. It was the inviting keyboard of a handsome grand piano, and with a wave of relief I realized that there was something in the world, after all, that I wanted to do. I wanted to play. As a child I had spent many hours at the piano, and, clutching at this slight musical background, I sat down and awkwardly traced out an old melody on the keys. To my surprise, a man who had been sitting near by, hooded in black despair, came over to the instrument and asked me to play something else. I realized, of course, that his action was a desperate fling at an overpowering boredom, but nevertheless I was just a little pleased that I had been able to bring even a spark of interest to his eye. So I played through a forlorn little repertoire of hazily recollected tunes, and it was as though a soothing hand had been laid upon my restless spirit.

We talked, this lone gentleman and I, for an hour and a half, and during this conversation he mentioned the fact that a certain local Episcopal church had rather a fine choir. Did I not wish to hear it? I acquiesced eagerly, for I must confess a very soft spot in my heart for choirs. I sang in a boys' choir for many years as a child, and there is a glamour, a mellow glow, over those years which has persisted ever since. Anyone who has ever sung in a boys' choir will carry the memories with him all his life: the dressing before the service, the quieting hand of the rector as he intones the opening sentence, the soft little sung 'Amen,' the queer noises which leak out of the back of an organ, the breathless hush just before the first words of the opening hymn, the triumphal music of the processional. As we talked, it all came back to me, and I grieved in my heart for the music I had lost during the intervening years.

The next morning I was in church. Memories I had thought dead fifteen years awoke, and my soul was lifted into verdant places. The beauty of it all! After the service, carried by an enthusiastic impulse, I went forward and spoke to the organist, if for nothing else than to let him know how his music had exalted and quickened an otherwise unendurable morning. With quiet pride in the vast organ, he showed me its key desk, and as I looked at it — the church had cleared by now — he said, 'Why don't you play something?' Fingers trembling with excitement, I sat down and found in the rolling profundity of the organ as it responded to my faltering touch a sense of power that was almost incredible. To press that little key, with its featherlike resistance, and hear the beat of oceans, the voices of wind-swept forests, come forth and sweep through the chancel and nave of the church — it was like being temporarily in charge of the universe.

II

I took the church programme with me when I left, and the next day I purchased one or two of the anthems listed thereon. As I clumsily picked them out on the piano I found a great curiosity creeping over me as to the extent of church music. How much was there of it? Who wrote it? Whence came its nobility, its alternate tranquillity and fire? Here were things that were worth finding out. A study of the church hymnal gave me a very faint picture of the army of musicians who have carried the torch of genius through the ages, and I determined to know more of them. I had found my hobby at last, and in my jubilation cast about for some way to pursue it more closely. Traveling as I did, it would be impossible for me to follow any conventional study of ancient, mediæval, and modern church music, yet I felt that at least I might attempt some rude classification of the music I heard from Sunday to Sunday. So I started a scrapbook, and into it I pasted the programmes or orders of service from the various churches I attended, together with my written impression of each composition used. As new composers appeared in my book I would boldly and freely walk up to the organist of the church I happened to be in and ask him about them. To a man, the organists I spoke to were gracious, patient, and kindly. As my work took me over the country twice a year, I was soon talking to them a second time, then a third, a fourth, a tenth time. Some of them, as the years passed, became firm friends. Cities where Sunday had been a nightmare became cities where Sunday was a day to be looked forward to all during the week. Scarcely a week went by that I was not given an opportunity to play a church organ after service. All during this time, as I encountered interesting new anthems, I would buy them, seek out a secluded piano, and study them. I read music very slowly and, curiously enough, never improved in this respect; but, once read and learned, I never had need of the music again. When I say that it took me two hours — and still does! — to read the average eight-page anthem, one may see how admirably suited the practice was to filling in dull evenings and rainy Saturday afternoons. My reward was to play it on an organ the following Sunday.

As the scrapbook grew and my hobby assumed larger and larger proportions, there came an interest in the structure of the organ itself, its vast and intricate mechanism. We are rather given to the use of superlatives in this country, but in the case of the American organ they are deservedly applied. The American organ is one of the great achievements of modern times. Its scientific design, its instantaneous action, its unfailing response, place it technically years ahead of its rivals overseas. But tone is another matter! The loving craftsmanship lavished on old-world instruments cannot be captured, studied, and laid out on a designer's drawing board. It is a creation of the spirit not to be gauged by the slide rule or reduced to the notebook by logarithms. Let us then, while saluting the American geniuses who have made our organ key desks as simple, clean-cut, and efficient as an automobile dashboard, turn and bow our heads before the master craftsmen who have succeeded in giving voice to all that is noble in life.

During a business trip to London some few years ago, Sir Frederick Bridge, organist for so many years at Westminster Abbey, summed this up for me in rather a humorous way. I had been given a letter to him from a mutual friend, — an English organist in New York, — and Sir Frederick was up in the organ loft, playing, as I strolled into Westminster to present it. After climbing some dark stairs, I found myself beside the strangest key desk I had ever seen: wires, 'trackers,' radiated from it in every direction, and I was in mortal terror of catching my toe and breaking something. The distinguished organist read the letter I tendered him, and, fixing me with his pleasant eyes, ordered me to sit down beside him and tell him all about American organs. He asked a great many questions about the electric action used so universally in our instruments; then, falling silent, he raised his musician's hand in a gesture that included the great pipes rising before us, the wires, the keyboard. 'My boy,' he said finally, 'you may trip on it, but it will be sixty years before you can match its tone!' As though to prove what he had said he turned and played 'Adeste, Fideles,' full organ, and I knew at last why the noblest of all hymns had been written. Simply destiny — that it might some day be played upon the Westminster Abbey organ.

III

It has been said that the diapason is the foundation of the organ. If this is true, — and I sincerely believe it is, — there is an organ in the Netherlands which ought to be included in every music-lover's itinerary. I have never seen it referred to and have often wondered why. A few days after my delightful interview with Sir Frederick Bridge, I was walking through the streets of Rotterdam, and, business concluded, was shaping my course toward the lofty nave of a cathedral I had seen during the morning. It proved to be the old Groote Kerk, with its fantastically whitewashed walls, its queerly refinished woodwork, and other heritages of a misguided militant Protestantism. As luck would have it, — for I was leaving for Paris in an hour, — the organist entered shortly after I did, and I was soon listening to such music as I had little dreamed of hearing that day. In my poor little opinion, there are no other diapasons in the world to compare with those in the Groote Kerk organ. Their golden fullness, their bountiful roundness and warmth of tone, are epic. One feels in them all the strength, vitality, all the ruggedness of the Dutch people — their infinite artistic integrity. The thought struck me, as I sat there listening to a Bach fugue, that organs, like architecture, express nationality. Canterbury, Southwark, Westminster — one knows one is in England, for the organs express solidity, balance, forthrightness. Notre Dame, St.-Sulpice, Sacré-Cœur! These organs are as essentially French as the French tongue — to our ears somewhat nasal, almost a bit strident. And our own organs, St. Thomas's, St. John's, and hosts of others, — there is an astonishing number of splendid organs in this country, — blending everything, mechanically faultless, striving toward a composite perfection, are they not American?

Having mentioned some French organs, I cannot refrain from telling a humorous little episode that occurred in Paris. One bright May morning I set out from my hotel, resolved to hear as many fine organs as possible. I prefer to study them leisurely, of course, when I can, but this time my stay in Paris included only one Sunday and I wanted to make the most of it. Hailing a taxi, I was soon set down at the Madeleine. An incredible mass of people filled the building, and what with the incense, the heat, the many and various worshipers, I found the atmosphere rather overpowering, and left after the first chant. At the curb, I found the same cab I had used in coming to the church and, stepping into it, I directed the driver to take me to St.-Sulpice. I remained in this church about fifteen minutes, and as I came out I noticed my original taxicab, again unoccupied. With a grin I asked to be taken to Notre Dame. It seemed to me that the chauffeur looked at me strangely; certainly the shrug of his shoulders conveyed more than just an acknowledgment of my request. At Notre Dame I found a gorgeous service in progress. Some sort of military festival it was, with a battle flag at the head of each pew, at least three hundred white-robed singers in the choir, and perhaps a hundred and fifty prelates and church dignitaries in the chancel. The music was glorious, and, fascinated by the warmth and color of it all, I stayed until the very end. Firmly astride of my hobby by this time, I decided to take in one more church before dinner. (Typically American, I know, but you must remember I get to Paris only once a year.) Naturally I had forgotten all about my cab driver, but lo! he was waiting, unengaged, as I reached the sidewalk. 'Sacré-Cœur,' I said bravely. He paused a moment before opening the cab door, and a smile of deep commiseration, a look of understanding sympathy, flashed over his face like the flicker of a curtain. 'Ah, monsieur,' he said softly, 'quelle pénitence!'

Perhaps this hobby — organ music — *has* been a penance, in the sense that penances are supposed to induce peace. Certainly it has carried me far afield. I have learned to know the riverlike sweep of Guilmant, to recognize the insistent beauty of Widor, the vivid efflorescence of Ruebke, and to feel the exaltation of Barnby, Stainer, Buck, and Handel. Names like Franck, Bach, Tschaikowsky, or Boellman on a recital programme bring an electric prickle of anticipation. To me as a layman the study of church music has become an endless pilgrimage. It has its great moments — can any experience in life equal the tranquil ecstasy of hearing Noble's 'Souls of the Righteous' sung at dusk in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine? The utter beauty of it caresses and makes whole again the heart torn and racked by separation from all one holds dear in life. 'They are at peace,' sings the choir. 'Oh, fairest liberty!' And all things that harass and hurt seem small and meaningless. Is not loneliness a form of bondage? Can this be bondage — this opportunity of hearing the man-interpreted voice of God? No! It is liberty in its highest sense. 'They are at peace.' Where there is peace, there can be no loneliness. Oh, fairest liberty!

IT HAPPENED AT DAYBREAK

BY NAHUM SABSAY

I

Ivan Karass, a private in the second squad of the first platoon, was, according to general opinion in his company, a queer man. But if any one of the soldiers were asked in what consisted Karass's peculiarities he would be at loss to state. And yet the company was right: Ivan Karass was queer.

For instance, he never talked, even when off duty. He always spent his free hours all by himself, either sitting paralyzed of all motion and vacant of all conscious life, or lying stretched on the ground and gazing for hours at the sky. What was going on in his mind no one knew, just as no one knew whether there was anything at all, and just as no one knew whether Karass was a thinker or merely a fool. From his behavior he might have been either, if only fools can have such sober, expressive faces, such clear, scrutinizing eyes, smiling now gently, now bitterly; now greeting you friendlily, now piercing you with a long, tormenting look.

Karass must have been forty. He was married and the father of half a dozen children, they said. From the first day of his life he had lived continually in a small village somewhere in the middle Ukrainian steppes; lived knowing nothing of the world, separated from it by great roadless spaces, by lack of common interests, by his own complete illiteracy, and by the illiteracy of his neighbors. From that drowsy and undisturbed existence, by the order of the invisible Tsar and his sinister generals, he was taken away and transferred to perpetual crash and collision.

However, Karass had quickly learned the soldier's duty and the ways of war. In fact, the ease with which he could grasp everything new and the quickness of his apprehension were matters of great astonishment to the rest of the men. The more so because of an extreme forgetfulness and a most amazing absent-mindedness which he displayed at times. During one of these spells, the soldiers knew without looking who was the man out of step, or who was the man whose head, appearing above the parapet, had attracted the enemy's fire. Too often it was Karass, and too often the poor devil was thrashed by sergeants, and even by commissioned officers sometimes. That punishment the soldiers watched in silence, tapping their foreheads significantly.

But at times their contempt for Ivan Karass would give place to a quite different feeling. This would happen when, coming out of his long silence, he would start to sing his songs.

He knew only three of them, three old melodious ballads. But each time he sang them with new variations in words, tune, and expression, as if they were songs entirely new. He sang sitting on the ground in his usual pose, his hands about his knees, his eyes closed, and swaying slightly to and fro. And all the men around him, forgetting his peculiarities, forgetting time and place, listened to Karass reverently.

Karass sang of their homes, of their villages surrounded by cherry orchards, of fields of swaying wheat, of clear streams flowing by, and of azure sky overhead. He sang of a hero-Cossack, of his exploits, of his black-eyed, white-faced, tender-hearted girl, and of other girls, and of other Cossacks, and of Tatar unbelievers, their fierce enemy. He sang, and in many a soldier's eye large drops of tears would glitter. Even the sour top-sergeant, leaving his perpetual bookkeeping, would put his chin in the palms of his hands, would close his eyes, and, lost in reveries, would listen to Karass. And Karass would stop all of a sudden, just as suddenly as he had begun. But the silence which he had commanded would still continue a long time, and only gradually the soldiers would resume their interrupted occupations, whispering to each other: 'There's a God's gift in that man.'

Thus, in a mixed atmosphere of admiration and contempt, lived Karass at the front for over a year, among thousands of men, yet all by himself. Then he found a friend.

II

It happened at daybreak late in the fall. That morning, as usual, a voluminous fusillade greeted the sun slowly mounting in the multicolored sky. A small rabbit, which somehow had found its way into No Man's Land, was racing back and forth, bewildered by the racket and spurred up by the sound of bullets whizzing about him. The soldiers from both sides, noticing the little fellow, were following it with the fire of their rifles. But luck was with the rabbit this time: it escaped what seemed an inevitable end by hurling itself into the flare of Karass's loophole at the very moment when Karass, who knew nothing about the chase of the rabbit by the joined armies, was about to pull the trigger of his rifle. Instantly realizing, however, what had happened, Karass pushed his rifle aside, in no time enlarged the loophole by taking out one of the bags filled with earth, and took the shivering rabbit in his hands.

The fusillade continued. Karass gazed for a moment at the poor beast, then gently put it into the bosom of his shirt, repaired the loophole, and resumed firing. Meanwhile the rabbit, still trembling, had crawled around Karass and remained behind his back tightly pressing against him.

When the skirmish was over, Karass reached for the rabbit, pushed it through the loophole, and gave it a slight shove. The rabbit did not move. Karass gave it another shove, but with no more result. Not only did the rabbit show no intention of leaving the loophole, but it was stubbornly backing, trying to regain the trench. Karass watched it in silence. A shot banged somewhere close by. The rabbit doubled and darted through the hole into the trench. Karass again took the little fellow into his hands, lifted it to the level of his eyes, and smiled bitterly.

The rabbit was a beautiful little creature, barely a month old. Its gray, red-rimmed eyes were open wide; its nostrils and its graceful upper lip moved nervously, giving to the dainty muzzle an amusing expression. Karass put his hands up to his mouth and gently blew into the rabbit's face. The rabbit closed its eyes, threw back its ears, shook its head, and pressed closer into Karass's hands. Karass smiled again, but this time brightly and happily.

The sun was hanging already well above the forest-covered hills. The chill of the morning was changing into the exquisite warmth of an autumn day. A few pearly clouds were spread high in the sky, making by contrast its blueness still more striking. Greener and greener became the forest beyond the enemy lines and bluer grew the peaks of the Carpathian Mountains still farther away in the west. A sparrow twittered, here a cricket chirruped, and there some insect buzzed. But the men made no sound. Weary, suspicious, irritated, they watched the enemy.

Karass kept the rabbit and tended it as only a very fond mother would look after her child. Was it a paternal feeling, or merely an inherited age-long habit of caring for animals, or else a need for friendship, which thus found an object? Who can tell? The rabbit, in turn, became closely attached to Karass. It followed its master like a pup around the trenches, its muzzle almost touching Karass's heels. They stood watch together, and together slept.

To keep a pet in the trenches is not an easy task. The men themselves had often but little to eat. And moreover the little they had was of no use to the rabbit, who cared not for cold soup, hard bread, and tea. Yet the very hardship through which Karass had to go to provide his nursling with food seemed to make the rabbit still dearer to him. Happily smiling, he watched his pet devour greedily the grass and foliage which, risking his life, he had plucked the preceding night. But vegetation was becoming scarcer and scarcer with the approach of the winter and Karass would have been in a quandary, were it not for the constant assistance of his company mates, who, returning from duty in the rear of the lines, would bring with them all they could find.

Even in the midst of most comfortable surroundings, it is hard at times to bear the last days of the fall, the gray sunless days, days of cold, of penetrating mist, of moaning and wailing winds. No wonder that to the men in the trenches those days seemed despairing, torturing, insupportable. Not a flutter of life could be seen for miles around. All was either withered or buried alive in the maze of underground excavations. Only the first lines were guarded, and those by single soldiers placed widely apart. All other posts were abandoned and the men were ordered into dugouts. Here, in semiobscurity, some slept on a thin layer of straw covering the cold and wet ground; others sat for hours around the smoky fires, hungry, tired, miserable. Only on Karass the general gloom seemed to have no effect. As usual, he showed no interest in what was going on around him, his attention being absorbed by the crackling fire, by the fantastic rivulets of smoke slowly rising in the air, and by the rabbit in his hands.

One day, late in the afternoon, a story spread from one dugout to another that Emelian, the captain's orderly, ceding to long-assailing temptation, had stolen a bottle of his master's cognac, had drunk it all by himself, and had made an attempt to kiss the sergeant major. There were many details to that story, both amusing and sad. Sad, when they concerned the manner in which the furious sergeant major had covered Emelian's face with black-and-blue patches. And while the soldiers were speculating on Emelian's future, and Emelian himself was sleeping at the bottom of the trench on the very spot where justice had found him, the captain and the sergeant major were conferring together. First they decided to put Emelian back in the ranks, and then, on the sergeant's suggestion, to give the job of captain's orderly to Ivan Karass.

Easy, compared with the life of other soldiers, is the life of a captain's orderly. His duties are simple, his leisure is large, his food good; during the fight he can get into a safe place; he has but one master, and this master the captain himself! But what pleased Karass in his new situation was the fact that three times a day he had to go to the officers' mess, where he could get for his rabbit the green stuff he wanted.

Contrary to everyone's expectation, Karass made a fine orderly. He was conscientious and thoughtful, and he looked after his master as a nurse would after her charge. And, what was still more surprising, he somewhat changed. He no more kept apart so persistently; he began to show interest in what men talked around him, and at times he even ventured a word in the general conversation.

III

The first snow fell that year on the fifteenth of November. It started at midnight in tiny, widely separated flakes, but soon it became thicker, and in the morning, when the men emerged from the dugouts, they could see nothing but a white, dancing screen. They found the trenches half filled with snow and immediately set to work. By noon the trenches were clear, but by evening they were filled again. Thus it went on for three days.

On the morning of the fourth day, the news spread about that the regiment was to be relieved that night and was to proceed to some distant place. And indeed that night the regiment was relieved, and when the day broke it was marching miles away toward Rumania.

Partly by train, partly by foot in deep snow, the journey was made in thirty days, and in the middle of December the regiment had arrived at the assigned positions and had relieved a Rumanian unit. Gradually the soldiers changed the Rumanian dugouts to suit their taste, and resumed their usual life. No, not exactly the usual; for wine in Rumania was more than abundant, the men had found thousands of ways to smuggle it into the trenches, and there was no more gloom, no more unhappiness, although there remained still plenty of causes for both. The officers tried to stop the drinking, but their efforts were not successful; they too were busy with wine. Karass, with his rabbit, had made the march with the light-baggage train which immediately followed the regiment. Arriving at the new positions, he arranged with much care a dugout for his master and a hole for himself and his pet.

The change which had started in Karass while he was still in Galicia kept on developing here. He became sociable, if one can be called 'sociable' who in company scarcely says a word. However, Karass's silence was not uncomfortable now. It seemed as if he wanted to say something and yet could find no words. 'Just like a horse or a dog,' commented the soldiers in his absence, but tapped their foreheads no longer. They began to like Karass. But again, if someone had asked them what made them change their opinion, they would not have been able to tell. Often they treated him to a cup of wine. Karass drank willingly, yet he never drank excessively, nor did he ever try to get wine for himself. Now and then, at the request of the soldiers, he sang, but somehow, in the cold and confinement of the dugout, he was not at his best.

The eve of Christmas came. All along the line the soldiers were getting ready to celebrate the holiday. They brought in much wine and were ransacking the country for food. The officers too had some plans regarding that evening. Soon after supper they began to assemble in small groups in the more spacious dugouts. The captain himself went to a 'party.' But before he left he told Karass to take a note to an officer in the village close by, who next morning was leaving for Russia.

Karass put the sealed envelope under his hat, took the rabbit in his hands, walked out from the trenches, and took the road toward the village. The night was light, cold, and still. He easily found the officer, handed him the note, and started on his way back. But hardly had he passed half of the village when he met a small party of soldiers stealthily following the dark side of the street. Had not one of the soldiers, who recognized Karass, hailed him in a subdued voice, he would have passed the party without noticing it at all. But being hailed, he stopped, then hesitatingly approached the men. There were six of them, all of the liaison company — a company generally known to be made up of daring and unruly fellows. Karass knew no one of them; yet, having heard him sing many a time, they all knew him.

'Where are you going, Karass?' asked the man who hailed him.

'To the trenches.'

'You have been there long enough already, and you are going to be there the rest of your life, so what is the use of hurrying? Come with us; we'll give you a drink of wine that would make the Rumanian king himself kick up his heels.'

Karass hesitated. He was shy of new company and yet he wished to go.

'Well, are you coming?' asked another man impatiently.

Karass looked at him and noticed two pailfuls of wine crusted over with ice, which the soldier was carrying. He turned his eyes to the other men and saw that each of them carried a pail, or a kettle, or both.

'Well, yes, I'll go,' Karass answered in a voice which betrayed indecision. He was not sure that it would be the right thing to do.

The house used by the off-duty liaison men stood by itself a mile behind the village. It must have been an uninviting place even when its proprietors lived in it, but now, when they had left it, fleeing the daily cannonade, and when first the Rumanian and then our soldiers had ravaged it, the place looked appalling. The scanty furniture had been used as fuel. The fence, the benches, the inside doors, and the greater part of the partitions — all were having the same fate. Only the smoke-covered dirty walls and still dirtier floor remained intact.

When Karass, following the soldiers, entered the house, he found there half a score of other men, sprawling on muddy straw in front of an open fire. The dim, reddish flame, the only light in the room, playing on the faces and figures of the soldiers, created a bizarre yet exquisite picture. The arrival of the newcomers made the men jump to their feet and stirred up a noisy movement. Order was soon established, however. The wine was placed in the middle of the room, and all the men sat down in a tight circle around it. They talked, laughed, joked, but touched not the wine, waiting for something else. Karass too, after placing his rabbit and his overcoat in one of the dark corners, took a seat in the circle and with marked self-consciousness and awkwardness observed his new companions.

A few minutes later four more men entered the house. These brought a beheaded cock and a small trench bag of potatoes. There was another commotion among the seated soldiers. But this time the joy did not last. It became at once evident to all that the party's search for food had not been successful. Is there any hungry man whose heart would not fall at the sight of one meagre cock and five pounds of potatoes on one side, and a score of hungry men on the other? True, there was some mouldy black bread. But not bread the men's stomachs craved.

The soldiers retook their seats around the wine and, cursing energetically, heard the misadventures of the returning party. Meanwhile three of its members carried their spoils over to that part of the house which once had been the kitchen, and began cooking the supper.

The original plan was not to drink the wine till the supper was ready. But the temptation was too great. The cups were in their hands and the wine stood only an arm's length away. First with apologies, later without them, one man after another began to help himself. The cooks, realizing what was going on, appeared from the kitchen, took one of the kettles, and started an affair of their own. Presently all were gay, happy, talked all at a time, drank to Christmas, to their homes, and to each other.

Karass, like the rest of the men, drank cup after cup. The expression of his face, his pose, his behavior, everything changed entirely. His usual sadness and shyness were gone. He smiled knowingly; his eyes streamed enthusiasm; he was beautiful; he was Olympian.

At last he put away his filled cup as if he had made up his mind not to drink any more, and he began to talk. Astonished, the soldiers hushed, lowered their cups, and listened.

'Do you know what I think?' he asked in his musical, soothing voice. 'I think,' he continued softly, receiving no answer, 'I think the war is wrong. And not only the war, but everything is wrong around us. I think that the officers, the priests, and the people in the cities know that there is no God, but they fool us telling that there is. At times it seems to me I know why they do it; but then again I can't understand. Why should there be a Tsar? I wish I could read. I have heard people saying that everything is explained in the books. I wish I knew what makes the aeroplanes fly, and what makes a man's voice go through a wire in the telephone. . . .'

A long time Karass thus talked, now making statements, strange, amazing statements, betraying much eager thought and much brooding over everything he saw and everything he heard; now exposing the enigmas of his mind, all kinds of them, from striking, significant inquiries to naïve metaphysical questions which are so often asked by children. Karass talked quietly. Not a single time he raised his voice. The words were coming out of his mouth smoothly, as if he had repeated them to himself thousands upon thousands of times. But Karass was not calm. He lived intensely these moments. In the semiobscurity of the room his eyes glittered mysteriously, and he passed them from one face to another as if trying to find in his audience answers to the thoughts that assailed him.

But alas! This was the wrong place to look for deeply hidden truth. Puzzled and perplexed, the soldiers regarded Karass, and they wondered what would happen if officers, policemen, or priests heard him talk this way.

IV

And while Karass talked and the soldiers, forgetting their wine, listened, there was one man, Doobov, who was absorbed by entirely different matters. For a long while he looked attentively into the corner where Karass had left his pet. Finally he rose, nonchalantly crossed the room a few times, went into that corner, sat down, and covered the rabbit with Karass's overcoat. Neither Karass nor anyone else noticed Doobov's manœuvre. And Doobov, seeing that his trick had succeeded, picked up the overcoat with the rabbit in it and carried it out to the kitchen. For a minute or two there was heard an argument, then a sudden laughter, and a clatter of cups. Then Doobov appeared and retook his place.

Karass was still talking, but his unwonted enthusiasm was diminishing. He glanced once more at the faces of soldiers about him, waved his hand as if in disgust, ceased talking, and gathered himself into his usual pose — his head lowered and his hands around his knees.

'Say, Karass!' Doobov broke the silence. 'Why don't you sing us something?'

Karass did not answer, but the rest of the soldiers resumed their hubbub, which eventually grew to a higher intensity than caution warranted. They continued to drink. The pails were almost empty.

Seeing that Karass drank no more, they began to pass him filled cups. He accepted the wine, but drank only one or two cups, emptying the rest on the floor behind him. The soldiers talked, laughed, argued. Someone started a song, which was taken up by the others. Karass too joined in, and his voice stood out in the chorus. Then, one by one, the soldiers dropped out, leaving him alone.

What a power there was in Karass's voice! How easily could he, by means of a simple melody, in one moment fill the soul with warmth and longing, and rout the created illusions in the next moment, frustrating the awakened expectations, and sending the soul to a torture!

Unattended, the fire became dim. Darker became the room and still more fantastic appeared the figures who sat close to the fireplace. They sat with their heads lowered, their eyes closed, their wine forgotten. And Karass sang and sang.

It seems that in every gathering of men there is one whom nothing can affect. So was it here. A loud yawn, followed by the exclamation, 'I wish the supper was ready,' interrupted Karass. Karass stopped his song without bringing the last sentence to an end.

'Well, it's ready,' declared the cooks, who also had been listening to Karass from the threshold of the kitchen. In less than a minute the fire was made higher; everyone had found his wooden spoon and the remnant of his daily allotment of bread; then two circles were formed, and in the centre of each were set down a dish of steaming potatoes and meat and a new pailful of wine, foresightedly concealed by someone at the beginning of the feast.

The food was quickly gone, but the wine lasted still. The men were already drunken. They shouted, swore, while one or two wept pitifully.

But Karass neither laughed nor wept. He was serious and composed. Wine seemed to have no further effect on him. He carefully wiped his spoon with the last piece of bread, ate the bread, returned the spoon to the man who had lent it to him, slowly arose, and picked his way into the corner where he had left his pet and his overcoat.

The overcoat he found easily, but the rabbit he could not find. For a moment he stood motionless as if trying to remember something; then he went into another corner. Failing there also, he rushed into the third, and then the fourth, and then finally began to crawl all over the floor, spreading the straw apart and looking everywhere.

The hubbub in the room continued. Of all the crowd only four men seemed to remember that Karass was there. These were Doobov and the three cooks, and these followed his movements with much interest. And Karass, having covered all the floor twice, straightened up, returned to his place in front of the fire, and timidly asked the soldiers: —

'Countrymen, have n't you seen my rabbit? He was right there in that corner.'

The noise dwindled away. The soldiers turned their heads toward Karass, looking at him vacantly. Karass repeated his question, this time even more timidly.

'Your rabbit is in your belly,' came Doobov's voice from the dark. 'Peace — be — to — his — soul,' he added a second later, in a praying manner. To which a dozen other voices solemnly responded: 'A — m — e — n.'

Karass seemed to understand nothing. With an expression of inquietude on his face, he stood in the midst of the silenced soldiers, passing his eyes from one to another. 'Where is my rabbit?' he asked the third time.

No one answered.

A quiver passed over Karass's face. His eyes opened wide, his lips began to tremble, then two large tears rolled out from his eyes and crept down his cheeks.

Sobered and perplexed, the soldiers looked at Karass, daring to ask no questions.

V

Day was breaking. The stars had already begun to pale and the sky was gray. In the east a strip of orange light appeared above a chain of low hills. Then a rich red glow spread higher up, while a delicate green band took the place of the orange light. Then a thread of gold advanced along the crests of the hills. The sky was growing bluer.

Karass was walking slowly across the soft white snow, his eyes staring straight before him. He entered the tortuous communication pass leading into the trenches, went by the first line, and stopped in a forepost. Here he put his arm on the parapet and, fixing his eyes on some distant point, remained motionless.

The sun had cleared the top of a hill.

The shadow of a small animal crossed the field of Karass's vision. Karass started violently. In an instant he had leaped over on the other side of the parapet, and was racing wildly toward the German trenches and shouting, 'My rabbit! My rabbit!'

A score of rifles snapped in front of him. Hundreds of others immediately joined. Not knowing what was going on, our soldiers began to answer. Then machine guns entered into the action, and finally artillery, ours and the enemy's.

But Karass heard nothing. For him at last the war was over.

FUNAKURA

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

I

Who in Funakura can walk is there. Motionless they stand in road and field, the silence not the silence of great heat alone, or of the hour of the day, Pan's hour, but the silence of an Oriental place, no note of insect or animal or human being. The mayor is among them, the chief of police, the president of the bank, the two doctors. Thirty years ago there was a *missionaire catholique*, but no other foreigner has ever visited the village of Funakura in the *hiura* of Kamitogo in the island of Kiushiu.

The mayor advances. The mayor is unsteady upon his high stilt-like *geta*. The timid thing in each of us is large in him.

He bows. I bow. He bows again, the crowd behind him bows, and he and I and they bow.

The mayor regrets that life in Kiushiu is crude.

I shake my head.

He takes my protest as a compliment, and bows. I meet his bow with a bow, and he counters my bow with a bow, at each fresh impulse a fresh unrest rippling over the crowd. The crowd is sensitive as a thicket of bamboo, the pliant tops yielding deferentially to every new current of air.

The mayor waves me toward the village that lies half an hour in the distance, and he leads the way, and I follow, and the low rumble of many hundred geta follows me.

A gentleman from the rumble catches up, talks for a time, and retires. Another catches up, talks, retires.

Once we pass an old woman kneeling by the roadside, and once a boy too lame to meet us, and once an old man. Before each the procession halts. Someone speaks for the crowd, and a dialogue ensues, shy in the presence of the stranger, and astonishing for how it has nothing to do with the occasion, each phrase marked by a formal bow, hands and knees upon the ground, and the nose brought down till it rubs the earth.

'Old man,' begins the speaker for the crowd, 'it must make you very happy to have your daughter home from Tokyo.'

'It makes me very happy.'

'She seems lovely.'

'Nay, she is lovely.'

'Yes, she is lovely.'

A pause. The speaker bows, the crowd bows, the procession moves, the old man, agaze, remains on his knees.

Till now the road has been straight. Just ahead it will bend toward the village. Here a cry breaks the quiet. The cry is peculiar. Even in the shrill of day I am uneasy. I appeal to the mayor. He nods in the direction of a house across rice fields, and as he nods the cry swells once more. It begins strangely, ends strangely, is not of an animal, not of a human being. It is the cry of the insane. An old sage lives in that house with only his wife, and sometimes he shrieks at intervals through the day, and sometimes is abroad and shrieking all the night, or stalks from door to door and in a tone of summons forewarns the population, as he did of my coming. I am surprised he should be at large. The mayor assures me he is not dangerous, that the insane are rarely kept in an asylum, and the asylum is the jail.

Nevertheless the experience has made me aware of the thirteen hundred miles to Yokohama, has made me conscious of a tip of earth pushed up from the sea, one Occidental on it, many Orientals, the Orientals mumbling quiet, neither the whisperings nor the noddings fathomable, the spirits therefore illimitable, and from the illimitable it is never far to the dreadful. I begin to suffer funny little anxieties about what they may be thinking. I wish absurdly that I did not have to smile and nod. I should like to free my voice, but cannot, as in a dream.

Then a house, then a scattering of houses, then a street lies before us burnt and ancient and deserted — not a person, not a stir. The hard sun is upon it and brings out the uninhabited look. I am thinking of the yellow dead Pompeii, when a girl of about five brings up stock-still before me. She is naked, and her tight brown belly protrudes in gallant fashion. Her eyes are on me, yet she only slowly sees what her eyes see, is shaken by that sight, recovers the use of her good sense, and flees.

The doctor smiles. The doctor has come to point out the house where they found the Buddha with unequal eyes. It was his own mother's experience. She had screamed in her sleep, had been roused by her husband, had related that she had beheld a Buddha with one eye large and one eye small, not an image, but a living god. She knew where she had beheld it. Though it was not yet light, husband and wife got from bed and went. It was a newcomer to the village. He heard the two amazed people, was not himself amazed, led them where he slept, and there in the earliest streaks of day stood the god, one eye large, and one eye small.

Seeing that this interests me, another points to another house. There were born there in quick succession four daughters, and it is not for daughters that the nation celebrates the Tanabata, so when the fifth child came also a daughter, the father named her Sue, which in our language means Last, and when the sixth came a daughter he called her Mitzu, signifying Enough; but when the seventh was the same, wrath overpowered him, and the whole village heard him bellow, 'Tome,' meaning, 'Stop.'

Laughter meets this conclusion, and the procession moves lightly onward.

Mine is one of the grand houses, less Japanese and less lovely. The mayor helps me into the vestibule. Women hasten to take off our shoes, put them with the geta in a trim row before the door.

Before the door every cranny has filled. So many in so narrow a place, all smileless and silent, makes them more than ever a multitude, and now as one piece the multitude bows. Up and down, as far as I can see, every creature is bending.

The mayor draws me into the room, and after us one by one come the village worthies, each rid of his geta by an imperceptible shake, each going to his place as if it had been rehearsed, each letting himself sink till his buttocks have found his heels. I am at the garden end of the large circle. For me there is a pillow. I shall remember it long, this first moment upon my knees, these Japanese gentlemen, like porcelain figures, sedately in a ring. They fan themselves assiduously.

The room smiles in its confidence of dimension. No solitary adornment breaks the openness. Two alcoves lie in the opposite wall; above the one a lattice door; within the other a metal vase, and behind the vase a poem in large ideographs, saying that morality is like the bamboo, meaning that it is straight and strong and true.

The president of the bank whispers to the doctor, who whispers to the mayor, who looks at me, begs me be at my greatest ease, not to sit upon my heels, but to kick my legs freely from under. I obey, it may be too eagerly, for all are amused; the fans express it; and the fluttering floats beyond the room where, in the doorway, in the vestibule, in the street, from every projection of the houses round, sallow faces and squirrel-like eyes follow the scene.

'We are touched by this coming of the friend of a friend of ours,' the mayor begins.

Then another, 'And we hope that the sun has not been too hot.'

'We hope that the dust has not been too heavy.'

'We hope that the road has not been too weary.'

'We are grieved that we have so little to give.'

And an old woman, 'But we have our hearts.'

The talk that continues so simple has yet something singular. At first I thought it ignorance of words, but now I know that it is more than words. There is an emphasis that resides wholly within the idea, and still wears as an insistent rhythm wears. The drum in Oriental music has grossly that effect. It is as if the speech smothered a passion in the thought, so that, though the thought could glow, it could not flame. As it heats, however, its sense clears. The interpreter is easier to follow.

The glasses of sake meanwhile circle, and a nervous bowing seesaws the air. A gentleman slides up to speak to me alone. It has to do with his perplexity at my having journeyed so far to visit so uncharted a spot. Another comes to tell me of an English teacher in the middle school in Kagoshima who after twenty-five years can speak no Japanese, is married to a Japanese who can speak no English, the partnership ironically happy. One tells me that to-morrow he will show me the sword dance, by which in times of national discouragement the spirit has often been kept alive. One declaims that for scientists and artists there is no nation. One cleaves in: Even should there be war between my country and his, I need have no fear. One hastens to explain that the phrase, 'even should there be war,' implies only an extreme contingency.

Then out of the crowd someone calls for banzai. Banzai means ten thousand years of prosperity. Each gentleman at once shifts from his haunches forward to his knees, the swarthy circle seeming fiercely to come down upon me. Lugubriously and marvelously someone pronounces my name. Lugubriously and marvelously all pronounce it after him, and on the last tone appear to brace themselves, to set their faces, to suck a blast from somewhere deep below, then splatter forth: 'Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!'

This is the first free burst of flame. It is damped as by a hand. What occurs is like a chill change of mood. But among so many I look about me almost expecting something physical to explain it. A boy slides toward me, bows low, addresses me formally. Then all bow low and mumble formally, and disappear. I say disappear, because the speed with which they go, the lack of bustle, the noiselessness, would in the Western world beg for comparison unless among apparitions.

I rise and stretch upon my toes and feel myself thin and tall. For the first time I note how very low the room is. Everything was meant to be seen from one's knees. The lovely instinct worked from that point, conceived the garden, and placed the narrow street. The latter is deserted now, the sun is gone, and round me in an empty room runs a ring of empty cups.

II

The light has begun to fade. The garden walled, the trees dwarfed, a rain basin cut as if by water long dripping on rock, straw-roofed outhouses with toyhouse angles — all that even at noon must be unreal when twilight falls is dream. It seems somehow somewhere else, and I myself in no such undoubted place as Funakura in Satsuma in Kiushiu.

A great Japanese emperor once said: 'Twilight is everywhere.' He was looking then, as I am looking now, out upon dream, and I see that such a setting may give a simple musing depth. I believe the schoolboy who tells me the words are a poem, that they may even be a great poem.

Did the emperor mean that some hour of beauty is part of every place and thing? Or did he mean merely that the immensities are common, to every creature sun and air? Being an emperor, it is the latter that he meant, very likely; yet one may have hoped, knowing now how unutterable are the twilights in these islands, that there was something also of the former. The former is what the twilight means. It is as were it saying: 'Follow me; see how I float lightly out of the heaviness of night, and how I conclude in an intelligible gentleness the unintelligible hardness of day; twice in each diurnal revolution I cast this mantle of mood, cast it always with a feeling of flight; when I glower, I smile; from a capacity that never knew ache of emptiness I bring always the fresh kakemono.'

In the little street a holy man goes by, lifts his eyes heavenward, drops them again, chooses to look within instead of without. A student under a stupendous straw, more like a sail than a hat, reads in a book as he walks, stumbles nearly headlong, but sticks to his page. An elderly man contends with an elderly man, passionately and all-excludingly, his coachman of the emblazoned ramshackle coach watching apparently nothing more remarkable than the dirt that is driving backward while he is driving forward. But Buddha is wise. He expects a slow conviction, or perhaps he expects none, paints for the charm of painting. To-night he uses grays — pale grays and heavy, grays far away that are nearly black, grays overhead that are like the grays in Dutch skies with the filmiest overlay of gold, and in the west above the rooftops a gray that is drunk with red.

Silently, as is the rule of the Japanese meal, we hurry through the rice and tea. To-night the village fêtes the god of business. The god of business is not important among gods; his affair has been left to boys of fifteen. Early they canvassed for paper lanterns, brought them to the end of the street, where the village shrine stands upon a mound of ground.

At the foot of the mound are two tall poles, and on the top of the poles, but as if high above and pressed into the pale heaven, two pale lanterns. With the darkening these take body, and those yellow ones low along the ground grow yellower. One by one the houses bring forth the lanterns of the houses, the coats of arms upon them smeared by weather. Patches of holiday kimono stamp increasingly this gilded darkness. The darkness reels, sport movements break it, wind and children jostle and jar. It is the Orient of night and fancy and freakish shape and freakish motion. It is imagery on an eyelid, riot without clash, carnival in dream.

But there is no sound above the blunt footfall. At Rosmersholm it is said the children never wept and the old never laughed. That keeps returning to me now, for these children never weep, and the laughter is not like laughter, is much of mind, and little — but I am not sure — of heart.

We mingle with the throng, follow eighty-year-old grandmother into the street. Grandmother lived in this village when Perry put into Tokyo Bay, saw one generation troop to the Chinese-Japanese war and the next to the Japanese-Russian, can count a family seven hundred years on one plot. Where she comes the crowd yields.

'That lantern at the roof edge,' a man in the crowd points to a cylinder yellow and huge, with one pitchy ideograph at its middle, 'how long do you think it has hung there?'

Seeing it is thickly oiled, I venture it may be so much as a year.

'A year!' He has a voice of thunder. 'Half a century. It was put there to remember the day Sizuka was betrothed. That was the tenth of the Meiji.'

A woman hobbles from the house, says she has heard talk, understands the foreigner thinks her lantern odd. She will make a gift of it to the foreigner. I am affrighted at the thought, assure her that I could not be the one to profit by so unusual an act. Peremptorily she lays discussion, knocks the glorious thing from its holdings, presents it with its past and its cobwebs.

We continue through the throng. At the end of the street, on the top of the mound, is a small stone box with a poor gilded image. A taper burns before the image. The breeze snuffs the taper again and again, but the boy who has charge remains as unperturbed as a cherub. Each time he relights, a shiver runs in the dark, and for a moment the gilded thing comes alive. I step before the gilded thing. I step away. Grandmother follows me. And queer is the effect of that. For a curtain, it seems, has been let down, and when it lifts it is as upon someone else, so is the change like transfiguration. Something appears actually gone out of her. There is the deadness of a portrait, and the effect is only heightened by the black kimono and the parched feet and the gray hair flat against the rocky head. The centuries between us stare. She sinks. She prays. When she rises, whatever it was, it drops like a cloak, and she goes from the mound gay and vivid as she came.

We descend again to the street. Several join us, among them a boatman and a tall woman, and together we make for the river. The tall woman carries a tall lantern. We leave the throng, enter a dark little way where only a single shop lamp has still the dim hope of some belated transaction. Under the lamp a frog, a prodigious instance, skin slopping like an animal of the opera, bounds boldly out of his gutter, eyes me, compels me to go round him, and, when I am gone round, with a flop flings himself about, and in his gigantic absurdity continues to eye my disappearing visibility.

The river is black, the boat blacker, a long boat steady as a raft. The Japanese huddle at one end, and the tall woman holds the lantern low, so that the shadows over the huddle lose themselves upward. The tall woman does not hail from these parts; her sharpness is outlandish where all is soft. When we have got to the other shore, unexpectedly she is brushed by the overhanging cedars, starts to shriek, catches herself, quickly doubles her thin length, half smothers the shriek between her knees.

The boatman looks long at her, shakes his head, then says gruffly: 'Too shallow for a body to drown.'

And the huddle is convulsed at his words. Convulsed, but without a tone, and quieted by the vision of a barge approaching like a phantom. It is not the barge that one sees, only its contour in mist floating considerably above the level of the river. One knows that the lanterns are deep in the hull, that the barge is really an inverted lampshade, and yet one is confused at what can be the source of such a ghost. I am all won over to long low boats and pale living lanterns. They make life by making mood, and show the hand of man as not always rude in the face of nature.

While the barge is passing, the boatman trails his oar, then takes it up again. It is a huge oar, and he swings ponderously on the hinges of his ankles. There is about the movement the peace of a heavy pendulum. The silence adds to the feeling. Only once does he tear the night with his big voice, and once the keel divides the weeds, and a bird wakens and sends a single terrified cry through the dark. Immediately there is a whirring needling above our heads.

'It is bad,' the boatman grumbles, 'it is bad. Look there, the dragon flies!'

They move in the night like figures seen through water, and the silence is even deeper after this, for everyone knows that in the bodies of the dragon flies dwell the souls of the dead.

At a landing we tumble over the rim of the boat, and pick a way between large boulders up a hillside. Behind us, in glimpses, the other shore. The other shore might be a hanging lit by a poor calcium light. But the spell is broken. My companions have begun again to talk. Suddenly they burst in truculent dispute. Something about a new railroad. This railroad, it is the loud hope, will push through Sendai to a point above where we are. Me they forget in their earnest, go on without me, the talk going with them.

For some minutes I have been sensible of movement in the one house on this bank, it may be forty feet below; and now the boarding separates, and the interior of a room is disclosed. Candlelight comes from a lantern the shape of a toy drum. A man lies on his arms, his feet swinging up behind him; he is old; his chest is propped by a pillow; he moves his finger along the page as he reads by this light so perfect for any other purpose. Next him kneels a woman, sleeping, but balanced. The top and the sides of the room are in shadow.

I am saying to myself that a Japanese idyl has come to me through a kind of rift in eternity, when I see that there must also be a room to the left, for a door opens, and into the bright rectangle steps the naked figure of a girl somewhere in her late teens. She stoops for her geta, moves across the dark front of the stage, takes a place between the old woman and the old man, then draws a kimono toward her shoulder. But the kimono slips to her hips, making it appear she has risen from the cloth by some mischievous touch. Her skin is dark, her hair black, her breasts firm and virgin. The night shrinks to mere accompaniment. I cease almost to breathe, fearing some snap will discover me. And so it does. The Japanese are returning, loud still on their railroad. The young thing only casually turns, only casually regards us, in part conceals herself.

A few minutes later our path leads by the front of the house. The old man bows, and the old woman bows; the face of the young woman is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen.

MARCO POLO'S LIVES AND MINE

BY VIOLA C. WHITE

From the silver aureole about his slack gray paws, from the wide-eyed kitten face contrasting with his corpulent maturity like some superfine soft owl, and from his perfect knowledge of where to place himself in every landscape most to beautify it, I judge that Marco Polo has attained unto the seventh of his incarnations. He wakes, to cast a green, severe look upon me before sleep converts him utterly into a breathing mat, the fur at the centre heaving up and down with his tranced purrs.

I think he guesses, with the clairvoyance won from Egyptian vigil and those high fence ways he walks where I should fall, that I envy him his gift of nine lives, and that now, while the more-than-twice-born sleeps, I am going to pretend his nine lives are my own.

Marco, I know I have no right! You are not even my cat. Be a little generous! I will give them all back when you stir — but I am too weary of galloping always, leaving behind beauty, leisure, and irrelevancies as I tear to keep pace with the one existence fate has doled out. Now, luxury! I shall have space to be expansively noble, to be absurd. Space, but not too much time, for Marco may wake. Each life must be rounded, deep, and brief, timed to the rhythm of his tranced purrs.

1. The scholar. Creaking spiral stairs of libraries, up which I pass to my own table in dust-hung galleries; untoward hours when I flit to and fro, a ragged scarecrow, on campuses, glancing at some clock half overgrown with ivy. Not Europe only. Walls of the Orient that too much sun has crumbled shall receive me. We meet disreputably, fellow students, at our chosen tavern. Ambrosial discussion; wine; ribaldry; brawls. What a thing to strike one's head against, — the wrought Indian shield of shining brass, — what a thing to behold through blue smoke for one's last, lingering gaze! I have taken towers of notes, imparted not one tittle, and the lively curse of acquaintances resounds as they peer through the intricate manuscript written in undecipherable code. My spirit hovers with interest before passing to

2. The farmer. The service of the earth; the pacing herds; the streaming pail; the cart wheel slicing the black loam; the tyrant seasons. When I marry it is but to move from my father's farm to my own across the road. Every circumstance of my school days, my wedding, the rearing of my family, the neighbors know even better than I. I sleep in the fullness of years, and when the anniversary of my birthday rolls around they put hydrangeas upon my grave, in milk bottles shiningly clean and filled with water, to keep the heavy-headed flowers fresh the longer.

3. The traveler. Every month is my migratory season. Wherever stream can leap I shall leap. I shall spend my life following rivers. Orinoco, Penobscot, Beaver Kill, Dnieper, Congo,

Kennebec — they are the streets of my wild, mysterious state. No valley the mists leave reluctantly, no fiord slope where sun walks late, no far horizon line that sprouts glittering towns like cherub wings, shall be unknown to me. When finally I miss my footing on some inaccessible peak and traverse the distance it has taken the stream four million years to hollow out, I shall pass in the twinkling of an eye to

4. Wife and mother. A perilous adventure, to find the snubbed irrelevancies of husband and self now manifested more firmly than in marble in the being of our young. Our power is too frightful — we stand like witch and warlock over our material. Is it possible that the creatures of our flesh revolt against us? What if they conquer us? What if, in so conquering, they satisfy some wild anarchic desire of my own against which all my established life fiercely contends? I shall need something comparatively restful after this.

5. Poet. Not a jagged young poet full of teeth, but a mellow middle-aged bard who lives in the sort of august seclusion that provokes publicity. I have a yellow house beside the sea. Swallows encircle my head when I walk. Do I desire friends to share my perfect meal and watch in the wide sunset the green crabs fighting on the shore? I send up a skyrocket as messenger. Even my friend the emperor will come at a certain celestial signal. The confidential interviewer of wind and wave and mandarins of old, the poet laureate to distinguished gatherings, I behold beautiful women and unpreoccupied men hang upon my autumnal sighings. Posterity is in its proper place, in gocarts. I pat it on the head and pick up its rubber rings for it. Still without a rival, still in demand, I expire with reluctance into

6. Lover. One love is too small for me, the will-o'-the-wisp, the child with sea-green eyes and hair the color of maple leaves in April when the sun shines through them, the child with many lovers. I give, with beauty and a dreamy wonder, as the young earth gives, in spring. And if there are those who think me too generous with my favor let them look upon my serene maturity following a fantastic youth, and be satisfied. I live in the lives of those about me. Like some inarticulate earth goddess I surround children and dogs, men and women, with my ample affection. My old friend Richard obtains a clerkship — hour after hour I brood upon it with deep happiness. Pauline, the scorned, the detested, is in hospital, forbidden by physicians to see anyone — an unnecessary prohibition, for who would come? I come and stand for a long interval of time outside the room with my hand upon the doorknob, that she may know she is not alone. When I die I am bitterly missed by many obscure and unimportant people.

7. Scourge of God. The wind, which blows where it alone desires, has blown all my toys away — length of years, leisure, family, position, fame. Night and day before my eyes something appears that has no archetype on earth. How can I, miserable man that I am, create its like? By implacable truth I see humanity as herded cattle. While prison exists I am not free; while poverty exists I am accursed. With lightnings of the border from which I came I smite the evildoer. To my end, bitter, shameful, and overwhelming, I am reconciled.

8. Invalid. Here is the mountain wall against which all the soft, vague clouds of the world break and thereby fructify the populous valleys. So everlasting is it that if a god come down there is no other way that he can

pass. The mountain wall is the height of my agony. Yet in a small village I am merely one passing subject of commiserating gossip, or exist only as a name to hush children when they come too near. I go, unregretted, to

9. Sage. I am old enough to let any ragtag, bobtail, or baby give me either dole or greeting. I sit in the torrid sun with my beggar's bowl, beside the brown river — calm, passive, remembering. There is something in the outer manifestations of this my ninth life so forcibly recalling Marco Polo's that I glance suddenly in his direction, to meet the green, severe gaze again upon me.

Take them all back, Marco! I have lived all nine of them in one firelit hour full of vivid shapes.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE HONORABLE ALFRED E. SMITH

I

Sir: —

The American people take pride in viewing the progress of an American citizen from the humble estate in which his life began toward the highest office within the gift of the nation. It is for this reason that your candidacy for the Presidential nomination has stirred the enthusiasm of a great body of your fellow citizens. They know and rejoice in the hardship and the struggle which have fashioned you as a leader of men. They know your fidelity to the morality you have advocated in public and private life and to the religion you have revered; your great record of public trusts successfully and honestly discharged; your spirit of fair play, and justice even to your political opponents. Partisanship bids fair to quail before the challenge of your personality, and men who vote habitually against your party are pondering your candidacy with sincere respect; and yet — through all this tribute there is a note of doubt, a sinister accent of interrogation, not as to intentional rectitude and moral purpose, but as to certain conceptions which your fellow citizens attribute to you as a loyal and conscientious Roman Catholic, which in their minds are irreconcilable with that Constitution which as President you must support and defend, and with the principles of civil and religious liberty on which American institutions are based.

To this consideration no word of yours, or on your behalf, has yet been addressed. Its discussion in the interests of the public weal is obviously necessary, and yet a strange reticence avoids it, often with the unjust and withering attribution of bigotry or prejudice as the unworthy motive of its introduction. Undoubtedly a large part of the public would gladly avoid a subject the discussion of which is so unhappily associated with rancor and malevolence, and yet to avoid the subject is to neglect the profoundest interests in our national welfare.

American life has developed into a variety of religious beliefs and ethical systems, religious and nonreligious, whose claims press more and more upon public attention. None of these presents a more definite philosophy or makes a more positive demand upon the attention and reason of mankind than your venerable Church, which recently at Chicago, in the greatest religious demonstration that the world has ever seen, declared her presence and her power in American life. Is not the time ripe and the occasion opportune for a declaration, if it can be made, that shall clear away all doubt as to the reconcilability of her status and her claims with American constitutional principles? With such a statement the only question as to your proud eligibility to the Presidential office would disappear, and the doubts of your fellow citizens not of the Roman Catholic Church would be instantly resolved in your favor.

The conceptions to which we refer are not superficial. They are of the very life and being of that Church, determining its status and its relation to the State, and to the great masses of men whose convictions deny them the privilege of membership in that Church. Surely the more conscientious the Roman Catholic, and the more loyal to his Church, the more sincere and unqualified should be his acceptance of such conceptions.

These conceptions have been recognized before by Roman Catholics as a potential obstacle to their participation in public office, Pope Leo XIII himself declaring, in one of his encyclical letters, that 'it may in some places be true that for most urgent and just reasons it is by no means expedient for (Roman) Catholics to engage in public affairs or to take an active part in politics.'

It is indeed true that a loyal and conscientious Roman Catholic could and would discharge his oath of office with absolute fidelity to his moral standards. As to that in general, and as to you in particular, your fellow citizens entertain no doubt. But those moral standards differ essentially from the moral standards of all men not Roman Catholics. They are derived from the basic political doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, asserted against repeated challenges for fifteen hundred years, that God has divided all power over men between the secular State and that Church. Thus Pope Leo XIII, in 1885, in his encyclical letter on *The Christian Constitution of States*, says: 'The Almighty has appointed the charge of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil, the one being set over divine, and the other over human things.'

The deduction is inevitable that, as all power over human affairs, not given to the State by God, is given by God to the Roman Catholic Church, no other churches or religious or ethical societies have in theory any direct power from God and are without direct divine sanction, and therefore without natural right to function on the same basis as the Roman Catholic Church in the religious and moral affairs of the State. The result is that that Church, if true to her basic political doctrine, is hopelessly committed to that intolerance that has disfigured so much of her history. This is frankly admitted by Roman Catholic authorities.

Pope Pius IX in the famous Syllabus (1864) said: 'To hold that national churches, withdrawn from the authority of the Roman Pontiff and altogether separated, can be established, is error.'

That great compendium of Roman Catholic teaching, the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, declares that the Roman Catholic Church 'regards dogmatic intolerance, not alone as her incontestable right, but as her sacred duty.' It is obvious that such convictions leave nothing in theory of the religious and moral rights of those who are not Roman Catholics. And, indeed, that *is* Roman Catholic teaching and the inevitable deduction from Roman Catholic claims, if we use the word 'rights' strictly. Other churches, other religious societies, are tolerated in the State, not by right, but by favor.

Pope Leo XIII is explicit on this point: 'The (Roman Catholic) Church, indeed, deems it unlawful to place the various forms of divine worship on the same footing as the true religion, but does not, on that account, condemn those rulers who, for the sake of securing some great good or of hindering some great evil, allow patiently custom or usage to be a kind of sanction for each kind of religion having its place in the State.'

That is, there is not a lawful equality of other religions with that of the Roman Catholic Church, but that Church will allow state authorities for politic reasons — that is, by favor, but not by right — to tolerate other religious societies. We would ask, sir, whether such favors can be accepted in place of rights by those owning the name of freemen?

II

Furthermore, the doctrine of the Two Powers, in effect and theory, inevitably makes the Roman Catholic Church at times sovereign and paramount over the State. It is true that in theory the doctrine assigns to the secular State jurisdiction over secular matters and to the Roman Catholic Church jurisdiction over matters of faith and morals, each jurisdiction being exclusive of the other within undisputed lines. But the universal experience of mankind has demonstrated, and reason teaches, that many questions must arise between the State and the Roman Catholic Church in respect to which it is impossible to determine to the satisfaction of both in which jurisdiction the matter at issue lies.

Here arises the irrepressible conflict. Shall the State or the Roman Catholic Church determine? The Constitution of the United States clearly ordains that the State shall determine the question. The Roman Catholic Church demands for itself the sole right to determine it, and holds that within the limits of that claim it is superior to and supreme over the State. The *Catholic Encyclopedia* clearly so declares: 'In case of direct contradiction, making it impossible for both jurisdictions to be exercised, the jurisdiction of the Church prevails and that of the State is excluded.' And Pope Pius IX in the Syllabus asserted: 'To say in the case of conflicting laws enacted by the Two Powers, the civil law prevails, is error.'

Extreme as such a conclusion may appear, it is inevitable in Roman Catholic philosophy. That Church by the very theory of her existence cannot yield, because what she claims as her right and her truth she claims is hers by the 'direct act of God'; in her theory, God himself directly forbids. The State cannot yield because of a great mass of citizens who are not Roman Catholics. By its constitutional law and in the nature of things, practices of religion in its opinion inconsistent with its peace and safety are unlawful; the law of its being — the law of necessity — forbids. If we could all concede the 'divine and exclusive' claims of the Roman Catholic Church, conflict would be eliminated; but, as it is, there is a wide consensus of opinion that those claims are false in fact and in flat conflict with the very being and order of the State.

In our constitutional order this consensus is bulwarked on the doctrine of the Supreme Court of the United States that our religious liberty and our constitutional guaranties thereof are subject to the supreme qualification that religious 'practices inconsistent with the peace and safety of the State shall not be justified.' (*Watson* v. *Jones* 13 Wall. p. 579)

The Roman Catholic Church, of course, makes no claim, and never has made any claim, to jurisdiction over matters that *in her opinion* are solely secular and civil. She makes the claim obviously only when the matter in question is not, *in her opinion*, solely secular and civil. But as determination of jurisdiction, in a conflict with the State, rests solely in her sovereign discretion, no argument is needed to show that she may in theory and effect annihilate the rights of all who are not Roman Catholics, sweeping into the jurisdiction of a single religious society the most important interests of human well-being. The education of youth, the institution of marriage, the international relations of the State, and its domestic peace, as we shall proceed to show, are, in certain exigencies, wrested from the jurisdiction of the State, in which all citizens share, and confided to the jurisdiction of a single religious society in which all citizens cannot share, great numbers being excluded by the barriers of religious belief. Do you, sir, regard such claims as tolerable in a republic that calls itself free?

And, in addition to all this, the exclusive powers of the Roman Catholic Church are claimed by her to be vested in and exercised by a sovereignty that is not only created therefor by the special act of God, but is foreign and extraterritorial to these United States and to all secular states. This sovereignty, by the highest Roman Catholic authority, that of Pope Leo XIII, is not only superior in theory to the sovereignty of the secular State, but is substituted upon earth in place of the authority of God himself.

We quote Pope Leo in his encyclical letter on *The Christian Constitution of States:* 'Over the mighty multitude of mankind, God has set rulers with power to govern, and He has willed that one of them (the Pope) should be the head of all.' We quote Pope Leo in his encyclical letter on *The Reunion of Christendom:* 'We who hold upon this earth the place of God Almighty.'

It follows naturally on all this that there is a conflict between authoritative Roman Catholic claims on the one side and our constitutional law and principles on the other. Pope Leo XIII says: 'It is not lawful for the State, any more than for the individual, either to disregard all religious duties or to hold in equal favor different kinds of religion.' But the Constitution of the United States declares otherwise: 'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.'

Thus the Constitution declares the United States shall hold in equal favor different kinds of religion or no religion and the Pope declares it is not lawful to hold them in equal favor. Is there not here a quandary for that man who is at once a loyal churchman and a loyal citizen?

Pope Leo says that the Roman Catholic Church 'deems it unlawful to place the various forms of divine worship on the same footing as the true religion.' But the Supreme Court of the United States says that our 'law knows no heresy and is committed to the support of no dogma, the establishment of no sect.' (*Watson* v. *Jones* 13 Wall. p. 728)

Americans indulge themselves in the felicitation that they have achieved an ideal religious situation in the United States. But Pope Leo, in his encyclical letter on *Catholicity in the United States*, asserts: 'It would be very erroneous to draw the conclusion that in America is to be sought the type of the most desirable status of the Church.' The modern world reposes in the comfortable reflection that the severance of Church and State has ended a long and unhappy conflict, when the same Pope calls our attention to the error of supposing 'that it would be universally lawful or expedient for State and Church to be, as in America, dissevered and divorced.'

Is our law, then, in papal theory, no law? Is it contrary to natural right? Is it in conflict with the will and fiat of Almighty God? Clearly the Supreme Court and Pope Leo are profoundly at variance. Is it not obvious that such a difference of opinion, concerning the fundamental rights between two sovereignties operating within the same territory, may, even with the best intentions and the most sensitive consciences, be fruitful of political offenses that are odious among men?

Citizens who waver in your support would ask whether, as a Roman Catholic, you accept as authoritative the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church that in case of contradiction, making it impossible for the jurisdiction of that Church and the jurisdiction of the State to agree, the jurisdiction of the Church shall prevail; whether, as statesman, you accept the teaching of the Supreme Court of the United States that, in matters of religious practices which in the opinion of the State are inconsistent with its peace and safety, the jurisdiction of the State shall prevail; and, if you accept both teachings, how you will reconcile them.

III

At the present time no question assumes greater importance than the education of youth. The legislatures of Tennessee, of Oregon, and of Nebraska have of late laid impious hands upon it and the judiciary has sternly curbed them. From what has been said above, it is clear that the claims of the Roman Catholic Church touching this point, more than those of any other institution, may conflict with the authority of the State.

It is true that in the famous Oregon School cases the Supreme Court of the United States held a state law unconstitutional that forbade parents to educate their children at church schools of every denomination. But there was no assertion in the law that the church schools in question gave instruction inconsistent with the peace and safety of the State and there was no allegation of that tenor in the pleadings. On the record the church schools were void of offense. But, had that feature existed in the cases, it would necessarily have led to a reversal of the decision. There would have been a conflict between Church and State as to whether the instruction was inconsistent with the peace and safety of the State. The Roman Catholic Church, if true to her doctrine and dogma, would have had to assert exclusive jurisdiction over the determination of this point. Equally the State, in self-preservation, would have had to assert exclusive jurisdiction. The conflict would have been irreconcilable. What would have been the results and what the test of a sincere and conscientious Roman Catholic in executive office or on the bench?

Nothing can be clearer to the American mind than that the plain political teaching of Pope Pius IX and of Pope Leo XIII, as set forth in their encyclical letters, is inconsistent with the peace and safety of the State within the meaning of those words as used by the Supreme Court of the United States in its great decision. That it is 'not lawful for the State to hold in equal favor different kinds of religion'; that it is not universally lawful for the State and the Roman Catholic Church to be dissevered and divorced; that the various kinds of religion in theory have their place in the State, not by natural right, but by favor; that dogmatic intolerance is not alone the incontestable right of the Roman Catholic Church, but her sacred duty; that in the case of conflicting laws of the State and the Roman Catholic Church the law of that Church shall prevail, are propositions that would make up a strange textbook for the instruction of American youth.

IV

A direct conflict between the Roman Catholic Church and the State arises on the institution of marriage, through the claim of that Church that in theory in the case of all baptized persons, quite irrespective of specific consent, Protestants and Roman Catholics alike, jurisdiction touching marriage is wrested from the State and appropriated to the Roman Catholic Church, its exercise reposing ultimately in the Pope. In Roman Catholic theory the civil contract over which the State claims jurisdiction merges in the religious sacrament of marriage, which is, as to baptized persons, exclusively within the jurisdiction of the Roman Catholic Church. Pope Pius IX in 1864 proclaimed in the famous Syllabus: 'It is error to hold that the sacrament of marriage is only a something accessory to the contract and separate from it.'

It would be generally conceded that the Roman Catholic Church — and indeed any religious society — has the natural right, in case of a question as to the validity of the marriage of a member, to determine as to whether that member may receive its sacramental ministrations and on what terms. Action by the Church would obviously relate only to the religious incidents of the civil contract and would leave untouched the civil contract over which the State claims jurisdiction. But the doctrine expressed by Pope Pius IX and the nature of the claims of his Church forbid such reasonable action. The Church proceeds in disregard of the law and sovereignty of the State, and claims, at its discretion, the right to annul and destroy the bond of the civil contract. The practical result of such claims in the conflict of Church and State appears in the light of the recent and notorious annulment of the Marlborough marriage.

The essential facts are few. It was the case of a marriage between two 'Protestants,' solemnized within the sovereignty of the State of New York, by ecclesiastics of the Episcopal Church duly authorized in the matter by the commission of that sovereignty. The parties took up their residence within the sovereignty of England. Twenty-five years after the marriage, and after the birth of two children, the wife, disregarding the remedy of annulment that existed in the law of England and in the law of New York, as well as in the Roman Catholic Church (and, if she were entitled to it at all, could have been had for the asking in either jurisdiction), sued the husband for divorce in the English courts, on the grounds of his gross misconduct. The divorce was granted. After the divorce both parties contracted civil marriages with new partners, religious marriages being difficult for them for obvious reasons. The wife's second marriage was contracted with a Roman Catholic. An annulment of the first marriage became manifestly desirable.

In the courts of New York and of England, several matters barred the way. New York had solemnized the contract under the due and usual safeguards as to the freedom of the contracting parties, and, in her sovereign right, recognized the contract as valid. England, at the request of the wife, had recognized the New York contract as valid and had taken jurisdiction over it so as to base the civil decree of divorce upon it. The parties for twenty-five years had proceeded in a course of life based on the assumption that the marriage was valid, and the wife, by her own election under the advice of able counsel, had waived all claim to annulment and had sought divorce. In the jurisprudence of every civilized country the wife was estopped from claiming annulment, by her own acts, by the lapse of time, and by the conclusive presumptions of secular law established in the interest of social morality and the sanctity of contracts. But the wife applied to the Roman Catholic authorities, who granted the annulment upon the theory that she had been under fear and duress at the time of the marriage thirty-one years before, and had not known in all that time that such fear, if it existed, established her right in the Roman Catholic court to an annulment. Disregarding facts in the case which might reflect upon the ingenuousness of the ecclesiastical court of the Sacred Rota at Rome, we would point solely to the fact that in the proceeding before that court the sovereignties of New York State and of England, and all that they had done in the matter, were ignored. The evidence at the time on the record of the English court, and conclusively against the claims of the wife, was not even produced. The decree was granted on an *ex parte* hearing, on the testimony of interested witnesses only. It would be difficult to find a more utter disregard of the sovereignty of States than this by the sovereignty of Rome, touching that comity which, in good morals and public decency, is supposed to exist between sovereign powers.

In your opinion, sir, are such proceedings consistent with the peace and safety of States?

V

The Mexican situation has brought the claims of the Roman Catholic Church into great prominence in this country. It is inevitably linked with issues that will concern the Executive Office at Washington for the next term. We have been very fully advised of the claims of the Church in the matter through the official opinion of that eminent jurist and Roman Catholic, Mr. William D. Guthrie, of the American Bar, prepared at the request of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of America and extensively circulated.

Mr. Guthrie challenges the right of Mexico to enact into her constitution the provision that 'the Mexican law recognizes no juridical (that is, juristic) personality in the religious institutions known as churches.'

It must be borne in mind that this provision is not a statutory enactment of administrative law under a constitution — it is a part of the constitution itself, of the organic law legally adopted by the political sovereignty of the Mexican people, absolute and supreme in creating their constitutional conditions. The opinion claims that this provision violates international law, the principles of liberty and justice of the civilized world and of American constitutional law. If the opinion is right, then a political sovereignty, convinced that its existence is best served by the constitutional elimination of churches as juristic personalities, cannot lawfully proceed so to decree in its constitution.

Further, Mr. Guthrie maintains: 'The Roman Catholic Church is not opposing the separation of Church and State in Mexico, provided that such separation be not a sham or screen, and will leave the Church free to teach the Gospel, to educate children, and inculcate sound and true spiritual doctrine and moral rules of conduct, without dictation from or supervision by government officials, and subject to reasonable police regulation.'

The opinion proceeds upon the theory that the Roman Catholic Church should determine, in case of conflict with Mexican sovereignty, what are 'sound and true spiritual doctrine and moral rules of conduct.' The political teaching of Pope Leo XIII or the Syllabus of Pope Pius IX would be regarded as sound and true by the Roman Catholic Church, but it would in reason be regarded as suicide by the autonomous Mexican State — or any other State.

Mr. Guthrie enthusiastically quotes Lord Acton: 'Where ecclesiastical authority is restricted, religious liberty is denied.' And he invokes public opinion in the United States, and international opinion generally, in a protest against the Mexican constitutional and legal situation, because, he says, it is 'in clear conflict with the basic doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, and the deep belief of her members, that she is ecumenical and universal in the very sense and scope of the belief that all people ought to worship God, and that their Church (the Roman Catholic Church) was founded by Christ, true God and true Man, for the governance of all men living under the skies.'

The claim here asserted for the Roman Catholic Church is exclusive of every other religious foundation as having any spiritual rights under the Saviour of Mankind; and it is bluntly asserted in a word that connotes a sovereign jurisdiction in theory over all men in spiritual affairs without regard to their assent. It is the last official promulgation of the ancient and dangerous theory of the Two Powers.

Americans, as well as other peoples, may deplore the Mexican standard of what is inconsistent with the peace and order of the State; but we submit that the application of the Mexican standard by the Mexican people in Mexican affairs, in the assertion of an undisputed national sovereignty within its own territory and over its own people, cannot be held contrary to reason, and null and void in law, however much it may impugn the sovereign claims of the Roman Catholic Church, afford a minority a reason for rebellion, or offend the sentiments of other nations.

Mr. Guthrie's appeal opens up international questions of a grave character. He assures us that the problem of dealing with the Mexican situation 'is extremely delicate and complex'; that the Mexicans are 'resentful of foreign advice or interference, especially on our part'; that 'our treatment at times has inflamed a sensitive and proud people to intense indignation' — and so forth.

In all this may inhere a long series of unhappy international episodes. Into the complex of prejudice and resentment of a sensitive and proud people, according to Mr. Guthrie we are to project American opinion that the Mexican Constitution is intolerable because it invades the prerogatives of the ecumenical and universal Roman Catholic Church. We are, by the expression of American opinion, to invade the sovereign rights of Mexico and at the same time to register our own surrender of religious liberty *de jure* to the claims of that Church.

How serious might be the crisis, if Mr. Guthrie's premises were to be accepted by the people of the United States, is seen in his declaration that 'many historical precedents of action on the part of the Government of the United States of America, as well as of other countries, could be cited which would abundantly support a protest or remonstrance, and even armed intervention, at the present time in Mexico, in order to assure to the Mexican people religious liberty.' Armed intervention! — and, Mr. Guthrie goes on to explain, the Papacy and the Mexican Hierarchy refrain from asking for it, not because it is unlawful and unreasonable, but because 'history admonishes them of the horrors of civil war and of the danger of inviting interference by foreign powers and arms to compel what the aggressors conceive to be either religious liberty or the only true faith.' It is clear that Washington is saved an international episode only out of considerations of expediency and policy by the Papacy and the Mexican Hierarchy.

'To this Society (the Roman Catholic Church),' wrote Pope Leo XIII in his encyclical letter on *The Christian Constitution of States*, 'the only begotten Son of God entrusted all the truths which He had taught in order that it might keep and guard them and with lawful authority explain them, and at the same time He commanded all nations to hear the voice of the (Roman Catholic) Church as if it were His own, threatening those who would not hear it with everlasting perdition.'

It is the voice of that Church that speaks to America by the American Hierarchy in the words of its distinguished counsel in the Mexican situation; and your fellow citizens are concerned to inquire what authority you ascribe to that voice.

VI

We have no desire to impute to the Roman Catholic Church aught but high and sincere motives in the assertion of her claims as one of the Two Powers. Her members believe in those claims, and, so believing, it is their conscientious duty to stand for them. We are satisfied if they will but concede that those claims, unless modified and historically redressed, precipitate an inevitable conflict between the Roman Catholic Church and the American State irreconcilable with domestic peace. With two illustrations — and those relating to English Christianity — we have done.

In the sixteenth century the decree of Pope Pius V in terms deposed Elizabeth, Queen of England, from the English throne and absolved her subjects from their allegiance. The result is well known. Much that pertained to the venerable forms of religion in the preceding centuries became associated in the popular mind of England with treason — even the Mass itself when celebrated in the Roman form. Roman Catholics were oppressed in their rights and privileges. Roman Catholic priests were forbidden within the realm. The mills of God turned slowly, but they turned. The Roman Catholics of England endured the penalties of hostile legislation with heroic fortitude and resignation. Public opinion slowly changed and gradually Roman Catholic disabilities were removed, and in 1850, under Cardinal Wiseman, the Roman Catholic Hierarchy was restored in England, with no other condition than that its sees should not use the ancient titles that the Hierarchy of the Church of England had retained. Peace and amity reigned within the realm, irrespective of different religions, and domestic repose marked a happy epoch. But the toleration and magnanimity of England bore strange fruit. Scarcely was the Roman Hierarchy restored to its ancient privileges when the astounding *Apostolic Letter* of Pope Leo XIII appeared (1896), declaring to the world that the orders of the Church of England were void, her priests not priests, her bishops not bishops, and her sacraments so many empty forms.

But this was not all. Reaching hands back through three centuries, the Roman Pontiff drew from obscurity the case of John Felton, an English citizen who in 1570, contrary to the law of treason at that time on the statute book of England, posted on the walls of London the decree of Pope Pius V already referred to, deposing the English Queen. Felton was beatified in 1886 by the act of Pope Leo XIII.

The honors paid him were rendered three hundred years after his treasonable act. There lies their sinister import. They are no part of the mediæval milieu; they belong to the modern world and must have judgment not by mediæval but by modern standards. One would have supposed, in view of the critical situation in modern States in relation to the respect for authority of government and the obedience of citizens to the law, that the beatification might have been omitted. One would have supposed that the changes in political thought and theory through three hundred years would have dictated the wisdom of letting the dead past bury its dead, and the memory of blessed John Felton rest in peace with those abandoned political doctrines that inspired his heroic but unhappy deed.

Is the record of the Roman Catholic Church in England consistent, sir, in your opinion, with the peace and safety of the State?

Nothing will be of greater satisfaction to those of your fellow citizens who hesitate in their endorsement of your candidacy because of the religious issues involved than such a disclaimer by you of the convictions here imputed, or such an exposition by others of the questions here presented, as may justly turn public opinion in your favor.

Yours with great respect,
CHARLES C. MARSHALL

(*The* ATLANTIC'S *columns will be open to further discussion of this subject*)

OUR NAVAL ACADEMY

BY HORACE J. FENTON

I

If there is any profession to-day that requires men of adaptability, of broad and accurate knowledge, men who are spiritually and mentally well disciplined, — cultured, if you please, — it is that of the naval officer. The naval officer probably must face in his career more trying, if not more delicate, situations, perform more varied duties, and adjust himself to more adverse circumstances than must almost anybody else. Besides being a sailor and a military leader, he must be an engineer, something of a scientist, lawyer, business man, educator; and, as passing events in Central America and the Far East indicate, he is frequently compelled to be a diplomat. His academic training, therefore, ought to be as broad and thorough as time and means allow, and the Naval Academy, which is his conduit into the service, should rank second to none as an educational institution.

It may be thought impertinent, perhaps, in the face of victorious elevens and boxing teams and flattering reports by visiting boards, to intimate that this is not the case; that the Naval Academy, *our* Naval Academy, in reality falls considerably short of being as great an educational force as we should like it to be. Such, however, must be the almost inevitable conclusion of anybody who breathes its atmosphere long enough to become tolerably familiar with its government and its methods — provided that he be not burdened with too much Alma Materism or blinded by the glitter of the dress parade.

I have known the Naval Academy for over twenty years. I have seen it grow from an institution of five or six hundred students to its present enrollment of over sixteen hundred. I have watched its transformation from a group of old-fashioned buildings, yet marked by a certain individuality and classic beauty, to its present rather garish magnificence. For more than two decades I have watched our Academy mould the pick of American youth from sometimes puny, undeveloped boys into vigorous, stalwart men; from high-minded, clean boys into still higher-minded, cleaner men; and, I regret to say it, from plain democratic youths into men touched by the blight of snobbery. What I have to say, therefore, about the Naval Academy is not based on hearsay, but on long experience. It will not be eulogistic in tone, yet I hope that it will not be regarded as mere destructive criticism. But there are certain aspects of this great national school, on which we spend hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, which are certainly open to animadversion, and some of these aspects I mean to mention.

When one considers the fact that the administrative head of the Academy changes normally every two years, and that with the change comes a greater or less shifting about of the teaching staff, one cannot help wondering how the school functions as well as it does, or whether it might not function a good deal better if the faculty were more stable. Think of the effect of such a system on any one of our universities. Approximately every two years a new superintendent with a different personality and different ideas takes charge. With him come new heads of departments, a new commandant to enforce the discipline, and a fresh lot of younger officers to carry on much of the classroom work. These officers are not selected because they have any peculiar fitness for teaching: most of them have not looked for years at the subjects which they are expected to teach; many in consequence have rather less knowledge of those subjects than they amassed while midshipmen; and, what perhaps is worse, many find the work extremely distasteful. It would seem as if no school could properly carry on educational work under this system.

In considering this matter, however, it is well to notice that a fair proportion of the teaching staff is composed of civilians, graduates of some of our best universities, who like the work and have special adaptation and training for it. These men carry on some real educational work there and bring to the midshipmen a certain amount of what may loosely be termed university culture. But they are about the only members of the faculty who really attempt to do any effective teaching. The young officer-teachers, it is true, conduct recitations, but with few glittering exceptions they seem to make little effort to present their subjects to their students or to clarify knotty points in them. Then, too, it is well to know that the officers in charge of the station make no pretense about the matter, but very frankly will tell you that the Academy is not, and does not pretend to be, an educational institution; that it is merely a training school where boys are put through a 'course of sprouts' to make them able to command men and ships. I have had them tell me that again and again. A commander in the navy put it to me this way once: 'These boys don't need poetry here; they need power.' And a recent superintendent is reported to have said: 'What the midshipmen need to see most is the stripes on the officers' arms.'

An incident in my own experience well illustrates this peculiar point of view. A few years ago while I was conducting a recitation in *Hamlet*, the head of the English department, now a captain in the navy, came into the section room near the close of the period. I at once called on two midshipmen in succession to answer a simple question bearing on the text. Either through lack of preparation or through confusion over the officer's sudden entrance, both flunked badly. Just then the dismissal bell rang, whereupon the officer sprang to his feet and, shaking a fat forefinger at the two unfortunates, burst out: 'Now, you two young men, let me tell you something.'

Breathless, almost, I waited to hear what he had to say about the value of Shakespeare, the need of careful study, and so forth. Not a syllable of either. All he said was the following, and it has burned in my mind ever since as peculiarly illustrating the regard which ranking officers at Annapolis sometimes seem to have for the cultural subjects in the curriculum: —

'When you two get back to quarters go to the barber shop and get shaved. You are a disgrace to the Naval Academy.'

That recitation certainly ended with a snap, and everybody present was sharply reminded that a neat and natty appearance should come first in the naval profession. Shakespeare was well enough, perhaps, but he should never get in the way of the barber!

Discipline — that is the word. It is the everlasting stringent discipline, which often stresses nonessentials, that makes the Academy function as well as it does. Boys work hard at Annapolis because they have to work hard; they study hard because the lessons are long and classroom help is often lacking. Under this relentless discipline they put forth the best that is in them, which cannot always be said of students elsewhere. If a midshipman oversteps the rules, and they are legion, he is at once 'bawled out' or punished in a severer way. If he becomes slack or lazy or indifferent, he is compelled to brace up, or he is branded a failure and goes out. When a boy enters the Academy he soon learns to get into a rapid stride and to keep everlastingly at it. For this discipline and its effect on the midshipmen I have nothing but praise. Under it the vast majority of them become alert, ready, attentive, and self-possessed to a high degree. Their bearing in public is usually beyond censure.

Thus administrative heads may change frequently, the teaching (training) force may shift like a kaleidoscope, regulations may be altered every little while; nevertheless the Academy continues to function with considerable efficiency, and every spring it graduates in a blaze of glory several hundred specimens of rather vigorous American manhood, very capable as a rule, but broadly educated — no.

II

The traditional method of instruction at the Academy is really a hindrance rather than a help to education. It is not pedagogy. Midshipmen do not go to recitations to be taught, but to exhibit what they have garnered out of the textbooks. The officer-teacher, instructor, assistant professor, associate professor, or professor — all do exactly the same work in their respective departments — is not really expected to teach, but to listen and record marks. Hence to achieve a passing grade becomes a midshipman's main ambition; if he gathers any intellectual or spiritual culture by the way, that is quite secondary. Generally speaking, the instructor is hardly anything more than a referee between the struggling midshipman and the textbook. Owing to this fact, and to the further fact that the lesson assignments are often tremendously long while study periods are sometimes painfully short, it is no wonder that midshipmen frequently feel that they are not learning very much. Said a midshipman to me recently: 'They don't teach you much down there.' And I well remember how jubilantly another once remarked in my presence: 'Well, thank the Lord I've finished calculus.' 'Good,' I said. 'What did you learn about it?' 'Nothing,' said he.

Allowing a reasonable discount for youthful overstatement, one must admit nevertheless that these remarks suggest that the methods of instruction at the Academy might stand considerable improvement. Indeed, to a close observer the midshipmen often seem like children flung into a pool: if they can swim out, well and good; if not, then they go down — or 'out' in a different sense. If a midshipman graduates with a good standing after four years, it is really a credit to his own energy and brains, for he must largely work out his own salvation at the Naval Academy. Classroom instruction avails him but little.

Furthermore, if he graduates with his innate sense of American democracy intact, with no false impressions of his value to the world, he is indeed lucky. A little self-conceit is probably natural to most college graduates. It is a part of the effervescence with which youth is endowed and a result of an inability accurately to estimate values. The Naval Academy is not a hotbed of snobbery, as thoughtless people have sometimes asserted, yet the atmosphere and the environment of a midshipman are such that, if the seeds of snobbishness are in him, they find easy cultivation. He wears a uniform which national prowess has made highly respectable, and extremely attractive to the feminine eye. He is paid liberally by the Government for studying the same courses that college men elsewhere have to pay for out of their own pockets. It is easy for him, therefore, to get the impression very early that he is a select individual, rather above the common herd. He is likely to learn that it is not befitting his station to carry his own luggage if he can help it; that is work for menials. If he learns to be very selective in his associates, it is not surprising, since social as well as military rank is highly esteemed in naval circles, and nowhere more so than in Annapolis. The necessity for being selective may even be forced upon him. Some few years ago a midshipman was severely reprimanded by the commandant for taking to a hop a very respectable young lady then living in the house of a junior officer and looking after the children. What! Bring a governess to an Academy ball! Horrors! But when, a few days later, it was discovered that the young lady in question, who had brought contamination to the regiment, was the daughter of a very eminent Yale professor who had become righteously indignant over the affair, profuse apologies were made by the superintendent — not to the midshipman, but to the Yale professor. This, I think, is an extreme case, not likely to happen often. It illustrates not so much a general Academy rule as the extent to which a single officer may go in his laudable zeal for the welfare of his charges.

The Naval Academy is not at heart a democratic institution. The seeds of genuine democracy are neither sown nor cultivated there. It is therefore no wonder that some young men graduate with a highly magnified sense of their worth. I have personally known more than one member of a graduating class, coming from humble but respectable parentage, openly to ignore both father and mother during the festivities in June Week, presumably because the latter did not fit in with the society of which they themselves were a part. On the other hand, many boys come to the Academy whose natural fibre is too fine and whose common sense is too strong to allow them to become inoculated with the virus of superlative egoism. They are the same upstanding, clear-sighted, democratic fellows when they graduate as they were on the day of their entrance. There are many such in the service today; they are the hope of the service, and of the nation, too. But they are the spiritually sane and strong, whom no environment can materially change.

Unfortunately the Naval Academy often suffers from being a one-man institution. The superintendent, usually a captain or an admiral in the navy, frequently rules the Academy yard as he would the deck of a battleship. His word there is law, and every man, woman, and child bows to that authority. Boards may suggest and advise, but the superintendent decides. Women may fret and wish that the next cup of tea which the superintendent takes may choke him; nevertheless they obey the countless, and sometimes trivial, regulations that emanate from his office. The Academy yard is not large, but within its limits has existed at times a veritable Prussian autocracy. This happily is not the case at present, but there is nothing except the sanity of the superintendent to prevent it.

When a recent superintendent came to the Academy almost the first person he met in a stroll about the yard was the chief of the labor gang.

'What's your job?' demanded the admiral.

'I'm boss of the labor gang, sir,' was the straightforward reply.

'You're boss, are you? Well, let me tell you that in this place there is only one boss, and I am that. Understand?'

Whenever such bossism has existed at the Naval Academy in the past, the inevitable result has been to breed a spirit of subserviency such as one can scarcely find in any other institution of learning within the United States. I have known times when personal independence in small matters or big was permitted to only one man; when to walk humbly before the superintendent became the creed of all who would find life within the Academy yard even passably agreeable; when junior officers who happened to incur the displeasure of the superintendent suddenly found themselves ordered to some distant station; when instructors who dared to evince a modicum of personal spirit were compelled to resign. Thus this great, splendidly equipped, elaborately furnished institution, which ought to be the breeding place of independent thought, simple democracy, and the best American idealism, may, and sometimes has, become a harborage of lick-spittle humility, such as tends to sap one's natural genius as an iron ring around a branch chokes the fibrous growth. Leadership in any institution undoubtedly should be vested in one person, but unless it is tempered by a decent respect for the feelings and opinions of others it is not true leadership. Naval Academy superintendents have not always been leaders of the highest type.

Under the trying conditions which at times obtain it would seem as if the Naval Academy would scarcely attract civilian educators of a very high grade. In fact, a former superintendent is reported to have said: 'No civilian of any real ability would come to the Academy to teach.' If he meant by this remark that the character of the instruction given to the midshipmen was such as did not require any unusual ability, it was a sad commentary on the Academy as a national school. At any rate the remark well illustrates the traditional naval point of view, which is that the Academy, being only a training school, requires neither scholarship nor professional skill nor experience in the faculty, but mainly the presence of men in uniform able to maintain the Spartan discipline. And, as young men can do that as well as old men, only youthful officers are ever sent to the Academy to carry on classroom work. Officers of any considerable rank and experience never do any teaching there. The natural consequence is that the profession of pedagogy is not really held in high repute at the Academy, and the civilian professor, who is devoting his life to the work, is not usually regarded as of much importance in the scheme of things.

It is therefore an easy step to the belief that no man of ability would come to the Academy to teach, and that those who do come are not men of ability or they would go somewhere else. Hence the civilian teachers on the faculty occupy a rather humble sphere. Call them instructors, professors, or what you will, they are generally regarded by the ranking officers at the Academy as necessary appendages, perhaps, but as little more than that.

They are subjected to all the petty annoyances of a military society, but are granted few of its compensations. At most of the social and academic gatherings they take, or are given, a back seat. Their names are printed in the annual Academy register frequently without their academic degrees, although after every officer's name appears his U.S.N. University degrees seem to have but little significance at the Naval Academy. Neither age nor experience nor literary or scholastic accomplishment receives decent recognition. The most accomplished scholar ever attached to the English department, a man of genuine literary ability, who had done more for the study of naval history, for example, than had all the rest of the force put together, was in June 1924 forced out of the Academy because he had somehow incurred the personal ill will of the reigning superintendent; and that, too, after a service of twenty-one years.[1]

Thus the position of the members of what we might call the educative force at the Academy, as distinguished from the training force, is often belittling and unhappy. Only by cultivating a certain callousness to the slights and those 'spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes' can an educator retain any marked degree of self-respect. Much of the recognition that his ability and services at a university should bring him is withheld. Indeed, what he does of a nonintellectual, nonprofessional character seems to be regarded as of more importance than his scholastic accomplishments or his work as a teacher. So we have the rather unedifying spectacle of professors in mathematics, English, and modern languages putting in most of their spare time outside of the classroom coaching officers' bowling teams or midshipmen's tennis and track athletics. And these activities have in more than one case undeniably had their professorial rewards!

III

Educational ideals are apparently not high at our Naval Academy. Greater emphasis seems to be laid on outward appearances than on inward graces. A well-known Maryland jurist, long familiar with the Academy, once said to me: 'It is a good thing for a boy to spend a year or two at the Academy. He learns to say "Sir," is taught to keep his nails clean and the soap out of his ears, and to know the value of a fresh collar once in a while.' The indictment underlying this sarcasm is strong, to say the least, but it shows that to thinking, observing people, who see beneath the glamour of the uniform, our great national school is stressing the unimportant over the important things of life. A department chief who can place a newly reaped chin above the glories of Shakespeare is no slight evidence of that fact.

I have said that the Naval Academy is regarded mainly as a training school. It may be that this is what we wish it to be rather than a national university. It may be that, while Yale, Harvard, and other great institutions continue to stress broad scholarship, we shall continue to be satisfied to have our Naval Academy magnify the importance of the classroom mark and the shaven chin. But if we wish this school to sow in the minds of its students the seeds of a liberal culture as well as to give them a certain readiness to adapt hand and brain to material ends; if, to put it bluntly, we wish the Naval Academy to take equal rank with other American institutions of learning in the classroom as well as on the gridiron and in the ballroom, then certain changes in administration and method should be adopted.

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[1] The hostility of the superintendent was incurred by the professor's contributing to the *Atlantic* two articles critical of the navy and its traditions. See the *Atlantic* for November 1918 and March 1919. — THE EDITORS

A more fixed and more stable policy should obtain at the Academy. A constant shifting of administrative heads can scarcely benefit any institution. Being a naval school, it should be under naval control, but the officers chosen for duty there should be men with especial fitness for it; they should not be selected on the present hit-or-miss plan. To transfer a man from the deck of a battleship to a college classroom for a few months and expect him to do efficient educational work there is about as fatuous a policy as could be devised. It seems worse, perhaps, to place him in a position to supervise such work. Yet this is exactly our policy at the Naval Academy to-day, and it always has been.

Furthermore, the Academy should never be a one-man institution. Its head should be a capable administrator, never a dictator; and broad-minded directorship, when found, should be given some permanency there. The superintendency of the Naval Academy should be such as to encourage independent thought and scholarly ambition, never the subserviency which has certainly vitiated the atmosphere in times past. It should stimulate activity on the part of midshipmen and instructors through ambition rather than through fear.

The cultural education of the men who are to represent us in the ports of the world should be given more serious attention than at present; it should be considered at least as important as the physical training, not less so. In the two great English naval schools the subjects of English, modern languages, and history continue through the four years; with us they practically cease at the end of the second year, and much of the work in these subjects meanwhile is of the preparatory-school order.

Then, too, the teaching body at the Academy should be an educative force, not a mere group of umpires to call strikes and outs. The more professional departments — seamanship, navigation, discipline, and others — should be controlled wholly by naval officers. Unquestionably the naval officer can bring to the midshipman out of his practical experience that which no civilian can bring, and much that the midshipman needs. On the other hand, the departments of English, modern languages, mathematics, and possibly the more technical departments of physics, electricity, and steam engineering, should as surely be filled by university-trained teachers, men who have chosen teaching for their life work and who represent the best cultural and educational ideas of the times. And the members of the civilian corps should be given more permanency; they should not be regarded as temporary appendages, hired from year to year. A professorship at the Academy should mean in both honor and emolument what such a position means in the best universities. To-day it means little except salary. Indeed, if a professor occupies himself outside of the classroom in serious reading or doing some useful work calculated to make himself a better teacher and citizen, instead of playing golf or tennis or bridge whist or coaching midshipmen's athletics, he is likely to be looked upon askance. It would seem as if university ideals in education should prevail at the Academy, not preparatory-school notions.

Moreover, the Academy should be divorced from politics, as are the English naval schools. It is hard to see how this can be done absolutely, since the institution is one of the playthings of Congress, but an effort should be made to minimize political influence over it as much as possible. Appointments to the Academy are still frequently given to curry political favor or to pay a political debt, and rumors that appointments can be purchased for money, and have been purchased, will not down. Political influence has not yet ruined the Academy, but to my certain knowledge it has at times kept slack and unable boys there month after month to the exclusion of possibly worthier ones.

Finally, the ambitions of the midshipmen should be stimulated above the acquisition of marks and the attainment of social and naval rank. In other words, let the Naval Academy strive to educate in the highest sense, to give its students at least the groundwork of a broader and a sounder culture and a keener vision of life's realities, as well as a disciplined hand and brain; and with its material equipment and noble traditions it should become a splendid model for other institutions to follow. American colleges to-day may be said to educate their students without disciplining them very much; the Naval Academy disciplines its students extremely well, but I question if it gives them that broad knowledge which their profession demands.

BUILDING A MODEL CITY

BY JOHN REAY WATSON

I

THE Commonwealth Government of Australia is building, on a virgin site in the bush, a Federal Capital which is to be the most beautiful garden city in the world. This new city has begun its career under most favored conditions, although there was a great deal of political wirepulling before the site was finally selected by the Commonwealth Parliament. Within the limitations fixed by the Constitution of the Australian Commonwealth it is an ideal site. It is in the east of Australia, in the State of New South Wales, about 80 miles from the coast, 35 degrees south of the equator and 149 degrees east of Greenwich. It lies in an amphitheatre of hills, with an outlook toward the north and the northeast. The average altitude above sea level is 1800 feet. The site consists of gently undulating country, and prominent hills of moderate altitude have been reserved in the plan of the city for the erection of public buildings. The chief eminence has been named Capitol Hill, and there, in imitation of Washington, the Parliamentary buildings will be erected. A 'temporary' building in which the Commonwealth Parliament will meet for the first time in May next, when the seat of Government will be formally transferred from Melbourne to the new city, has just been completed at a cost of $2,500,000. This two-story structure is built of stone and will last for a hundred years, but it is officially regarded as temporary, because the intention of the Government is to erect in the distant future, on the opposite side of Capitol Hill, a more costly and beautiful building as the permanent home of the Commonwealth Parliament.

The name of Australia's new Federal Capital is Canberra. The accent in the name has been officially placed on the first syllable, to preserve the aboriginal sound of the word; but for some years Australians have been accustomed to place the accent on the second syllable, and it is by no means certain that the official edict will triumph over custom.

Building operations have been carried out on the site for six years, but progress has been comparatively slow, and it will be many years before the city becomes a place of any importance apart from its official status. Its population at present is less than 5000, and more than half consists of workmen engaged in building houses, making streets, laying down water supply, electric light, and sewerage, and laying out public parks and gardens.

But, despite its small size and its unfinished condition, Canberra will become, next May, the capital of Australia. The Duke of York will formally open the first session of Parliament on May 9, 1927. He will make the voyage from England to Australia in the British battleship Renown, and the transfer of the seat of Government from Melbourne — with a population of 900,000 — to Canberra will be carried out with much stately ceremony. Owing to the small size of the new city, the accommodation available on this occasion will be sufficient to provide only for the numerous official guests. Members of the general public who desire to attend will have to camp in tents and provide their own meals.

In opening the first session of Parliament at the new seat of Government, the Duke of York will be following in the footsteps of his father, who exactly twenty-six years before, when he was Duke of York, inaugurated the federation of the six Australian States by opening the first session of the first Commonwealth Parliament in Melbourne.

Although Parliament will continue to meet at Canberra every year, ministers will continue, for some years to come, to carry out much of their official work in Melbourne when Parliament is in recess. A first batch of civil servants, numbering about 600, will be transferred to Canberra early in 1927, in time to get settled down to work before the opening of Parliament in May. The Federal Capital Commission, which is invested with the responsibility of building the city and of controlling its affairs, will have at least 500 new houses ready by the time the influx begins. Civil servants will have the option of purchasing these houses from the Commission for cash, or on terms extending over twenty-five years. Those who do not wish to purchase houses will be able to rent them from the Commission. Those who prefer to build their own houses and employ their own architects to design them will be able to obtain sites from the Commission on lease; but no house or building of any kind may be erected until the design has received the approval of the Commission.

The Commission has built twenty-seven different standard types of houses, and in order to prevent residential streets from presenting an appearance of monotonous regularity no street will contain a row of houses of the same type. The rents will range from $4.50 a week for a four-roomed cottage, suitable for a workman and his family, up to $15 a week for a better house of seven rooms, suitable for civil servants who have incomes of upward of $4000 a year. The purchase prices of these standard houses built by the Commission will range from $4500 to $9700, according to type and size, but the price will not include purchase of the land. The ownership of all land within the city site, and of more than three fourths of the total 900 square miles of Federal territory of which the city forms part, is invested in the Government, and it has been decided by Parliament that not a foot of it shall be alienated. The Federal Capital Commission has power to grant leases for ninety years, at a rent of 5 per cent of the unimproved value of the land.

All the houses built by the Commission will be single-story, as is the general rule throughout Australia, and they will contain many labor-saving devices. In this direction, as in many others, Australia has in recent years been departing from inherited English practice, and has been copying American customs. Hot water will not be laid on throughout the house, as is the custom in America, for no central heating apparatus will be installed. Australia's winter is very mild and lasts for only two months. The English system of open fires is followed, but as the sun shines brightly even on most of the winter days, it is only in the winter evenings that fires are required as a rule.

The site for Canberra was selected mainly because its contour and topographical features lend themselves to the construction of a model city. And in 1911 the Commonwealth Government instituted a world-wide competition for designs for the new capital. Three prizes of $8750, $3750, and $2500 were offered. The competition was widely advertised in Europe and America in order to attract the attention of architects and town planners in the chief countries of the world. Competitors were requested to give special consideration to the allocation of appropriate areas, suitably situated, for public buildings and offices, and for commercial, residential, and industrial purposes. Experts from many countries sent in designs, and the first prize was awarded to an American architect, Mr. Walter Burley Griffin of Chicago. The second prize went to M. Eliel Saarinen of Helsingfors, Finland, and the third to M. D. Alf. Agache of Paris.

Mr. Griffin's design, which has been somewhat modified by the Federal Capital Commission, provides for several artificial lakes, supplied with water by the Molonga River, which flows through the site. On the north side of the river will be the civic quarter, with the town hall occupying the most commanding position. On the south side will be the Government quarter, with the Parliamentary buildings on Capitol Hill, the most elevated area of land within the site. The town hall and the Parliamentary buildings will be about two miles apart. A large central park will surround the Parliamentary buildings, and outside the park, on a succession of terraces reaching down to an artificial lake, other public buildings will be erected.

All the main roads will radiate from Capitol Hill as the most commanding point of the city. In this respect and in certain others Canberra will correspond to the design of Washington, which has its main thoroughfares radiating from the Capitol. The chief streets will be 200 feet wide, so as to give ample room for a strip of garden down the centre and the sides. Many town planners regard such enormously wide streets as an artistic mistake, and prefer irregular streets of moderate width, which follow the contour of the land. At Canberra the streets will be laid out on a rectangular plan. Outside the city area of twelve square miles, a belt of country — over 150 square miles — will be reserved for parks and public purposes. One of the essentials of a garden city is that it be surrounded by a belt of open country or agricultural land, but few garden cities could afford 150 square miles.

There will be numerous parks, public gardens, and open spaces within the city; around every public building there will be a garden. All the streets will be lined with trees. Special efforts will be made to beautify with trees, garden plots, and fountains the corners where main streets intersect. Every plot of ground on which a house is built will have room for a flower garden in front and a kitchen garden at the back. Trimmed hedges instead of fences will separate the house plots from the streets. The Commission will not allow a fence to be erected at the frontage of any dwelling site. Each block of houses will have a communal garden, where the children will be able to play and the adults to sit amid beautiful surroundings when they are at leisure. The needs of young children are being catered for by large playing grounds in the suburbs, fitted with swings and Maypoles. Sports grounds for football, cricket, tennis, and golf are being prepared, and swimming baths will be built at several places along the river bank. All this work is being done by the Commission, as the trustees of a city owned by the people of Australia.

II

It might be thought that there would be eager competition to live in such an ideal city, but on the contrary the civil servants who are to be transferred are protesting loudly. In Canberra there are no theatres and no daily newspapers; there are no trams and few shops. The educational facilities provided at present are only for young children, and therefore civil servants whose boys and girls are attending the higher schools in Melbourne, or the university, must leave them behind to finish their education. This means an expense which not many can afford. In the new city there will be very few business or professional openings for their children when they have to begin to earn their own living, and therefore they will have to be sent away to the large cities, such as Sydney and Melbourne. This will mean a severance of family ties at a time when young men and women are in need of parental supervision and guidance, and it will involve the parents in expense, as the salaries earned by the young people will not be sufficient to keep them until they have been at work several years.

The civil servants complain that the cost of living will be 20 per cent higher in Canberra than in Melbourne, and they are demanding that the Government shall make up this difference in the form of a bonus on their salaries. It is the general experience that all manufactured goods are dearer in country towns than in the big cities, though meat and vegetables are cheaper in the country. The civil servants also complain that the prices of the houses they are asked to buy are much higher than the prices of similar houses in Melbourne. It is officially admitted that the prices of the Commission's houses are higher, but this is due to the fact that the costs of construction are higher, as labor and materials cost more in the country. Another grievance in connection with housing was ventilated by the civil servants, but this has been removed by the Government. It was said that when hundreds of them had to leave Melbourne simultaneously for Canberra they would not be able to sell their homes except at a considerable loss, as the placing of several hundred houses on the market simultaneously would bring down the value of such property. The Government has decided to take over, at a reasonable valuation, the houses owned by civil servants who are transferred. These properties will be disposed of gradually, so as not to glut the market.

The civil servants have another grievance in the fact that, as Canberra grows and property becomes more valuable, they will not derive any benefit from the increased value of the land on which their houses are built. The benefit of all increases in land values will be reaped by the Commission as trustees of the nation, because none of the land will be sold to private owners. As already stated, it will be let on lease, and the leaseholders must pay as rent 5 per cent of the unimproved value. Purchasers of ninety-year leases will not have their rents increased during the first twenty years of occupation, but then and after the land will be revalued for rental purposes every ten years.

The wives of civil servants are loud in their complaints. They will be separated from friends and relations, and will have to begin life again in a small community. The shops in the new city will be so few and their stocks so small that shopping will be robbed of all its joys. There will be no plays to see in the evenings, for Canberra as yet is too small to support a theatre. The main source of entertainment will be one movie theatre. The Commission has laid down an electric plant for power, heating, and lighting; so far, however, it has not installed a coal-gas supply. The houses are equipped with fire stoves, but those householders who want electric stoves must provide them. In the great majority of houses in Australia the cooking is done on gas stoves, and those housewives who have to make their homes in Canberra hate the idea of going back to fire stoves, or adopting the new fashion of electric stoves.

The Commission is endeavoring to placate the dissatisfied civil servants and their wives. It has been arranged that their household furniture shall be conveyed free of charge. It will be packed and unpacked without cost to the owners. A civil servant has only to give the Commission written instructions as to how he wants his furniture arranged in the various rooms, and he will find, when he enters his new home, that the carpets have been laid, the beds set up, the pictures hung on the walls, the crockery, pots, and pans put in their places, and a bowl of flowers arranged on the hall table. During the interval while his furniture is being transferred from Melbourne to Canberra, he and his wife and family will be the guests of the Commission at one of the hotels.

An honorary committee of residents will be appointed in each suburb to arrange programmes of outdoor and indoor amusements. A recreation hall is being built in each suburb, and it will be the duty of the committee to arrange amateur theatrical performances and concerts. Lending libraries and welfare centres are being established. An appeal has been issued by the Commission to prospective residents of the Federal Capital to cultivate 'the community spirit,' so that everyone will contribute to the task of making life in the new city bright and happy.

The legislators who are to shift the scene of their labors from Melbourne to Canberra view the prospect philosophically, for they will not have to transfer their homes. They will not have to endure the discomforts and limitations of the new city for more than six months of the year, and some of them will be able to reach their homes for week-ends. There are only

111 Members of the Commonwealth Parliament — 75 in the House of Representatives and 36 in the Senate. For most of them the journey to Canberra will be longer and more inconvenient than the journey to Melbourne has been. The distance by rail from Melbourne to Canberra is 500 miles, with a break in the middle, owing to the difference in the railway gauges of the two States of Victoria and New South Wales. Canberra is not on the main railway line which connects Melbourne and Sydney, and it has been proposed to build a branch line from Canberra to the nearest point of the main railway at Yass, but the Federal Public Works Committee reported against it. The cost would exceed $3,750,000 and the revenue would be small. Much of the passenger traffic would consist of Members of Parliament, who travel free, and civil servants whose fares when on official duty would be debited against the Government.

The Federal Capital Commission is building four residential hotels, four boarding houses, and five hundred dwelling houses. For a time the Commission will itself run these hotels and boarding houses, but it will later on transfer the management to private enterprise. The Commission's municipal socialism extends not only to the ownership and management of water supply, electricity supply, and a motor-bus service, but also to the ownership and management of a laundry and bakery business; but its activities in these directions are not to be regarded as experiments in municipal socialism so much as necessities evoked by exceptional conditions in starting a new city. Compared with American hotels, the tariffs at the Commission's hotels at Canberra will be modest. The minimum tariff at the principal hotel where Members of Parliament will stay during the Parliamentary session will be five dollars a day, including meals. Two of the other hotels will charge three dollars, and the fourth will provide board and lodging for single men at ten dollars a week, for married couples at sixteen dollars, and for single women at seven dollars a week.

At present Canberra is 'dry.' It is the only city in Australia where prohibition prevails, although, as the result of local option polls, the hotels in a few municipal areas in Melbourne and other cities have been closed for some years past. But the closing of such hotels does not mean absolute prohibition in these areas. Bottled liquors of all kinds can still be obtained from grocers licensed to sell them. There is a prohibition organization in Australia which has gained in strength since prohibition came into legal operation in the United States, but it has not much political influence. During the war the trading hours of hotels in Australia were reduced, the closing hour being fixed at 6 P.M. Previously hotels were open until 11 P.M. or midnight. The reduction of hours has met with such general approval that the liquor trade does not contemplate any attempt to obtain an extension.

But there is very little support among the people of Australia for prohibition, and it is doubtful if the new Federal Capital will remain dry for any length of time. It was made dry originally when building operations were begun, to prevent drunkenness among the two to three thousand workmen.

The majority of the members of the Commonwealth Parliament are not prohibitionists or teetotalers. A committee of the two Houses, which discussed the question of liquor at Canberra, passed a resolution in favor of the retention of the Parliamentary refreshment bar when Parliament is transferred to Canberra. But the House of Representatives felt that it would be invidious for Members of Parliament to be able to obtain liquor while residents of the Federal city were unable to do so. It was therefore planned by Parliament to give residents of Canberra the opportunity of deciding by a local option poll whether liquor shall be sold in the Federal Capital as elsewhere in Australia. The question of opening a refreshment bar will be deferred until the local option poll is taken. Much will be heard during the campaign concerning the great benefits and deplorable disasters which prohibition has brought about in the United States. The campaign will be restricted to a very limited area, — to a population of about 5000, — but the issue whether the Federal Capital of Australia is to be wet or dry is of some importance to both sides.

III

The story of how Canberra came to be built is of interest, because it provides one of several instances of the way in which the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia has copied the Constitution of the United States. The Australian Constitution, as originally drafted, contained no provision for building a Federal Capital. There was jealousy between the two most important States, New South Wales and Victoria, as to which of them should have the capital within its borders. There was a movement to make Sydney, the largest city in Australia and the capital of New South Wales, — which is the oldest of the six Australian States, — the Federal Capital, but this was vigorously opposed by some of the other States, especially by Victoria. The men who drafted the Constitution thought it best to postpone this controversial question until after the popular vote on the acceptance of the Constitution had been taken; but the vote in New South Wales in favor of the Constitution, though greater than the vote against it, fell short of the total fixed by the Parliament of that State as a condition of acceptance, and therefore another convention of representatives of the six States was held to amend the Constitution so as to make it acceptable to New South Wales. One of the chief amendments was the inclusion of a clause similar to Article I, Section 8 of the American Constitution, which deals with the seat of Government. It was laid down in the amended Constitution that the seat of Government should be in Federal territory, situated in New South Wales. This was a sop to that State; but, in order to appease other States which were opposed to Sydney's being the Federal Capital, the clause provided that the Federal territory should be at least 100 miles from Sydney; and as a sop to Victoria it was provided that the Commonwealth Parliament should meet in Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, until the Federal Capital should be built.

It was generally expected, when the Commonwealth Parliament came into existence in 1901, that not more than ten years would elapse before Parliament would sit in the new capital. But when Parliament began to function it had more urgent matters to attend to than building the capital, and for twenty-six years Melbourne has remained the temporary seat of Government. Members of successive Parliaments — with the exception of representatives of constituencies in New South Wales — were in no hurry to give up the comforts of Melbourne and transfer the scene of their labors to a new city in the bush. The war was also a factor in lengthening the delay. But the original cause of delay was the selection of a site.

This was a matter on which the other States had open minds, but representatives from New South Wales contested with much vigor the rival claims of sites within their own constituencies. In 1903 a Seat of Government Bill was introduced in the House of Representatives, with the locality of the site left blank so as to allow Parliament to decide by a majority on the locality, but the final choice of Canberra was not made until 1908.

The American Constitution provided that the seat of Government should not exceed ten miles square, the equivaent of 100 square miles. The Australian Constitution, when amended to provide that the seat of Government should be in New South Wales, provided that the Federal territory should be not less than 100 square miles. The Act passed by Parliament fixing the site at Yass-Canberra provided that the area of the Federal territory should be not less than 900 square miles, and should have access to the sea, the object of extending the territory being mainly to give the Commonwealth control over the catchment areas of the small rivers which flow through the Yass-Canberra site. It was also provided that all the land within these 900 square miles which belonged to the Crown — that is, the unalienated land which belonged to the Government of New South Wales — should be transferred by that Government to the Commonwealth Government without payment. In order to avoid having to pay an extravagant price for the purchase of private lands within the selected territory, it was fixed by statute that the price paid by the Commonwealth Government to private owners must not exceed the value of the land on the date that the Act was passed. The highest price thus paid as compensation to private landowners within the Federal territory for the resumption of land has been $15 an acre. For some of this land within the city site, which has been leased by the Federal Capital Commission to private persons for building purposes, rents aggregating $4000 an acre per annum are being received by the Commission. It will be seen that the building of the capital promises to be a very profitable enterprise for the Commission as trustees of the nation.

Public life in Australia is remarkably free from graft, and there has been no suggestion of graft at any stage in connection with the site and the building of the city.

Access from Canberra to the sea has been provided by the Government of New South Wales granting the Commonwealth Government the right to construct a railway to Jervis Bay, 120 miles away. An area of two square miles at Jervis Bay has also been granted by New South Wales to the Commonwealth for the purpose of providing port facilities.

Canberra is 204 miles from Sydney — more than twice the distance required by the Constitution. It is 429 miles from Melbourne; 912 from Adelaide, the capital of the State of South Australia; 929 from Brisbane, the capital of Queensland; and over 2500 miles from Perth, the capital of Western Australia.

The building of Canberra on a virgin site has increased enormously the value of the land, but the Commonwealth Government reaps all the benefit. The greater part of the Federal territory of 900 square miles was Crown land, transferred to the Commonwealth free of charge. The Government has spent about $3,750,000 in acquiring land from private owners, who had used it mainly for grazing sheep. The Capital Commission has held several auction sales of business and residential sites within the twelve square miles reserved. The prices realized reveal what a big asset the Commission possesses, and what a big annual revenue will ultimately be obtained. Some of the business blocks in the centre of the city — which for the most part is still unbuilt — realized at auction $400 per foot frontage. The bidding for some of the best corner blocks, consisting of one sixth of an acre, reached $18,000. This represents the unimproved value of the land, and the bidder pays the Commission an annual rent of 5 per cent of his bid. Eventually the Commission will have an annual income of millions of dollars from the rents of business and residential blocks in the new city. This income will wipe out the cost of construction, including the cost of many large public buildings, and will eventually provide a surplus that will be paid into the national treasury.

Steps have been taken to prevent land speculators from making money out of the Federal Capital. The fact that not a foot of land can be sold outright by the Commission eliminates the speculator to a considerable extent, but it is also desired to eliminate the speculator in leases. There is a provision in every lease that building operations must be begun within twelve months of the purchase of the lease, and completed within another twelve months. No lease can be sold by the original purchaser until the building conditions have been fulfilled. But so rapid has been the increase in land values that some original purchasers of leases have been able to sell out at considerable profit.

The remainder of the Federal territory outside the city area — with the exception of 150 square miles reserved as a belt of open country round the city, and 170 square miles forming the catchment area of the chief river providing the city water supply — is being leased as farms and grazing areas.

In appointing a commission of three members to control the construction and development of Canberra, the Commonwealth Government followed the example of the United States in connection with Washington. But the Canberra commissioners hope to profit by some of the mistakes made at the American capital, which was laid out before the garden-city idea was born. The leasehold system with regard to land at Canberra gives the nation, instead of the individual, the unearned increment arising from increased values of land. Moreover, the fact that the Commission controls the whole of the land means that it controls the development of the city according to plan. Washington has not developed according to the design on which it was laid out, but has spread in a northwesterly direction, with the result that the Capitol, instead of being the centre of the city, is on the southeastern outskirts. But the Canberra Commission can prevent development in any one direction at the expense of the general plan of the city. It throws open only a limited number of blocks of land at a time, and therefore it can carry on development in all quarters of the compass successively. The building provisions in the leases will also be a factor in the development of the city according to plan. Blocks of land cannot remain vacant while leaseholders wait for a rise in values; nor can huge unsightly buildings of many stories be erected in the business quarter. It is doubtful if Canberra will ever become an important industrial city, but the design provides for an industrial area, separated from the business, governmental, and residential districts.

What form of municipal government shall be instituted will be left for the Commonwealth Parliament to decide. To deprive residents of the right to elect a municipal body to govern the affairs of the city would be opposed to the democratic sentiment of Australians, but on the other hand it will be necessary for the Capital Commission to retain extensive powers in connection with the construction, development, and government of the city. Residents of Canberra — like those of Washington — will have no Parliamentary vote. The Commonwealth Parliament would be willing to give them the vote, but for a great many years the city will be too small in population to justify its being given the right to elect a member of the House of Representatives; and, being Federal territory, it cannot be amalgamated for electoral purposes with any of the adjoining Federal constituencies of the State of New South Wales.

All over the world the people interested in town planning and garden-city ideals are looking to Australia. Canberra has advantages that no other garden city in the world possesses. The site has been selected because of the advantages it offers for such building; there are no private property rights to be considered; there is a great deal of public money available. Although the garden-city movement, which owes its origin to Mr. Ebenezer Howard's book, *Garden Cities of To-morrow*, — first published in 1898 under the title, *To-morrow: A Peaceful Path to Real Reform*, — has spread to all civilized countries, there are very few garden cities in the world. There are some hundreds of garden suburbs and small areas laid out on town-planning lines. New York has a 'Garden City,' which, however, has no claims to be regarded as a city; London has a garden suburb at Golders Green, and twenty miles away at Welwyn a small garden city is being built as the first of a series of satellite towns which will be ringed round London. There are small communities living under model housing conditions at a score of places in England, of which Port Sunlight and Bourneville are the best known, and there are somewhat similar model housing areas in other European countries. But the world's only example of a complete garden city is Letchworth in England, where in 1904 six square miles of land in an agricultural district were purchased by the First Garden City Limited to enable Mr. Ebenezer Howard to give practical expression to his plans. Letchworth is planned to carry a population of 35,000 on an area of two square miles, the remainder of the land forming an agricultural belt round the city. There are now about forty factories in Letchworth, operating in a specially planned industrial area, and the population numbers 12,000. The streets are wide, and are lined with gardens and trees. The workers have good homes with plenty of air and sunlight, and each house has a small garden.

But Canberra is being laid out on a much larger and more elaborate scale. Far more money will be expended in making it a model city than any private company can afford in making Letchworth beautiful. Already more than $10,000,000 has been expended, though little more than a beginning has been made. The public buildings to be erected will rival the magnificent public buildings at Washington. As the Federal Capital of a country which is almost as large as Europe, Canberra has a great future before it; as a State-owned city, it is a unique experiment in civic government; as a garden city, it is destined to prove an inspiring example to town planners in all parts of the world.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MAÑANA

Especially since a corrupt Spanish bureaucracy was deprived of power in Cuba, and the government bestowed upon corrupt Cubans, it has become a dogma the world over that Spain is a decadent nation.

I came to Spain expecting to find anæmic yellow faces, the sapped vitality of degenerates; when not sunk into a coma from indigence or secret vice, I looked to find the people cribbed and confined by a mediæval religion; pale children in gutters I looked for, and few of them. I was wrong. By and large, they are the healthiest-looking animals in Europe. Not those in the industrial cities, but those in rural Spain — which is infinitely the largest part, and will remain so. The Spanish land, the Spanish mountains, and above all the Spanish character forbid an invasion of anything more industrial than a Ford.

If, then, the Spaniard has devoted himself neither to building factories in which to burn soft coal, as we have done, nor to conquering backward nations, like the British, what has he done with his biceps and brain?

Most Americans will be unable to survive a visit to Spain, but those who do will be better men. By visit I do not mean Cadiz or Madrid, train de luxe, Seville, Cordova, Granada, Burgos, cathedrals, the Prado, monasteries, a bullfight, and home in time for the hunting. That has its uses, but it can be done without leaving America — that is, leaving it linguistically, gastronomically, socially, or mentally. The sort of thing I mean is a *sojourn* in Spain, be it long or short, where trippers are not.

One or two simple principles are absolutely necessary to American survival. The first is: Be courteous on all the occasions when you would be courteous at home, and likewise on all those when you would n't. If you are, the Spanish will outdo you exactly twofold in every courteous word and act; if you are n't, and become, say, brusque, they will either put you in jail or leave you on top of a mountain without anything to eat. The second principle is: Whenever you are in a hurry, do nothing about it. This is more important than the first. It will secure for you most of the good things in Spain.

Of course I had read of these laws of Spanish character in books, — on the Soul of Spain, the Heart of the Iberian, and all the rest, — but never ground them by circumstance and calamity into my bones, and my diary.

Here is the working of the first. My friend and I entered Spain on foot on a discouraging day of mist, over the pass that had been used by Hannibal, Cæsar, Abd-er-Rahman, and Napoleon. For a week the clouds had been a swaying bank of moisture over the French side of the peaks. Just at the frontier, the watershed of the Pyrenean wall, they broke, and gave us Spain.

It was partly the sunlight of Spain that melted them. We looked down upon baked, castellated barricades running fifty miles into the plain. Real or natural *castillos* grew out of their tops, and the flanks of the mountains were dyed many colors: red and orange, for example; blue and green. Between, the Spanish valleys lay lush with vineyards and grain, or arid with rock and sand. The country seemed poised — a rude balance between desert sand and Eden.

At first historically infected with memories of Rahman and Hannibal, and then smitten with the scarring, boiling beauty of the landscape, we stepped on, in a happy hypnosis, till we met three soldiers. Then came a wave of concern for our defective passports. We had been moving over the frontier, before, through remote and unguarded mountains where no customs officer had ever trekked. The *carabineros* wore the green musical-comedy costume of the Spanish soldier, with fireman helmets turned up and flattened in back. They assumed attitudes and manners of immense dignity — the Spaniard has tons of it in reserve — and studied our papers with black brows. The senior official fingered the passports; the others fingered their guns; we fingered nervously the newly changed pesetas in our breeches' pockets.

Suddenly the situation changed: the tail of a Spanish eye had caught sight of our kodak; we offered with courtesy to take their picture. Passports were folded up, uniforms brushed, and faces screwed into expressions of military rigor. We snapped the three soldiers; we shook hands, we exchanged addresses, we conversed in bad French, we saluted — we entered Spain.

Principle No. 2. We entered Canfranc, a tiny frontier village which the guidebook had told us to avoid. It had the immemorial look of all Spanish towns — baked, built of stone and slate, and resembling the landscape. But there were no *monuments historiques* there; it was just a village where we went to wait for the Jaca bus.

The bus was due at four o'clock. It was the mail bus into Spain. By 4.30 it was n't in sight on the road from the Somport pass into France. But sometime about 5.30 five thousand sheep arrived instead. The children of Canfranc ran among them, pinched their tails, and made them hurdle each other in fright.

At 5.45 the mail bus squeezed its way along Main Street, and we climbed on the roof of it. Then, about six, the tiny town awoke into a rich, varied, and amazing life. The *passeo* began! The mayor, aristocracy, the thirty tradesmen with their wives, the peasants, and incredible numbers of children appeared mysteriously on balconies and in the street. We hoped the bus would n't start. It did n't.

The people passed each other, slowly, with that amazing dignity of the Spanish, talking with animation, gazing with consummate curiosity at everyone else — as though they had n't seen them at yesterday's passeo. There were the young bloods, with English-cut clothes and faces like American sophomores. Also, stuffing the balconies and the windows, one-hundred-per-cent Spanish señoritas, carrying on, in the authentic manner of romance, a commerce of chaff and looks with the lads below. Farmers passed on donkeys, and hay loads fell from mules' backs to the side of the road. A man appeared with five musical instruments, which he distributed to tiny boys and girls who screamed with delight as they took them. He kept the cornet himself. They followed him, dancing and leaping over the cobblestones, down the narrow street where the sheep had gone.

The show went on for an hour; nothing whatever happening — in an American sense. Nobody playing baseball, or pitching quoits, or going to see Harold Lloyd. Just explosion after explosion of animal spirits, and the gayest curiosity about the lives and loves of everybody in Canfranc. Not the slightest interest in Madrid, or New York, or the League of Nations.

The mail bus left at 6.30, two hours late.

Any guidebook, or history, or newly baked tripper from Spain will tell you slyly that the key to Spanish character is *mañana*. Nonsense. It's perfectly true that the Spaniard puts off till to-morrow such things as business appointments, the building of railroads, or the conquest of the Riff. What of it! All matters of real importance, like singing or worshiping God or making love to his señorita, he attends to without a wasted minute — to-day.

CLOUDS

He comes from Texas and his eyes have kept the blue innocence of its skies. He is over six feet, sparing of gesture, conceals the stump of his amputated forefinger. From the corner of the right eye to the base of the skull runs a purplish scar, and his face is a network of wrinkles and lines that make him appear almost forty; but he is eight years younger, and when I looked in the candid, shadowless eyes I knew that I was talking to a boy.

It was pleasant to sit on the deck and listen to his low voice. Oh yes, he was telling me his troubles. They were like all agonies, for men suffer in much the same way. The fog drifted in past the islands, the wind grew chilly; we went to the lower deck where the seaplanes rest on their catapults.

He explained carefully how they were shot off by compressed air, going in forty feet from perfect stillness to sixty miles an hour, and how it was necessary to guide them straight and then up into the air, not letting them touch the water, and this was not easy. He had been flying for nine years. Yes, he was 'pretty good.' One bad crash. Only two men in the Navy had more 'hours in the air.' Sorry he could not show me the engine. It was a lovely engine.

I looked up at the seaplanes and I wondered what characteristics were imperative for the man that flew in that tiny, deadly seat. Elegant as a wasp; small and cruel and fascinating; what was it in men's brains that made them capable of flying, or hopelessly incapable of even the first violent rush from the catapult? There are born artists, engineers, lawyers — what was an aviator? That flying aged men prematurely, I saw; that they were, all I had met, very quiet in manner, I remembered and observed. Courage — but what kind of nerves? Imagination? What did he think of death? Death that flew with him, did it grin or smile, promise or end all things? Or did he not see the companion that soared with him? I could not ask. Only observe carefully, listen patiently, and hope for the unconscious revelation.

We left the ship, came to the house. He talked — of Texas, of his family, of his life, of the war, and of the problem that was consuming him; but still I did not hear the words that would tell me of his inner and secret attitude toward the invisible companion. Did he, like a Regular Army man I know, have to chew gum to control fear? No man is without fear, and by now I knew that he had nerves.

We went for a drive. The ocean, the hills, the glowing beauty of the evening sky, he seemed hardly to observe. There were fifteen minutes left, and I should probably never see him again. I decided to take the risk of indirect attack. Money, root of all evil, would be the Navy's criterion of his risk. To my discreet inquiries he said simply: 'I get almost as much as the captain of the ship.'

I brought it out very simply: 'Are you ever afraid?'

He did n't move an eyelash. 'An aviator,' he answered slowly, 'never has time to feel.'

'I'd like to fly,' I told him. 'Will you take me?'

'You'd be afraid.'

'Yes,' I confessed. 'Yes, but I want to go up. Will you take me?'

'In the seaplane?'

'In the seaplane.'

His face relaxed just a little. 'It's against regulations. A woman went up once; got scared — hysterical; grabbed the controls. She was killed. But I could arrange it — in New York.'

'Good.'

'Remember this: Never go up except in an Army or Navy machine.'

'I'll remember.'

He looked at me now with a different expression. 'Tell me,' — I was to tell him! — 'what do you think happens after death?'

I waited, not answering.

He went on: 'Are we just animals? When we die, are we simply dead? I've seen so many men die.'

I nodded.

'This certainly is a pretty place,' he went on, apparently with the same train of thought. 'It's right pretty. Ever been to Yosemite?'

No, never. And I did n't, at this moment, want to talk about it. But, by the mercy of an all-wise Providence, I kept silent.

'Yes,' he continued, 'I'm slow, not quick-minded. That's best for an aviator — because then you're quick-minded for the machines, see? You can't ever lose your head — and you have to be sort of quiet — phlegmatic — and when you know you're going to die — and be dead — and not have time to think — is n't that best? When I came to your house the other night, as soon as I saw you I knew.'

'What?'

He nodded his head. 'That you understood; that I could tell you. Listen, don't you ever write comedies. You write about men — as they really are. You know better than any other woman I've met.'

We were almost at the village. Had I heard all that there was to hear? He was silent again, evidently thinking. 'The Yosemite,' he drawled, 'is the best there is on earth. It can't be beat.'

'So I have heard.'

'But when you get to foolin' round with clouds, you're sort of less interested down here.'

My heart almost stopped beating. There it was, all of it! At last the words that expressed everything. Had I searched a hundred years for them I could not have found them. That phrase would have made hours of boredom worth while! He had said it absolutely. Perfectly. There was nothing more, nothing less, to be said. But he continued, slowly. 'I'd like to take you up, to show them to you — big white ones — their canyons, colors, shapes — up there. With the earth beneath you. Nothing much makes any difference. Will you come?'

'Yes.'

'This is a mighty pretty place,' he said politely. 'You've been very, very kind; I've enjoyed the drive.'

I'd shown him my place, my corner of the world; he'd do the same, show me his: 'I'll take you up, and we'll dive into a big white one — with canyons.' Then he added slowly: 'We'll fool around with the clouds.'

AN ELEEMOSYNARY INCIDENT

AT twilight, as I was walking hurriedly through the Latin-American city on the street called 'Gracious' and thinking whimsically of the effect such a name might possibly have upon its frequenters, — much in the style of the 'Great Stone Face,' — a shuffling man in rags, very melancholy as to his looks, fumbled awkwardly ahead so as to hinder my passing him. He was evidently too twisted with some lifelong deformity or paralysis to be able to bend his body, and at the instant that I realized this as an explanation of his meandering walk the accident occurred.

About each foot was wrapped a quantity of cloth in lieu of shoes, and the bandages on the bulky left were working loose. Suddenly the rotten cloth on the dragging foot broke, and from it there rolled in every direction, to the gutter, over the pavement, toward my feet, dozens, scores of pieces of money!

The Midas of this quite respectable horde could do nothing to save his gold from flooding the street to land in the pockets of numerous ragged newsboys who seemed literally to spring from everywhere and nowhere, scrambling and shouting and chasing his wealth. Of coppers there were surprisingly few; lesser silver and nickel coins, worth about ten and two cents by exchange at the time, predominated, but there were various dollar values also, and even some dirty, torn, crumpled bills of larger denominations.

The beggar-millionaire looked anxiously about, but, whether normally dumb or merely stricken so temporarily by his torture, it is certain that he said no word, nor made any desperate effort to reach his rolling stock himself — he simply looked at all of us. Within less than a minute so numerous were his helpers that I desisted, to remain watching the original half-dozen boys in tatters, other passers-by, and a well-dressed professional man who had been waiting for his car, as I now recalled, when the run on the bank began.

Thus it is my pleasure, as an unoccupied witness, to affirm that apparently there was not a penny of that cash but was restored to the beggar by each finder directly or placed in the old felt hat the fellow held till it was weighty enough to burst in its turn! Its owner's face was so wrinkled and expressionless that one was not sure of any smile or look of pathos, gratitude, or wonder illuminating it especially; but when the last coin that sharper eyes than ours had found was turned in he stayed the boys and men about him with an odd hitch of a hunched-up shoulder and solemnly proceeded to repay each with a single coin. He began by offering a very tiny copper to the prosperous-looking professional man and went all the way around until every helper had had the chance to accept or reject tangible evidence of his thanks. Several took what he gave; the rest, with utmost courtesy, as if transacting matters of diplomacy with an ambassador of vast prestige, thanked him with perfect gravity, but suavely waved off his aid — among these being, of course, the well-dressed gentleman, who departed tipping his hat to my beggar acquaintance as must one true to courtesy acknowledge a favor.

It was curious to note that to the ragged who had scrambled in his aid he chose to proffer coins of greater worth than those intended for me and others waiting for cars toward the suburbs. Perhaps it was his theory of greater recompense for greater temptation resisted. As my car, marked 'Paradise,' clanged into sight, drowning the voluble chatter of the witnesses, he was shuffling along again without a backward glance, as one too big to pay attention to trifles after his own generous distribution of largess.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Madame Balascheff, born Princess Marie Cantacuzene, daughter of Prince Cantacuzene, Russian Minister to Washington during Cleveland's administration, is the wife of Pierre Balascheff, a prominent party leader in the Duma before the war. For several years following the Revolution she and her five sons did their best to make a new home for themselves on a swampy little duck farm in France. But the odds were too great, and Madame Balascheff is now working for a Parisian notary — eight hours a day in the office, two to four hours copying at home in the evening. Our account is drawn from letters written to an old American friend, Mrs. Foster Stearns of Worcester. **William B. Munro** is the first appointee to the Jonathan Trumbull Professorship of American History and Government at Harvard University. ¶Editor, critic, and professor, **Bliss Perry** goes lecturing every autumn so that he may go fishing every spring. ¶To the knowledge of an economist and sociologist **H. H. Powers** adds a wide acquaintance with European affairs. Formerly professor of economics at Smith College and Cornell, of late years he has been identified with the Bureau of University Travel. **Vincent Sheean,** who spent last summer in Persia, now sends us from Paris a story redolent of New York. ¶Certain notorious political trials, familiar to us all, are cases in point for **F. Lyman Windolph's** discussion of legal ethics. Mr. Windolph is a practising lawyer of Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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Aquah Laluah is a young African who has studied for several years in Europe. She is a member of an ancient African family and the granddaughter of a native king. ¶English author of seven novels, assistant editor of the *New Leader*, and an active member of the Independent Labor Party, **Mary Agnes Hamilton** is a frequent and dark-haired visitor to New York City. ¶Professor emeritus of philosophy, **George Herbert Palmer** has for nearly two generations been a famous teacher at Harvard University. ¶'I have always thought it curious,' writes **A. Edward Newton,** 'that Samuel Johnson never met Benjamin Franklin: both were living in London at the same time, and both were intimate friends of Strahan's. . . . One is permitted to wonder what would have happened at a meeting of the wisest and wittiest American that ever lived with the wisest and wittiest Englishman of his time.'

* * *

Not till the spring thaws are over can we expect to hear the results of **Hilda Rose's** venture into the promised northlands. Last summer she gave up an unequal struggle on a Western stump farm, as recounted in her earlier letters in our two preceding numbers, and moved her family north to the virgin country on the shore of Peace River, Alberta. Once a month a dog sledge brings the mails. **Kenneth Griggs Merrill,** vice president and manager of a Chicago manufacturing concern, has found an ingenious 'way out' of the mental doldrums that beset a commercial traveler. ¶A young Russian officer who served in Galicia and in Flanders, **Nahum Sabsay** first came to this country in 1918, where, after a year spent in shops and factories, he entered the Harvard Mining School. Following graduation he joined the staff of Dr. Augustus Locke of California, whose encouragement and criticism in 'off hours' aided Mr. Sabsay in his mastery of English. **Dr. Gustav Eckstein** is an associate of the Cincinnati College of Medicine. ¶Because — shall we say? — of her environment in a Brooklyn library, **Viola C. White** has shown herself a poet and essayist of charm.

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Charles C. Marshall is an experienced attorney of New York City who has throughout his active life been closely associated with the Anglican Church and has made himself an authority upon canon law. Before its publication his important 'Letter' to Governor Smith has been submitted for comment and possible reply to important members, both lay and clerical, of the Church of Rome. ¶An observing and informed critic, **Horace J. Fenton** levels a searching though not unfriendly gaze at a great institution which should deserve our unlimited confidence. **John Reay Watson,** an editor and journalist of long training, is a resident of Melbourne, Australia.

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The *Atlantic's* own opinion of the value of Professor Ripley's famous book, *Main Street and Wall Street,* is well known. We are glad to publish in our Bookshelf a review written from another angle by a banker of light and leading, but are still of the opinion that the improvement in the conduct of corporate business to which Colonel Ayres alludes is the result of just such sharp and intelligent criticism as Professor Ripley supplies.

* * *

Here is a symposium selected from the many replies to Joseph Wood Krutch's diagnosis of 'The Modern Temper,' which appeared in the February *Atlantic.* The opinion is almost unanimous that if Science leads to such conclusions as Mr. Krutch's the world will feel the need of another Guide.

WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It is an awful thing to question an editor's judgment, but I don't like the title of an interesting article in the February *Atlantic.* It is called 'The Modern Temper,' but that does not properly describe it, for it is not representative of the modern temper in general, but only of a particular segment of modern thinking. It ought to be called 'The Temper of Me and My Friends,' or perhaps better 'A New Ecclesiastes,' for it represents exactly the spirit of the Greek skepticism which manifested itself in the book Ecclesiastes, saturated with pessimism and holding all things to be vanity and vexation of spirit.

The Hebrew writer left a little place for God, for whom your author has no use whatever. He curiously enough sets up an altar to Science, for which alone of all human activities he seems to have great respect. He dismisses lightly art, poetry, literature, history, and religion as the offspring of imagination engendered upon desire, and thinks that Science has a different parentage. Is not Science the offspring of imagination engendered upon curiosity, and in what respect is its parentage more honorable? A deeper study of epistemology might lead to sounder conclusions.

I am glad to have read the article because it illustrates finely how far the mind may go when once it has cut loose from all philosophical moorings. I hope we may have more by the same writer.

A WESTERN READER

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

When Joseph Wood Krutch, exponent of the 'Modern Temper,' hands down a verdict in 1927 that the whole universe is without meaning, I feel he is acting prematurely and on insufficient data.

In spite of the Copernican Theory and Darwin's *Origin of Species,* in spite of modern chemistry and psychology, the modern intellect, it seems to me, is comparatively as far from compassing the essence macrocosm as the original cave man. The human imagination balks at the conception of infinity. Space and time are inconceivable for us without a beginning and an end. How, then, can intelligence solve the riddle of the universe, which is hopelessly akin to the problem of infinity? If after thousands of years of speculation and science we are still but a step from total ignorance, in what respect should the modern temper differ from that of 5000 B.C.?

In the face of such absolute mystery I prefer to stand like the first man and *live.* When my intellectual curiosity says, 'Is there a meaning in life?' my intellectual honesty replies, 'I do not know,' and in this dilemma I accept Professor James's memorable advice and 'Will to Believe' that life is worth while.

Life on these terms is not robbed of its poetry by modern biology and psychology, as Mr. Krutch affirms. Because we discover a flower has its roots in the mould, is the blossom any less fragrant? Is the fine symmetry and rhythm of an athlete any less worthy of Pindaric Ode because we suddenly discover his biological kinship with the 'humblest insect that crawls'?

Metabolism in the amœba may be an elemental act of 'stomach' in which the organism folds itself about a lump of food, but that does not destroy the human conception of eating which has evolved into the rites of hospitality. Sex in the earthworm may be a primordial function involving physical proximity and secretion, but the mating of birds is just as truly a scientific fact, accompanied by lyrical flights which furnish excellent precedent for the love songs of the troubadours. Perhaps to the Freudian mind of the earthworm the average nightingale is suffering from an acute attack of anachronistic illusions; but the phenomenon certainly cannot be charged off to the account of the Saints or Santa Claus.

In many respects it seems to me Mr. Krutch has examined a square inch of the great canvas of life and then declared the whole picture a mess.

DONALD B. SNYDER

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

There is more than one reason why you are a favorite with me, but the chief reason is that you make me think. The February number proved especially stimulating. I had had a sudden bereavement which made immediately acute my questioning in search of something to believe. Joseph Wood Krutch's 'The Modern Temper' may seem a queer source of comfort for one seeking light on the subject of personal immortality. On the first reading it was heavily depressing. Then succeeded a feeling of relief to find how much there was with which I could disagree, how much even my inchoate creeds still held to enrich my life compared to the bleak outlook there pictured. Perhaps my reading has been too largely orthodox. If I read more of the modernists I might achieve almost a conservative faith. A lucid statement of a definite position which one can either accept or argue crystallizes one's own ideas from out the vague and muddy uncertainty in which they were dissolved. For this I am grateful to Mr. Krutch.

Mr. Krutch tells us man is instinctively and emotionally an ethical animal, that man loved an anthropomorphic God made in man's own image, but that this God has retreated and surrendered control of the universe, that nature's purpose is not understandable in man's terms (if indeed she has any purpose), that the realm of ethics has no place in the pattern of nature, that man has developed sensibilities and established values beyond the nature which gave him birth, and must probably remain an ethical animal in a universe which contains no ethical element.

To begin at the conclusion and work backward: if man is, as Mr. Krutch says, a part of the universe of nature, and man is instinctively and emotionally an ethical animal, then ipso facto there is an ethical element in nature. Man is it. Not all of nature's qualities need be exemplified in every one of her productions. If man is the unimportant creature he is pictured he could not establish values beyond the nature which gave him birth. The more surely he is merely one part of a great universe which spreads beyond him, the more surely he can create and develop nothing alien to that universe.

Man is young. He is learning to talk. It is the first glimpse of a vaster perspective that frightens him in the dawn of his adolescence. That nature is not understandable in man's terms should not be taken by Mr. Krutch as proof that nature is nonethical. Man may yet learn new terms and a larger understanding of nature than merely the working of the physical phenomena he has recently learned to see. The predicament in which we find ourselves is that of the youth who acquires a little knowledge and becomes self-conscious before he gains wisdom.

Now out of this conception of mankind growing from infancy to maturity I have gained the answer to my own problem. I shall not say to my children that my code is right and any deviation wrong; I shall try instead to instill the feeling of need for some code which shall seem high and noble to them, and trust they may go further than I can in the evolution of man's understanding of God and the ethics of nature.

ELIZABETH DINWIDDIE HOLLADAY

* * *

Further evidence of the interdependence of widely different trades reached us too late to be included in E. E. Calkins's paper, 'Business Has Wings,' which appeared in the March *Atlantic*. We quote from an editorial of the *New York Times*. It is to be expected that 'very short skirts should cause a rise in stocking profits; that huge fur collars on women's coats set the milliners to making skull caps, and that corsets . . . should leap into display advertising when Paris says that frocks will be fitted. But who would think that because women are wearing no high shoes the cost of building would be affected?' Such is the case, according to a recent builders' report. Goat hair was a favorite supply of plasterers some years ago. They still prefer it to the substitutes they have been compelled to use since women have taken to wearing low shoes. When more kid leather was used, there was an ample supply of hair for mixing with plaster, but now, due in part to the absence of high shoes, in part to the fact that many slippers have no leather about them except the sole, goat hair has become a rare product — and the cost of building is affected!

* * *

If mathematicians are to be believed, at least a score of them are losing sleep over Carl Christian Jensen's problem of the Spider and the Fly in his contribution to the

January *Atlantic.* Here is one who speaks for the fraternity.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

MY DEAR MR. JENSEN: —

Your reference in your recent article to the defenseless fly and the hungry spider has started a seemingly endless discussion. I puzzled over the matter for several days — consumed reams of paper, wandered aimlessly about, muttered meaningless phrases; my friends looked askance and sadly shook their heads. At last, in desperation, I took the problem to several mathematicians of local repute, — engineers, 'math' instructors, a college president, and so on, ad infinitum, — saying that my education had been rudely interrupted while in the throes of calculus, and that the problem undoubtedly called for a solution by some method in that part of the text I had not covered. Without exception they report that the correct answer is forty-two feet.

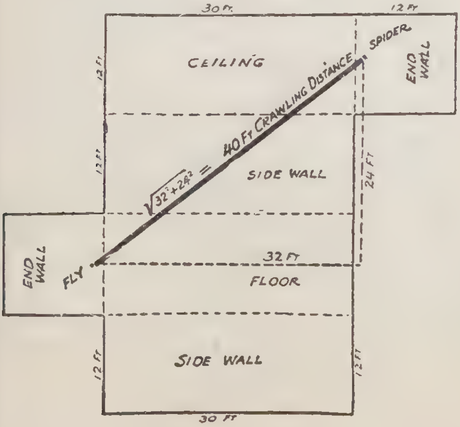
Frankly, I am in a dilemma — my sanity is being questioned — and I am asking you to get me out of this impossible situation for which I feel that you are responsible. Pray enlighten me as to the method of your solution.

I can easily understand how it is possible to make forty out of forty-two in golf, — that is done quite frequently, — but the application of that principle to a problem of this sort is taking advantage of one's good nature.

L. EDWARD ATTWOOD

Mr. Jensen's solution is vexingly simple.

A room is 30 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 12 feet high. On one end wall is a spider. He is 1 foot from the ceiling and 6 feet from each side wall. On the other end wall is a fly. He is 1 foot from the floor and 6 feet from each side wall. The spider desires to reach the fly in the shortest possible travel, crawling all the way.



This reader, a college professor, has a clue as to where we shall find the 'Missing Rooms' lately lamented by John Carter in our February issue.

?, ?

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just finished reading 'The Missing Rooms' by John Carter in the February number.

'Even if we make a lot of money, what can we do with it? Buy a home? Where? . . . Our young men can no longer go West or South. . . .'

Buy a home? Where? Try — but, on second thought, I won't tell you! For, as Abraham Cowley remarked nearly three hundred years ago,

I should have then this only fear:
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

I have no doubt that they would 'hither throng to live like me,' if what I *know*, and what Mr. Carter *says*, are true. Mr. Carter says that 'a very ordinary sort of city wedding can run to $10,000 without the slightest difficulty'; my house, I know, cost that amount, and is provided with nursery as well as guest chamber; and one of my neighbors has just built a house similarly equipped for $9000.

I will, however, venture to suggest that if young men can no longer go West or South, there is still the North.

And if 'five thousand dollars a year does not begin to provide the simplest and most ordinary amenities of life,' and if 'less than a tenth of the heads of families submitting income-tax returns in New York City have incomes over $5000 a year,' then I am certain that if I should disclose my residence men would 'hither throng to live like me.'

For I have far more than the simplest and most ordinary amenities of life on less than five thousand. Why not conclude that perhaps Mr. Carter's statement that 'our opportunities lie in the city' is an error?

As I write this, my house is so quiet that I can hear the clock tick in the next room. Both my children are out playing on a snow-locked street free of automobiles. There is no factory smoke to darken the sky. We have good schools close at hand, playgrounds and athletic fields, a good public library, a private school and a college, three or four factories well situated, and well-lighted streets. We can see the same movies that Mr. Carter can see in the new Paramount Building, we can be bored by the same *Abie's Irish Rose*, and we can listen to the singers and players and preachers of New York without spending two hours in the subway.

There is more real culture on some of our farms here in — but I really must refrain from telling you where — than there used to be in many of those old-fashioned homes with quiet evenings, around a dim dining-room-table lamp. If, as Mr. Carter says, 'one can see that this old-fashioned home was poised on the fact of cheap labor,' the old-fashioned home need not go out of business; for labor is cheaper and more intelligent and quieter than ever before. It slides quietly into my house over a wire. It brings in no muddy shoes, it leaves no sweaty odor behind, and it is never in the bathtub when I want to use it.

I have no smoke-house, no scullery, no sewing-room, no servants' hall, no drawing-room, no dressing-room, and no dairy, in my house; but in spite of these Missing Rooms, it is still a home.

Carl J. Weber

'Home, Sweet Home.'

South Orange, N. J.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Carter's article on 'Missing Rooms' strikes at the root of many of our domestic difficulties. 'Home, Sweet Home' may be doggerel verse, but it expresses a longing which most people feel.

As a friend of mine, himself a cliff dweller in New York, recently expressed it, 'What can you expect of the children to-day? They are born in a hospital, they live in an apartment, and they will probably be buried from a "funeral parlor."'

Oh! for 'a lodge in a garden of cucumbers.'

C. R. B.

'Homette, Sweet Homette.'

Dear Atlantic, —

This warning is directed to those who have to live with the diminutive — in a homette — anywherette.

A Catastrophette — in Outlinette

The lady leaped from the bathtubette
Right into the cosy kitchenette.

Alas! the doors behind her mette,
And mashed her to a flat insette!

Such haps will come again — or yette —
Though this sad case is hypothette.

Alice Gray Truslow

'Another Apartment Tragedy.'

Dear Atlantic, —

Having but one bathroom in a small apartment to accommodate a large family, and finding door to said bathroom locked *over* time, I enter after departure of family and observe a copy of the *Atlantic* staring me in the face from among the toothbrushes and cold creams!

Now what do you know about that?

Jeannette F. Hall

* * *

This further elucidation of the Bahai Movement is related to the writer's earlier letter in the January *Atlantic*.

Geneva, N. Y., R. D. #2

Dear Atlantic, —

In view of the numerous letters of inquiry which I have received, and in order that I may not seem unnecessarily cryptic about the prophets mentioned in my letter to the Reverend Mr. Swisher, I tender the following information.

I had reference to the Bahai Movement, which as a religious and social body claims the solution of certain world problems. It started in Persia in 1844 when the Bab, or gate, announced the imminence of a great world teacher and exhorted the people to prepare for his coming. The response of the bigoted and fanatical Shi'ahs was prompt; they imprisoned the youth, applied the bastinado, slaughtered many of his followers. The Bab carried on the leadership of his flock by such devices as dropping instructions concealed in walnut shells from his prison window into the hands of a follower waiting below. His influence spread alarmingly, with the result that six years after his Declaration the Bab was shot in the public square at Shiraz by a squad of soldiers. He was then thirty-one. At the time foretold by the Bab a prophet appeared who proclaimed Himself the promised Messiah for whom the people of all religions were watching. He was given the title of Baha'u'llah, 'the Glory of God.' After many vicissitudes He was permanently imprisoned in the deplorable fortress at Acca, Syria — in the words of the Bible, 'the Valley of Achor.' He was accompanied by a large following of His believers and His family, including the son who was to be known many years later in America as Abdul Baha.

The Baha'is believe that Baha'u'llah voices the spirit of the age in His plea for universality. By such unifying and welding agencies as a belief in the oneness of humanity, the common Source of all religions, the abolition of economic extremes, an international tribunal, and the harmony of science and religion, He says that Universal Peace can be attained in this century. The adherents of this religion constitute a fraternity of all races, colors, and creeds, and furnish a sample of that brotherhood which we hope will spread throughout the world.

Yours sincerely,

Doris H. McKay

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1927

TWO GENTLEMEN OF SOHO

BY A. P. HERBERT

(It now appears that Shakespeare is best when played in modern clothes. Perhaps the themes of modern life would be better dressed in Shakespearean costume? Some may think the play wordy, but there are brutes who think Shakespeare wordy. The acting version is certainly shorter, though much less beautiful.)

CHARACTERS

The Duchess of Canterbury
Lady Lætitia, her daughter
Hubert, her dancing partner
Lord Withers
Topsy
Sneak, a private detective
Plum, a public detective
A Waiter

Scene: *A night club. Three tables. The middle table empty.* Topsy, *reading a book, at Table One.* Plum, *suspicious, at Table Three. Music in the ballroom, off.*

Plum — Ho, girl, look up! A goblet of champagne?

Topsy — I thank you, no. Indeed, 't is after hours.

(Returns to book)

Plum (*downcast — aside*)

I am an officer from Scotland Yard,
Dressed in the likeness of an English lord,
And night by night, while seven weeks swung by,
Have I to this lewd haunt made pilgrimage
In search of some irregularity,
Cheating an entrance with a lusty lie
(But all's forgiven in a noble cause),
Sometimes disguisèd as a gentleman,
And sometimes in the costume of a virgin.

But nothing happens. I have offered bribes,
I have been suppliant for sweet wine or opium
After the hours by Parliament provided,
But like the fabulous Mongolian drop
Of water, on strong rock forever falling,
I have made no impression. I believe
There is no falsehood practised here but mine,
There is no jot nor tittle of the law
By these respectable impostors broken.
Well, this is hard. Only the dear old Duchess
Has with my bitterness some sweet compounded
Of nimble dances and beguiling looks.
But she engagèd with another is.
So, gentle sleep, upon my eyelids press,
And let me wake to catch some wickedness.

(*Sleeps. Music*)

(*Enter* Lady Lætitia *and* Lord Withers. *They sit at Table Two*)

Lætitia What is this place?

Withers My dear Lætitia,
I do misdoubt I do it too much honor,
And you too little, by this introduction.
It is a night club. You have seen a stone
Turned by a ploughman on the hills of Kent,
And the foul, creeping, many-leggèd things
Which dart from under, blinking in the light?
So from this den snatch suddenly the lid
Between the midnight and the milkman's hour,
You will see slink and scutter about Soho
The very dregs and sediment of London.
Here the hot cits of Wimbledon and Streatham
With busy rakes from Kensington combine
In obscene alchemy to make the night
One long invention in debauchery.
Wine, women, drugs —

Lætitia In that case, Algernon —
Pardon my *ab*surd curiosity,
But what is 't brings you to this hell-hole?

Withers Well,
I am a writer, and as some physician,
Searching the secrets of the human body,
Doth not the healthy but the sick pursue,
And is more happy 'midst unique distempers,
Growths, fevers, tumors, abscesses, and boils
Than with the strong and undefilèd flesh,

So in the study of these diseasèd minds
Do I seek knowledge not to be explorèd
In the dull wits of the respectable,
Sucking a sweetness from the poisoned flower,
And, like the wombat, savoring the cheese
When 't is corrupted.

LÆTITIA Well, I cannot say
That I see any signs of dissipation.

WITHERS (*indicating* TOPSY *and* PLUM)
Mark then this lout, which in a rustic stupor
Is dead till morning, when it swills again.
Mark too this maiden that with vestal eye
Seems to see nothing but the book she reads not.
Here's what they call a woman of the half-world —
That is, she is not one thing nor the other,
Dubs herself 'dancing partner,' and for hire
She will with any pursy sot that offers
Waltz, fox-trot, Charleston, — the whole catalogue
Of modern antics, — and the evening through
Will counterfeit with some strange stockbroker
A mercenary satisfaction. Pah!
(*Observes dancers off*)
And yet some follies may adorn the young
Which to the old must be disfigurement.
How yonder matron wallows in the dance,
A loaded wagon, creaking down the hill
Of years and adiposity! The traffic
Bounds and rebounds unheeded from her flanks
Or, pausing careless in her path, is crushed.
And on her breast is like a pendant hung
A slim, fair, pallid, and perspiring youth
That smiles and smiles and smiles, and is in torture.
How like a milit'ry balloon she looks
That is entangled in an aspen tree!
Do you not think so, dear?

LÆTITIA That is my mother.

WITHERS Is 't so? So 't is!

LÆTITIA And that *her* dancing partner!

WITHERS I never saw her here before, Lætitia!
These hands should quicker have torn out these eyes
Than these harsh lips have spoken, or these legs
Have carried me to these conclu-si-ons!

LÆTITIA It is not easy to avoid Mamma.
On summer evenings she is everywhere.
There is no saxophone doth not salute her,
With other mothers rounder than herself,
Like baby elephants that after twilight
Jump in the jungle.

WITHERS 'T is the Age of Age.

LÆTITIA How true! Age will be served, and this pale youth
Must for a salary — how much I know not —
The nightly partner of her gambols be.
Oh me, 't is pitiful to see one's mother
Go to the dogs!

WITHERS Weep not, Lætitia,
But let us have a dry Martini. Ho!

(*Enter a* WAITER. PLUM *wakes up*)

PLUM This is a viscount, and I never saw
A lord that did not love to break the law.
(*Watches*)

WITHERS Pluck me ten berries from the juniper
And in a beaker of strong barley spirit
The kindly juices of the fruit compress.
This is our Alpha. Next clap on your wings,
Fly south for Italy, nor come you back
Till in the cup you have made prisoner
Two little thimblefuls of that sweet syrup
The Romans call Martini. Pause o'er Paris
And fill two eggshells with the French vermuth.
Then home incontinent, and in one vessel
Cage your three captives, but in nice proportions,
So that no one is master, and the whole
Sweeter than France, but not so sweet as Italy.
Wring from an orange two bright tears, and shake,
Shake a long time the harmonious trinity.
Then in two cups like angels' ears present them,
And see there swims an olive in the bowl,
Which when the draught is finished shall remain
Like some sad emblem of a perished love.
This is our Omega. Go, fellow!

WAITER Sir,
It is too late. I cannot serve you.

PLUM Damn!
(*Music. Exit* WAITER)

WITHERS Oh, that in England might be born a man,
Sprung from the loins of English liberty,
To rise and sweep, twice daily, like old Thames,
In a strong tide 'gainst petty tyrannies;
And though at evening he be beaten back,
Flood in at morning to clean the channel again
Of busy women, and suck out to sea
Bans, prohibitions, interferences,
Movements, societies, government departments,
Such as curtail, diminish, and cut down
The antique privilege of true-born Englishmen
To take their pleasure in what way they please,
When, how, which, where, whatever, and with whom! (*Chord*)
Was it for this I joined the infantry
And took up arms against a Continent,
To have my eating and my drinking times
Fixed by old maids and governed by policemen?
(PLUM, *with dignity, passes out to ballroom*)
I think, were Germany the master here,
We should at least be certain of our beer.
But see, the Duchess finds new company,
In age and form more fitter to her own!

LÆTITIA It is the fellow who was here asleep.

WITHERS Then I have wronged him, for the man is sober.

LÆTITIA He would not else have undertaken Mother.

(*Enter* HUBERT, *exhausted and mopping his brow. He sinks into a chair beside* TOPSY, *who sits up and takes notice*)

WITHERS And here, like some slim carack long distressed
In the rough storm and tempest of the ocean,
Comes the frail consort of her voyaging,
His sails awrack, his rigging in disorder,
And the proud pennant drooping at the peak!
Thankful, he creeps into the nearest port,
Nor is there barge, punt, fishing boat so humble
He will not gladly berth beside her.

TOPSY Sir,
You are distempered, and your breathing labors,
As I have seen some baby grampus pant
After a heavy supper. Why is this?

HUBERT Oh, it were better to be bound with vipers
To the great stone of Sisyphus, and roll
All day forever up and down the hill,

Than to be fastened to a human mountain
Aping the antics of an early lamb!
For one is punishment, pure, unmistaken,
But this — this is the sacrilege of Pleasure.
I do a treason to my youth. I am
Not Sisyphus, not Tantalus, but both!
It were enough to caper with a whale,
Or spin a waltz with a rhinoceros,
But to be jostled in the dance by fairies,
Young, unattainable, locked i' the arms
Of men not better but more blest than I am,
And on their soft and tantalizing lips
See the slow smile that mocks my servitude —
This is my torture and damna-ti-on!
(*Is overcome*)

TOPSY Be easy, sir. This is my own employment.
I too must foot it and be gay for gold
With such as can get nobody for nothing.

HUBERT Aye, but with many. I am bound to one.

TOPSY Life is a most extraordinary thing.

HUBERT Man, like a pebble on a glacier,
Moves imperceptibly, but always down.

TOPSY Life is a looking-glass, in which we see
Only the dull reflection of ourselves,
And every day 't is less attractive.

HUBERT Come,
This is no time for dismal metaphor!
My monster's busy. While I have the chance,
Come, fellow slave, console me in the dance!
(*They get up, get out, and get off. Music*)

WITHERS I think between them there's a seed of love
Which shall grow up into a goodly tree. (*Kneels*)
And you, Lætitia, so frosty-proud,
Like to those castles of cold loveliness
Which scare the shipping on the North Atlantic,
So that old captains sniff the sky and mutter,
'There is an iceberg sixty miles away.'
Hushed are the passengers, and no more now
The merry quoit rings lightly on the deck,
But when the wonder bursts upon the view
Fear is forgotten. O Lætitia,
You are so beautiful that I am bold

And dare defy the miracle with wooing.
Will you not swim a moment in the sun
Of my affection — from the Arctic waters
Of dumb indifference drift southward soon,
Hang in the middle latitudes, and then
Melt into matrimony? Oh, I know
'T is not the mode to speak of marrying,
And this warm sentiment which now inflames me
Is but a mock and madness to the young.
No more the sweet confusions of the simple,
Rings, tokens, pledges, clutchings of the hands,
Partings and moons and memories, are holy.
Nay, I have heard some yearling split his sides
At roses clustered round a cottage door,
Or the fond statement of a Negro's passion.
For now is devotion the stale jest of fools,
And that wild ecstasy the poets sang
Is but a livelihood and theme for doctors,
Policemen, clowns, and psychoanalysts,
While he that boldly on his knees professes
A fixed affection for a single person
Calls down the cackle of the continents.
Yet, though to speak these shameful syllables
Names me a ninny, feeble in the mind,
In soul suburban — *will you marry me?*

LÆTITIA I am too much upset about my dam.
I think I shall not marry anyone,
But take my mother to a nunnery
And there with a little needlework convert her
From the vain fancies of the world. But look!
I would not have her see me. Let us fetch
A circuit to the ballroom, and from there
Play spy to the event.

WITHERS It shall be so.

(*They go off, right. Enter, left, the* DUCHESS, *with* PLUM. *Fairy music*)

PLUM I hope, Your Grace, I have not wearied you?

DUCHESS There are the wings of swallows on your feet
And in your arms the potency of lions.
It is not dancing when I dance with you —
I have no mind, no body; I am nothing
But a swift ghost that soars a prisoner
In the embraces of a flying bear.

PLUM It is a pleasure to give satisfaction.

Duchess Are you a member?

Plum Duchess, I am not.

Duchess Then with what member — nay, in this poor house
What member moves with such a dignity,
Hath such a grace and nimbleness of wit,
That he dare vouch for such a visitor?

Plum I did not come with any, but alone.

Duchess Is not a member, yet alone he came.
Strange!

(*Chord. Enter* Sneak, *cloaked and masked. Chord*)

Sneak (*darkly — apart*)
So. She's there. And this gross gentleman
Should be that paramour my daughter spoke of,
The constant prop of ducal indiscretion.
I will lie close and watch the giddy scene.
Waiter!

Waiter What would you?

Sneak I am a detective —
Nay, do not tremble! Not His Majesty's,
But the sworn servant of an agency
Skilled to pursue, see, tabulate, record,
And in the courts most cunningly describe
All the sly naughtiness of faithless wives,
Or peccant husbands, as the case may be;
Looks, nods, and greetings, holding-on of hands
After the space by decency commanded,
Meetings and partings, secret matinées,
The sigh drawn upward or the blinds drawn down,
Gifts, letters, notes — But are you listening?

Waiter Aye.

Sneak Well, His Grace the Duke of Canterbury
Has of our house required information
Touching the acts, deeds, conduct, and behavior
Of that loose elephant he calls his wife.
Whether in truth he doth suspect her virtue,
Whether the wish was father to the thought
And the old dog would find some cause for parting
Such as himself he doth not dare to furnish,
I cannot tell you. But I do persever

Here is the reason, cause, and circumstance
Why I sit here instead of somewhere else;
And now that all lies naked as the noon
In the hot deserts of Australia,
Nor doth one leaf of artful stratagem,
Lies, counterfeit, deception, subterfuge,
Ingenious accent, or oblique suggestion
O'er the bare truth project one inch of shadow,
And if there be a person here alive
Who doth not now know better than his mother
My name, my calling, and my secret business,
Then it were better for the loon to be
Boiled in ammonia till his wits return.
Well, if all's clear, known, plain, and manifest,
Then there is nothing I would say but this:
What *I* should like would be a spot of whiskey.

PLUM (*hearing, characteristically, last line only, pricks up ears*)
Now surely shall some misdemeanor follow!

DUCHESS They say the antelope on summer nights
Halts at the margin of the stream to drink.

PLUM Fellow, we thirst! Bring port and lemonade!

WAITER God made the lemon and the grape together,
But man, milady, has divided them,
And at this hour, by our wise Parliament,
The lemon's lawful, but the grape's a crime.

DUCHESS (*unstrung*)
What is this talk of Parliaments and lemons?
Am I a Duchess, to be fed on *lemons?*
Was there not somebody who died of lemons?
Did none arrest him nor none prosecute?
Is there no law against excessive lemons,
Or too much sugar, or intemperate tea,
Or the vile craving for hot-water bottles?
What! Lemons? Parliaments? As I'm a Duchess,
Bring me the article!

WAITER (*cowed*) It shall be done.
(*He takes bottle of port from pocket and places it on table*)

PLUM Ho! Bar the doors! Sound the alarm without!
(*Exit* WAITER)
Let none make entrance or emergencies!

(*Enter* LÆTITIA, LORD WITHERS, TOPSY, *and* HUBERT)

Withers What's here?

Lætitia How?

Topsy So!

Hubert What is 't?

Sneak Ha!

Duchess Who are you, sir? (*Picture*)

Plum I am the Metropolitan Police,
And this my warrant. Let a trumpet sound! (*Chord*)

Duchess Oh, viper!

Hubert Judas!

Lætitia Mother!

Duchess Oh, my daughter! (*Sobs*)

Plum Oh, it is anguish for a horse to suffer
The opposing reins of office and affection,
Which right and left distract the tender mind!
But this no Englishman has done, nor shall:
Make duty servant to his inclinations.
Take you these papers and at once write down
Your names and callings, titles, dignities,
Estates and mansions, orders, decorations,
Whether in wedlock you be joined or no,
How many children, houses, wives, convictions,
With all such details and appendages
As shall be pertinent. And in the morning
At Bow Street presently make apparition.
Now to your homes go softly.

Duchess Oh, the shame!

Hubert I will not!

Withers Insolent!

Lætitia My mother!

Sneak HOLD!

Plum Who's this that rudely doth resist the tide
Of our proceedings?

Sneak I am a detective,
Now by the Duke of Canterbury charged
To see, watch, notice, and at dawn discover
The nightly conduct of this noblewoman.

Duchess Now open, earth, and hide me!

Sneak 'Sneak,' said he,
'Good, honest Sneak, if you have any skill
Or any pity for a poor old man,
Find me that snake and serpent in the grass
Which hath drawn off my Duchess from her duty,
So that in naughtiness and vain delights
She doth dishonor the evening of our days
And utterly neglects the housekeeping.
Find me this worm, good Sneak, that I may split him!'
Thus the old Duke, with bloody, fearful oaths,
Cleaning a pistol by his lonely bed
Or whetting some great knife upon a stone;
And thus at daybreak shall I answer him:
'Duke, he is found, your ravisher of homes,
Snake in the grass and cuckoo in the nest,
A little, round, unpleasant, portly thing
Which crawls, part trespasser and part policeman,
Into the childish revels of the rich,
Toys with their wives and tramples on their toes,
Eats of their salt and presently arrests them
For some sly spinster's quibble in the law,
And while he smiles contaminates the air
With artful ruse and mean suspi-ci-on;
Will call for wine to catch a flunky out,
And drink with women only to denounce them.
This, Duke, is he that, doubly double-faced,
Has the pure spirit of your wife corrupted,
Night after night, entwinèd in the dance,
Which I with evidence can justify.
This scheming, slow, constabulary lump,
This is your libertine and co-respondent!'

Plum (*enraged, takes truncheon from trousers*)
Peace, caitiff!

Sneak Ha!

Plum Thou dog of Houndsditch!

Duchess Oh!
(*They fight. Hurry music*)

Sneak What, bully?

Plum Sot!

Sneak Hog!

Plum Bastard!

Duchess Oh! I swoon!

Sneak Ah, would you?

Withers Peace!

Lætitia Oh, gentlemen!

Plum Die, villain!
(Sneak *dies. Chord*)

Topsy (*prostrates self on body of* Sneak)
Oh, sir, you have killed my father! Why was this?
I had no life, no being, but in him,
And, now he's not, I am not either. Oh!
(*Dies of grief. Chord*)

Hubert (*kneels beside body of* Topsy)
Oh, Topsy, Topsy, could you not have waited?
I did not think that you would leave me thus,
Without one word nor tender beckoning
To bid me follow you. Yet I will follow,
And make one date of all eternity.
(*He strikes self on head with truncheon and dies. Chord*)

Plum This was an issue not to be expected.

Withers Yet I have heard some countryman remark,
Clapping the swallows from a field of corn,
'It is not seldom, in the course of nature,
After a drought not in light showers only
Falls and descends the gentle rain of heaven,
But in a spate and tempest.'

Plum But what's here?

Duchess (*kneeling*)
Now, earth, receive me, for I die of shame!

Withers (*apart*)
What does this bode?

LÆTITIA She spoke of death.

WITHERS I heard her.

LÆTITIA This must be hindered.

WITHERS Aye.

PLUM But mark what follows!

DUCHESS Farewell to revelry, farewell the dance,
And the gay trappings of my second youth!
Farewell the music, — and, sweet saxophone,
Thou art not music, yet I wish thee well, —
With all late suppers and hot gala nights,
The colored streamer and the blue balloon,
Fans, rattles, dolls, and India-rubber dogs,
And wicked kippers eaten in the dawn,
And those fierce rhythmic and delicious tunes
Which light a fever in the veins and set
The feet, the soul, fermenting — fare you well!
Oh, it is selfish in the young to grudge us
The little joys of our declining days!
Have they not Love and Happiness their servants,
And must all Pleasure bow to them as well?
This were ungenerous. And I think in Heaven,
If there be saxophones as well as harps,
They are not only for the young. But here
I shall not see a gala night again.
(*Dies of shame. Fairy music*)

LÆTITIA Oh, she is dead!

WITHERS Life, like a butterfly,
Hath from the window of this flesh departed.
I think I never did nor never shall
See any woman so impeccable.
She was a person of extreme distinction,
She had discretion, grace, nobility,
Beauty and strength, taste, wit, intelligence,
Was kind to animals, by children worshiped;
I think I never saw a woman —

LÆTITIA Peace!
Mother, shall any other lips but mine
Tell the long catalogue of your great virtues?
I was your child, and if in anything
From the straight furrow of the good you strayed,
I do accuse myself. I should have told you

The snares and dangers of this wicked world,
And nursed you always with a daughter's love.
For you were too much guarded in your youth,
And knew not everything, as we know now,
Who by experience of all temptation
Against temptation are inoculated;
But you, poor innocent, were an easy prey.
The first shrill saxophone that squeaked in London
Was your undoing. And where'er you be,
Whether 't is harps or saxophones or timbrels
That now make mischief in your neighborhood,
You shall not face that music quite alone.
(*Dies of remorse. Chord*)

WITHERS Thou too, Lætitia, art thou dead?

PLUM She is.

WITHERS Then there is no more virtue in the world!
Fire hath no heat, and the congealèd sun
Swims like a frozen orange in the sky;
There is not any meaning anywhere,
And to no purpose the great stars revolve!
O my dear Tish, unique Lætitia,
I will not in this wilderness delay,
Where, without you, I am the one thing living,
Like some lone seaman left upon an island,
Who beats his head against an emptiness
And so goes mad. Give me the knife! I die!
(*Stabs self and dies. Chord*)

PLUM This is a most strange consequence and finish
Of one quite simple action. Ho! Without!
(*Enter* WAITER)
Where are the officers of this society?

WAITER Sir, they are drinking.

PLUM Then disturb them not,
But with all speed call ministers and surgeons.
Reverently then these bodies disentangle
And in two chambers decently dispose them,
Not in one vague and ill-considered heap,
As men store pheasants, cock and hen together,
But with due awe distinguishing the sexes.
And this poor body, which shall top the pile,
Cause in a cylinder to be cremated
Not far from Winchester, where I was born.
This is the end. Go, fellow! I have done.

WAITER Sir, from my birth I was a nervous child,
This way and that swung weakly by suggestion,
And could not see my fellow creatures weep
But I must echo them with noisy tears.
Speak of an earthquake, and I fly the house;
Hang o'er the bulwarks, I am sick myself.
And now, i' the presence of these diminished figures,
By their own act, I take it, brought to nought,
I feel the prickings of mortality.
Thoughts of destruction, fatal inclinations,
Throng in my arteries —

PLUM It is enough.
I see far off the goal to which you stumble.
Die, and have done with it, for I am waiting.
(WAITER *knocks head thrice on floor and dies. Chord*)
Now do the morning and the evening meet
To kiss the midnight in the noon of death.
(*Stabs self. Music*)
Now is the circle of our questionings
Completed in an equilateral triangle,
Whereof, like children in a labyrinth,
At the perimeter we wander dumbly
Groping for truth, nor can one path discover
Which is not soon concluded in a point
That hath not magnitude, nor space, nor nothing,
But down the windy parallels of Time
Echoes again that interrogative
Which mocked our entrances. Now, Plum, go off!
(*Stabs self*)
Now shall the nighthawk to the trees report,
'Plum is no more, poor Plum that used to hang
High in the branches of authority;
Poor Plum is fallen from the bough unripened,
Shook off too soon by unkind circumstance.'
(*Stabs self*)
Now popes and persons, majesties and powers,
Dominions, sunsets, kings and macaroons,
Violets, marigolds, and moonlight falling
Like children's kisses on the mountain top.
(*Stabs self*)
Dukes, ferns, and shellfish, and all gentle things
In the high argument of love suspended,
Firelight at evening and the dawn of day,
Redwings and walnuts, oak, mahogany,
Lancaster, York, great Salisbury and Monmouth,
Hereford, Leicester, Northumberland, and Kent,
King's Cross, St. Pancras, Euston, Waterloo —
All noble-sounding and capacious words,

Come and be mourners at my funeral,
For I am in the vestibule of death.

(*Stabs self*)

This is the gate and portal of my ending,
I think there doth not any word remain,
But silence and still quiet touch my lips
With the mute harmony of things unspoken.
I never was of that loud company
Which seek their harvest in a waste of words;
'DO' was my dictionary. And my sword
Leaped from the sheath ere I could mention it.

(*Stabs self*)

As you may see in some great orchestra
A little lonely fellow at the end
Sits by the cymbals, and the instruments
Thunder around him their tempestuous din, —
Flutes, horns, and oboes, harp and clarinet,
And the wild fiddles like the forest swaying
On Swedish mountains when the storm is high, —
But he, that could with one most royal clash
Startle the city and make all that music
Like the small twittering of birds appear,
Sits with his brasses, but doth make no sound
Till the conductor shall command him so,
And leaves his cymbals and goes home at last,
Still with no sound, nor kindly thanks, nor notice,
For the conductor hath forgotten him —
So sit I here, and die without a word.

(*Stabs self and surveys scene*)

Well, this will puzzle them at Scotland Yard.

(*Dies. Chord*)

[CURTAIN]

THE REVOLT OF A MIDDLE-AGED FATHER

BY I. M. RUBINOW

I

I HAVE a daughter in the sophomore class of X College. It is a small fresh-water college, but with an excellent reputation; admission is fraught with many difficulties and confers some distinction. My choice was due partly to its location near the city in which I live, but partly also to its lack of ostentation.

We might have chosen the large university in my city, one of the largest in the country. But my son was a student there, and from him I learned of the disadvantages of large colleges — the lack of personal contact with the professors; the impersonal, machine-like processes of degree-making; the absence of true college life. To some extent I had contact with the student body at that large university. The group was not impressive. It certainly was quite different from the small group of students I studied with at Columbia in the early nineties. So my daughter was going to have the best I could afford; perhaps ill afford, for I am a man of modest means — a salaried man, in fact, having two other children already in college. Her going meant considerable sacrifice of comforts, of opportunities for saving, and even of the savings previously made.

As my daughter's college is less than an hour from the city, — really in the suburbs, — I could visit her off and on, going down direct from the office in time for the evening meal or for an occasional Saturday afternoon. Thus I have obtained an intimate glimpse of present-day college life.

My first impression was decidedly favorable. There were the alluring old buildings, scattered over the large campus, a welcome relief from the congestion of a large metropolis. There were the groups of young girls and boys (it is a coeducational institution). There was loud talking, laughing, joking; and some innocent spooning, to be sure; yet, as far as I could see and learn, there was very little of that extravagance of conduct which some observers seem to find about a campus. They were happy boys and girls. But, somehow, I never could feel the atmosphere of an educational institution.

A few visits were needed before I could answer the question which seemed to trouble me: 'What does this remind me of?' It came in a flash. A summer hotel in the mountains or at the seashore. The exuberant youth, the loud, sporty clothes, — perhaps not always expensive; I am a poor judge of that, — the cars before the entrance, the meandering couples, the total absence of care, even the tone of the conversation, all smacked of vacation rather than vocation.

I confess that, when the comparison occurred to me, it worried me. And the more I observed the so-called college life, the more worried I became. I have no fear that modern youth or the coming generation will go to moral perdition. Each age and generation must establish its own moral standards and follow them or not, as it desires. Who am I to say that I know what those standards should be? The basis for my worry was economic rather than moral; or, if you wish, an economic morality.

Personally, I hate summer hotels or camps or vacational institutions, with their enforced idleness. Others may like them better. But, after all, it is understood that a vacation is only a vacation. It is a break in the regular necessary productive routine of life. It may be a very pleasant break for two or three weeks when one is tired out, but as a permanent diet, or for four years at least, what effect must it have on the formative period of life, on the process of preparation for active life?

'But this is unfair,' argues my daughter. 'You have been here only during leisure hours. Our classes meet in the daytime, you know.'

Of course. And I do not want to be unfair to the young generation — that is the surest sign of approaching old age.

But let us see. The average requirements of a college are about fifteen hours per week. Laboratory work, which is much more arduous than simply listening to an old fogy of a professor talking, for some mysterious reason usually counts as half time; so the average working hours of undergraduate students may be twenty hours per week within the class. If the students put in an extra hour of reading and study for every classroom hour, — they may and should do more, but few do, — that means a working week of thirty to thirty-five hours, including extra reading. Pretty easy, I call that, as compared with the working hours of some millions of young persons of the same age who have entered productive occupations and are partly or wholly making their own living.

Shall I be told that I have underestimated the necessary effort of undergraduate study? I don't think so. Look at the time that is left for all other — extracurricular, I believe they call them — 'activities' and pleasures. The average undergraduate student finds sufficient time to indulge in amateur dramatics, amateur journalism, amateur politics, clubs, fraternities, social life, and at least the normal amount of amateur or serious love-making. In addition — or as a substitute — some manage to work at various occupations, and thus partly or entirely pay their way through college. If some do this, the others must have a lot of time to waste.

That is the régime of life through the college year, eight or nine months or so. Even that year is interrupted by prolonged vacations: at midyear, Christmas, and Easter. The calendar of one large university tells me that the college term begins on September 24. The Thanksgiving recess lasts five days (my clerical staff gets one day, no more: girls all of college age); the Christmas recess from December 22 to January 4, or two weeks; the term-end recess, from February 1 to 8, or a full week; Easter recess, four days — altogether more than four weeks. And the classes all end some time between May 24 and June 1. Some twenty-one to twenty-two weeks of leisure out of the year.

So upon the partial idleness — or leisure, a more euphemistic expression — of the school year there is superimposed the total leisure of the numerous and prolonged vacations. Many students try to utilize these, but of course no regular occupation can be pursued for two or three months with an interval of nine or ten, so the labor market is flooded every summer with young folks looking for temporary jobs. To some it makes no difference what the work is, so long as an opportunity to earn presents itself: waiting, summer hotel clerking, door-to-door selling; occasionally, for the more adventurous, manual labor. I have read of two students making a success at bricklaying at ten dollars a day. To others the prime consideration is how to occupy the summer. It may be a summer school, or counseling at camps, or anything, so long as the work is not too strenuous. Others, more girls than boys, languish at home, bored to death with the monotony of private family life as compared with the stimulus of group life, and create problems for their parents and siblings. What very few of them do or can do is to train themselves for their life work, for their chosen profession. Exciting as bricklaying may be as an experience for the future physician, college professor, or bond salesman, it is n't exactly a preparation for his profession. And yet, the college years are years of preparation.

II

I am afraid that I am giving the reader an altogether unfavorable impression of myself. Here, you will say, is a very grouchy, selfish old man who begrudges his children the privileges of the college education which, for some reason or other, perhaps out of sheer regard for convention, he is paying for. I must insist, therefore, not only in self-defense, but for a better evaluation of the argument which follows, that I am a college man myself; not only that, but possessor of a Ph.D., an academic man by disposition, author of half a dozen serious books, and a member of the W. W. A. fraternity (*Who's Who in America*). So that's that.

And secondly, I look on myself as a kind, easy-going, indulgent, and loving father. I believe my children endorse that description. I have assumed the duty of seeing three children through college. I found soon that the least that will take a modern youth through college comfortably is $1500 a year. Three times four times $1500 makes all of $18,000. (And I never had the $18,000.) Into this went almost all the savings of a lifetime, and most of the income during their college years. It has meant a sacrifice, many sacrifices for my wife and myself. I do not run a car — not even a Ford. We have sacrificed many opportunities for vacation and travel; opportunities for saving for our old age, which is not so very far off. All of this we have done cheerfully, but the question will not down: Was it necessary? Was it wise? Was it fair to us? And was it worth while for them?

Were ours an isolated case, then this article might be considered a presumption. But obviously it is not an isolated case. It may be somewhat unusual to carry the burden of three children in college simultaneously. Wise spacing of children might have prevented that. But a family of three children is, after all, not an unusual one, and college education within the last thirty or forty years has changed from a luxury to a seeming necessity, from an exception to a tradition, not only for the rich and the near rich, or the middle class to which I belong, but even for many a worker's family as well. It is no more a question as to whether one can afford to see his children through college, but whether one can afford not to do so.

The total number of students in colleges and universities, exclusive of professional schools, in 1873 — the earliest year for which these data are available — was only about 23,000; in 1903, 125,000; in 1922, 438,000; and to-day it approaches 600,000.

The beginnings of college education in America were partly vocational — training for teachers, clergy, and lawyers — and partly social. College training was the training of a gentleman. Hence the emphasis upon decorative subjects such as classical languages. Hence, we might add, the absurd objective of a college education, the Bachelor of Arts diploma — of which more later.

Rather suddenly there came the rush of thousands into colleges. In 1870 only one out of 150 youths was in college. In 1880, one out of 100. In 1890, one out of 75. In 1900, one out of 50. In 1910, one out of 40. In 1920, one out of 20. And in the year of our Lord 1927 the proportion is probably near to one out of 12.

A college student is, therefore, no more *rara avis*, no more necessarily a son or a daughter of the upper classes. The great democratic American masses are looking to sending their children to college — or, at least, their children are looking to going there, as naturally as they looked to high school ten or twenty years ago. Of course, even one in twelve is only one in twelve; there are eleven others who do not go; but the proportion is sure to increase. Whatever the proportion, they are a privileged group, against the remaining eleven twelfths or five sixths or even two thirds, who are deprived of college for economic or other reasons, and who enter productive life without waiting until twenty-two to do so.

In the appraisal of value of any property, service, or institution, a sound system of accounting is imperative. The balance sheet is not only a business concept. It is, or ought to be, if not the true measure, at least one of the measures for the evaluation of any social effort.

What the individual cost is I know, and so do many other parents. From my varied experience I know that it cannot be done comfortably for less than the $1500 per annum I have named. And, moreover, the costs are constantly rising.

Here is an approximate budget: —

Tuition	$200	to	$400
Other college expenses (registration, library fees, books, etc.)	50	"	100
Room and board, 32 to 40 weeks at a rate of $15 to $20	480	"	800
Laundry	50	"	100
Miscellaneous expenses ($5 to $10 a week)	260	"	520
Clothes	300	"	500
Total	$1340	to	$2420

Few luxuries are here included. The clothing allowance certainly does not allow a girl in college to dress better than does a New York stenographer — there is no reason why she should, except that she wants to — or as well as many of her college friends dress, much to her and her mother's distress and mental anguish. Nor does the minimum budget provide for the maintenance of even the little roadster which many a college boy expects. It provides for pocket expenses, but not for hip-pocket expenses and the appurtenances thereto. Finally, it does n't provide for railroad trips to college and home — at least two of them — and a summer vacation.

So let us accept the figure of $1500 as reasonable. Four years of that is $6000. We know that there are to-day some 600,000 students in colleges, and some 600,000 pairs of parents making this sacrifice to send them through.

A few years ago the National Bureau of Economic Research published a most painstaking investigation of 'Income in the United States: Its Amount and Distribution.' While the data refer to 1918, the situation probably has not changed materially during the last few years. The conclusions are based partly upon careful study of income tax statistics and partly upon estimates. In all, 37,569,060 incomes are considered. Let me inject this brief statistical summary: —

Income		Per cent	Cumulative percentage
$1,000,000 and over	152	.00041	.00041
100,000 to 1,000,000	7,290	.0193	.0197
50,000 to 100,000	14,011	.037	.057
10,000 to 50,000	233,181	.62	.68
6,000 to 10,000	353,103	.94	1.62
4,000 to 6,000	665,195	1.77	3.39
3,000 to 4,000	952,693	2.53	5.92
2,000 to 3,000	3,065,024	8.16	14.08
1,000 to 2,000	17,720,187	47.18	61.26
Less than 1,000	14,558,224	38.74	100.00
	37,569,060		

With all the display of wealth in our midst, with all our lavish expenditures, it is significant that the incomes of $10,000 and over number a little more than a quarter of a million (254,634), representing only about two thirds of one per cent of the total. Even if all incomes of $6000 or over are included, they number only about 600,000 and represent only 1⅔ per cent. You can't deduct $1500 from $6000 without creating some disturbance in the family budget. And yet we have 600,000 college students to-day. We shall have many more to-morrow — a round million, if students in professional and normal schools are included.

And what about the collective social cost? It has become a somewhat hackneyed observation of American students of European conditions before the war that Europe was being driven into bankruptcy by its standing armies. The same reason is often given in explanation of the financial difficulties which France or Poland or Central Europe is going through to-day. Comparisons are made to show the enormous cost of maintaining a million able-bodied men in idleness, and an expensive apparatus to keep them busy besides — for, paradoxical as it may sound, even idle men must be kept busy at something. *Mutatis mutandis*, does n't this describe at least one aspect of the American college problem? If my estimate of $1500 per annum is correct, what is the cost of 600,000 students? Is not $900,000,000 per annum a substantial amount? But is that the entire cost? We are frequently told that, no matter how high the tuition fees, no student pays more than twenty or twenty-five per cent of what it costs the college to instruct him. The expenditures of college over and above the income from college fees must be added. They may amount to some $300,000,000 or $400,000,000 per annum. And what about the loss of income from capital investments? What about the continuous capital outlays which are required to meet the demands of a constantly increasing student population? Is there a college or a college president who is not continuously soliciting funds?

Limiting the number of students, selection on psychological, financial, or any other grounds, all this may help to save an individual institution, but it only aggravates the problem, for it strengthens the illusion of those great advantages which may be derived from a college education. In the final analysis it is the wishes of the people, not the decision of the college authorities, that will decide the size of the student population in this country.

Let us say that the college bill amounts to nearly $2,000,000,000, a respectable amount for even this rich country. Added to this is the enforced idleness, the nonproductive existence, of an army of 600,000 young men and women. And the army is rapidly growing, and the cost figures are increasing even more rapidly than the army.

Now it would seem to be good social ethics, or common sense, that a privileged standing ought to have some justification. Surely that should hold true in an ideal democracy such as ours. The privilege of a college education, the privilege of postponing entrance upon one's life's duties in this workaday world until the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, ought to be worthy of some justification to the other social groups not so privileged; to the other age groups within its own social class; and to college youth itself.

III

The extension of the schooling period from fourteen to eighteen, through the democratization of the high schools, corresponds with the views held by an increasing number of physiologists, psychologists, educators, and students of social conditions, that it is wise and useful to postpone entrance into modern productive industry to fourteen, or sixteen, and for many industries to eighteen, years of age. If this prolonged childhood will give children a better chance in later life, surely modern American society can afford it. Whatever the fiscal arrangements, whatever the shifting of cost depending upon distribution of wealth and income and our system of taxation, society can well afford to say: 'We, the grown-up people, young as well as middle-aged, are willing to carry the burden, individually for the good of our children, collectively for the good of the next generation and of the country at large. It is up to us to do the world's work while the old folks rest and young folks are getting ready.'

But is the situation at all similar for that group which makes up the student body of our colleges? The college period extends from the age of eighteen to twenty-three or more. Physically our students are grown up. They are able to do the work that has to be done: athletic feats would seem to demonstrate that. Their health is usually above the average. For physiological reasons they have an oversupply of energy, which they should dispose of in order not to get into mischief. A very expensive apparatus must be furnished to meet that need in a wasteful way. Not so very long ago persons at their age were the fathers and mothers of the race. Surely they are or ought to be self-supporting — not in positions of leadership, of course, but in the rank and file. Even now the other eleven out of twelve, those who are not in college, are employed in industry, commerce, arts, in every line of endeavor except science and the learned professions. Surely even we complacent middle-aged Americans do not mean to say, 'Let the middle-aged and the old folks, those of fifty years and over, work more and harder, so that our boys and girls between eighteen and twenty-four may have more time to play while they are studying a little.' But that is exactly what we are doing.

Is this policy justified? If so, what is the justification?

The traditional reply is obvious: 'You are paying for the education of the children. Do you question the value of education?'

I do not. But I am beginning to question the meaning of the word in its application to a present-day college.

In whatever I have said, and will say presently, I am not referring to professional and technical education. But college, undergraduate college, is not vocational. It deals with that ill-defined entity often described as 'culture' or general education. Far be it from me to deny the necessity of it. I hold, I think, fairly advanced ideas on the subject. Culture and general education must, I believe, embrace some understanding of the ego's relationship to the universe, the earth, the human race, society, and himself. But what I do insist upon is that this ideal general education and culture is obtained in our colleges by only an infinitesimal proportion of students; that the effort to obtain it is not even encouraged either by the college or by the student body; and that no one who possesses this much-desired culture — I am thinking of something much more substantial than the mere polish of a gentleman — has obtained it during the specified years of college.

The idea that anything approaching a general education can be crammed down in four years of college, certified by an A.B., and enjoyed ever after without further effort, is the greatest impediment to the growth of American culture.

Education is an important part of life. But should it ever occupy all of life? The one great contribution to the theory of the place of the educational process in life as a whole was made by the Gary formula, intended for a younger group but applicable to all ages: Study, play, work. I am questioning our college system because it puts the greatest emphasis on play and considers work either as a necessary evil or not at all. Against this policy I, as a middle-aged man, do revolt. My life is mostly work. There is some study — always has been. Perhaps my reading hours average more than the traditional fifteen hours a week of the college student. But there is very little play. And I am getting tired, and the height of my productive energy has passed. Meanwhile, the young folks have much play and very little work, if any. Whether the arrangement is quite fair as between myself and my children is a personal matter; but whether the arrangement is fair between two generations is a matter of great concern to society at large.

IV

This question must be answered in the light of the return the country gets for the expenditure of two billion dollars per annum. What do we get collectively and individually? What does the country get? What does the paying father get? What does the student get?

The one thing that the student obviously gets, or achieves, is his A.B. Will the answer appear facetious or cynical? But, seriously, no other definite answer can be given — at least, none that will apply to the student body as a whole.

What is this mysterious A.B. degree? Why 'bachelor'? And why 'arts'?

The corresponding, though not altogether comparable, German symbol at least has a meaning: *certificas maturitatis*, a certificate of (intellectual) maturity. A certain intellectual content has been acquired. Whether rightly or not, it is assumed to include the intellectual baggage needed for intellectual maturity. And the mature person may be expected to go forth and at least take care of himself. Is n't that, after all, the minimum test of maturity?

But what does the A.B. certify? It is true, we too speak on Commencement Day of the young graduate going forth to 'conquer the world.' We grandiloquently declare that '*omnia jura, honores, privilegia ad hunc gradum pertinentia*' are conferred upon him or her. But all this Latin, we know, means no more than the two Horse Guards, standing on duty in London, mean in the economic problems of the British Empire. Does it stand for any definite educational content? A large modern American university offers perhaps two or three thousand courses, but, on the average, a student may not take more than twenty to thirty of them during his four years. The A.B. does, to be sure, confer the right to reënter the university and to work for an A.M. degree. But the same question may arise. What does an A.M. stand for?

Strange as it may seem, the A.B. is a quantitative measure. It certifies to the acquisition of a certain amount of knowledge of assorted kinds — almost like a pound of assorted chocolates. One might say that it stands for four years of academic training. But even that is no more accurate, for it is now quite possible to acquire it with no unearthly effort in three and a half years, or even in three. So another measure must be accepted. An A.B. stands for 120 points, or counts, or whatever the yardstick of the particular college happens to be. Roughly, of course, this may be converted into units intelligible to the layman. A point usually stands for one hour a week for a semester of some sixteen weeks; so an A.B. stands for some 120 times 16 — that is, 1920 — hours of classroom instruction, with proper deductions for vacations, holidays, and cuts, excused and unexcused. And there you are.

Does this mean anything to you? It means nothing to me. Some 1800 hours of classroom attendance may mean some education, some culture, some knowledge, some philosophy, some *Weltanschauung* — it may mean any one of these things or a little, very little, of each. And it may mean none of these things. It may mean nothing at all beyond some formal compliance with the minimum (quantitative) requirements and some luck and dexterity at the final examinations.

The elective system came as a useful reaction against the scholasticism and formalism of a so-called classical education. Surely no one would wish to return to the mediæval system of education which was limited almost to dead languages and dead cultures. No one would want to force 600,000 youths to study for four long years subjects in which they have no interest at all. But, on the other hand, if we want to confer the title of a learned or an educated man, — for an A.B. must mean or at least symbolize that, if anything at all, — we must first of all arrive at some agreement as to what education means.

A bare few winters within an educational institution mean nothing. A mechanical agglomeration of trigonometry, history of the Renaissance, Greek philosophy, scenario writing, interpretation of French drama, psychological measurements, palæontology, accounting, third-year German, and Provençal French, or any similarly relevant combination, arrived at with due consideration of the looks of the professors, their reputation as to 'cinch' courses, desire for a free Saturday, conflicts with various athletic events, and hatred of early rising — this, we submit, is not a systematic education. Just what the effect of this mental food is likely to be we are unable to tell. No one has figured it out.

No, this is not an exaggeration or a caricature. For all we know, this may be an actual record. There is no reason why it should n't be. Some colleges have made an effort to overcome this evil. There are tutorial systems, honor systems, outlines, and requirements for major subjects. But, with all these efforts in the right direction, the combined effect is slight. In the opposition against the old classical programme, no unified plan for a rounded-out general educational programme was created.

V

We come back to the original question. What does the college give the average student? Surely not a systematic education. Surely not scientific training. Unfortunately, no accurate information exists as to which of the many thousands of courses are most popular among arts students. Is n't it strange that, with all the millions expended and solicited for the maintenance, upbuilding, and extension of our colleges, we really do not even know specifically what we are spending the money for? Is it for the teaching of philosophy, or science, or the arts, or literature, or trades, or — what? From general observation one may judge — though perhaps erroneously — that courses in English and other languages and in commercial subjects remain the most popular. Now, no matter how broadly we may wish to define the word 'science,' no one could seriously claim that these subjects furnish a foundation for a general scientific education.

But let us grant the improbable. Let us concede that through the study of the classics, English, some history, and a smattering of miscellaneous information which goes by the term of social science, the foundation is laid for general education, for culture. Why, even then, is the cumbersome, complicated, and expensive machinery of a modern college necessary? Why is it necessary to force the partaking of this mental pabulum into a period of four years? Why does this educational process call for four years of so-called college life?

The answer, of course, is: 'There is no reason whatever.' Books, lecture courses, libraries, are or ought to be sufficient. The more the process is diluted, the more enjoyable and profitable will it be. The study of literature, art, history, or politics should come in small doses as a relief from the humdrum duties of making a living or learning a profession or a trade.

And what is it that college students do not get, or what do they miss, because of their college obligations? What are the objectionable by-products of our college system?

I do not mean to insist that these results obtain in all cases, but they are frequent — perhaps the rule, rather than the exception. Moreover, evidence is accumulating that a growing proportion of students are becoming conscious of them, if one is to judge by the number of deflections from the college ranks before the four-year period is completed, particularly among men.

First and foremost, college delays entry into life's work by four years. Secondly, a habit of excessive leisure is definitely established. Let it even be cultural, gentlemanly leisure, devoted to reading magazines, or writing verse, or discussing the universe. Excessive leisure it nevertheless is. It makes for the type of junior whose main talent is in speeding a car and sponging on 'the governor' — the 'six-foot, clean-cut, energetic, athletic (but lazy) American manhood' our magazine fiction writers are so fond of. A subtle disdain for what the Germans call *Alltag* (week days) develops; a lack of power of concentration upon a day's work, unless there is some promise of a thrill or a kick in it. Perhaps by the year 2927, when pressing electric buttons will be the only economic function left, that will not matter. But now it does. It represents a handicap from which both students and parents are made to suffer.

Thirdly, college frequently leads to a greater confusion, at least as far as the personal problems of the student are concerned. It may be natural for a young boy to dream of becoming a fireman or a broncho buster; for the adolescent girl to dream of a career as a movie star. If these ambitions persist too long, psychologists are likely to classify them as infantile fixations. Thousands upon thousands of students major in English. They put the main emphasis on the reading of fine literature and on practice writing. Some of their own works achieve publication in college periodicals. Occasionally true literary talent may manifest itself in this way, as it probably would anyway, under any circumstances. But the number of potential geniuses, future novel and short-story writers, playwrights, poets, and of late years columnists, is enormous. The possibility of staggering royalties, the fame of literary success, the ease and excitement of a literary career, all this must make a tremendous appeal to the adolescent mind; but in the sheltered security of a college atmosphere this attractive career, as compared to humdrum workaday life, appeals to many who are sadly lacking in the necessary qualifications. Inevitably this economic irresponsibility, protracted into a period of life when young people should be dependent upon themselves, offers a strong stimulus to daydreaming, from which the sad necessity of looking for a job after Commencement furnishes a rude awakening. Many a tragedy is thus created. The average boy and girl — and it is average boys and girls who now largely fill our colleges — must find adjustment very much more difficult and painful.

Why, in view of the personal and social cost, in view of the many difficulties created which drive so many students out of college in the junior and even in the senior year — why does the number of students increase so rapidly? Why do hundreds of thousands annually clamor for entrance? Why are hundreds of thousands of parents so anxious to make the sacrifice?

The motives for a college career are many and varied: (1) quest for scientific knowledge; (2) desire for a general education and culture; (3) desire to obtain the preliminary preparation necessary for the study of a profession; (4) desire for the social distinction conferred by a college degree; (5) belief that a college training offers a competitive advantage in future efforts for economic success; (6) the lure of college life; (7) primarily for girls, the opportunity for a marriage market; (8) parents' insistence upon it, even though the student would rather do something else; (9) 'Nothing else to do, except work,' and college is preferable to that; (10) 'Everybody is doing it.'

What is the comparative strength of these various motives and factors? A genuine old-fashioned quest for scientific knowledge may be numerically the least important factor in the minds of prospective students. Perhaps the quest for culture is a little more popular. But I am afraid that it is the lure of college life, its freedom from responsibility, from worry, from economic pressure and hard work, that proves the greatest attraction as far as the student is concerned. Convention and the herd spirit move the father; social distinction throws its spell over the mother. Everybody is doing it; therefore it must be the right thing to do. Everybody is doing it, and we should be *déclassé* if we did n't. Everybody is doing it — and it seems to pay.

VI

Is there a different way? Unless a constructive answer to this question can be given, what is the use of complaining?

To begin with, it may be pointed out that the recognition of the necessity of a radical change is growing, not only among students and parents, but among college authorities as well. If, on the one hand, dissatisfied juniors drop out to become cub reporters, law clerks, or stock-company actors, many colleges, on the other hand, make all possible efforts to attract part-time students. In postgraduate schools, leading to the higher academic degree of Ph.D., most students are part-time students, as an examination of university catalogues will disclose. In most Western universities, short-time — one-year or even one-term — courses are arranged. In the large Eastern universities thousands of students attend extension courses, either purely cultural or vocational, or both. Even correspondence teaching is in vogue at many universities. Evidently thousands of people at work are anxious to acquire culture or useful and necessary knowledge. And they are usually mature persons, who know what they want and are willing to pay for it.

Then there is the development of 'labor' colleges, or at least colleges recognizing the necessity of work in combination with study. There is the very interesting experiment at Antioch College, combining work with study in an alternative arrangement.

These experiments and tendencies disclose in various ways the growing opinion: —

That cultural education should not be limited to the leisure class.

That the acquisition of culture and knowledge is not limited to any particular age.

That useful productive employment need not and should not destroy the desire for culture and knowledge, but, on the contrary, should stimulate it.

That the process of acquisition of culture and knowledge should be fitted into the scheme of useful life rather than offered as a substitute for it.

That the true desire for culture and knowledge does not need the stimulus of points, credits, examinations, certificates, degrees, and parchments.

That the proper encouragement of this continuous educational process requires some leisure and freedom from exhausting toil.

From all these observations and partial generalizations, three principles of considerable pragmatic importance may be deduced. (1) Education of the masses should not be parasitic. (2) Democratic education presupposes some leisure: that is, reasonable restriction of the hours of labor. (3) Democratic education does not require the artificial encouragement of academic paraphernalia.

A further increase of the college population from 600,000 to a round million, to three or five million full-time students, might spell economic catastrophe. But five or even ten million men and women of all ages, spending part of their leisure time in collegiate study, might mean a real triumph of culture and civilization. The only hazard involved would be to Hollywood, California, the World Series, or the financial backers of pugilistic contests.

How can we accomplish this change? I am almost afraid to announce my panacea. Reasonable people are justly suspicious of all panaceas.

What is desired is a proper balance between work and study and play; a proper evaluation as between useful knowledge, intellectual effort, and decorative culture; a destruction of unjustified prerogatives arising out of academic snobbishness. And how can you accomplish that — or, at least, achieve a movement in the right direction?

Abolish the A.B. degree. Abolish the silly, childish, antiquated, snobbish, academic title, which stands for nothing — surely for nothing of definite intellectual or cultural value.

And this proposal is not made with any special preference for the S.B., Ph.B., or any other busy (or lazy) bee.

When the university confers the title of physician or attorney or teacher or civil engineer or chemist or biologist, there is a definite action conveying a definite meaning; the 'privileges, rights, honors,' and so forth mean something. A man either is a physician or he is not.

An academic bachelor's degree has none of these attributes. It is a presumption without justification. It is a claim without any force behind it. Culture and education cannot be easily measured, and, even if they could, what is the necessity of measuring them? The evidence of their presence should be something much more vital than the dried skin of a dead sheep.

Of course, the discerning need not be told that the abolition of the academic degree is only a symbol. That with it must go veneration for the academic degree, veneration for idleness masquerading as intellectual leisure. That the centre of gravity of a modern college must shift from the full-time student to the part-time student, who is only tolerated at present; from the fifty- to one-hundred-per-cent idler — the six-foot of college manhood glorified by our hectic magazines — to the serious seeker for knowledge; from the 'remittance man' who spends his surplus energy in following the cheer leader, tearing down signs, and uprooting lamp-posts, to the useful worker who finds in the college hall a refreshing change and relief from his daily grind.

What a change in building plans, in faculties, in trustees, in college presidents, might follow! But might it not be worth while?

A WORLD OF DREAMS

BY M. M. W.

Of the many victims of that mysterious disease, *encephalitis lethargica*, commonly known as 'sleeping sickness,' about one half do not live. Of those who survive few are left entirely free of distressing after effects. I am one of these more fortunate ones. I have ventured to set down the facts in this article hoping that they may be of interest to the layman as well as to those who have met sleeping sickness professionally. It is perhaps advisable to describe my condition before, during, and after the actual attack.

About a year ago I entered the hospital for a slight surgical operation, which was followed by a mild staphylococcus infection; ten days later lobar pneumonia developed in one lung. From this I made a prompt recovery, and had a normal convalescence.

The one disturbing after condition was a pain at the lower end of my spine, which through several weeks increased in severity until I was practically never, during the day or night, free from intense suffering. I was put to bed, gradually grew drowsy, and after a week became unconscious — unconscious, that is, in so far as my ordinary power of realization or memory was concerned. I cannot recall a single moment of those eleven weeks when I lay unconscious, but I have been told that I talked a great deal and appeared to recognize certain people; that I could be aroused to swallow nourishment and would cry out with the pain of the spinal punctures which the physician made. I greeted cordially the eminent neurologist, who happened also to be an old friend, when he came twice from a distant city to see me, but I was incredulous when I was told during my convalescence that he had been there. I ran a temperature constantly and lost a great deal of weight.

One morning I awoke as if from an ordinary night's sleep, looked at the nurse who had been on day duty for seven weeks, and said quietly, 'Why, who are you?' From that moment I made an uninterrupted recovery. Four months after I regained consciousness my recovery was complete. Naturally it took weeks for my normal strength to return, but I have now more than regained my weight and am told that I look, as indeed I feel, several years younger.

I

I can now view with almost objective interest and astonishment my mental processes during the eleven weeks of this illness. All these weeks I was in imagination going through vivid, exciting, and amazing experiences, entirely remote from my usual life, but still as clear as if I had actually lived them yesterday. I cannot recall the order in which they occurred or the length of their duration, but apparently they were not like ordinary dreams, which are said to come and go in a flash. My nurses have told me that I endeavored to perform acts in which I thought myself to be taking part, sometimes for hours at a time. All one afternoon I held in my hands an imaginary hat which I thought I was trimming with yards and yards of black ribbon. One evening I struggled long and hard to do a fancy dance in bed. Again, I pushed and pushed at the self-starter of my car which was stalled, working so hard in this difficulty that the night nurse told me afterward that she cherished a hope that I would 'wreck the old thing in a ditch before morning!' I seemed often, in fact, to be living for an entire day or night in some prolonged adventure.

In real life I have never, I think, had a pistol in my hand; but in my dreams I was a crack shot and very daring in the use of firearms. I whipped out my weapon on many occasions, always saving the situation by my unparalleled bravery. My husband and I seemed, in my dream, to have a long-standing feud with a man and his son who lived just around the corner from us. Our quarrel had arisen partly because we insisted on having their butcher shop torn down in order to straighten our street, and partly because of the disturbance caused by the vast number of chickens which they kept in their back yard. These two villains pursued us relentlessly and one night almost cornered us in our garage; but I slipped my pistol from the pocket of the car and covered them so daringly that they slunk away in terror.

We heard nothing of them for some time, and then learned that they had gone into the business of refurbishing old houses. Much as we disliked them personally, we decided to engage them to do ours. Their method was simple and ingenious, consisting in the mere building of a framework entirely around the old house and pouring in yellow cement. Every house looked the same: a broad, low effect like a great yellow hen spreading her wings, or a lady in yellow hooped skirts. The only disconcerting thing about it was that each house in turn, shortly after it was finished, blew up! Fortunately, before they began work on our house it was discovered that these miserable wretches had deliberately placed slow-burning bombs in the cement. They were forced to desist from this whimsical practice, and our house was safely done with a charming effect which I often regret as I look at its old clapboards. We now thought we had done with our two enemies, but on the first night after we went into the new house I noticed a trapdoor into the attic move ever so slightly, and, had I not whipped out my faithful pistol once more, we should have suffered. As it was, I finished them!

II

Now I go skimming along in my 'four-poster Buick.' I had, it seemed, had a Buick engine fitted into my English great-grandmother's four-poster bed, — the one in which I lay ill, — and I admire even now the skill with which I piloted it through the densest traffic. I backed up to curbs; I swung into the closest parking spaces; and once I got stalled at a busy downtown corner and worked violently trying to get started and away from the irate traffic officer.

I drove one day with Mary, an old nurse of my children, to an out-of-the-way part of town, a flat, prairielike place where in a little wooden house a reception was being held in honor of the new minister of Mary's church. I went rather reluctantly, to humor Mary, and I did not regret my decision, for when we went in I was confronted by a remarkably striking and interesting person. I cannot say to what sect this minister belonged: he was not a Roman Catholic, yet he had on a long dark robe; his face was like chiseled marble, his eyes deep-set, and his dark hair brushed severely back from his high forehead. His personality took a tremendous hold upon me and he wove in and out of my dreams for some time.

One night we went together to the house of a woman who was giving birth to twins. I went upstairs to help care for her and after several hours I lay down, overcome by fatigue. Before long my black-garbed friend came into the room and started toward me. I looked at him in astonishment, since, for the first time, he seemed to be surrounded by an aura of intense blue light. He came nearer and nearer with a pleading gesture, looking very beautiful and unearthly. Fascinated, I rose to meet him, and as he took me into his arms we seemed to sink, drowning, as it were, in the blue flame.

A neighbor of mine, Mrs. S., an older woman of great wealth, appeared in my dreams. She asked me to go to California with her as her guest and, feeling that I needed some assistance in getting ready, she insisted on engaging a seamstress to make over some of her dresses for me. I recall especially her delving into a trunk and bringing out a dark blue georgette heavily embroidered with iridescent blue beads. I assured her that I was not badly off for clothes as I had just purchased two lovely new gowns, one a soft rose-color evening gown, and the other a navy blue crêpe de Chine with a large medallion embroidered in Oriental colors on the front of the waist. (One day after I woke up I asked the nurse to show me my new dresses, and it was a bitter blow to learn that they were not hanging in my closet, and never had hung there.)

Mrs. S. took me aside the night before we left and said that she thought it wise to divide between us the responsibility of carrying her jewels. She gave me an almost priceless diamond and sapphire necklace and a precious family relic which had come into her possession that day in the following manner. In the midst of the preparations for our trip there had been a double tragedy in her family. A very old aunt who lived with her brother had died. I was present when word of her end was brought to the brother as he sat in a great easy-chair; he gave one look of astonishment and lay back, dead. So there had been a double funeral with many of the relations gathered together. Near Mrs. S. and me in the hall of her home stood a little fat old man who drew from his bosom a tiny box of polished onyx. He said that it was such a precious possession of this great family that one member was chosen each year as its curator; that he had sewn it into his shirt, and it had never left his person during the last year! Inside was a cube, also of onyx, with tiny inscriptions carved on it, pertaining to a ceremony which on rare and special occasions was held by the family. It was now Mrs. S.'s turn to care for the relic and, having evidently complete confidence in me, she asked me to carry it with the necklace. They were tied together by strips of white cloth, and a sort of harness was made to fasten them on to my person and also to the improvised bed of three chairs on which, because of the extra people in the household, I was to sleep that night. The idea seemed to be that I could not move without being conscious of my precious burden; but for some reason I did manage to slip out of the harness and run home. I was immediately seized with compunction over my neglect of duty and my distress was so vivid and prolonged that when I finally awoke from my illness I begged my husband to hurry to Mrs. S. to make sure that she had found her treasures.

III

We had now, in my dreams, moved to a strange city, and my husband had made the acquaintance of a very charming woman who lived on the other side of town in what seemed to be a university circle. Her husband was a professor and their house was the centre of delightful gatherings to which I too was admitted. I can see their large music room with a long window seat on one side, above which casement windows opened on to a most attractive little garden. We became so intimate with this family that one day Mrs. C. came to me with an astonishing proposal: she said that she thought the time had come for her son — though he was still in college — to have a love affair; that she considered it far wiser for the woman to be more mature, and would I step into the breach, so to speak. Her confidence in my charm, though somewhat astonishing, was evidently not misplaced, for the young man — a delightful and exceedingly handsome youth — soon centred his affections on me. There was much that was very beautiful in this idyl, but it ended, alas, in tragedy. We had gone to the woods, where my protégé was helping my husband (with whom during all this time my relations had remained perfectly happy and normal) to direct some boys in woodcraft and games. There is in my mind some confusion as to just what happened next. There was horse racing going on, as well as the chopping down of great trees; but out of the confusion comes quite clearly the picture of my beautiful lover lying dead at my feet. My own regret seemed to be lost in my admiration for the stoical bravery of the mother, who had idolized him, and my poetic appreciation of the beauty of the ceremony with which we buried him 'under the wide and starry sky' in a lonely grave in a wild and obscure ravine with occasional bits of moonlight flickering through.

Quite different was my affair with a dashing actor-bandit! I was walking down the street of my home town one day when there came up to me suddenly a stranger, — a tall, handsome man, — who explained that he was the head of a company of players then performing in an obscure and not entirely first-class hall. For some inexplicable reason I allowed him to talk to me, and it developed that he had been attracted to me by my very blue eyes; he offered me a position in his company as understudy and possible successor to his leading lady. I debated the question with my family for some days. In spite of the fact that I kept insisting that I could never again resume my enviable social position in the town, — could never again, in fact, look my friends in the face, — my family, even my father and my husband, as well as the handsome stranger, urged me to accept the job. So, weeping bitterly and jeopardizing thereby the supposed charm of my blue eyes, I signed — at a cold, bleak street corner — my contract.

On the very first night trouble arose. The leading lady, blessed with snapping dark eyes, became violently jealous of me, and to show her wrath stabbed, not me, but herself, inflicting a flesh wound which prevented her appearance that night. Without any coaching I was hastily made ready, in the dingy little gas-lit dressing room, to take her place. My part consisted of dancing into the arena, kicking into the air a huge featherweight ball — kicking it finally to the dashing gentleman himself, who entered on an elephant. (My efforts to accomplish this feat in bed were so ridiculous that my husband and the nurses who were in the room tell me that in spite of their anxiety about me they could not help laughing surreptitiously. Apparently I detected this and was so hurt at their ridicule that I peremptorily ordered them to leave the room.)

I was conscious in my dream that I was doing my dance very badly, and that because of my awkwardness my hero's ardor was somewhat dampened. He forgave me later, and, strangely enough, so did my rival, the three of us becoming the best of friends. For some reason we left our troupe in the lurch and transferred our activities to the out-of-doors. We rode or flew about in a strange vehicle which at times seemed to be a noisy, dashing little machine like a common taxi, at others simply a flat square, like a magic carpet; but always it was made of white canvas.

My mother had presented me with a new house, a huge pile of brick and stone, in the city where she lives, and my hero followed me there. He used often to come sailing through the air, alight on the roof of the porte-cochère, and climb in the window to see me; or I would climb out and go sailing through the air with him. About this time he took up the profession of bandit, and I shared with him the excitement of some daring robberies, escaping always on our white canvas carpet. I recall coming home one evening from one of our adventures and sitting down to an elegant dinner at a table which was entirely set with an exquisite service of etched green glass; apparently we did ourselves rather well!

When I moved into my mansion, the former owners had shown me two large safes sunk into the floor of the entrance hall and had asked permission to leave, temporarily, some of their valuables in these safes. By this time my bandit friend had gathered around him a group of followers who heard of this treasure and came one night to blow up the safes. For my sake their leader persuaded them not to take everything, but it stretched his authority over them almost to the breaking point and there was a great deal of rebellious feeling among them. Meanwhile, to add to our complications, the police had finally got upon the trail of our bold band, and one night they surrounded the house. My bandit climbed out of a high front window and started through the air, but alas! he had not flown far before there were a dozen airplanes in pursuit. As I leaned out of the window in great distress I saw flashes of brilliant light, followed by a series of piercing explosions, and my heart sank, for I realized that I should never see my bandit hero again.

IV

Word was brought to me that my beautiful little daughter had been drowned, — more like the usual nightmare, this, — and I wept steadily for days. We had been visiting in a distant city when this happened, but word had gone back immediately to the school which she attended. She had been so loved that they erected a little memorial to her — a tiny shaft of marble set in a plot of grass in a circle where several streets seemed to converge. I can see the group of her little friends, one, all in white, making a little speech at its dedication. My nurses finally got it through to me that the tragedy never had taken place; though the relief was great, I immediately became disturbed at the thought of the hoax which had been unwittingly perpetrated on the school. It seemed so real to me that the impression lasted for some time after I became conscious, and I kept urging my husband to go to the school authorities to tell them that we would reimburse them for the expense to which they had needlessly been put.

In one dream I seemed to be ill in a perfectly strange hospital out in the centre of some flatlands near a river. I went up, up in an elevator to a room made entirely of windows, where my brain was measured by what seemed to be a combination of sunlight and an electric ray. My doctor, in this dream, told me with enthusiasm that Dr. L., one of his colleagues, had just returned from Austria with some exceedingly rare animals, which when I saw them seemed scarcely worthy of that name. They were rather small, gossamerlike things, but actually alive. These they introduced into my vitals in the hope that they would devour the germs of my disease!

And so it went on and on. I experienced the feeling of frustration common to nightmares in my many unsuccessful attempts to see a dear friend from across the continent who was in town but always out when I called. Incidentally, I carried always with me on these calls a baking-powder tin half full of cocoa mixed with bits of paper on which were jotted down questions which I wished to ask her. I crept through the woods at night and witnessed the horrible sight of my husband shot from his horse by a man crouching behind an old hut. I was gliding through the ocean on the back of a great fish while a rough man at the stern of a vessel which we followed threw cruel taunts at me. I visited an English countryside, with banks of blooming flowers, through which we drove to the lovely estate where we were to be house guests. I recall the details of the inside of this house: the graceful winding stairway, the quaint and beautiful furnishings, all of which I have never actually seen.

These amazing experiences, so alien to the life of a normal, prosaic individual like myself, are nevertheless still so vivid that I can scarcely believe that they are not the actual history of my past summer. When I regained consciousness I was so weak physically and so fatigued mentally that I accepted the situation docilely and had little curiosity in regard to myself, or as to what had been the nature of my illness. (Needless to say, all were careful at that time not to tell me.) I slept very badly for a while, and one morning, having lain from midnight until dawn wearily looking out of my window at the summer night, I said to the nurse, with an unconscious irony which she says made her gasp, 'Well, whatever has been the trouble, there is *one* disease which no one could even suggest my having had, and that is sleeping sickness!'

JOHN ADAMS AS HE LIVED

Unpublished Letters to Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse
Professor of Physic at Harvard College

Auteuil near Paris *Sept'r* 8. 1784.

Dear Sir

I received your friendly Letter of the 19. June, by my dear Mrs. Adams, with great Pleasure and shall ever be obliged to you for a Line when you have Leisure. I am very glad our University has so able a Professor of Physick, and I doubt not you will soon Silence all opposition. I should be obliged to you for your two orations.

All Paris, and indeed all Europe, is at present amused with a kind of Physical New Light or Witcraft, called Animal Magnetism. a German Empirick by the Name of Mesmer, has turned the Heads of a multitude of People. He pretends that his Art is an Universal Cure, and wholly Superseeds the Practice of Physick and consequently your Professorship, so that you will not, I hope become his Disciple.

The Thing is so serious that the King has thought it necessary to appoint a Number of Phisicians and Accademicians, with your Friend *Franklin* at *their Head,* to enquire into it. They are all able Men, and have published a Masterly Report, which shews very clearly that this Magnetism can never be usefull, for the best of all possible Reasons viz. *because it does not exist.* one would think the Report sufficient to annihilate the Enthusiasm but it has not yet fully succeeded, on the Contrary it has stirred up a Nest of Hornets against the Authors of it, and Mesmer has the Boldness to apply to Parliament by a Public Process, to have his Art examined anew. What may be the Consequence I dont know: But I think the Phrenzy must evaporate.

The Professors of the Art have acquired sometimes a surprising ascendency over the Imaginations of their Patients, so as to throw them into violent Convulsions, only by a few odd Gestures. All this the Commissioners ascribe to Imagination; and I suppose justly; but if this Faculty of the Mind can produce such terrible Effects upon the Body, I think you Physicians ought to study and teach us some Method of managing and controuling it.

I am, Sir with great Esteem, your Friend and humble Servant

John Adams.

Auteuil near Paris *April* 23. 1785.

Dear Sir

This Letter will be delivered you, by your old acquaintance, John Quincy Adams, whom I beg Leave to recommend to your Attention and favour. He is anxious to study sometime, at your University before he begins the Study of the Law which appears at present to be the Profession of his Choice.

He must undergo an Examination, in which I suspect he will not appear exactly what he is, in Truth there are few who take their Degrees at Colledge, who have so much Knowledge, but his Studies having been pursued by himself, on his travels without any Steady

Tutor, he will be found awkward in speaking Latin, in Prosody, in Parsing, and even perhaps in that accuracy of Pronunciation in reading orations or Poems in that Language, which is often chiefly attended to in such examinations.

It seems to be necessary therefore that I make this Apology for him to you, and request you to communicate it in confidence to the Gentlemen who are to examine him, and such others as you think prudent. If you were to examine him in English and French Poetry, I know not where you would find any body his Superiour. in Roman and English History few Persons of his Age, it is rare to find a youth possessed of so much Knowledge. He has translated Virgils Aeneid, Suetonius, the whole of Sallust, and Tacitus's Agricola, his Germany and Several Books of his Annals, a great part of Horace, some of Ovid and some of Caesars Commentaries in Writing, besides a number of Tullys orations. These he may shew you, and altho you will find the Translations in many Places inaccurate in point of Style, as must be expected at his Age, you will see abundant Proof, that it is impossible to make those translations without Understanding his Authors and their Language very well.

In Greek his Progress has not been equal. Yet he has studied Morcells in Aristotles Poeticks, in Plutarchs Lives, and Lucians Dialogues, the Choice of Hercules in Xenophon, and lately he has gone through Several Books in Homers Iliad.

In Mathematicks I hope he will pass muster. in the Course of the last Year, instead of playing Cards like the fashionable world I have spent my Evenings with him. We went with some Accuracy through the Geometry in the Praeceptor, the Eight Books of Simpsons Euclid, in Latin and compared it Problem by Problem and Theorem by Theorem with Le Pere Dechalles in french, We went through plain Trigonometry and plain Sailing, Fennings Algebra, and the Decimal Fractions, arithmetical and Geometrical Proportions, and the Conic Sections in Wards Mathematicks. I then attempted a Sublime Flight and endeavoured to give him some Idea of the Differential Method of Calculation of the Marquis de L'Hospital, and the Method of Fluxions and infinite Series of Sir Isaac Newton. But alas it is thirty years since I thought of Mathematicks, and I found I had lost the little I once knew, especially of these higher Branches of Geometry, so that he is as yet but a Smatterer like his Father. however he has a foundation laid which will enable him with a Years Attendance on the Mathematical Professor, to make the necessary Proficiency for a Degree. He is studious enough and emulous enough, and when he comes to mix with his new Friends and young Companions he will make his way well enough. I hope he will be on his Guard against those Airs of Superiority among the Schollars, which his larger Acquaintance with the world, and his manifest Superiority in the Knowledge of some Things, may but too naturally inspire into a young Mind, and I beg of you Sir, to be his friendly Monitor, in this Respect and in all others.

With great Esteem I have the Honour to be, Sir your most obedient and most humble servant

John Adams.

Philadelphia *Feb.* 24. 1791.

Dear Sir

It was not, till yesterday that I received your kind Letter, with your Discourse on Animation; for both of which obliging favours I pray you to accept of my best Thanks.

My incessant Drudgery for three and

thirty Years in the dull fields and forests of Law and Politicks, has rendered it impossible for me to spare much of my time, in disquisitions of natural knowledge. Whenever any Thing of the kind however has accidentally fallen in my Way, it has revived the fond Attachment of my Youth, and given me more pleasure than I can account for.

There is no Physical Subject has occurred oftener to my Thoughts, or excited more of my Curiosity, than that which you chose for your Discourse, *Animal Life.* It has long appeared to me astonishing, that it should be impossible to discover, what it is, which the Air conveys into our Lungs and leaves behind it, in the Body when we breathe. This, whatever it is, seems to be, the Cause of Life, or at least of the continuance and Support of it, in the larger Animals, whether the Air, in any Similar manner, supports the Animalcules which we discover by Microscopes, in almost every kind of substance I know not.

Dr. Franklin has sometimes described to me in Conversation, experiments which he made in various parts of his Life relative to this subject, which I hope will be found among his Papers. I should be afraid, upon mere memory of transient Conversation to repeat some facts which he related to me, of the revival of animalcules to perfect Life and Activity after ten Years of Torpor, in a Phyal which he left in Philadelphia when he went to England and which had not been handled till his return.

Pray where is the Evidence of the Existence of a Subtle Electric fluid which pervades the Universe? and if that fact were proved, where is your Authority for Saying that such an Electrick fluid is the Cause of Life? Why may it not as well be Magnetism? or Steam, or Nitre? or fixed Air? These are all tremendous Forces in nature. But where and what is the Principle or Cause of Activity in all of them?

The Cause of Motion in all these Phaenomena, as well as in the Emanations of Light, or the Revolutions of the Heavens or Gravitation on Earth, is still to seek.

Your Discourse, my dear Sir has given me great Pleasure, and, (if my opinion is worth your having tho indeed I must acknowledge it is of very little value in such Things) does honour to you, and to the Societies to which you belong.

With great Esteem, I am, dear Sir, your most obedient and most humble Servant

JOHN ADAMS.

QUINCY *Feb.* 13. 1805.

DEAR SIR

I thank you for your Lecture on Tobacco which I received this morning and have read with much pleasure. Having been a great Offender in the Use of this Weed in some parts of my Life, I may not be an unprejudiced Judge: but I know that the practice may be forborne without any Sensible Inconvenience. I lived many years in France and in England and after my return, in America, without any Use of the Pipe or Cigar. And I am very sensible that great caution and moderation are necessary in the Use of them, as well as in other Ways of taking Tobacco. Many times I have been inspired by a thoughtless excess, and now after a frequent Use of it, for three Score Years, with some intervals, I am unable to take into my mouth a morsell no bigger than a Swan Shot without Sensible and immediate Injury. one quarter of the Quantity I have used in some parts of my Life, I fully believe would now kill me immediately. I heartily wish you Success in your Labours to restrain if not wholly to discredit the Use of it.

With Surprise and Grief I find by your Lecture that the Use of Cyder is become unfashionable at Colledge. The Apple is adapted to this Climate as well as Limes, Lemmons and Oranges to the West Indies: and I fear the decay of Health at the University is owing to the Use of Wine and Spirits instead of Cyder, at least as much as to the consumption of Cigars. Rhenish or Mozelle Wine would be better for Us, than Sherry or Madeira: but Cider is better than either. Cyder a year or two years or three years old is all the Liquor I can drink without inconvenience to my health.

Happy to hear that your Lecture is well received, by the public at large as well as by your Pupills. I wish Success to all your other Labours for the benefit of our fellow Men and remain, as ever your hearty Friend and very humble Servant

J. Adams.

Quincy *Feb.* 19. 1805.

Dear Sir

When I wrote you a line of acknowledgment for your Lecture upon Tobacco, I kept no Copy of it, not expecting to ever hear any thing more of it, and I really remember very little that was in it.

Tobacco, I have found by long Experience, having learned the Use of it upon Ponds of Ice, when skaiting with Boys at eight years of Age, to be a very dangerous Vegetable, extreamly apt to steal upon a Man and urge him to very pernicious Excesses. In Addition to the physical Effects of it, which you have so well exposed, it consumes an enormous proportion of precious time, and prevents application both to Business and to Study, in a very criminal degree. It has also very hurtfull Effects on the Memory. I would now give any Thing for the time that has been Stolen from me by this Thief. The Habit of it is the worse, when acquired and fixed in early Life, on account of the difficulty and the danger of ever afterwards renouncing it alltogether.

During the four years that I passed at Colledge there was not a Single death among the Scollars: and I have always believed that the almost universal health among the Students, was to be ascribed, next to early rising and beef and mutton Pies at Commons, to the free Use of Cider and the very moderate Use of Wine and ardent Spirits. When our Barrells and Bottles in the Cellar were empty, we used to Size it at the Buttery, and I never shall forget, how refreshing and Salubrious we found it, hard as it often was. I have heard of a hard Cyder Clubb which subsisted for many years, at Colledge though I never belonged to it, and have heard that the Members of it were remarkably healthy, not only while Undergraduates but in the after Course of their Lives.

Many of the longest Livers and healthiest Men that I have known, have made a free Use of this Liquor all their days, for example, the venerable old Champion of Calvinism and Athanasianism, the Reverend Mr. Niles of Monatiquot, was all his days a Lover and liberal Drinker of it. One of his Parish drolly said 'our Mr. Niles would not drink a drop of Rum for the World, but he will drink as much Cyder as any Indian.' This Gentleman lived till near ninety I believe and always remarkably healthy and hardy. His Son, Samuel Niles, once a Judge of the common Pleas at Boston lived I believe to Ninety Six, and remarkably healthy always. When was a healthier Man than Dr. Hitcock of Pembroke, and who made a more constant and liberal Use of it always however with temperance. To these I could Add many other Examples.

One of the ablest and most experienced Physicians in Virginia told me, about Six Years ago, that in thirty years practice in that State he had invariably found, that those who drank Cyder for their ordinary Beveredge were the most healthy and the longest Livers, that those who drank Wine or ardent Spirits tempered with Water though temperate Men were not so healthy and ended their days sooner.

I have, habitually drank the Wines of Spain France Germany and holland in all their varities diluted with Water and I have drank the mild Porter and Table Beer of London in all their perfection, but I never found any of them agree so well with my health as the Cyder of New England. It is true I Seldom drink it under a year old, and often two and sometimes three.

It seems to me, Sir that Nature has planted the Antidote near to the Poison, and that a kind Providence has ordered the productions of the Earth to grow in a manner adapted to the Circumstances of the Clymate. And the Cranberries, Barberries, Currents and Cyder of New England are better adapted to the heath of the Inhabitants than any other fruits.

I have no Objections to your laughing with your friends over my frivolous Garrulity: and if you publish a second Edition of your Lecture as I hope you will, you may make any Use of my Name in a note that your discretion will justify: but I pray you not to insert any formal Extracts from such Trash as this and my former Letter. I am Sir as usual your Friend and Servant

J. Adams.

Quincy *October* 29. 1805

Dear Sir,

I have heard, as you insinuate, that Sterne was a wicked Man; and there are traits of a false Character, in his Writings: yet the Benevolence, Generosity, Simpathy and Humanity that fill the Eyes and bosoms of the readers of his Works, will plead forever for their immortality. Virtues and Vices Wisdom and Folly, Talents and imbecility, Services and demerits are so blended in most of the distinguished Sons of Men, that there is no knowing what Judgment to form of them, or what to do with them. Julian, in that ingenious Fable, The Caesars, throws headlong into the gulph of Tartarus, all the Tyrants; Alexander, Caesar, Augustus, Trajan and Constatine, are made to acknowledge that Fame, Power, or Pleasure were their Objects; Marcus Aurelius alone was confessed to have aimed Singly at the good of the People. I know not whether the number of pure Characters, among Mankind in general will bear a greater proportion. The Number of unexceptionable Romances is not greater. Most of the fashionable ones, deserve to be Slighted more than Sterne. Yet I own myself to be childish enough to be amused with their fictions, tho' not so much as with true History. Rien n'est beau, que le vrai: Nil amoenum nisi verum, ought to be a fundamental Maxim, not only in Religion and Government but in all other Arts and Sciences, especially in Rhetoric and oratory, Tragedy Comedy and Romance. Many Romances however, have not even the Resemblance of truth. You will do more good, and get more honor and money too, by persevering in your labours, which are really usefull, than in Writing Novells.

I am willing you should call this the Age of Frivolity as you do: and would not object if you had named it the Age of Folly, Vice, Frenzy Fury, Brutality, Daemons, Buonaparte, Tom Paine, or the Age of The burning Brand from the bottomless Pitt: or any thing but the

Age of Reason. I know not whether any Man in the World has had more influence on its inhabitants or affairs for the last thirty years than Tom Paine. There can be no Severer Satyr on the Age. For Such a mongrel between Pigg and Puppy, begotten by a wild Boar on a Bitch Wolf, never before in any Age of the World was Suffered by the Poltroonery of mankind, to run through Such a Career of Mischief. Call it then the Age of Paine. He deserves it much more, than the Courtezan who was consecrated to represent the Goddess in the Temple at Paris, and whose name, Tom has given to the Age. The real intellectual faculty has nothing to do with the Age the Strumpet or Tom.

So much for this time and on this Topick,

from your most obedient
J. Adams.

Quincy *June* 29 1806.

D'r Sir

I rejoice to find by your Letter of the 26. and by my Sons Conversation, that his commencement of a residence at Cambridge has been agreable to you and to him. He could not in his present Circumstances have been so hapily situated as he is. Two such Men as Dr. Waterhouse and J. Q. Adams will find in the society of each other, and in the sciences and Litterature an inexhaustible fund of Amusement and of information. If his health and his other Engagements will allow him a career of three or four Years, I doubt not he will open a Road before the students to all that can be known, on the subjects of Rhetorick and Eloquence.

It is my ardent wish and confident hope that he will make no unnecessary difficulties with the Government of the Colledge, in any of its Branches. I wish he had delivered his first Lecture on fryday, even if the determination of the Corporation, had authorized him to repeat his first Lecture to the Sophomores, at their subsequent Appearance. If I were in his case, and the Corporation should decide against admitting the sophomores before Commencement, I would after Commencement repeat all the preceedent Lectures, although I might add a new Lecture, in every instance at the same time. if the schollars should be detained a whole hour instead of half an hour it would not hurt them. I am sorry to hear that speaking has been considered an irksome taske, which ought to be a delightful employment and an object of Ambition.

Eloquence however can never be restored to its ancient Glory without more moral sentiments and public Virtue than I believe remain in the World. Duty, Virtue Obligation, Patriotism, appear to me to have become through the whole Earth at least with the Majority, mere stalking Horses to Ambition and Avarice.

With my best comp's to your good Lady, I remain with high esteem and respect your friend

and humble servant
J. Adams

Quincy *Jan.* 21. 1807

Dear Sir

Robinson was not only a Man of Sense and learning Piety and Virtue but of a Catholic tolerant Spirit and remarkable humanity. He resembled the two Shepards one of whom was Settled at Charleston and the other at Cambridge. Neither of the three were for renouncing Communion with the Church of England Brown was for excommunicating all, who differed from him in his most rigid notions. It is greatly to be regretted that Robinson did not live to come over, for he probably would have had influence enough to have restrained the early Emigrants from many Extravagancies which have diminished the reverence due to their general Character.

I congratulate you on the Amusement and Instruction you have found in the Sermons of Dr. Isaac Barrow. His Character and Writings are too much neglected. In Science and Learning he has had very few equals in England. He was the Predecessor, of Sir Isaac Newton in the Professorship of Mathematicks and natural Phylosophy, and contributed largely as I conjecture to the formation of that mighty Genius both in Science and Litterature. I am not very largely read in English Sermons. Dr. Tillotson Dr. Sam. Clark, Atterbury Hoadley Dr. Shirlock, Dr. Secker South Swift, Sterne and Blair, I occasionally read in Part. But I cannot think any of them deserve to be read more than Barrow. The English Divines who have ever read him call him a Quarry both of Sentiment and Expression. I have Somewhere read that the Earl of Chatham was a constant Reader and great Admirer of him, as the greatest Magazine of nervous Expressions in the English Language. I bought his Works in England and have read the Sermons you enumerate, and admire them as you do. But you know the Taste of this Age both in Europe and America. The nice palates of our modern men of Letters, must have polished Periods and fashionable Words. A few Words out of date and Sentences not fashioned upon the model of Hume Robertson Johnson Gibbon or Burke or Junius, will give them Such disgust that they will throw away the most sterling Wisdom to take up Reviews, Magazines Maria Williams and Dr. Aikin.

Were I a Professor of oratory at Harvard Colledge I would give a Lecture at least if not a Course of Lectures upon Dr. Barrow.

I Suppose all Attempts however, to bring him into fashion would be abortive. The Bent of the Reviews etc. in England and Scotland is to run down out of Sight all the old Writers. I See they are now endeavouring to cry down Mr. Lock. His Ideas of Liberty and Tolleration are not enough Sublimated for them. They are more tender of Tom Paine. Locks Essay on Human Understanding however I still think one of the greatest Works of modern or ancient times. But alas! of what value is the opinion of

J. Adams?

Quincy *Sep'r* 17 1810

Dear Sir

I know that Mother Harvard had Power to make D. D. M. D. and LL. D. as well as Batchelors and Masters: but never knew till now that She possessed The Prerogative of making Princes. It is a notable Epocha in our History. Why may She not make Dukes, Marquisses, Viscounts, Earls Barons, Knights, and Esquires?

If the Republicans wish and expect from me a History of the Rise and Progress of The Essex Junto, they know not what they wish. I do not like the Appellation of Essex Junto. It is old Toryism, and is common to every State, City town and Village in the United States. There was not one without a Tory Junto in it, and their Heirs Executors Administrators, Sons Cousins etc. compose at this day an Essex Junto in every one of them. An History of the Essex Junto then would require an History of the whole American Community for fifty years. Let The Republicans remember, that it must contain at the Same time an History of Democracy and Jacobinism, two Sects to whom The Essex Junto owe their Power and Importance. The Characters of Hancock Adams Bowdoin, Warren, and an hundred others must come in. The Republicans would be as much offended as the Federalists by my History. But Alas, neither my Life would be long enough nor my Talents weighty enough to Accomplish one Year of the Fifty of Such an History.

In my own Time: In my own Way I will communicate what I please. But I will not be The Gladiator of a Faction: No Nor of a Party. Not one of the many Limbs that are limed for me shall catch The Bird, if I can avoid it.

J. ADAMS

The Speaker of The House of Commons is often called in Latin in other Parts of Europe, Orator, and often Prolocutor. The Man who is Sett up in our Town Meetings and Ecclesiastical Counsells to be looked at and talk'd at is called Moderator. I wish there could be a Moderator of The Senate and House too. Is it not passing Strange that I should become a Preacher of Moderation? In Short, Waterhouse, in Speaking of Titles of any kind in this Country as Discriminations of Station, or Condition I can do nothing but pun and droll as you do.

QUINCY *March* 29. 1811

DEAR SIR

Your Favour of the 25th is received. I feel much at my Ease under the Lash: as much as Epictetus when he told his Master torturing his Leg 'You will break it,' and as much more so as I have no fear of having the Leg broken.

As to your 'concern of Mind' I advise you to be very deliberate; and weigh all Things as they will affect yourself, your Family your Friends your Country and Mankind; and then determine as the 'Spirit' Shall dictate.

The Query whether 'Mr. Adams will Answer'? or treat it 'with Silent Contempt'? I will not at present Answer. I will say to you in Confidence, I can when I will harrow up their Souls, by a very Simple Tale of Truth.

If J. Q. A. were here, instead of making 'The Feathers fly' as you Say, I hope he would not foul his Fingers in Such dirt.

When a Man who has been thought honest, tho passionate and fiery, begins to be crazy, I have often observed, that one of the first decisive Symptoms of Insanity, is Knavery. How has your Experience been? have you ever remarked the Same Thing? I could name Several Instances.

Whether Hamilton was a Man 'wiser and more righteous than myself' I Shall indeavour to furnish Posterity with the Information necessary to form an impartial and enlightened Judgment, in my own Time and in my own Way, but I will not be unnecessarily diverted from my Course. My pious and virtuous, Sensible and Learned, orthodox and rigid, odd, droll and excentric, Reverend Spiritual Guide Parson Anthony Wibert, who was a great Admirer of Mr. George Whitfield as well as Sandiman and Dr. Hopkins often told me a Story. He once observed to Mr. Whitfield, 'How you are vilified and Slandered in the Newspapers, and in Pamphlets! I wonder how you can bear it. Does it not affect your Sensibility and make you very unhappy'? Oh No, Said Whitfield, if they knew how much pleasure they give me, they would not do it.

I remain your Friend

JOHN ADAMS

QUINCY *July* 12 1811

DEAR SIR

The Charge of 'Change of Politicks' hinted in your Letter of the 8th deserves no other Answer than this, '*The Hyperfederalists are become Jacobins, and The Hyperrepublicans are become Federalists.* John Adams remains

Semper Idem, both Federalist and Republican in every rational and intelligible Sense of both those Words.

Of Pickering and Smith I have nothing to Say at present: but this A Secretary of State ought to have pierced into the remotest Periods of ancient Times and into the most distant Regions of the Earth: He should have Studied the Map of Man, in his Savage as well as civilised State. It is more necessary that a Secretary of State should be omnicient, than a President, provided The President be honest and judicious. Where can We find Such Men? either for Presidents or Secretaries?

If there ever was an 'Hamiltonian Conspiracy' as you call it; and as you seem to Suppose: I have reason to think its object was not 'a Northern Confederation.' Hamiltons Ambition was too large for So Small an Aim. He aimed at commanding the whole Union, and He did not like to be Shackled even with an Alliance with G. Britain. I know that Pickering was disappointed in not finding Hamilton zealous for an Allyance with England, when We were at Swords Points with France: and I have information, which I believe, but could not legally prove perhaps, that Pickering was mortified to find that neither Hamilton nor King would adopt the Plan that he carried from Boston, in his Way to Congress after he was first chosen into the Senate, of a division of the States and a Northern Confederacy. No! H. had wider Views! If he could have made a Tool of Adams as he did of Washington, he hoped to erect Such a Government as he pleased over the whole Union, and enter into Allyance with France or England as would Suit his Convenience.

H. and Burr, in point of Ambition were equal. In Principle equal. In Talents different. H. Superior in Litterary Talents: B. in military. H. a Nevis Adventurer, B. descended from the earliest, most learned Pious and virtuous of our American Nation, and buoyed up by Prejudices of half the Nation. He found himself thwarted, persecuted, calumniated by a wandering Stranger. The deep Malice of H. against Bur, and his indefatigable Exertions to defame him are little known. I knew So much of it for a Course of Years, that I wondered a Duel had not taken Place Seven Years before it did. I could have produced Such a Duel at any Moment for Seven Years. I kept the Secrets Sacred and inviolable: and have kept them to this day.

I can no more.

J. A.

Quincy *September* 15. 1812.

Dear Sir

You ask my Opinion, (if I understand you) whether Duane or General Hull, be the fittest Man for Secretary of War. I answer, In my Opinion, Wilkinson was fitter than either. But his Vanity and the Collision of Faction have rendered his Appointment improper and impossible.

Again, if you wish my Opinion, you Shall have it. I know that Colonel William Stevens Smith of Lebanon, in Smiths Valley on Chenango River in the State of New York, was and is fitter for the Command of the North-western Army, and fitter for Secretary at War, than Ustis, Wilkinson or Hull, or Dearborn. But his Pride, his Marriage with my Daughter, and the Collisions of Factions have rendered his Appointment improper and impossible.

I have never had my Copies of the Botanist. My Son lent me his to read. I wish to have mine neatly bound.

The Booksellers in Boston and Salem, who refused to take any of them, disliked the Dedicator as well as the Dedicatee. You must know by this time, that the Tories in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticutt have all Reputations in their Powers; Yours, mine, my Son's and Son in Law's. And Washington's too. If a freak Should take them, they could hunt down into Contem[pt] the Character of Washington, which they have been twelve Years exalting above all that is called God and that is worshipped.

You must know that poor Rush and you, and I, a[nd] all our Posterity are in the Power of the Tories. I mean the British Faction, whose Justice is Machiavillianism and whose tender Mercies are Cruelty, and whose Gratitude is Treachery and Perfidy.

I am, as ever your Friend
John Adams.

(*Another installment will appear in June*)

A POINT OF HONOR

BY VIOLET A. SIMPSON

I

From the blazing holocaust on the hearth to the one remaining packet on my lap she looked. . . . My letters to him during that fatal punitive expedition; his last to me, — unfinished, the envelope stamped, addressed, — returned officially with the other 'effects,' closing act in his soldier's career. We had spent the day, as every day for the past fortnight, his mother and I, going through the cases of letters, papers, clothes — all those intimate remote relics of the dead.

'Oh, don't keep them, child! Burn them, burn! I say it as his mother and loving you. Never keep letters. Think of some stranger handling them as we have had to do! Besides — I'm old: I know.' Her voice deepened. 'Carry him, his words, in your heart — you'll remember easily enough so long as love for him lasts. What is the written word but a sword in the wound — a sword in the hand of the enemy?'

'Oh, no, no,' I cried, 'I could n't do it — could n't! Just this last one I *must* keep!' Yet, with the intuition which comes when egotism is numbed into silence, I knew that his death took more from her, since she had loved the longer. Was there ever a woman who did not feel something of resentful envy for the mother of the man she loved — the woman who has seen him grow to be the Man?

So we parted for that day, and out of the house into the January twilight I stumbled, deaf and blind, feeling no pavement beneath my feet, no wind on my face — nothing but those papers, stained, worn, as he had carried them next his heart, clutched close to mine.

My home was in Cumberland Place; every inch of the way from his here in Sussex Square was familiar to me. I turned into the Bayswater Road as a sleepwalker might; people passed or overtook me as wraiths; I slid between them, mechanically avoiding contact.

Then at the corner of Albion Street I was brought to an abrupt standstill. Close to the curb stood a taxi, and swiftly toward it down the steps of one of the houses on the same side swept a tall woman, closely veiled and dressed in mourning as deep as my own. That sombre point of union roused me to look her over. Not a gleam of white to indicate her face; only one hand, ungloved, shone like a plaster cast against her cloak — an exquisitely modeled hand, narrow, long-fingered. Blinking, twinkling in the taxi lamps, a marquise ring, an emerald set in diamonds, glittered on the forefinger curving round a small, whitish, oblong parcel — again flashed through me that sense of union as involuntarily my own fingers tightened about my packet of letters. The white block so easily discernible against the expanse of black dress slid out of sight, I thought into some pocket or bag, as she whirled into the taxi. In a second it was off — noiselessly as if on grass. And why I soon discovered, as I stepped after to cross the street: it was thick with newly laid-down straw. My feet shuffled in it — struck against something hard. I stooped and at once recognized the oblong packet so like my own. In the very instant of picking it up, out from the shadows behind me shot a man. He seized my arm, shaking it violently.

'Madam — those letters!'

Possibly it was the shock of alien touch that roused instant antagonism, possibly also the word 'letters' recalled the phrase, 'a sword in the hand of the enemy.' I make no excuse, in any case, for myself. This is what I did. Into the under flap pocket of my huge muff I slipped that packet, facing my assailant.

'I have nothing belonging to you, sir! Remove your hand at once from my arm.'

He loosed me, but fell back barely a foot's length.

'I saw you pick up this very moment from the road a packet which I claim as mine. I demand it, madam.'

Voice, dress, those of a gentleman. Yet I hesitated. To whomsoever the letters belonged — and he had betrayed a curious knowledge of the contents of the packet — the woman, not he, had dropped them.

He glanced rapidly up and down the Bayswater Road, up Albion Street, then stepped so close that I could feel his breath on my face.

'I apologize, madam, but those letters I must have. Give me the packet at once, or I shall be obliged to take it from you. It is in your muff.'

Now anger flared up in me. Anger — fear negligible. For months past I had lived in a world without hope, without sun — what was left for me to fear? And, as all will understand who have passed through some such paralyzing sorrow, my brain seemed clairvoyantly intuitive, judging swiftly, impartially, as if I were merely a spectator in this oddly arisen drama.

Over against Stanhope Place was stationed a policeman who had been some five years upon the beat. Every day at certain hours on my way to and from Sussex Square I had passed him. To and fro I had gone; to and fro the man I was to have married and I had gone together — as friends, as lovers; at times of happiness, and sorrowfully when those of parting came. Of late I had walked alone and in mourning — the face of this constable sympathetic as we nodded greeting. One of those unadmitted friends — friends who may belong to our inner life with no claim on the life lived out in public. After all, the account of the S—— disaster had been in all the papers, there had been portraits, intimate personal details. . . .

'A little way up,' I said sharply, 'there is a policeman. I engage to show you in his presence the packet of letters I hold within my muff. Prove that they are yours — you shall have them.'

With that I broke away up the Bayswater Road.

'This gentleman claims to be the possessor of letters I have here,' I said. 'He accuses me of having picked them up in the street. You have often seen me about. Do you by any chance know my name? Where I live?'

It takes a good deal to upset one of the force. This member of it coughed, stood at attention, gave the answer I anticipated.

'Miss Caerlyon, Miss Lettice Caerlyon of Cumberland Place, I *think*, Miss.'

The man at my elbow started, but in a moment I was holding my own packet of letters within the circle of the street-lamp light. Uppermost was the one which had never reached me. Unsoiled by travel, name and address stood out boldly in that unmistakably masculine hand; the thin envelope, unpostmarked East African stamp, carried their witness. Rapidly I turned up the remaining letters, corner by corner, showed name, regiment, and station in my own writing. 'Call me a taxi,' I went on to my policeman, 'if, that is, you can assure this gentleman that these are my own. And as for you, sir,' I added, swinging round in high-handed dignity, 'I demand an apology for your unwarrantable manner of addressing me. You have my name — be so good as to give me yours.'

'You can charge 'im, Miss,' put in my policeman paternally. 'We'll get it right enough.'

A pause: eyes like a searchlight upon me. I gave back look for look. I was committed now to my own action, my decision made and adamant. Those letters should pass from my hands only into those which had dropped them.

'Do you understand French?' he asked abruptly. I nodded.

'I don't want the police to have my name, but since I know yours, and it is one I greatly respect,' he bowed, 'there can be no reason to withhold it. May I ask you simply to let it remain unknown otherwise? I apologize most sincerely for my mistake — for my rudeness, even so, in addressing you. I am extremely ashamed, regret it more than I can say. Pray forgive me.'

Very nearly at that tone I laid down my arms. What restrained me was the sudden remembrance that after all he had not attempted to establish his right to claim that dropped packet. Gravely and silently, therefore, I bowed acceptance of his apologies, which he repeated in English for the benefit of the policeman. Then he helped me into the taxi, giving me a card — face downward. I saw the glint of silver as he rejoined the policeman, after which he rushed back to the corner of Albion Street.

We were but a stone's throw from our house — I had only time for a quick glance at the card. The name was that of a man well known in the Army, of whom I had often heard my fiancé speak. I jumped up to direct the chauffeur to drive back. The truth, of course, to a man like Colonel L——! No one could really blame me for having refused to hand over the letters, if such the packet contained, to an unknown claimant. '*A sword in the hands of the enemy!*' The words suddenly rang in my ears as if an unseen Solomon had spoken them.

Colonel L—— had not come from the same house as the veiled lady — of that I was sure. What was he doing in Albion Street at that moment? Was he shadowing her? Had she already refused to give him the packet and was he waiting to take it by force, as from me? Was he the writer or the person to whom the letters were written? What did that uncontrolled, unconsidered attack really imply? I sat back again in my seat, waiting till we drew up in Cumberland Place. Then quietly, opening the door with my latchkey, I entered the house, going direct to my rooms, — I had long since had my private sitting room, — found my maid waiting, and remembered that dinner was to be an hour earlier as my father was due to take the chair at a political meeting. I had only time to lock both bundles in the dispatch box which held all my fiancé's letters to me during the past four years, the key of which never left a chain round my neck.

II

I was living with my father and stepmother — the only child. My stepmother and I were excellent friends, but she was one of those women to whom talk is necessary to health. She told everything to my father; he discussed everything with her. To confide the adventure to either was unthinkable, since he considered her judgment superior to his own. The one person upon whose wisdom I could rely was the woman whom I had hoped to call 'Mother,' but I shrank — yes, with all honest facing of my action I shrank from letting her know to what use I had put that last letter of her son's. I thought of taking the packet to Scotland Yard, but remembered that if unclaimed it would be examined officially. Perhaps, after all, it would be better to look for some address myself and then return it privately. Colonel L——'s attack showed the intense importance someone attached to the letters. After dinner, in the secure quiet of my sitting room, I therefore took upon myself this task of scrutiny.

There were some fifty letters in all, the outer covering paper blank, the packet itself tied with faded ribbon. I glanced through cursorily. Interest or curiosity I had none — I had had enough of such work of late. All I wanted was just some address to which I could safely dispatch them.

Not one of the letters bore any. Some were dated, some not; there were no formal beginnings, no signatures. All were in the same cultivated, feminine hand. This absence of clues obliged me to scrutinize more closely, the task now not only irksome but detestable. Yet no stranger's eye could have perused those love letters more sympathetically.

For they were love letters: just a replica, so it seemed to me, — the first ten or so, at least, — of many of my own earlier ones, such letters as every girl of a certain type and education writes to the One. I judged the writer to be very young at the time of writing. Then came a series in some language unknown to me, — Russian, I surmised, — then some twenty in French. The remainder were in cipher. Nonplused, I read the French letters through carefully. A clue there must be somewhere to the writer, a clue that I must have if her property was to be returned to her. These were dated, and recently, — the whole correspondence extended over some fifteen years, — their tone infinitely more mature, more passionate, more intimate, less personal withal. Here were references to meetings and conversations in public, combined with hints at episodes which must never be known. Things artistic, literary, political, were discussed, as if both writer and recipient were in the very heart of these worlds. A note of dispassionate criticism held for the most part, yet every now and again certain persons were alluded to by initials with suspicion and fear, dislike and contempt.

I put down these letters bewildered. These correspondents were obviously extremely intimate; the note running through was that, seemingly, of wife to husband. Whether the two were unmarried, married to each other clandestinely, or continuing an intimacy in secret while married otherwise, it was impossible to say. I locked the packet away at last, my course undecided.

Next day I went to Sussex Square as usual; exchanged a few words with my policeman on the way. He had seen nothing more of Colonel L——. 'But,' said he, 'I had another gentleman asking me about some lost packet of letters last night. I told him about you.'

I thanked him, my blood running cold. Passing Albion Street, I found that the straw had been removed and that the blinds of one of the houses were down, and on my way home in the dusk I placed myself again where I had stood at the corner, convincing myself that the house of mourning was the one from which the veiled lady had come. On consulting the directory later, I discovered that this house belonged to a Mr. Alexander D——, a man well known in the financial world, prominent in political circles here without being connected with Government, a philanthropist and patron of art. Next day the papers were full of his premature death; his age was given as forty-three, and he left a wife and children. My father discussed him freely, his early life, cosmopolitan upbringing, connection by blood with several prominent European families. I gathered that his reputation stood unsullied, that criticism whether in his public or private life had never touched him.

On Thursday morning a card was brought to me, bearing the name of an eminent firm of solicitors. I went down and found a serene-faced elderly man who introduced himself as Mr. G——, the senior partner. He apologized for intrusion, alluded to unfortunate circumstances which made it essential, confessed that his mission was one of great delicacy, finally came to the point. His firm had been for generations solicitors to the D—— family, he himself the closest friend of, as well as advisor to, the late Mr. Alexander D——. At this point he paused to ask if he might count on my regarding the interview as strictly private. I gave the assurance and he proceeded. A bundle of letters had been abstracted from the house of Mr. D—— the evening of his death, probably by the person, a lady, who was supposed to have written them. '*Supposed*, you understand. We have no proof until they are found and decisively proved hers. I alone know of the correspondence as a *fact*, but the intimacy which gave rise to it has long been suspected by members of the lady's own family. My last entreaty to him was "Burn"; my first thought, when summoned upon his decease, to search for that bundle in his bedroom safe where I know he kept it. I learned that he had had a visitor within a few hours of his death. There was a private staircase and door to his rooms. No one saw her come or go except the nurse, and she had been ordered to absent herself during the interview. I guessed from that what had become of the letters. No one else in the house knows of their existence or disappearance. Had the lady herself got them, I should feel easier; but on inquiry — and I make no secret, my dear young lady, that I made all inquiries as to who had been seen in or about the house that evening — I came across the startling fact that some other person was searching for a bundle of letters last Tuesday night in Albion Street, alleging that he had dropped them, and that he attacked you, seeing you with some in your hand. I understand that you appealed to the policeman on the beat, who knew you — am I right? What I want to know,' proceeded Mr. G——, leaning forward to scrutinize me with intense earnestness, — I had placed myself with my back to the light so all his movement did was to bring his own features rather more directly under my observation, — 'is just exactly what passed that evening as *you* saw it. I need not assure you of my sympathy — my entire sympathy — with the manner in which, most unjustifiably, you have been drawn into this imbroglio, but my duty is toward my poor friend and his family. If I can identify the man who spoke to you, I shall know if the lady who paid that visit is the one I suspect. If I can be sure of that, I shall confront her.'

His deliberate delivery and choice of words had given me time to sum up the position. The appeal had been straightforward, full explanation given for it. It seemed to me that here was a responsible person honestly concerned for the welfare of the one, prepared to protect the reputation of the other, principal in the affair. An English solicitor of high repute was surely the best possible repository for the letters so far as I was concerned. I resolved to confide the whole story to him, rely on his judgment, act according to his advice. I began with a description of Colonel L——, only withholding his name. 'He gave me his card, but in confidence,' I concluded. 'I ought to respect it if I respect yours.'

'Immaterial,' interrupted Mr. G—— at once. 'I know now it was Colonel L——. I only wanted to see if your description of him tallied with that of the policeman. It is the identification of the lady for which I am depending upon you.'

I detailed the entire incident up to my finding of the packet. There I paused to give a minute personal description of the lady.

'Now, Mr. G——, can you tell me her name from that?' I wound up. I asked as equally concerned with himself in discovering the truth, had given a pledge of secrecy, was surely entitled to his confidence if I gave him mine without reserve. But over his face came such a sharp look of quick distrust, he shook his head with such emphasis, — 'No, no, I cannot in any circumstances give you her name!' — that the impulse I had had toward complete frankness vanished. 'She got into the taxi and I crossed the street — to be stopped by Colonel L——,' I finished abruptly.

His thoughts flew to the encounter.

'Colonel L—— is one of the lady's relations by marriage. If he has the letters they will certainly be used against her. I know he feels deeply the slur — *supposed*, you understand; without those letters we have no proof — on his family's honor by this — supposed connection. I know he has been shadowing her movements closely during my client's illness.' Here Mr. G—— sighed profoundly. I was moved afresh by his loyalty and evident desire to do the right thing by all concerned; determined once more to tell the truth — show the letters. Feeling for the key of my dispatch box I was halfway to the door when a thought struck me.

'*You* would never use the letters, of course?' I said.

'Use? Oh, no. Merely hold them until — until we were sure the rest of the correspondence was burned or given up to us.'

'Oh! *His* letters!'

I had not thought of these. In a flash I understood. Respectable blackmail, in fact. Whether it was Colonel L—— fighting for the honor of his family, or Mr. G—— for that of his client, the sole survivor of the clandestine alliance was to be the scapegoat! The letters were safer with me. I returned again to my seat and, with assurances of secrecy and polite regrets that I could be of so little use, signified that the interview must be at an end.

III

I was alone in my sitting room the following Saturday morning when a lady was shown in, announced as 'Miss L——.'

'I do not really know you, Miss Caerlyon,' she began, her voice gentle and sweet, 'though I confess at once that I asked if you were at home as if we were personally acquainted. Forgive me — but I needed so urgently to see you.' She paused with a wistful smile. I murmured reassurance, begged her to sit down.

She seemed about thirty-five, her face sensitive, delicately moulded, her gray eyes disarmingly pleading. Tears filled them; in her nervousness she kept untying and refastening her veil, stripping, replacing, again removing her gloves! Suddenly, as I sat silently waiting, she leaned forward, clasping her hands in piteous entreaty.

'Oh, don't blame me. Don't be vexed with me for coming — the suspense, misery — it is for the sake of my family — all more than I could bear! The other night — Albion Street — you met my brother, Colonel L——, there. Ah, you recollect the name! He told me.' She paused, twisting her hands in and out, lips quivering, pale, soft cheeks suffused with color.

At the first word I had been on my guard; now, at the emphasizing of her name, I deliberately sat down back to the windows.

'The letters were mine,' she burst out again. 'I took them from that house in — in self-defense. My brother had followed me — saw me drop the packet, saw you, as he thought, pick it up. Oh, don't think we mistrust your statements — the letters you had were too sad a proof of their being indeed your own. But,' she moistened her lips, her face now bloodless, 'oh, the anxiety as to where mine are now! So I ventured to come, beg you to try to recall every incident of that evening. Did you see me drop them? Was there anyone there at the time? Could you even tell me the number of the taxi? I was so overwhelmed by the loss I never thought of looking.' She buried her face in her hands. I jumped up, sprang toward my dispatch box, had it in my hands. Here was the very opportunity for which I had been waiting.

As I turned again, the sun which I had been blocking was full upon her, lit up rings and hands. Across my mental vision flashed remembrance of that twinkling, diamond-beset emerald, the long-fingered sculptured hand of its owner. These hands were square, baby small, short-fingered. And in that moment I knew she was lying to me. I put back the box, fumbling with the key to give myself time.

'My — my letters are in there. Those I showed to your brother,' I found myself saying. 'I had the impulse to show you — but pray forgive me, excuse my doing so.'

I went back toward her, picking up a sheet of paper from my bureau as I passed. 'Indeed I would help you if I could. If you would leave me some address?'

She hesitated, finally wrote her name and the address of a club. Then, as I remained standing, she rose. We exchanged a few conventional words and she left.

I looked at the writing, — not that of the letters, — rang up the club, found she was indeed a member. Yet she had lied, she and her brother. This visit had been concocted in concert with him — to get those letters if so be that I *had* found them! A woman's device to catch another woman. And again I felt how surely the appeal would have had the desired effect if only the whole truth had been told me. But alas, how certainly the untruths with which I had interlaced myself at the beginning of this affair were subtly infecting the attitude of others toward me! Why should truth be given me, the most accomplished liar of all?

I passed the next twenty-four hours in a state of worry nearer obsession. On Sunday night, after tossing in bed for hours, nerve-racked, I sank into that sleep wherein one is helplessly conscious of one's dreams. Suddenly I awoke with a start, shivering, certain that I heard someone in my sitting room, footsteps, the click of a turning key. I leaped from bed — the letters! Someone was trying to steal them — again! But they were my own, my own precious letters! I switched on the light, bounded into the sitting room. The dying fire still flickered gently about it, over the table where stood my dispatch box, upon its brass-clamped corners. I unlocked it, searched feverishly. All was safe! Standing barefooted in my nightgown, alone in the silence, I realized that I had been the victim of an hallucination. Yet so strong was the impression that I could not go back at once to bed.

Hugging the box, I sat down before the fire and coaxed it into life. Then, as it blazed, there came over me a sudden overwhelming impulse. Tearing open the box, I dragged out the letters — hers, mine. There in the fire I burned them all, one by one. As letter after letter flared and dried into charred nothingness, I kept repeating the words, foolishly as one repeats in sleep: 'A sword in the wound for me, a sword in the hand of the enemy for her!'

Going back to bed, I slept profoundly.

The next morning the whole episode seemed a nightmare — it was not till I went to the box, laughing at myself for imagining that the letters were destroyed, that I realized my act. Even so, it seemed that it had been without compulsion, as a sleepwalker, in a dream.

'So you have burned them at last,' said his mother to me that morning; and, at my start, 'I see it in your face. Dear child, I spoke from experience.'

I kissed her, murmuring, 'You were right.'

That evening, on my return, I was told that Miss L—— had called again and had asked to be allowed to wait, saying that she was sure I expected her. I went straight to my sitting room, examined the dispatch box. The lock had been forced!

IV

I never met either Colonel L——, his sister, or Mr. G—— again. Nor did they attempt to open correspondence with me. Nor did I inquire further about the owner of the letters. They were burned: I was no longer their custodian. Moreover, life began to advance new claims upon me.

In the summer the war in the Balkans reached its height. News came through of the death of nurses at the front. The Red Cross Society made appeal to the various local centres here in England for volunteers, as experienced as might be. I had for the past four years taken an active interest in the work of the Society; it was obviously an appeal to be answered by women of leisure, means, and few personal ties. My services were accepted, and a week later I was ready to start. The Society meanwhile called a special meeting in

London to explain the part it was taking in the Balkan trouble. A particularly influential committee was arranged and the hall was full of notable personages. As I swept my opera glasses slowly over the platform my eye was suddenly arrested. One of the ladies was taking off her gloves: something in the movement, the shape of the hands against her black dress, stirred reminiscence. Then I caught, twinkling and blinking at me, the flash of the diamond-beset emerald! I turned to a steward, asked her name. He replied that she was the wife of Lord X——, a prominent official at the War Office, herself the daughter of a member of the Austrian Embassy. He pointed out to me both Lord X——, beside her on the platform, and her two young sons in the front row of the audience.

I decided to take the risk. On my visiting card I wrote these words: 'The letters were found. If you understand my allusion change your marquise ring to your other hand. I will speak to you in the anteroom after the meeting.'

Then I slipped out, obtained an official envelope from the Secretary, and sent the missive up to Lady X—— by a steward. She took, opened it carelessly — then started violently. I saw her face wither, whiten, shrink. Turning over the card, she read my name, and there succeeded, covering her emotion as with a veil, an expression of relief. For some moments she sat absolutely still, then tore the card into shreds, deliberately placed them in her purse, transferred with equal equanimity the marquise ring to her other hand, and put on her gloves.

In the anteroom I went straight up to her. I was in uniform; she turned with a conventional smile, expecting some official message.

'I wrote the note,' I said bluntly.

From head to foot she flinched, then shivered with the imposition of rigid self-control. Her eyes, blue, almond-shaped, met mine; we surveyed each other appraisingly. Suddenly the atmosphere was vibrant, tense, and I knew, past all doubt, that I was at last truly face to face with the writer of those letters! I began to speak, briefly, quickly, for we were close-pressed by the crowd; detailed my share in the matter, eyes and brain meanwhile piecing writer with the written word. She was some eight years my senior, about thirty-two or -three. Features un-English in their type of beauty, face worn by sleepless strain — I knew the signs — to etherealized unreality. Fire in the bright blue eyes, cold withal; passion in the mouth, deliberately reticent; the forehead intellectual, limited, since impulse and calculation fought for mastery in the face. A piece of steel which might be bent in any direction or whittle itself away, grain by grain, to extinction — broken never!

Without the flicker of an eyelid she listened. A citizeness of the Great World, accustomed to live out her life in public. It showed me with what a powerfully disorganizing shock my message had come upon her. Her lips hardly moving, every feature steady, she undercurrented my narrative with ejaculations in French, Russian, Italian. Only once I caught the words: 'Mais pour une autre femme — seulement une femme inconnue! Incroyable, incroyable!'

I ceased. She broke out in rapid undertone: —

'Ruin — it would have meant ruin, disgrace, worse than death. Not a day, a moment, but I ask myself, "When? How? The blow must fall. When? How? To-day? To-night? Oh, mon Dieu! Enemies, enemies everywhere! Now he is dead — the letters burned — *Dieu soit béni!* Madame, Mademoiselle — my friend, my savior! Oh, mon Dieu, had you not —'

Those long-fingered sculptured hands seized mine. At their touch, electric, soft, unyielding, there swept over me in flood the memory of the past months — memories I had been trying to lull — my own so strangely interwoven with hers. Union between us — yes!

'You have burned his? Oh, I do beg you, burn them! I leave England — shall never return. I shall volunteer for work abroad in any case. Only let me know you are safe — have burned them!'

'Burn them! *Mon Dieu* — what do you ask!' A mask suddenly descended upon her face. Turning, I saw Lord X—— and the two boys threading through the crowd toward us.

'I implore you, be warned. I too, I know —' Now it was I who, under the swift onrush of cruel memories, was losing self-control; on her face the mask held. She stood regarding me with a look in which curiosity was oddly mixed with speculative admiration. 'Et pour une autre femme — incroyable!'

'Wer nicht verloren nicht treue Liebe kennen hat.' Goethe's immortal words rushed to my lips. Her eyes narrowed till between the lashes the blue scintillated like the turning of a knife. I saw some new idea leap into her mind. Quietly, dispassionately, the mask settling firmer down upon her countenance while those glinting eyes flung defiance at the world, she answered me.

'I trust you. You leave England, you say, immediately, will not return. You shall not go away thinking — *that!* Never have I so much as swerved in thought from loyalty to my husband, my little sons. I love them — more than life itself. Those letters — merely a blind. If found, a supposed liaison was to be the cover for the real meaning of my relations with Mr. D——.' Even in that moment I realized how the perfection of her English strengthened as she retreated from the regions of passion. 'Which is most damaging, think you, to persons in our position — in the diplomatic service, governmental departments generally? The discovery of far-reaching political intrigue or a *simple affaire du cœur?* Love? No. I am a member of the Secret Intelligence Department in Berlin; so was he. *Now* do you understand? How could I burn his letters, the only things that would exculpate me with my husband, supposing my letters had fallen into Colonel L——'s hands, — you could not read the cipher, the Russian; he could have done so, — or that I could have held over the D—— family if Mr. G—— had got them? Now he is dead, my letters burned; I will burn his, take up life again. That side is over forever. I have learned my lesson.'

She was swept from my side by a surge of the crowd. I saw her join her husband, slip her hand under his arm, smile up at him.

Suddenly in the night I awoke, heard my own voice speaking: —

'The letters are burned. Mr. D—— is dead. My word against hers — valueless. Husband, honor — still hers at any rate. She can keep them in any case safely enough now. . . . Am I even yet in possession of the truth?'

UPON A FRIEND THAT LOVED THE ‘ODYSSEY’

BY DOROTHY MARGARET STUART

Thou art gone forth unto the silent lands;
With foamless prow the dark ship beareth thee
Beyond the utmost sea.

Thy hands, that loved the touch of children’s hands,
That had the warrior’s strength, the limner’s skill,
Thy valiant hands are still.

Thy feet are still, that loved life’s rhythms so well,
That moved as though to music, as though stirred
By lilts none other heard.

Alas, the voice is still that loved to tell
Of thoughts whose artless grace transcended art;
Hushed is the stainless heart.

Long tales retold by kindly flames were dear
To thee, as to Odysseus the King,
After much travailing.

But now is no returning. Who shall hear
Thy Odyssey, far-faring friend? For now
No Ithaca hast thou.

GOLFERS OF TWO COUNTRIES

BY BERNARD DARWIN

I

I HAVE just received a letter from a golfing friend whom I have not seen for some time. He writes from a seaside town on the east coast of England. In summer time it is a busy watering place, yet it takes a pride in itself in that it is comparatively small and select, and harbors every year the same faithful visitors. In winter it lies, I imagine, bleak and solitary enough, so that any small piece of news travels from end to end of the town on excited wings. It appears from my friend's letter that a terrible feud has been raging there. The community is divided into two relentless factions. One declares that a 'birdie' signifies the playing of a hole in one under the 'par' score; the other says it means one under the 'bogey' score. Bets were made, and then came the question of who should decide the question. An eminent professional was written to and he declared unhesitatingly, as of course he would, for the par school. Still the supporters of bogey declined to be convinced, and my friend says he has been deputed to approach me. I have written in the most emphatic language of which I am capable in favor of par, and I am now waiting to hear that the bets have been paid and that my correspondent has drunk my health from his resulting gains.

It makes a rather touching picture, the little township keeping itself warm in the biting winter gale by frenzied argument; yet I did not begin my article with it on that account, but because it is an illustration of the influence in England of American golf. 'Birdie' is, of course, an American term. We knew it several years ago and have struggled against it. All in vain, however; it was too useful to be resisted, and now it has marched right over us, horse, foot, and artillery, and become impregnably established. It is as firmly fixed here as is the jersey or jumper — call it what you will — in place of the coat. Personally I cling to the coat. Let me add that this is not from any prejudice: I love the sensation of the jersey, — it makes me feel, comparatively speaking, like a young Greek god, — but alas! it makes me hit the ball like a broken-down cab horse. Age has not yet sufficiently tamed the youthful and eel-like qualities of my swing; it still needs a coat to control it, and the liberty of the jersey degenerates into license; so I stick to my old friend, but I feel terribly old-fashioned, and for one coat on any British course you may to-day see twenty jerseys.

America has conquered us by her invading champions, and 'peacefully penetrated' with her birdies and her jerseys. Yet the game as played in America is in many respects different from the game as played here. I do not mean in respect to climate, which is an obvious difference, or to such small variations in language as that a 'bunker' in England is a 'trap' in America. There is, to some extent, an essential difference in spirit, though it is one exceedingly hard to put into words. There is a little story of my grandfather that always pleases me — of how, in the middle of his scientific work, he would suddenly stop and exclaim, 'Now what the devil do I mean?' Well, what the devil do I mean in this case? I am not quite sure that I know; but it seems to me the American golfer is, in almost every respect, in the superlative degree as compared with his British brother.

He is, for instance, very sociable in his golf — much more so than we are. Take any club near London on a crowded week-end and you will find the great majority of members playing singles. Those who want to play four-ball matches are probably not allowed to do so unless there is a second course to which they can be relegated. The single comes first and has its inalienable rights. Now the American golfer, as I know him, does not want to play a single. He wants a game that will embrace more friends than one. Rather than start away on a single, he will wait at the clubhouse till some more friends appear, in order that he may play what we still call a 'four-ball match,' confining 'foursome' to its ancient and strictly legitimate meaning of a match of four players and but two balls. Moreover he will not be content with his own four-ball match, but, when he comes in to luncheon, will be matching cards with other friends who have been playing in other matches. This seems to us rather overpowering and elaborate, and it certainly makes for slow golf, since everybody proceeds on a *nil desperandum* policy of holing out, no matter how many shots he has played, on the off chance that someone at the other end of the course may take still more shots. To the American golfer the sociableness and jolliness of it, the feeling of being a member of as wide a circle as possible, more than compensates, I suppose, for the disadvantages.

I am very far from saying that we do not talk to other people about our rounds when we come in to luncheon. Of course we do; we make most fallacious statements about them and, on the strength of being allowed to do so, we pretend to listen to those of our neighbors; but we are bored with keeping cards and do not want to put each other's statements to the proof.

The American golfer, although he is so sociable, is yet almost diabolically energetic; and that seems to us an odd combination of qualities. The British golfer who has the sociable instinct strongly developed is not, as a rule, an energetic golfer. He is not greatly interested in his score, nor passionately anxious to improve, nor disposed to go out practising in his spare time. If he prefers three friends to one for the sake of companionship, he plays an old-fashioned foursome, largely because he has to hit the ball only half as many times as in a single. Incidentally the foursome proper has never become in the least popular in America — because, I imagine, each player wants to get the maximum of shots, and also because he is so keenly interested in his individual and unaided score. In this respect, looking at the matter impartially as far as is possible, I think the American's temperament is the happier of the two. He can combine what one may call a selfish interest in his own game with an unselfish one in that of other people. Perhaps this is only another way of saying that he has more superfluous energy.

Of this last fact there is, I think, little doubt. In America the average golfer — I am not talking of crack players who may make something of a business of the game — is far more anxious to learn and to improve than he is in Britain. I remember, when I visited that most wonderful and most difficult of courses, Pine Valley, near

Philadelphia, saying to one of my hosts that the more obese and middle-aged members of the club must find the course too severe for them. He replied no — that they reveled in the difficulties and that if they could reduce their previous record from 115 to 112 they were as pleased as could be.

That is a truly noble spirit which I am afraid we cannot match. To be sure, I have come across one striking instance of it. I played once upon a very engaging private course which belonged to a duke. At a certain hole a steep hill covered thickly with woodland was straight in front of the tee. It was scarcely possible to carry the wood unless with a tremendous tee shot, but there was a way round to the left, which everyone took; everyone, that is to say, except the noble owner of the course, who deliberately made a frontal attack and ploughed his way through the trees because he enjoyed doing so. That is the exception to prove the rule that our average middle-aged golfer is generally in a state of semimutiny against the difficulties of the course. He complains of back tees, long carries, and mine-fields of bunkers; he does not want his course to be a 'fine test of golf' or a 'championship course,' but a pleasantly unexacting playground for himself and his kind. He murmurs, not unreasonably, that he pays the piper, and he does not see why the few good players in the club should call the tune. I am bound to add that his bark is worse than his bite; he never actually raises the red flag of revolt and consigns the scratch players to the tumbrils, but he is always going to do so.

II

I have been very much struck, when visiting American courses, by the fact that the average golfer, even when he does not hit the ball very well, has yet something of an orthodox method of trying to do so. He is in his humble way a stylist; he believes in trying to do a thing in the right way, whereas his brother in England will often be seen trying to do that thing in a way of his own, wholly prohibitive of success. Because he thus wisely desires to learn the right way, the American golfer takes more lessons than we do and, I fancy, will submit to more dragooning on the part of his tutor. I have just been reading in an American magazine an article on the art of teaching golf. The writer declares that the professionals very often do not take a firm enough line with their pupils, that they ought to refuse to undertake the golfing education of any aspirant unless he agrees to devote himself entirely to practice and not to play a single round of the links until his tutor allows him. I am sure that is sound advice, but I do not think a professional in this country would dare to be so imperious; neither, if he did, would he have many pupils. As a nation, whether for good or ill, we simply are not capable in any game of trying so hard as that advice implies.

In this matter of coaching there is something to be said, not about the average player, but about the promising young golfer who may blossom into a champion. Our professionals are kept reasonably hard at work teaching, but their material is seldom promising. I have sometimes watched the great James Braid teaching a stout lady who will clearly never be able to do more than topple the ball a few yards off the tee, and have marveled at his placid and unvarying courtesy, his strenuous efforts to effect the impossible. The stout ladies have plenty of lessons, but the hopeful boy picks up the game by imitation. That is, in the main, a very good way, but a boy may pick up bad tricks of style as well as good ones, a little alloy amid the gold, that will cling to him as long as he lives; and so the watching of good players should be reënforced by at least a little coaching. Of those who to-day play for their respective countries in the Walker Cup Match, the young Americans have all been coached in boyhood — the young Britons for the most part have not. No one watching the two teams can doubt which side hits the ball in the smoother, easier, and more orthodox style, and style tells its inevitable tale.

So well and thoroughly have the best American golfers been coached that they seem to British eyes to play, one and all, in an extraordinarily uniform style. I will not set forth in what it consists, for this is not a technical disquisition; but it contains all those virtues which I may call the 'copybook' virtues, the things that all learned writers have told us that we ought to do. The difference is that we do them sometimes and the young American golfer does them all the time, as if by second nature. The young Briton, if he were coached, might acquire that second nature also; but he is not coached. It may be that the American boy specializes more when he is young, and that the young Briton is, when at school, more of an all-round player of other games. I do not know enough about American schools to speak positively, but in any case I am skeptical of this excuse. We have advanced it so often when we have been beaten at some game or another; and there is plenty of time to play other games at school and yet be soundly grounded in golf in the holidays. With a naturally athletic and keenly imitative boy, a little grounding goes a long way and gives him a foundation to his game for the rest of his life. The trouble with so many of our boys is that they do not get just that little.

The greater desire of the American golfer to improve is shown by that passion for keeping his score to which I before alluded. I remember very well a little incident that occurred when I visited some Chicago courses now fourteen years ago. I was playing in a four-ball match, and at the first hole my partner's ball lay dead at the hole in two, while mine was in a bunker. As I could not conceivably be of any help to him I picked my ball up, whereupon my host explained to the onlookers that such was the British custom. He did it from a very kindly motive, thinking that otherwise they might believe me to be picking it up because I had lost my temper with the bunker. Hitherto I have been rather praising the American golfer at the expense of my own countrymen; but on this point of keeping scores I am persistently insular. It does seem to me that so much superfluous holing-out of putts which cannot affect the match, purely for private satisfaction, is, frankly, a bore. Certainly if we are going to tell people about our score we had better do so veraciously; but I am not sure that all this holing-out is not too high a price to pay for veracity. Moreover it seems now and again to take some essential flavor out of the match, and golf is primarily a match and not a scoring competition. It is a little depressing to find our adversary more intent on beating his record than on beating us. I would rather he said to me, however truculently, 'That makes me three up at the turn,' than 'That makes me out in thirty-six.' It is likewise damping to play a four-ball match, to win it at the last hole after a great struggle, to feel full of the spirit of comradeship toward our partner who has shared in this glorious exploit, and then to have him say to us, 'You were 78, were n't you? I was 77 — I beat you by one shot.' An opponent or a partner who takes too intense an interest in his own score is apt to 'cast a gentle melancholy upon the soul.' He can be just as easily found in Britain as in America, but he has been sometimes more snubbed here, and made to conceal his feelings.

It seems to me, on looking back, — and I can look back on golf for forty-two years, — that English golfers used to keep their scores more assiduously than they do now. That was when the game, as far as England was concerned, was more or less new. We were all beginners together, and our scores were naturally interesting to us as a barometric chart of our improvement. The Scotsman, however, to whom the game was not new, snubbed us. We were told about an alarming and stately old Scottish gentleman, Sir Robert Hay by name, a very fine golfer in his day, which was the day of baffing spoons. Some incautious person had once asked him, after an ordinary game, what his score had been. He replied that there were only two days in the year on which he could answer that question — the days of the Spring and the Autumn medals. And so, partly under the posthumous influence of this terrifying old gentleman, partly because we came to be less new at the game and our improvement was consequently less rapid, we ceased, at any rate overtly, to keep our scores. We came to believe that to hole out a putt which could have no effect on the game was rather tiresome, both for our adversary and for those playing behind us, and we abandoned the practice.

From the point of view of the general pleasantness of the game I think we were right. From the point of view of ambition we were probably wrong. The holing-out of short putts instead of pretending that one could have holed them is good discipline for a golfer's soul, and a constant striving after a good score keeps him up to the mark. It does not accord so well, however, with a casual, friendly game. Those epithets 'casual' and 'friendly' apply more to the British game than to the American. The Englishman is more ready to loaf up to the clubhouse, pick up a partner there, and play an easy-going game for love. The American wants more of a set match, with something at stake; he will take more trouble to arrange it beforehand, and has more often a regular foursome which is played constantly and is productive of a keen and traditional rivalry. He is fonder of competitions than we are; he plays in far more tournaments, which is incidentally very good for his golf. In this respect I have an uneasy suspicion that we are a little inclined to be hypocritical. It is true that as a nation we prefer the friendly game to the competition, but some of us are fonder of competitions than we admit. Those same severe critics who frightened us over our scores, by means of Sir Robert Hay, dubbed 'pothunters' those golfers who were fond of playing in monthly medals. They said rude things about people who collected 'pots and pans' and 'butter dishes,' and made us think that there was something not quite *comme il faut* in constantly playing in competitions. It may be that this is an unjustifiable belief of mine, but I set it down for what it is worth. My personal feelings in the matter, which I believe to be genuine, are that when I am actually in the ring I take a certain painful pleasure in the fight, but my first instinct is to betake me to a course where there is not a competition.

III

I have been, I am conscious, talking about the golfers of the two countries as if they were all of two perfectly uniform types. Of course they are not. They must vary greatly among themselves; ours certainly do so. We have them at opposite poles: the high-and-dry Tory golfer, who is usually associated in the public mind with St. Andrews, and the extremely modern one, who would probably be described by those who disapprove of him as the cockney golfer. Moreover we have another quite distinct type, the lady golfer.

The lady golfer in this country plays the game, generally speaking, in an obviously different frame of mind from her husband or her brother. She is, if I may so express it, extraordinarily well organized. Her governing body, with its many ramifications, is an extraordinarily efficient instrument, — to the male mind it is almost too efficient, — and it rules her kindly but very firmly. She likes it, but a man would not like it. I shall never forget a journalistic acquaintance of mine, who had a good deal to do with ladies' golf, throwing up his hands in the air with a despairing gesture and exclaiming, 'Miss So-and-so is as despotic as the Tsar of Russia!' Ladies will do gladly what men would not submit to doing at all in quest of handicaps. They must regularly send to their authorities a number of cards for that purpose. I have heard — and on my honor I believe the story to be true — of one poor lady, not very young or a very good player, who returned with infinite pains and labor her six scores. Five of them were well over the hundred mark, but the other, in which she had altogether surpassed herself in brilliancy, was in the nineties. She was told that it was not understood why one score was so much lower than all the others, and that she must clarify the position by returning six more scores.

Our ladies kiss the rod. They like being dragooned for their own ultimate good. They do not like being casual. Certainly they do not like a casual game as men do. Theirs is the true competitive spirit, and they are forever playing in medals and matches, club matches and country matches, and matches between various societies. They have, it is true, on the average more time than the men. Thus a tournament that goes on from week to week, and month to month, is not the same incubus to them as to a man who may only get his week-ends; but this, I am sure, does not account for the difference. It is a radical difference of temperament and of outlook on the game. If I had the pen of Mr. Thackeray or some other dissector of the female character, I might be able to explain it. As it is, I merely set it down. Whether what I have said is in any degree true of American lady golfers I cannot tell, because, to my sorrow, I do not know them well enough.

These ladies have led me away on a bypath of gallantry from my original theme: namely, the differences between the male golfers of the two countries. There is one which must have a word or two — the difference in match-playing temperament; and here I am afraid I must give my vote in favor of America. The American golfer can combine a measure of light-heartedness with a most strenuous concentration. He can say good-morning to a friend, make his little joke, and then in a moment get down to business and think furiously of nothing in the world but hitting the ball. Now the Briton as a rule cannot do that. He can try as hard as anyone, but if he is going to try, then he must try all the time with no intervals. If he is going to be light-hearted, then the same rule applies. One of the very greatest golfers and greatest fighters that ever lived, the now veteran professional, J. H. Taylor, wrote the other day that he had often tried to play golf in a gayer or more carefree spirit, but that when the tussle really began he could not do it. His case is the converse of that friend of Dr. Johnson's who said, 'I have tried too, in my time, to be a philosopher; but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in.' Taylor, as pleasant a companion as may be found at other times, is indeed a formidable example of concentration when he is playing a big match, with his square jaw set and his cap pulled down almost aggressively over his nose. He does not then look as if he wanted any man to say good-morning to him. Golf would presumably have been less painful a pleasure to him if his concentration could have been more intermittent, but nature has not made him in the requisite mould and he has wisely played the game in his own way. His way is, generally speaking, the way of our best players, though less markedly so, because we have few people of such tremendous character. Our golfers, while they are at their work, are traditionally 'dour,' to use the expressive Scottish word. Perhaps that is partly because so many of them have been Scots. It was an ancient St. Andrews caddie who reproved a promising young player with the words, 'Nae champion was ever freevolous.'

The American golfer is not so dour, because he has the gift of unbending between his paroxysms, if I may so term them, of concentration. It is a valuable and delightful gift, and I emphasize it for the sake more of British than of American readers. Britons know that Americans have a great power of 'specializing' in, and taking pains over, games. Wherefore, if they have not played against Americans, they are prone to think of them as gloomy, silent enemies with their minds set wholly on the ultimate goal. I who have played against them want to say that this picture is a false one, and that in fact they combine, in perfect proportions, cordiality and friendliness with what Mr. Horace Hutchinson once called an 'oathful desire for victory.'

I say this in all sincerity, and I only wish we could learn the recipe for this admirable mixture. To some extent I suppose it can be learned, and that the golfing Ethiopian can change his skin; because it seems to me that within my recollection the American golfer has changed. When first he came here, or we saw him play in his own country, he was almost too painstaking; he had many practice swings; he looked long and laboriously at his putts. Consequently his game of golf was rather too solemn and slow an affair. Perhaps to some extent he was told of this tendency; largely, perhaps, he found it out for himself. At any rate he changed; he now plays very quickly and easily, and puts us to shame; it is we who are by comparison the slow coaches to-day. I am writing here primarily of the good players. In reading Mr. Jerome Travers's book the other day I was surprised to find that he addressed to the general body of his fellow countrymen a short sermon about undue slowness and pondering, and the taking of practice swings. Mr. Travers naturally knows more about American golfers than I do, and I must assume him to be right about the average golfer, but about the golfers at the top of the tree I am humbly sure that I am right too.

One more point of difference occurs to me, and it is one for which I ought personally to be thankful, since it enables me now and then to earn a little bread and butter. It is that America is prepared — nay, is even apparently eager — to read much more about golf than we are. I have written reports of American championships for an English newspaper. In that paper a report appeared as a column or more, of ample and dignified proportions. When it appeared, as it did also, in an American paper, it was but a drop in the ocean. Where the English reader will read one column, the American reader will, as it seems, read five. When I was at the Country Club at Brookline I used to get my modest column finished early and then take myself off to the wooded solitudes of that charming course for a little peaceful communing with club and ball; I could never get so far from the press tent that I could not hear the clicking of a hundred typewriters producing those five columns far into the night. It was a grateful sound. I thanked Heaven that so much was not expected of me.

Finally, since I have now been trying, through several columns, to expound these differences that I fancy myself to see, let me say that none of them matter in the very least degree in the world. That opinion will, I feel sure, be endorsed by anyone, whichever his country, who has played in or been present a Walker Cup match or any other match in which American and British sides have taken part. There could be none more truly friendly. I know that our teams have enjoyed their visits to America, and I believe the same is true of American teams here. At any rate, we have enjoyed their coming. We have even learned some of their songs. I have heard grave and reverend personages in the British golfing world, who are old enough to know better, singing haltingly, but with every appearance of happiness, that infectious chorus which begins, 'I was drunk last night, I was drunk the night before.' The words may not be superficially refined, but they have come in our ears to have an almost sacred sound, as a hymn of friendship between the golfers of two countries.

A CRITIQUE OF PACIFISM

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

I

The attitude of the average man toward his fellows is one of nicely balanced trust and mistrust, of confidence and fear. The relation of human groups to each other is usually characterized by the same kind of mixed attitude, though in group relations there is usually a little more fear and a little less trust, for the simple reason that groups have generally not been as ethical as individuals. Common sense would seem to justify such an attitude, for human nature is an intriguing amalgam of potential virtue and inchoate vice, in proportions sufficiently variable to prompt both trust and fear. The average man who has been taught by necessity to trust his fellow men, since an attitude of consistent mistrust would destroy all social life, nevertheless tempers this inclination by the shrewd observation that his virtue, carried to an extreme, may invite aggression and tempt his fellows to dishonesty.

This common-sense view of human relations is always under the necessity of maintaining itself against two forces which tend to disintegrate it. On the one hand, man easily becomes the victim of fear complexes which completely destroy his inclination to trust his fellow men. They usually follow upon some harrowing experience, some evidence of specific dishonesty or aggression, which for the moment outweighs all that man has learned about the general dependability of human nature. Sometimes, as in the case of some national groups in Europe since the war, such fear complexes are definitely pathological. On the other hand, the common-sense balance is threatened by the imagination of a minority, usually a religious minority, which maintains that trust is itself creative, that men tend to become what we think they are, that they become trustworthy only as we trust them and lovable only as we love them. Whenever such religious imagination is developed to its highest potency it not only essays to strengthen the forces of virtue by assuming them, but it definitely undertakes to overcome developed evil by failing to take cognizance of it. So Jesus counsels His followers to forgive, not seven times, but seventy times seven, and to turn the other cheek if they have been made the victims of aggression.

On the whole the common-sense attitude toward other men is not seriously imperiled by this force of religious imagination. Imagination is a virtue and achievement which is rare at best and which only occasionally rises to such a potency that it is able to create as well as to discover hidden virtue in other men. Even religion undertakes to cultivate that type of imagination only in rare moments of insight and power, and usually contents itself with maintaining the common-sense balance against the threat of unbalanced fears and hatreds. Yet there are times when mutual fears, resulting in mutual hatreds, reduce themselves to such an absurdity that large numbers of men are prompted to experiment with the attitude of trust. We are living in an age in which one element in every nation is still suffering from pathological fears created by the World War and another element in every national group is more than ordinarily anxious to adopt an attitude of trust because it has realized that the war was itself a spontaneous combustion resulting from excessive fears and hatreds. That is why the question of preparedness, of armament and disarmament, is so urgent in practically every Western nation.

Because of these influences of the war, large numbers of people espouse the cause of pacifism, of nonresistance and mutual trust, who realize only dimly what is involved in the adventure of trust. Many of them insist that if our nation or any other nation would be willing to make the venture of disarming itself it could successfully challenge its neighbors to similar experiments in confidence. Still more believe that, while no nation can run the risk of making the venture alone, there is no reason why a simultaneous experiment in disarmament and mutual trust should not be initiated.

There is of course much to be said for this faith. If it accomplishes nothing else, it will at least help to reëstablish the old common-sense balance of trust and mistrust which the war hatreds destroyed. But it is hardly sufficiently thoroughgoing to build the new world of which it dreams. Its weakness lies in the fact that it does not realize how consistent an ethical attitude toward other groups and individuals must be before it becomes in any sense a guaranty of security. Creative love must express itself not only in trust but in sacrifice. It may do for a Francis of Assisi to trust his fellow men and assume that even a bandit will finally do him no wrong; but it would be foolish for a village banker who holds a mortgage on most of the homes in the village to make a sudden venture in trust and decide to leave his vaults open. He may have a legal and even a moral right to collect interest on his mortgages, yet it is not an insistence on rights, but a sacrifice of rights for the sake of fellowship, which finally creates that type of relationship in which there is security without recourse to force.

II

Applied specifically to our own and other nations, this means that the moral task which faces our generation is to persuade groups — groups of every kind, but particularly nations — to a measure of unselfishness as well as to a measure of trust toward their neighbors. That is a formidable task. Groups have never been unselfish in the slightest degree. L. P. Jacks has observed that all human groups tend to be predatory. Henry Adams, who shrewdly observed the statesmen of England equivocate on the slavery issue during the Civil War until they could determine their course by considerations of expediency, came to the melancholy conviction: 'Masses of men are always prompted by interest rather than conscience. Morality is a private, and a costly, luxury.'

One reason why modern civilization finds itself in such moral chaos is that inter-group relationships are increasingly becoming more important than intra-group relationships without becoming as moral. It is difficult to introduce ethical attitudes into the relations between groups, partly because these relationships are comparatively recent and partly because the individual, even if he possesses a sensitive conscience, is not inclined to demand ethical actions of his group as long as his own attitude toward the group is ethical. There is an increasing tendency among modern men to imagine themselves ethical because they have delegated their vices to larger and larger groups. Yet the groups are not large enough to give moral unity to mankind, and the whole process may simply tend to make the next war an intercontinental war, a real world war instead of merely a Western World war.

Ethical individuals tend to condone unethical group actions partly because their individual attitude toward their group easily obscures the essentially selfish attitude of the group; but partly it is a strategy by which they are able to indulge their weaknesses without seeming to do so. We are proud, as white men, in our relation to other races because there is comparatively little opportunity to indulge our pride among white men. If we bully Mexico, that is partly to compensate ourselves for the lost opportunities of bullying individual neighbors.

Sometimes group selfishness is further aggravated by the inability of the individual citizen to see the consequences of national action in the attitudes of other nations who are geographically remote but in intimate economic contact with our own nation. America to-day has a standard of living in such flagrant disproportion to that of any other part of the world that it is arousing the envy of practically every nation. Dispassionate observers agree that America is falling into disfavor in every part of the world because the world is either envious of our luxury or afraid of our economic power. The envy may be unethical, but it is inevitable; and fear may not be justified by any malice in our hearts, but it is natural. A belligerently nationalistic paper recently criticized President Coolidge for insisting that we shall not arouse the mistrust of the world by increasing our armaments. The world hates us, — so ran the argument of the journalistic critic, — not for our armaments, but for our tariff and our immigration policy. The point would seem to be well taken. The feeling which the question of Interallied debts has created in European countries is but a symptom of a general attitude toward us which is prompted by the fact that we live in a paradise that is protected by the two walls of the tariff and immigration restriction. Our immigration policy might be ethically defended by the reflection that as long as there is no universal birth control any effort to equalize the relation of national resources to population must prove abortive. Yet it is not this consideration which prompts our policy. We simply assume, as does every other nation, that it is our duty, as well as our right, to protect and preserve any advantages which our citizens may enjoy above those of other peoples.

Millions of Americans, not all of them thoroughgoing pacifists, of course, who are passionate in their espousal of world peace and disarmament, have never given the slightest consideration to these economic realities. They want America to trust the world and are sure that the world will in turn trust America. Their faith is too naïve. They do not realize that a nation cannot afford to trust anyone if it is not willing to go to the length of sharing its advantages. Love which expresses itself in trust without expressing itself in sacrifice is futile. It is not thoroughgoing enough to be creative or redemptive.

Since it is more difficult for groups than for individuals to moralize their actions, and since nations have long enjoyed complete moral autonomy, it would be foolish to expect any immediate or easy spiritualizing of national conduct; nor is it necessary to postpone every policy of international trust until nations have become completely ethical in their conduct. But it is obvious that it is at least as important to create an unselfish national attitude as to adopt policies of mutual trust. This fact is easily obscured, particularly in those nations which for the moment enjoy the highest privileges. There are Continental cynics and shrewd observers in other parts of the world who slyly suggest that pacifism is a virtue which only the two great Anglo-Saxon nations are able to enjoy. The implication is that England and America are the only two really solvent nations in the Western World, and that, since they have what they want and need, it is to their interest to preach peace. The hungry nations will meanwhile fail to react to this moral idealism. They will shrewdly and cynically observe that it is always the tendency of those who have to extol the virtue of peace and order and to place those who have not at a moral disadvantage.

It is quite impossible for the strong to be redemptive in their relation to the weak if they are not willing to share the weakness of the weak, or at least to equalize in some degree the disproportion of advantages.

III

It is for this reason that the 'outlawry of war' idea so passionately espoused by many Americans takes so little root in Europe. The 'outlawry of war' programme is practically to adopt pacifism on a mutual and international scale, to persuade the nations of the earth simultaneously to disavow the use of force. Logically and legally the plan seems perfect. But it is weak psychologically. In a sense it is typically American; for America is sufficiently impregnable in her position to be emancipated from the fear complexes which disturb European, particularly Continental, nations, and she is sufficiently privileged to desire the use of force no more for purposes of aggression than for needs of defense. Meanwhile the insistence of many American peace idealists that America must not enter Europe and make its problems ours until Europe disavows the use of force merely tends to become an ethical sublimation of an essentially selfish national position. It gives moral sanction to a policy of isolation which has its real basis in quite other considerations. The real reason why we do not associate intimately with Europe is that we have many advantages which might be sacrificed in a too intimate fellowship. The general effect of the outlawry programme is to beguile a nation which stands aloof to preserve the advantages of its strength into believing that it stands alone to preserve the advantages of its virtue.

In this connection it is to be noted that some of our statesmen and publicists who are most critical of European armaments and the alleged sanction of war in the Covenant of the League of Nations are the very ones who are most unyielding in the matter of Interallied debts. Senator Borah, who is in many respects the most honest and rugged statesman in Washington, and whose attitude in regard to Oriental and South American questions is probably the greatest single force for the moralizing of our national conduct, is singularly obtuse in regard to this European problem. For the peace of the world it would be an immeasurable advantage if we could forget some of our moral scruples against Europe for the sake of entering into a more intimate fellowship with her, in which there might be some chance of mitigating the fears and hatreds which American wealth and strength are creating in impoverished Europe.

In a sense our advocates of national preparedness represent the sober common sense of the nation against the moral obfuscation of many peace enthusiasts. A strong and privileged nation, strong enough to be emancipated from the fear of any immediate attack, and privileged enough to need nothing which the force of arms might be able to secure, may indulge the peace ideal for the moment. But ultimately both its strength and its privilege will incite enmity and aggression. Except it uses its strength more wisely than seems probable from past history, and shares its privileges more unselfishly than any nation has yet been inclined to, it is bound to array the world against it. That is the prospect which America faces.

Those of us who are pacifists ought to realize more clearly than we do that spiritual attitudes can never guarantee us security in the possession of material advantages. There is much to be said for the position that a civilization and a culture may not only be protected without the use of force, but that they can be maintained incorruptibly in no other way. But it requires an army to preserve a higher standard of living than the rest of the world enjoys. An essentially selfish nation cannot afford to be trusting. Its selfishness destroys the redemptive and morally creative power of its trust.

Many individual idealists are taking the justified position that the best way to bring unethical groups under ethical control is to disassociate themselves clearly from the unethical conduct of the group, at whatever cost. Too few of them have realized that, if such action is to be morally redemptive, it must disassociate the individual not only from the policy of using physical force but from the policy of insisting on material advantages which destroy human fellowship and make the use of force necessary.

JALNA: A NOVEL

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

I

Wakefield Whiteoak ran on and on, faster and faster, till he could run no farther. He did not know why he had suddenly increased his speed. He did not even know why he ran. When, out of breath, he threw himself face down on the new spring sod of the meadow, he completely forgot that he had been running at all, and lay, his cheek pressed against the tender grass, his heart thudding against his ribs, without a thought in his head. He was no more happy or unhappy than the April wind that raced across his body or the young grass that quivered with life beneath it.

A delicious drowsiness stole over him. A tender recollection of the lovely warm breakfast he had eaten filled him with peace. He wondered if it were still in his stomach, or had already changed into blood and bone and muscle. Such a breakfast should do a great deal of good. He clenched the hand belonging to the arm stretched under his head to test its muscle. Yes, it felt stronger — no doubt about that. If he kept on eating such breakfasts the day would come when he would not stand any nonsense from Finch, nor from any of his brothers, even up to Renny. He supposed he would always let Meg bully him; but then, Meg was a woman. A fellow could n't hit a woman, even though she was his sister.

There came no sound of a footstep to warn him. He simply felt himself helpless in the grasp of two iron hands. He was dazed by a shake and set roughly on his feet, facing his eldest brother, who was frowning sternly. The two clumber spaniels at his heels jumped on Wakefield, licking his face and almost knocking him down in their joy at discovering him.

Renny, still gripping his shoulder, demanded: 'Why are you loafing about here, when you ought to be at Mr. Fennel's? Do you know what time it is? Where are your books?'

Wakefield tried to wriggle away. He ignored the two first questions, feeling instinctively that the third led to less dangerous channels. 'Left them at Mr. Fennel's yesterday,' he murmured.

'Left them at Fennel's! How the devil did you expect to do your home work?'

Wakefield thought a moment. 'I used an old book of Finch's for my Latin. I knew the poetry already. The history lesson was just to be the same thing over again, so's I'd have time to think up my opinion of Cromwell. The Scripture, of course, I could get out of Meg's Bible at home, and —' he warmed to his subject, his large dark eyes shining — 'and I was doing the arithmetic in my head as you came along.' He looked earnestly up into his brother's face.

'A likely story.' But Renny was somewhat confused by the explanation, as he was meant to be. 'Now look here, Wake, I don't want to be hard on you, but you've got to do better. Do you suppose I pay Mr. Fennel to teach you for the fun of it? Just because you're too delicate to go to school is n't any excuse for your being an idle little beast without an idea in your head but play. What have you got in your pockets?'

'Marbles — just a few, Renny.'

'Hand them over.'

Renny held out his hand while the marbles were reluctantly extracted from the child's pockets and heaped on his palm. Wakefield did not feel in the least like crying, but his sense of the dramatic prompted him to shed tears as he handed over his treasures. He could always cry when he wanted to. He had only to shut his eyes tightly a moment, and repeat to himself, 'Oh, how terrible! How terrible!' — and in a moment the tears would come. When he made up his mind not to cry, no amount of abuse would make him. Now, as he dropped the marbles into Renny's hand, he secretly moaned the magic formula: 'Oh, how terrible! How terrible!' His chest heaved, the muscles in his throat throbbed, and soon tears trickled down his cheeks like rain.

Renny pocketed the marbles. 'No sniveling now.' But he did not say it unkindly. 'And see that you're not late for dinner.' He lounged away, calling his dogs.

Wakefield took out his handkerchief, — a clean one, still folded in a little square, put in his pocket by his sister that morning, — and wiped his eyes. He watched Renny's tall, retreating figure till Renny looked back over his shoulder at him, then he broke into a jog trot toward the Rectory. But the freedom of the morning was no longer his. He was full of care, a slender, sallow boy of nine whose dark brown eyes seemed too large for his pointed face, wearing a greenish tweed jacket and shorts and green stockings that showed his bare brown knees.

He crossed the field, climbed a sagging rail fence, and began to trot along a path that led beside a muddy, winding road. Soon the blacksmith shop appeared, noisy and friendly, between two majestic elms. An oriole was darting to and fro, from elm to elm, and, when the clanging on the anvil ceased for a moment, its sweet liquid song was scattered down in a shower. Wakefield stopped in the doorway to rest.

'Good morning, John,' he said to John Chalk, the smith, who was paring the hoof of a huge hairy-legged farm horse.

'Good morning,' answered Chalk, glancing up with a smile, for he and Wake were old friends. 'It's a fine day.'

'A fine day for those that have time to enjoy it. I've got beastly old lessons to do.'

'I suppose you don't call what I'm doing work, eh?' returned Chalk.

'Oh, well, it's nice work. Interesting work. Not like history and comp.'

'What's comp?'

'Composition. You write about things you're not interested in. Now, my last subject was a Spring Walk.'

'Well, that ought to be easy. You've just had one.'

'Oh, but that's different. When you sit down to write about it, it all seems stupid. You begin, "I set out one fine spring morning" — and then you can't think of a single thing to write about.'

'Why not write about me?'

Wakefield gave a jeering laugh. 'Who'd want to read about you! This comp stuff has got to be *read*, don't you see?'

Conversation was impossible for a space, while the blacksmith hammered the shoe into place. Wakefield sniffed the delicious odor of burnt hoof that hung almost visibly on the air.

Chalk put down the large foot he had been nursing, and remarked: 'There was a man wrote a piece of poetry about a blacksmith once. "Under a spreading chestnut tree," it began. Ever read it? He must have wrote it to be read, eh?'

'Oh, I know that piece. It's awful bunk. And besides, he wasn't your kind of blacksmith. He did n't get drunk and give his wife a black eye and knock his kids around —'

'Look here!' interrupted Chalk with great heat. 'Cut out that insultin' kind of talk or I'll shy a hammer at you!'

Wakefield backed away, but said, judicially, 'There you go! Just proving what I said. You're not the kind of blacksmith to write comp or even poetry about. You're not beautiful. Mr. Fennel says we should write of beautiful things.'

'Well, I know I ain't beautiful,' agreed Chalk, reluctantly. 'But I ain't as bad as all that.'

'All what?' Wakefield successfully assumed Mr. Fennel's air of schoolmasterish probing.

'That I can't be writ about.'

'Well, then, Chalk, suppose I was to write down everything I know about you and hand it to Mr. Fennel for comp. Would you be pleased?'

'I say I'll be pleased to fire a hammer at you if you don't clear out!' shouted Chalk, backing the heavy mare toward the door.

Wakefield moved agilely aside as the great dappled flank approached, then he set off down the road, which had suddenly become a straggling street, with much dignity.

Already he could see the church, perched on an abrupt, cedar-clad knoll, its square stone tower rising, almost menacing, like a battlement against the sky. His grandfather had built it seventy-five years before. His grandfather, his father, and his mother slept in the churchyard beside it. Beyond the church and hidden by it was the Rectory, where he had his lessons.

Now his footsteps lagged. He was before the shop of Mrs. Brawn, who had not only sweets but soft drinks, buns, pies, and sandwiches for sale. The shop was simply the front room of her cottage, fitted with shelves and a counter, and her wares displayed on a table in the window. He felt weak and faint. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth with thirst. His stomach felt hollow and slightly sick. Plainly, no one on earth had ever needed refreshment more than he, and no one on earth had less means for the payment for such succor. He examined the contents of his pockets, but, though there was much in them of great value to himself, there was not one cent in hard cash, which was all that Mrs. Brawn really cared about. He could see her crimson face inside the window, and he smiled ingratiatingly, for he owed her thirteen cents and he did not see where he was ever going to get the money to pay it. She came to the door.

'Well, young man, what about that money you owe me?' She was brusque indeed.

'Oh, Mrs. Brawn, I are n't feeling very well this morning. I get these spells. I dare say you've heard about them. I'd like a bottle of lemon soda, please. And about paying —' He passed his hand across his brow and continued hesitatingly: 'I don't believe I should have come out in the sun without my cap, do you? What was I saying? Oh, yes, about paying. Well, you see, my birthday's coming very soon, and I'll be getting money presents from all the family. Eighteen cents will seem no more to me than thirteen then. Even a dollar will be nothing.'

'When does your birthday come?' Mrs. Brawn was weakening.

Again he passed his hand across his forehead, then laid it on his stomach, where he believed his heart to be. 'I can't ezactly remember, 'cos there are so many birthdays in our family I get mixed up. Between Grandmother's great age and my few years and all those between, it's a little confusing, but I know it's very soon.' As he talked he had entered the shop and stood leaning against the counter. 'Lemon soda, please, and *two* straws,' he murmured.

Peace possessed him as Mrs. Brawn produced the bottle, uncorked it, and set it before him with the straws.

'How is the old lady?' she inquired.

'Nicely, thank you. We're hoping she'll reach one hundred yet. She's trying awfully hard to. 'Cos she wants to see the celebration we'll have. A party, with a big bonfire, and skyrockets. She says she'd be sorry to miss it, though of course we won't have it if she's dead, and she could n't miss what never really happened, could she, even if it was her own birthday party?'

'You've a wonderful gift of the gab.' Mrs. Brawn beamed at him admiringly.

'Yes, I have,' he agreed, modestly. 'If I had n't I'd have no show at all, being the youngest of such a large family. Grandmother and I do a good deal of talking, she at her end of the line and I at mine. You see, we both feel that we may not have many years more to live, so we make the most of everything that comes our way.'

'Oh, my goodness, don't talk that way. You'll be all right.' She was round-eyed with sympathy. 'Don't worry, my dear.'

'I'm not worrying, Mrs. Brawn. It's my sister does the worrying. She's had a terrible time raising me, and, of course, I'm not raised yet.' He smiled sadly, and then bent his small dark head over the bottle, sucking ecstatically.

Mrs. Brawn disappeared into the kitchen behind the shop. A fierce heat came from there, and the tantalizing smell of cakes baking, and the sound of women's voices. What a good time women had! Red-faced Mrs. Brawn especially. Baking all the cakes she wanted and selling all those she could n't eat, and getting paid for them. How he wished he had a cake! Just one little hot cake!

As he drew the lovely drink up through the straws his eyes, large and bright, roved over the counter. Near him was a little tray of packets of chewing gum. He was not allowed to chew it, but he yearned over it, especially that first moment of chewing, when the thick, sweet, highly flavored juice gushed down the throat, nearly choking him. Before he knew it — well, almost before he knew it — he had taken a packet from the tray, dropped it into his pocket, and gone on sucking, but now with his eyes tightly closed.

Mrs. Brawn returned with two hot little sponge cakes on a plate and set them down before him. 'I thought you'd like them just out of the oven. They're a present, mind. They'll not go on your account.'

He was almost speechless with gratitude. 'Oh, thank you, thank you,' was all he could say, at first. Then — 'But what a shame! I've gone and drunk up all my soda and now I'll have to eat my cakes dry — unless, of course, I buy another bottle of something.' His eyes flew over the shelves. 'I believe I'll take ginger ale this time, Mrs. Brawn, thank you. And those same straws will do.'

'All right.' And Mrs. Brawn opened another bottle, and plumped it down before him.

The cakes had a delicious crisp crust, and, buried in the heart of each, about six juicy currants. Oh, they were lovely!

As he sauntered from the shop and then climbed the steep steps to the church, he pondered on the subjects assigned for to-day's lessons. Which of his two most usual moods, he wondered, would Mr. Fennel be in. Exacting, alert, or absent-minded and drowsy? Well, whatever the mood, he was now at the mercy of it, little, helpless, alone.

The Rectory was a mellow-looking house with a long sloping roof and high pointed gable. The front door stood open. He was not expected to knock, so he entered quietly, first composing his face into an expression of meek receptiveness. The library was empty. There lay his books on the little desk in the corner at which he always sat. Feebly he crossed the worn carpet and sank into his accustomed chair, burying his head in his hands. The tall clock ticked heavily, saying, 'Wake-field — Wake-field — Wake — Wake — Wake — Wake!' Then, strangely, 'Sleep — sleep — sleep — sleep . . . '

The smell of stuffy furniture and old books oppressed him. He heard the thud of a spade in the garden. Mr. Fennel was planting potatoes. Wakefield dozed a little, his head sinking nearer and nearer the desk. At last he slept peacefully.

He was awakened by Mr. Fennel's coming in, rather earthy, rather dazed, very contrite.

'Oh, my dear boy,' he stammered. 'I've kept you waiting, I'm afraid. I was just hurrying to get my potatoes in before the full of the moon. Superstitious, I know, but still — now, let's see, what Latin was it for to-day?'

The clock buzzed, struck twelve.

Mr. Fennel came and bent over the little boy. 'How have you got on this morning?' He was peering at the Latin textbook that Wakefield had opened.

'As well as could be expected, by myself, thank you.' He spoke with gentle dignity, just touched by reproach.

Mr. Fennel leaned still closer over the page. 'Um-m, let's see. *Etsi in his locis — maturae sunt hiemes —*'

'Mr. Fennel,' interrupted Wakefield.

'Yes, Wake.' He turned his shaggy beard, on which a straw was pendent, toward the boy.

'Renny wondered if you would let me out promptly at twelve to-day. You see, yesterday I was late for dinner, and it upset Grandmother, and at her age —'

'Certainly. Certainly. I'll let you off. Ah, that was too bad, upsetting dear Mrs. Whiteoak. It must not happen again. We must be prompt, Wakefield. *Both* you and I. Run along, then, and I'll get back to my potatoes.' Hurriedly he assigned the tasks for to-morrow.

'I wonder,' said Wakefield, 'if Tom' (Mr. Fennel's son) 'when he's got the pony and cart out this afternoon would drop my books at the house for me. You see, I'll need both dictionaries and the atlas. They're pretty heavy, and, as I am late already, I'll need to run every bit of the way.'

He emerged into the noontide brightness, light as air, the transportation of his books arranged for, his brain untired by encounters with Cæsar or Oliver Cromwell, and his body, refreshed by two sponge cakes and two bottles of soft drink, ready for fresh pleasurable exertion.

He returned the way he had come, only pausing once to let an importunate sow, deeply dissatisfied with the yard where she was imprisoned, into the road. She trotted beside him for a short distance, pattering along gayly, and when they parted, where an open garden gate attracted her, she did not neglect to throw a glance of roguish gratitude over her shoulder to him.

Glorious, glorious life! When he

reached the field where the stream was, the breeze had become a wind that ruffled up his hair and whistled through his teeth as he ran. It was as good a playfellow as he wanted, racing him, blowing the clouds about for his pleasure, shaking out the blossoms of the wild cherry tree like spray.

As he ran, he flung his arms forward alternately like a swimmer; he darted off at sudden tangents, shying like a skittish horse, his face now fierce with rolling eyes, now blank as a gamboling lamb's.

It was an erratic progress, and as he crept through his accustomed hole in the cedar hedge on to the shaggy lawn he began to be afraid that he might, after all, be late for dinner. He entered the house quietly and heard the click of dishes and the sound of voices in the dining room.

Dinner was in progress, the older members of the family already assembled, when the youngest (idler, liar, thief, wastrel that he was!) presented himself at the door.

II

There seemed a crowd of people about the table, and all were talking vigorously at once. Yet in talking they did not neglect their meal, which was a hot, steaming dinner, for dishes were continually being passed, knives and forks clattered energetically, and occasionally a speaker was not quite coherent until he had stopped to wash down the food that impeded his utterance with a gulp of hot tea. No one paid any attention to Wakefield as he slipped into his accustomed place on the right of his half sister, Meg.

'I want my dinner!' He raised his voice, in a very different tone from the conciliatory one he had used to Mrs. Brawn and the Rector. 'My dinner, please!'

'Hush.' Meg took from him the fork with which he was stabbing the air. 'Renny, will you please give this child some beef. He won't eat the fat, remember. Just nice lean.'

'He ought to be made to eat the fat. It's good for him.' Renny hacked off some bits of the meat, adding a rim of fat.

Grandmother spoke, in a voice guttural with food. 'Make him eat the fat. Good for him. Children spoiled nowadays. Give him nothing but the fat. I eat fat and I'm nearly a hundred.'

Wakefield glared across the table at her resentfully. 'Shan't eat the fat. I don't want to be a hundred.'

Grandmother laughed throatily, not at all ill pleased. 'Never fear, my dear, you won't do it. None of you will do it but me. Ninety-nine and I never miss a meal. Some of the dish gravy, Renny, on this bit of bread. Dish gravy, please.'

She held up her plate, shaking a good deal. Uncle Nicholas, her eldest son, who sat beside her, took it from her and passed it to Renny, who tipped the platter till the ruddy juice collected in a pool at one end. He put two spoonfuls of this over the square of bread. 'More — more,' ordered Grandmother, and he trickled a third spoonful. 'Enough, enough,' muttered Nicholas.

Wakefield watched her enthralled as she ate. She wore two sets of artificial teeth, probably the most perfect, most efficacious that had ever been made. Whatever was put between them they ground remorselessly into fuel for her endless vitality. To them many of her ninety-and-nine years were due. His own plate, to which appetizing little mounds of mashed potatoes and turnips had been added by Meg, lay untouched before him, while he stared at Grandmother.

'Stop staring,' whispered Meg, admonishingly, 'and eat your dinner.'

'Well, take off that bit of fat, then,' he whispered back, leaning toward her.

She took it on to her own plate.

The conversation buzzed on in its former channel. What was it all about, Wake wondered vaguely, but he was too much interested in his dinner to care very much. Phrases flew over his head, words clashed. Probably it was just one of the old discussions provocative of endless talk: what crops should be sown that year; what to make of Finch, who went to school in town; which of Grandmother's three sons had made the worst mess of his life — Nicholas, who sat on her left, and who had squandered his patrimony on fast living in his youth; Ernest, who sat on her right, and who had ruined himself by nebulous speculations and the backing of notes for his brothers and his friends; or Philip, who lay in the churchyard, and had made a second marriage (and that beneath him!) which had produced Eden, Piers, Finch, and Wakefield, unnecessary additions to the family's already too great burdens.

The dining room was a very large room, full of heavy furniture that would have overshadowed and depressed a weaker family. The sideboard, the cabinets, towered toward the ceiling. Heavy cornices glowered ponderously from above. Inside shutters and long curtains of yellow velours caught back by cable-like cords, with tassels at the ends shaped like the wooden human figures in a Noah's ark, seemed definitely to shut out the rest of the world from the world of the Whiteoaks, where they squabbled, ate, drank, and indulged in their peculiar occupations.

Those spaces on the wall not covered by furniture were covered by family portraits in oil, heavily framed, varied in one instance by the bright Christmas supplement of an English periodical, framed in red velvet by the mother of Renny and Meg, when she was a gay young bride.

Chief among the portraits was that of Captain Philip Whiteoak in his uniform of a British officer. He was Grandfather, who if he were living would have been more than a hundred, for he was older than Grandmother. The portrait showed a well-set-up gentleman of fair skin, waving brown hair, bold blue eyes, and sweet, stubborn mouth.

He had been stationed at Jalna, in India, where he had met handsome Adeline Court, who had come out from Ireland to visit a married sister. Miss Court not only had been handsome and of good family (even better than the Captain's own, as she had never allowed him to forget), but she had had a pleasing little fortune of her very own, left to her by a maiden great-aunt, the daughter of an earl. The pair had fallen deeply in love, she with his sweet, stubborn mouth, and he with her long, graceful form, rendered more graceful by voluminous hooped skirts, her 'waterfall' of luxuriant dark red hair, and, most of all, her passionate red-brown eyes.

They had been married in Bombay in 1848, a time of great uneasiness and strife almost throughout the world. They felt no unease and anticipated no strife, though enough of that and to spare followed, when much of the sweetness of his mouth was merged into stubbornness, and the tender passion of her eyes was burned out by temper. They were the handsomest, most brilliant couple in the station. All went well till a baby girl arrived, a delicate child, unwanted by the pleasure-loving couple, who, with its wailing advent, brought a train of physical ills to the young mother which, in spite of all that doctors and a long and dull sojourn in the hills could do, seemed likely to drag her down into invalidism. About the same time, Captain Whiteoak had a violent quarrel with his colonel, and he felt that his whole world, both domestic and military, had somehow suddenly become bewitched.

Fate seemed to have a hand in bringing the Whiteoaks to Canada, for just at the moment when the doctor insisted that the wife, if she were to be restored to health, must live for some time in a cool and bracing climate, the husband got notice that an uncle, stationed in Quebec, had died, leaving him a considerable property. Captain Whiteoak had a very poor opinion of the French (he had been born in the year of Waterloo, and his father had been killed there), but he liked the descriptions of Quebec, and when he found himself the owner of property there, with a legacy of money attached, he thought he would like nothing better than to go there to live — for a time, at any rate. He sold his commission, and the two sailed for England with the delicate baby and a native ayah. The few relations they had in England did not proffer them a very warm welcome, so their stay there was short, for they were equally proud and high-spirited. They found time, however, to have their portraits painted by a really first-class artist, he in the uniform he was about to discard, and she in a low-cut yellow evening gown with camellias in her hair.

Armed with the two portraits, and a fine collection of inlaid mahogany furniture (for their position must be upheld in the Colony), they took passage in a large sailing vessel. Two months of battling with storms and fogs, and even icebergs, passed like a nightmare before they sighted the battlements of Quebec.

As they had lingered in London long enough to have their portraits done, so they lingered in Quebec long enough to become the parents of a little son. Unlike little Augusta, he was strong and healthy. They named him Nicholas, after the uncle who had left Philip the legacy. (Now himself 'Uncle Nicholas,' who sat at his mother's right hand when Wakefield entered the dining room.)

With two young children in a cold, drafty house; with Adeline's health a source of anxiety; with far too many French about Quebec to be congenial to an English gentleman; with a winter temperature that played coyly about twenty dazzling degrees below zero, the Whiteoaks felt driven to find a more suitable habitation.

Captain Whiteoak had a friend, a retired Anglo-Indian colonel, who had already settled on the fertile southern shore of Ontario. 'Here,' he wrote, 'the winters are mild. We have little snow, and in the long, fruitful summer the land yields grain and fruit in abundance. An agreeable little settlement of *respectable* families is being formed. You and your talented lady, my dear Whiteoak, would receive the welcome here that people of your consequence *merit.*'

The property in Quebec was disposed of. The mahogany furniture, the portraits, the two infants and their nurse, were somehow or other conveyed to the chosen province. Colonel Vaughan, the friend, took them into his own house for nearly a year while their own was in process of building.

Philip Whiteoak bought from the government a thousand acres of rich land, traversed by a deep ravine through which ran a stream lively with speckled trout. Some of the land was cleared, but the greater part presented the virgin grandeur of the primeval forest. Tall, unbelievably dense pines, hemlocks, spruces, balsams, with a mingling of oak, ironwood, and elm, made a sanctuary for countless song birds, wood pigeons, partridges, and quail. Rabbits, foxes, and hedgehogs abounded. Labor was cheap. A small army of men was employed to make the semblance of an English park in the forest, and to build a house that should overshadow all others in the county. When completed, decorated, and furnished, it was the wonder of the countryside. It was a square house of dark red brick with a wide stone porch; a deep basement where the kitchens and servants' quarters were situated; an immense drawing room, a library (called so, but more properly a sitting room, since few books lived there), a dining room, and a bedroom on the ground floor; and five large bedrooms on the floor above, topped by a long low attic. The wainscoting and doors were of walnut. From five fireplaces the smoke ascended through the picturesque chimneys that rose among the treetops.

In a burst of romantic feeling Philip and Adeline named the place Jalna, after the military station where they had first met. Everyone agreed that it was a pretty name, and Jalna became a place for gayety. An atmosphere of impregnable well-being grew up around it. Under their clustering chimneys, in the midst of their unpretentious park with its short, curving drive, with all their thousand acres spread like a green mantle around them, the Whiteoaks were as happy as the sons of man can be. They felt themselves cut off definitely from the mother country, though they sent their children to England to be educated.

Two boys were born to them at Jalna. One was named Ernest, because Adeline, just before his birth, had been entranced by the story of Ernest Maltravers. The other was given the name Philip, for his father. Nicholas, the eldest son, married in England, and, after a short and stormy life together, his wife left him for a young Irish officer, and he returned to Canada, never to see her again. Ernest remained unmarried, devoting himself with almost monastic preoccupation to the study of Shakespeare and the care of himself. He had always been the delicate one. Philip, the youngest, married twice. First, the daughter of a Scotch physician who had settled near Jalna, and who had brought his future son-in-law into the world. She had given him Meg and Renny. His second wife was the pretty young governess of his two children, who were early left motherless. The second wife, treated with coldness by all his family, had four sons, dying at the birth of Wakefield. Eden, the eldest of these, was now twenty-three; Piers was twenty; Finch, sixteen; and little Wake, nine.

Young Philip had always been his father's favorite, and when the captain died it was to Philip that he left Jalna and its acres — no longer, alas, a thousand, for land had had to be sold to meet the extravagances of Nicholas and the foolish credulities of Ernest, with his penchant for backing other men's notes. They had had their share, and more than their share, by God, swore Captain Whiteoak! He had never had any deep affection for his only daughter, Augusta. But, if he had never loved her, at least he had never had any cause to worry over her. She had married young — an insignificant young Englishman, Edgar Buckley, who had surprised them all by inheriting a baronetcy, by the sudden deaths of an uncle and a cousin.

All this had happened years ago. Captain Whiteoak was long dead. Young Philip and both his wives were dead. Renny was master of Jalna, and Renny himself was thirty-eight.

The clock seemed to stand still at Jalna. Renny's uncles, Nicholas and Ernest, thought of him as only a headlong boy. And old Mrs. Whiteoak thought of her two sons as mere boys, and of her dead son, Philip, as a poor dead boy.

She had sat at that same table for nearly seventy years. At that table she had held Nicholas on her knee, giving him little sips out of her cup. Now he slouched beside her a heavy man of seventy-two. At that table Ernest had cried with fright when first he heard the explosion of a Christmas cracker. Now he sat on her other side, white-haired, which she herself was not. The central chamber of her mind was hazy. Its far recesses were lit by clear candles of memory. She saw them more clearly as little boys than as they now appeared.

Countless suns had shone yellowly through the shutters on Whiteoaks eating heartily as they ate to-day, talking loudly, disagreeing, drinking quantities of strong tea.

The family was arranged in orderly fashion about the table, with its heavy plate and vegetable dishes, squat cruets, and large English cutlery. Wakefield had his own little knife and fork, and a battered silver mug which had been handed down from brother to brother and had many a time been hurled across the room in childish tantrums. At one end sat Renny, the head of the house, tall, thin, with a small head, covered with dense, dark red hair, a narrow face, with something of fox-like sharpness about it, and quick-tempered red-brown eyes; facing him, Meg, the one sister. She was forty, but looked older because of her solid bulk, which made it appear that, once seated, nothing could budge her. She had a colorless, very round face, full blue eyes, and brown hair with a strand of gray springing from each temple. Her distinguishing feature was her mouth, inherited from Captain Whiteoak. In comparison with the mouth in the portrait, however, hers seemed to show all its sweetness with none of its stubbornness. In her it became a mouth of ineffable feminine sweetness. She ate little at the table, attending always to the wants of others, keeping the younger boys in order, cutting up her grandmother's food for her, sipping endless cups of China tea. Between meals she was always indulging in little lunches, carried to her own room on a tray—thick slices of fresh bread and butter with gooseberry jam, hot muffins with honey, or even French cherries and pound cake. She loved all her brothers, but her love and jealousy for Renny sometimes shook her solidity into a kind of ecstasy.

The half brothers were ranged in a row along one side of the table, facing the window. Wakefield; then Finch (whose place was always vacant at dinner time because he was a day boy at a school in town); next Piers, he too resembling Captain Whiteoak, but with less of the sweetness and more of the stubbornness in his boyish mouth; last Eden, slender, fair, with the appealing gaze of the pretty governess, his mother.

Across the table the grandmother and the two uncles; Ernest with his cat, Sasha, on his shoulder; Nicholas with his Yorkshire terrier, Nip, on his knees. Renny's two clumber spaniels lay on either side of his armchair.

Thus the Whiteoaks at table.

'What is accepted?' shouted Grandmother.

'Poems,' explained Uncle Ernest, gently. 'Eden's poems. They've been accepted.'

'Is that what you're all chattering about?'

'Yes, Mama.'

'Who is she?'

'Who is who?'

'The girl who's accepted them.'

'It's not a girl, Mama. It's a publisher.' Eden broke in: 'For God's sake, don't try to explain to her!'

'He shall explain it to me,' retorted Grandmother, rapping the table violently with her fork. 'Now then, Ernest, speak up! What's this all about?'

Uncle Ernest swallowed a juicy mouthful of rhubarb tart, passed up his cup for more tea, and then said: 'You know that Eden has had a number of poems published in the University magazine and — and in other magazines, too. Now an editor, I mean a publisher, is going to bring out a book of them. Do you understand?'

She nodded, the ribbons on her large purple cap shaking. 'When's he going to bring it out? When's he coming? If he's coming to tea I want my white cap with the mauve ribbons on. Is he going to bring it out in time for tea?'

'My God,' groaned Eden, under his breath. 'Listen to her. Why do you try to tell her things? I knew how it would be.'

His grandmother glared across at him. She had heard every word. In spite of her great age she still bore traces of having been a handsome woman. Her fierce eyes still were bright under her shaggy reddish eyebrows. Her nose, defiant of time, looked as though it had been moulded by a sculptor who had taken great pains to make the sweep of the nostrils and arch of the bridge perfect. She was so bent that her eyes stared straight on to the victuals that she loved.

'Don't you dare to curse at me!' She thrust her face toward Eden. 'Nicholas, order him to stop cursing at me.'

'Stop cursing at her,' growled Nicholas, in his rich, deep voice. 'More tart, Meggie, please.'

Grandmother nodded and grinned, subsiding into her tart, which she ate with a spoon, making little guttural noises of enjoyment.

'Just the same,' said Renny, carrying on the conversation, 'I don't altogether like it. None of us have ever done anything like that.'

'You seemed to think it was all right for me to write poetry when I only had it published in the Varsity magazine. Now when I've got a publisher to bring it out —'

Grandmother was aroused. 'Bring it out! Will he bring it to-day? If he does, I shall wear my white cap with mauve —'

'Mama, have some more tart,' interrupted Nicholas. 'Just a little more tart.'

Old Mrs. Whiteoak's attention was easily diverted by an appeal to her palate. She eagerly held out her plate, tilting the juice from it to the cloth, where it formed a pinkish puddle.

Eden, after sulkily waiting for her to be helped to some tart, went on, a frown indenting his forehead: 'You simply have no idea, Renny, how difficult it is to get a book of poems published. And by a New York house, too! I wish you could hear my friends talk about it. They'd give a good deal to have accomplished what I have at my age.'

'It would have been more to the point,' returned Renny, testily, 'to have passed your exams. When I think of the money that's been wasted on your education —'

'Wasted! Could I have done this if I had n't had my education?'

'You've always been scribbling verses. The question is, can you make a living by it?'

'Give me time! Good Lord, my book is n't in the printer's hands yet! I can't tell what it may lead to. If you — any of you — only appreciated what I've really done —'

'I do, dear,' exclaimed his sister. 'I think it's wonderfully clever of you, and, as you say, it may lead to — to anywhere.'

'It may lead to my being obliged to go to New York to live, if I'm going to go in for writing,' said Eden. 'One should be near one's publishers.'

Piers, the brother next to him, put in: 'Well, it's getting late. One must go back to one's spreading of manure. One's job may be lowly — one regrets that one's job is not writing poetry.'

Eden pocketed the insult of his tone, but retorted: 'You certainly smell of your job.'

Wakefield tilted back in his chair, leaning toward Piers. 'Oh, I smell him!' he cried. 'I think the smell of stable is very appetizing.'

'Then I wish,' said Eden, 'that you'd change places with me. It takes away my appetite.'

Wakefield began to scramble down, eager to change, but his sister restrained him. 'Stay where you are, Wake. You know how Piers would torment you if you were next him. As for you going to New York, Eden — you know how I should feel about that.' Tears filled her eyes.

The family rose from the table and moved in groups toward the three doorways. In the first group Grandmother dragged her feet heavily, supported by a son on either side, Nicholas having his terrier tucked under one arm and Ernest his cat perched on his shoulder. Like some strange menagerie on parade they slowly traversed the faded medallions of the carpet toward the door that was opposite Grandmother's room.

Renny, Piers, and Wakefield went through the door that led into a back passage, the little boy trying to swarm up the back of Piers, who was lighting a cigarette.

Meg and Eden disappeared through the double doors that led into the library.

Immediately the manservant, John Wragge, known as 'Rags,' began to clear the table, piling the dishes precariously on an immense black tray decorated with faded red roses, preparatory to carrying it down the long steep stairs to the basement kitchen. He and his wife inhabited the regions below, she doing the cooking, he carrying (besides innumerable trays up the steep stairs) all the coal and water, cleaning brasses and windows, and waiting on his wife in season and out. Yet she complained that he put the burden of the work on her, while he declared that he did his own and hers too. The basement was the scene of continuous quarrels. Through its subterranean ways they pursued each other with bitter recriminations, and occasionally, through its brick-floored passages, a boot hurtled or a cabbage flew like a bomb. Jalna was so well built that none of these altercations were audible upstairs. In complete isolation the two lived their stormy life together, usually effecting a reconciliation late at night, with a pot of strong tea on the table between them.

Rags was a drab-faced, voluble little cockney with a pert nose, and a mouth that seemed to have been formed for a cigarette-holder. He was at the head of the back stairs as Renny, Piers, and Wakefield came along the passage. Wakefield waited till his brothers had passed, and then leaped on Rags's back, scrambling up him as though he were a tree, and nearly precipitating themselves and the loaded tray down the stairs.

'Ow!' screamed Rags. ''E's done it again! 'E's always at it! This time 'e nearly 'ad me down. There goes the sugar bison! There goes the grivy boat! Tike 'im orf me for pity's sike, Mr. W'iteoak!'

Piers, who was nearest, dragged Wakefield from his back, laughing hilariously as he did so. But Renny came back frowning. 'He ought to be thrashed,' he said, sternly. 'It's just as Rags says — he's always after him.' He peered down the dim stairway at the Whiteoak butler gathering up the débris.

'I'll stand him on his head,' said Piers.

'No. Don't do that. It's bad for his heart.'

But Piers had already done it, and the packet of gum had fallen from Wakefield's pocket.

'Put him on his feet,' ordered Renny. 'Here, what's this!' And he picked up the pink packet.

Wake hung a bewildered, buzzing head. 'It's g-gum,' he said faintly. 'Mrs. Brawn gave it to me. I did n't like to offend her by saying I was n't allowed to chew it. I thought it was better not to offend her, seeing that I owe her a little bill. But you'll notice, Renny,' he raised his large eyes pathetically to his brother's face, 'you'll notice it's never been opened.'

'Well, I'll let you off this time.' Renny threw the packet down the stairs after Rags. 'Here, Rags, throw this out!' He turned to Wakefield. 'How much do you owe Mrs. Brawn?'

'I think it's eighteen cents, Renny. Unless you think I ought to pay for the gum. In that case it would be twenty-three.'

Renny took out a handful of silver and picked out a quarter. 'Now, take this and pay Mrs. Brawn and don't run into debt again.'

Grandmother had by this time reached the door of her room, but hearing sounds that seemed to contain the germ of a row, which she loved only second to her meals, she ordered her sons to steer her in the direction of the back stairs. The three bore down, clasped closely together, presenting a solid overwhelming front, awe-inspiring to Wakefield as a Juggernaut. The sun, beaming through a stained-glass window behind them, splashed bright patches of color over their bodies. Grandmother's taste ran to gaudy hues. It was she who had installed the bright window there to light the dim passage. Now, clad in a red velvet dressing gown, clasping her gold-headed ebony stick, she advanced toward the grandsons, long-beaked, brilliant as a parrot.

'What's this going on?' she demanded. 'What's the child been doing, Piers?'

'Climbing up Rags's back, Gran. He nearly threw him downstairs. Renny promised him a licking next time he did it and now he's letting him off.'

Her face turned crimson with excitement. She looked more like a parrot than ever. 'Let him off, indeed!' she cried. 'There's too much letting off here! That's what's the matter. I say flog him! Do you hear, Renny? Flog him well. I want to see it done. Get a cane and flog him!'

With a terrified scream, Wakefield threw his arms about Renny's waist and hid his face against him. 'Don't whip me, Renny!' he implored.

'I'll do it myself,' she cried. 'I've flogged boys before now. I've flogged Nicholas. I've flogged Ernest. I'll flog this spoiled little rascal. Let me have him!' She shuffled toward him, eager with lust of power.

'Come, come, Mama,' interposed Ernest. 'This excitement's bad for you. Come and have a nice peppermint pâté or a glass of sherry.' Gently he began to wheel her around.

'No, no, no!' she screamed, struggling, and Nip and Sasha began to bark and mew.

Renny settled it by picking up the little boy under his arm and hurrying along the passage to the side entrance. He set him down on the flagged path outside and shut the door behind them with a loud bang.

Wakefield stood staring up at him like a ruffled young robin that has just been tossed from its nest by a storm, very much surprised, but tremendously interested in the world in which it finds itself.

'Well,' observed Renny, lighting a cigarette, 'that's that.'

III

Ernest Whiteoak was at this time seventy years old. He had reached the age when after a hearty dinner a man likes repose of body and spirit. Such scenes as the one his mother had just staged inclined to upset his digestion, and it was with as petulant a look as ever shadowed his gentle face that he steered her at last to her padded chair by her own fire and ensconced her there. He stood looking down at her with a singular mixture of disgust and adoration. She was a deplorable old vixen, but he loved her more than anyone else in the world.

'Comfortable, Mama?' he asked.

'Yes. Bring me a peppermint. A Scotch mint, not a humbug.'

He selected one from a little tin box on the dresser and brought it to her in his long pale fingers that seemed almost unnaturally smooth.

'Put it in my mouth, boy.' She opened it, pushing forward her lips till she looked like a hungry old bird.

He popped in the peppermint, withdrawing his fingers quickly as though he were afraid she would bite him.

She sucked the sweet noisily, staring into the dancing firelight from under shaggy red brows. On the high back of her chair her brilliantly colored parrot, Boney, perched, vindictively pecking at the ribbons on her cap. She had brought a parrot with her from India, named Boney in derision of Bonaparte. She had had several since the first one, but the time was long past when she was able to differentiate between them. They were all Boney, and she frequently would tell a visitor of the time she had had fetching this one across the ocean seventy-five years ago. He had been almost as much trouble as the baby, Augusta.

Grandmother's room was thickly carpeted and curtained. It smelled of sandalwood, camphor, and hair oil. The windows were only opened once a week when Mrs. Wragge 'turned it out' and threw the old lady into a temper for the day.

Her bed was an old painted leather one. The head blazed with Oriental fruit, clustered about the gorgeous plumage of a parrot and the grinning faces of two monkeys. On this Boney perched all night, only at daylight flapping down to torment his mistress with pecks and Hindoo curses which she herself had taught him.

He began to swear now at Sasha, who, standing on her hind legs, was trying to reach his tail with a curving gray paw.

'Kutni! Kutni! Kutni!' he rapped out. 'Paji! Paji! Shaitanka Katla!' He rent the air with a metallic scream.

'Pick up your horrid cat, Ernest!' ordered his mother. 'He's making Boney swear. Poor Boney! Pretty Boney! Peck his eyes out, Boney!'

Ernest lifted Sasha to his shoulder, where she humped furiously, spitting out in her turn curses less coherent but equally vindictive.

'Comfortable now, Mama?' Ernest repeated, fondling the ribbon on her cap.

'M-m. . . . More wood. Put more wood on the fire. I like to be warm as well as anyone.'

Ernest laid a heavy piece of oak log on the fire and stood looking down at it till slender flames began to caress it; then he turned to look at his mother. She was fast asleep, her chin buried in her breast. The Scotch mint had slipped out of her mouth, and Boney had snatched it up and carried it to a corner of the room, where he was striking it on the floor to crack it, imagining it was some rare sort of nut. Ernest smiled and retreated, gently closing the door after him.

He slowly mounted the stairs, Sasha swaying on his shoulder, and sought his own room. The door of his brother's room stood open and, as he passed, he had a glimpse of Nicholas sprawling in an armchair, his gouty leg supported on an ottoman, his untidy head enveloped in cigar smoke. In his own room he was surprised and pleased to find his nephew Eden. The young men did not often call on him; they favored Nicholas, who had ribald jokes to tell. Nevertheless he liked their company, and was always ready to lay aside his work, which was the annotating of Shakespeare, for the sake of it.

'I hope I'm not troubling you, Uncle,' Eden said. 'Just say the word if you don't want me and I'll clear out.'

Ernest sat down in the chair farthest from his desk to show that he had no thought of study. 'I'm glad to have you, Eden. You know that. I'm very pleased about this success of yours — this book — and all the more so because you've read a good many of the poems to me in this very room. I take a great interest in it.'

'You're the only one that really understands,' answered Eden. 'Understands the difference the publishing of this book will make in my life, I mean. Of course, Uncle Nick has been very nice about praising my poems —'

'Oh,' interrupted Ernest, with a hurt feeling, 'you read them to Nicholas in his room, also, eh?'

'Just a few. The ones I thought would interest him. Some of the love poems. I wanted to see how they affected him. After all, he's a man of the world. He's experienced a good deal in his time.'

'And how did they affect him?' asked Ernest, polishing the nails of one hand against the palm of the other.

'They amused him, I think. Like yourself, he has difficulty in appreciating the new poetry. Still, he thinks I have good stuff in me.'

'I wish you could have gone to Oxford.'

'I wish I could. And so I might if Renny could have been brought to see reason. Of course, he feels now that the education he has given me has been wasted, since I refuse to go on with the study of law. But I can't, and that's all there is to it. I'm awfully fond of Renny, but I wish he were n't so frightfully materialistic. The first thing he asked about my book was whether I could make much money out of it. As though one ever made much out of a first book.'

'And poetry at that,' amended Ernest.

'He does n't seem to realize that I'm the first one of the family who has done anything to make our name known to the world —' The armor of his egotism was pierced by a hurt glance from Ernest, and he hastened to add: 'Of course, Uncle, there's your work on Shakespeare. That will get a lot of attention when it comes out. But Renny won't see anything in either achievement to be proud of. I think he's rather ashamed for us. He thinks a Whiteoak should be a gentleman farmer or a soldier. His life's been rather cramped, after all.'

'He was through the War,' commented Ernest. 'That was a great experience.'

'And what impressions did he bring back from it?' demanded Eden. 'Almost the first questions he asked when he returned were about the price of hay and steers, and he spent most of his first afternoon leaning over a sty watching a litter of squirming young pigs.'

'I sympathize with you very greatly, my dear boy. And so does Meggie. She thinks you're a genius.'

'Good old Meg. I wish she could convince the rest of the clan of that. Piers is a young beast.'

'You must n't mind Piers. He jibes at everything connected with learning. After all, he's very young. Now tell me, Eden, what shall you do? Shall you take up literature as a profession?' Eager to be sympathetic, he peered into the boy's face.

'Oh, I'll look about me. I'll go on writing. I may join an expedition into the North this summer. I've an idea for a cycle of poems about the Northland. Not wild, woody stuff, but something delicate, austere. One thing is certain — I'm not going to mix up law and poetry. It would n't do for me at all.'

They discussed the hazards of literature as a means of livelihood. Ernest spoke as a man of experience, though in all his seventy years he had never earned a dollar by his pen. Where would he be now, Eden wondered, if it were not for the shelter of Renny's roof. He supposed Gran would have had to come across with enough to support him, though to get money from her was to draw blood from a stone.

When Eden had gone, Ernest remained motionless in his chair by the window, looking out over the green meadows, and thinking also of his mother's fortune. It was the cause of much disturbing thought to him. Not that it was what one could call a great fortune, but a comfortable sum it certainly was. And there it was lying, accumulating for no one knew whom. In moments of the closest intimacy and affection with her she never could be ever so gently led to disclose in whose favor her will was made. She knew that much of her power lay in keeping that tantalizing secret. He felt sure by the mirthful gleam he had discovered in her eyes when the subject of money or wills was approached that in secret she hugged the joy of baffling them all.

Ernest loved his family. He would feel no deep bitterness should any one of them inherit the money. He greatly longed, nevertheless, to be the next heir himself, to be in his turn the holder of power at Jalna, to experience the thrill of independence. By means of that power he would guide their lives into the channels that would be best for them. Whereas if Nicholas inherited it, — it had been divulged by Mrs. Whiteoak that the money was to be left solidly to one person, — well, Ernest could not quite think dispassionately of Nicholas as his mother's heir. He might do something very reckless. He frequently made very reckless jokes about what he would do when he got it (he seemed to take it for granted that, as the eldest, he would get it) — jokes which Ernest was far too generous to repeat to his mother, but it made him positively tremble to think where the family might end if Nicholas had a fling with it.

As for Renny, he was a good fellow, but he was letting the place run down. It had deteriorated while he was away at the War, and his return had not stayed the downward progression. The younger nephews could scarcely be looked on as rivals. Still, one never could be certain where the whim of an aged woman was in question.

Ernest sighed and looked toward the bed. He thought he should take a little nap after such a substantial dinner. With a last look at the pretty green meadows, he drew down the blind and laid his slender body along the coverlet. Sasha leaped up after him, snuggling her head close to his on the pillow. They gazed into each other's eyes, his blue and drowsy, hers vivid green in the shadowed room, speculative, mocking.

She stretched out a round paw and laid it on his cheek; then, lest he should rest too secure in her love, she put out her claws just a little way and let him feel their sharpness.

'Sasha, dear, you're hurting me,' he breathed.

She withdrew her claws, patted him, and uttered short throaty purrs.

'Pretty puss,' sighed Ernest, closing his eyes. 'Gentle puss!'

She was sleepy, too, so they slept.

As Nephew Eden had sought out Uncle Ernest that he might discuss his future with him, so that same afternoon Nephew Renny sought out Uncle Nicholas that they too might discuss Eden's prospects.

Both rooms, the scenes of these conversations, would appear to an outside observer overfurnished. The two elderly men had collected there all the things which they particularly fancied, or to which they thought they had a claim. But while Ernest's taste ran to pale water colors, china figures, and chintz-covered chairs, Nicholas had the walls of his room almost concealed by hunting prints and pictures of pretty women. His furniture was leather-covered. An old square piano, the top of which was littered with pipes, several decanters and a mixer, medicine bottles (he was always dosing himself for gout), and music, stood by the window.

Nip, the Yorkshire terrier, had a bone on the hearthrug when Renny entered. Hearing the step, he darted forward, nipped Renny on the ankle, and darted back to his bone, snarling as he gnawed. Nicholas, his bad leg stretched on the ottoman, looked up from his book with a lazy smile.

'Hullo, Renny! Come for a chat? Can you find a chair? Throw those slippers on to the floor. Place always in a mess — yet if I let Rags in here to tidy up he hides everything I use, and what with my knee — well, it puts me in the devil of a temper for a week.'

'I know,' agreed Renny. He dropped the slippers to the floor and himself into the comfort of the chair. 'Have you got a good book, Uncle Nick? I never seem to have any time for reading.'

'I wish I had n't so much, but — when a man's tied to his chair as I am a great deal of the time he must do something. This is one Meggie got the last time she was in town. An English authoress. The new books puzzle me, Renny. My God, if everything in this one is true, it's amazing what nice women will do and think these days. Have a cigar.'

Renny helped himself from a box on the piano. Nip, thinking Renny had designs on his bone, darted forth once more, bit the intruder's ankle, and darted back growling, fancying himself a terrifying beast.

'Little brute,' said Renny. 'I really felt his teeth that time. Does he think I'm after his bone?'

Nicholas said: 'Catch a spider! Catch a spider, Nip!' Nip flew to his master, tossing his long-haired body round and round him, and yapping loudly.

A loud thumping sounded through the thick walls. Nicholas smiled maliciously. 'It always upsets Ernie to hear Nip raise his voice. Yet I'm expected to endure the yowls of that cat of his at any hour of the night.' He clapped his palms together at the little dog. 'Catch a spider, Nip! Catch a spider!' Hysterically yelping, Nip sped around the room, looking in corners and under chairs for an insect. The thumping on the wall became frantic.

Renny picked up the terrier and smothered his barks under his arm. 'Poor Uncle Ernest, you'll have him unnerved for the rest of the day. Shut up, Nip, you little scoundrel.'

Nicholas's long face, the deep downward lines of which gave an air of sagacity to his most trivial remarks, was lit by a sardonic smile. 'Does him good to be stirred up,' he remarked. 'He spends too much time at his desk. Came to me the other day jubilant. He had got what he believed to be two hundred and fifty mistakes in the text of Shakespeare's plays. Fancy trying to improve Shakespeare's text at this time. I tell him he has not an adequate knowledge of the handwriting of the day, but he thinks he has. Poor Ernie, he always was a little nutty.'

Renny puffed soberly at his cigar. 'I hope to God Eden is not going to take after him. Wasting his time over poetry. I feel a bit upset about this book of his. It's gone to his head. I believe the young fool thinks he can make a living from poetry. You don't think so, do you, Uncle Nick?' He regarded Nicholas almost pathetically.

'I don't believe it's ever been done. I like his poetry, though. It's very nice poetry.'

'Well, he must understand he's got to work. I'm not going to waste any more money on him. He's quite made up his mind he won't go on with his profession. After all I've spent on him! I only wish I had it back.'

Nicholas tugged at his drooping moustache. 'Oh, he had to have a university education.'

'No, he did n't. Piers has n't. He did n't want it. Would n't have it. Eden could have stopped at home. We could find plenty of work for him on one of the farms.'

'Eden farming! My dear Renny! Don't worry. Let him go on with his poetry and wait and see what happens.'

'It's such a damned silly life for a man! All very well for the classic poets —'

'They were young fellows once. Disapproved of by their families, too.'

'Is his poetry good enough?'

'Well, it's good enough to take the fancy of this publisher. For my part, I think it's very adroit. A sort of delicate perfection. A very wistful beauty that's quite remarkable.'

Renny stared at his uncle, suspiciously. Was he making fun of Eden? Or was he just pulling the wool over his eyes to protect Eden? 'Adroit, delicate, wistful'—the adjectives made him sick.

'One thing's damned certain,' he growled. 'He'll not get any more money out of me.'

Nicholas heaved himself about in his chair, achieving a more comfortable position. 'How are things going? Pretty close to the wind?'

'Could n't be closer,' Renny assented.

Nicholas chuckled. 'And yet you would like to keep all the boys at Jalna instead of sending them out into the world to shift for themselves. Renny, you have the instincts of the patriarch. To be the head of a swarming tribe. To mete out justice and rewards, and grow a long red beard.'

Renny, somewhat nettled, felt like saying that both Nicholas and his brother Ernest had taken advantage of this instinct in him, but he satisfied himself by pulling the little dog's ears. Nip growled.

'Catch a spider, Nip,' commanded his master, clapping his hands at him.

Once again Nip hurled himself into a frenzy of pursuit after an imagined insect. The thumping on the wall broke out anew. Renny got up to go. He felt that his troubles were not being taken seriously. Nicholas, looking up from under his shaggy brows, saw the shadow on Renny's face. He said, with sudden warmth: 'You're an uncommonly good brother, Renny, *and* nephew. Have a drink?'

Renny said he would and Nicholas insisted on getting up to mix it for him. 'Should n't take one myself with this damn knee.' But he did, hobbling about his liquor cabinet in sudden activity.

'Well, Eden can do as he likes this summer,' said Renny, cheered by his glass, 'but by fall he's got to settle down, either in business or here at Jalna.'

'But what would the boy do at Jalna, Renny?'

'Help Piers. Why not? If he would turn in and help, we could take over the land that is rented to old Hare, and make twice as much out of it. It's a good life. He could write poetry in his spare time if he wanted to. I'd not say a word against it, so long as I was n't asked to read it.'

Renny had got to the door when Nicholas asked suddenly: 'How about Piers? Have you spoken to him of the girl yet?'

'Yes. I've told him he must cut out these meetings with her. He never dreamed they'd been seen. He was staggered.'

'He seemed all right at dinner time.'

'Oh, we had our little talk two days ago. He's not a bad youngster. He took it very well. There are n't many girls about here — attractive ones — and there's no denying Pheasant is pretty.'

Nicholas's brow darkened. 'But think what she is. We don't want that breed in the family. Meg would never stand it.'

'The girl is all right,' said Renny, in his contradictory way. 'She did n't choose the manner of her coming into the world. The boys have always played about with her.'

'Piers will play about with her once too often.'

'That's all right,' returned Renny, testily. 'He knows I'll stand no nonsense.'

He went out, shutting the door noisily, as he always did.

Nip was still busy with his bone. Regarding him, Nicholas feared that he would be in for an attack of indigestion if he got any more of the gristle off it. He dragged the treasure from him, and with difficulty straightened himself. Once bent over, it was no joke to rise. What a responsibility a little pet dog was! 'No, no, no more gristle. You'll get a tummy-ache.'

Nip protested, dancing on his hind legs. Nicholas laid the bone on the piano and wiped his fingers on the tail of his coat. Then the bottle of Scotch and the siphon caught his eye. He took up his glass. 'Good Lord, I should n't be doing this,' he groaned, but he mixed himself another drink. 'Positively the last to-day,' he murmured, as he hobbled toward his chair, glass in hand.

A deep note was struck on the piano. Nip had leaped to the stool and from there to the keys. Now he had stretched his head to recapture the bone. Nicholas sank with a grunt of mingled pain and amusement into his chair. 'I suppose we may as well kill ourselves,' he commented, ruefully.

'You in your small corner,
And I in mine.'

Nip growled, gnawing his bone on the top of the piano.

Nicholas sipped his whiskey and soda dreamily. The house was beautifully quiet now. He would doze a little, just in his chair, when he had finished his glass and Nip his bone. The rhythmic crunching of Nip's teeth as he excavated for marrow was soothing. A smile flitted over Nicholas's face as he remembered how the little fellow's barking had upset Ernest. Ernest did get upset easily, poor old boy. Well, he was probably resting quietly now beside his beloved Sasha. Cats. Selfish things. Only loved you for what they could get out of you. Now Nip — there *was* devotion.

He stretched out his hand and looked at it critically. Yes, that heavy ring with the square green stone in its antique setting became it. He was glad he had inherited his mother's hands — Court hands. Renny had them, too, but badly cared for. No doubt about it — character, as well as breeding, showed in hands. A vision of the hands of his wife, Millicent, came before him — clawlike hands with incredibly thin, very white fingers, and large curving nails. . . . She was still living, he knew that. . . . Good God, she would be seventy! He tried to picture her at seventy, then shook his head impatiently — no, he did not want to picture her at either seventy or seventeen. He wanted to forget her. . . . When Mama should die, as she must soon, poor old dear, and he should inherit the money, he would go to England for a visit. He'd like to see old England once again before he — well, even he would die some day, though he expected to live to be at least ninety-nine like Mama. He was a Court, and they were famous for their longevity and — what was the other? — oh, yes, their tempers. Well, thank goodness, he had n't inherited the Court temper! It would die with Mama — though Renny, when he was roused, was a fierce fellow.

Nip was whining to be lifted from the piano top. He was tired of his bone, and wanted his afternoon nap. Little devil, to make him get out of his chair again just when he was so comfortable!

With a great grunt he heaved himself on to his feet and limped to the piano. He took up the little dog, now entirely gentle and confiding, and carried him back under his arm. His knee gave him a sharp twinge as he lowered his weight into the chair once more, but his grimace of pain changed to a smile at the shaggy little face that was turned up to his. He had a sudden impulse to say, 'Catch a spider, Nip!' and start a fresh skirmish. He even framed the words with his lips, and a sudden tenseness in Nip's body, a gleam in his eye, showed that he was ready; but he must not upset old Ernie again, and he was very drowsy — that second drink had been soothing. 'No, no, Nip,' he murmured, 'go to sleep. No more racketing, old boy.' He stroked the little dog's back with a large, indolent hand.

Nip lay along his body, as he half reclined, gazing into his eyes. Nicholas blew into Nip's face. Nip thumped his tail on Nicholas's stomach.

They slept.

(*To be continued*)

BIRTHRIGHT

BY FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

He shall walk in terrible, holy places,
Dreams shall take their toll of him, grief her part;
But the gods said, weeping, weeping, hiding their faces,
'What shall the splendor profit a broken heart?'

He shall know tears and laughter for his fellows,
He shall know dawn, before the dawn-winds stir;
Before the autumn's bitter bracken yellows,
Or the year breaks, he shall have word of her.

Sorrow and joy shall walk with him together,
Hunger shall be his portion, and new scars,
And yet alone he must go in the greening weather —
No other shall be with him under the young stars.

When the late sun passes in flame and color,
He must cry out aloud for pity and pain;
The world's love shall hurt him, and the world dolor;
Beauty shall smite him, again, and again and again.

Yet shall he stand, unfearing, in heavenly places,
Who climbs and climbs though the stripes on his soul be seven;
But the gods said, weeping, weeping, hiding their faces,
'We have not heard whether there be a heaven.'

MORAL TALES, PAST AND PRESENT

BY EDITH RONALD MIRRIELEES

I

If every tale with a moral were therefore a moral tale, a consideration of moral tales would involve nine tenths of all the stories ever written in English — an obviously impossible undertaking. In literary parlance, however, a moral tale is not merely one which has a moral, nor even one which states its moral. Instead — so flexible is language — it is often a piece of writing distinctly immoral, for its special mark is this: that in it certain approved spiritual qualities are assured of fat material reward; you eat your porridge and therefore your cake arrives to you.

The literary worth of fiction burdened with such a requirement is seldom great. As stories, moral tales are unimportant; as interpreters of the age producing them, they are more illuminating than either its masterpieces or its state papers. A dozen, matched one against the other, present as if in mosaic the authentic picture of the time in which they were written, the exposition for that time of precisely what constituted its porridge and precisely what its cake — and equally, of course, of how cake and porridge differed from those of another age. To do such matching for each of the three latest centuries is to see the guiding principle of each write itself out before us.

The tale itself has existed since fiction began; the title was first applied to it in the eighteenth century. Near the end of that neat and discussable period, there came into prominence one of the cleverest women who has ever lived — not the most talented, only the cleverest; a woman with scarcely a spark of writing genius, but with as much business genius to apply to writing as Walt Mason has to-day — Mrs. Hannah More, the world's first best-seller. Toward the middle of her life, after many less successful experiments, Mrs. More centred her attention on the kind of story for which she is now chiefly remembered. She had always written. In her moral-tale period she wrote enormously and sold after the fashion of Zane Grey — two million copies of 'Cheap Repository Tracts' in the course of a single year, and this when book buyers were a limited class and a Chatterton could lately have starved for want of them.

Whatever sold in that fashion furnished urgent satisfactions to the generation buying it. An analysis of any of the tales with which the 'Cheap Repository' was chiefly filled serves to show what those satisfactions were, and in the showing to spread before us the mind of middle-class England of the time as a zoölogist spreads the web of a frog's foot under his microscope.

'The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain' is perhaps the best known of the stories. A gentleman, riding across the downs, sees a shepherd watching his flock and checks his horse to speak to him.

> Mr. Johnson asked the shepherd what sort of weather it would be on the morrow.
>
> 'It will be such weather as pleases me,' said the shepherd, 'because it will be such weather as pleases God, and whatever pleases Him pleases me.'

No gentleman, whatever his century, could break off a dialogue so auspiciously begun. The shepherd, encouraged, goes on to describe his mode of life.

> 'I have a wife and eight children whom I bred up in that little cottage —'

The cottage indicated is a hovel of one room, the wife bedridden beneath a leaky thatch and above a carpetless floor; but in spite of these seeming drawbacks the speaker insists that he and his are happy and blessed. For one thing, only three of his eight children are under five years old; for another, —

> 'Our little maids get first a halfpenny and then a penny a day by knitting. The boys get a trifle for keeping the birds off the corn — and if they did not get a farthing for it, I would make them do it just the same for the sake of giving them early habits of labor.'

When the gentleman applauds — how can he fail of applauding? — these correct sentiments, —

> The poor man's tears started to his eyes. . . . 'Indeed you great folk can hardly imagine how it raises and cheers a poor man's heart when such as you condescend to talk familiarly with him. . . . And so far from creating disrespect, Sir, and that nonsensical, wicked notion about equality . . .'

No subversive doctrine among the working classes here — not in the eighteenth century and with Mrs. More directing their destiny. Encouraged by the gentleman's receptive attitude, the shepherd goes on to tell of one occasion of special blessedness.

> 'One Sunday afternoon when my wife was at her worst and we had tapped our last sixpence . . .'

A shilling and a blanket is what the story comes to, with a bit of non-negotiable good counsel thrown in, but the wife's comment on these acquisitions deserves recording.

> 'Oh,' said she, 'it is too much. We are too rich. I am frightened lest we have our whole portion in this world.'

Just so, with just such self-distrust and easily roused rapture, do all of Hannah More's low-born characters acknowledge their mercies — except in the cases of recreants headed straight for gallows or jail. There is never a doubt in the mind of any shepherd of them all about the righteousness of his laboring for less than the price of food, never any troublesome question as to how squire or curate or lady got those extra coals and blankets which they give or withhold at pleasure. And just so surely as the submissive spirit exists, just so surely does its owner profit by it in substantial though limited form.

Mrs. More, however, was far too good a churchwoman to make submission to one's earthly betters the only negotiable virtue. 'Them that's above' could receive tribute direct — and pay for it liberally, too. Mrs. Simpson, in 'All's for the Best,' reduced through no fault of her own to an almshouse, faces her Niagara of misfortunes with a supine good cheer all but idiotic in its persistency. When atrocious harm comes to her or hers, she attributes it straight to God and thanks Him for the sending. In return for her somewhat insulting religious faith, the reader sees her presently inheriting a snug and unexpected legacy and along with it a still more satisfying revenge upon the worst of her persecutors. Evidently God, like the squire, knows the rules of the moral-tale game.

'Tom White, the Post-Boy' threatens for the moment to depart from these rules, for at its beginning Tom appears as a loose, wild, dangerous fellow — one who sings secular songs, races with other coachmen, and now and then takes his glass. Through misfortunes, however, he is brought to repentance, gives up coaching, becomes a sober farmer.

> Farmer White soon found that a dairy could not well be carried on without a mistress, and began to think seriously of marrying.

He hears of — not sees, merely hears of — a woman who promises to suit his needs.

> She lived in a family as an upper maid. She was prudent, sober, industrious, and religious. Her neat and plain appearance at church (for she was seldom seen anywhere else) was an example to all persons of her station. . . . He took down his hat from the nail in order to wait on Dr. Sheppard [for whom she worked] and ask his consent, for he thought it would be very unhandsome to decoy away his faithful servant from her place without his consent.

Luckily the doctor consents. Else this impetuous wooer would leave the girl of his choice in her place indefinitely. Observe how cool-blooded they are — he to have her because she can properly conduct a dairy, she to have him because he asks her. And on their union the minister pronounces his blessing: 'As ye have chosen each other from the best of motives —' Any motive better than prudence? Not any. The trifle known as love is strictly reserved for their betters.

Prudence and humility, content with their station, overflowing gratitude to their superiors — these are the qualities these pictured maids and coachmen and shepherds and farmers are full of. And these are the qualities that caused their employers to buy the 'Cheap Repository Tracts' even up into the millions.

If underlings would not always act that way, — and, unhappily, at the end of the century some of them were beginning to be most wickedly restive, — if they would not, at least it was a comfort to see them made to do so in a field where making was possible. If Susan in the flesh insisted on grumbling because her sleeping corner in the cellar was damp and heatless, because she dined seven times a week on potatoes while her employers were dining on venison — if she were so forgetful in life, all the more was it a satisfaction to see her dutifully curtseying on the printed page. The buyers of the Tracts were the people curtseyed to, and so long as that remained the case the curtseys arrived unfailingly. How far their arrival helped to reënforce the habit of mind they represented — well, Mrs. More and her coworkers were well-meaning men and women, thoroughly conscientious ones, but their seats in Heaven were probably not secured for them through the suffrages of their social subordinates.

II

But with the turn of the century something happened to the English middle class, and also, therefore, to the kind of story it fed on. Industrialism was spreading fast in England, trade growing every day more aggressive. It is possible to dig out the facts of its spread, or some of them, from history. There is no need to go digging if we follow the moral tale. As clearly as in a chart it points out who now is at the top of the wheel, what sets of useful compliances have turned into virtues.

Mrs. More had glorified chiefly the hereditary owner, not the very great but the near great, squires and small landholders and gentlefolk generally. The social groups with which Miss Edgeworth, for example, deals are the same, but with how altered an emphasis! Hereditary owners appear in her stories, but less often as patrons and noble examples than as examples of the other sort, warnings against idleness and spendthrift habits. Lady Diana Sweepstakes — her name alone condemns her. And who can look for good out of young Squire Jack Dashforth? The obedient servants, the humble farm laborers, are obedient and humble still, but mostly now to people who rose, if not from their own ranks, yet from those appreciably nearer to them. The self-made man is in the saddle and scattering his dust as he rides upon his former despiser.

He is worth looking at, too, this self-made man, for reasons other than his self-making. The Victorian Age is implicit in him. Consider Mr. Gresham, the *deus ex machina* of 'Waste Not, Want Not.'

> Mr. Gresham, a Bristol Merchant, who had by honorable industry and economy accumulated a fortune, retired from business to a new house. . . . Mr. Gresham did not imagine a new house alone could make him happy. He did not propose to live in idleness and extravagance. . . . He was fond of children — and he determined to adopt one of his relations. He had two nephews and he invited them both . . .

In the blessed nineties, there used to be a poem familiar to the pages of all school readers, 'Which Shall It Be?' which dwelt upon the plight of parents faced by just that dilemma of the wealthy adopting relative. In 'Waste Not, Want Not' no plight exists — no more than one existed earlier for the family of Susan when the needs of the Sheppard family lifted her from her own attic and set her down in theirs. Tender emotions, except in carefully selected instances, are still the property of the possessing class.

Mr. Darford, who appears in 'The Manufacturers,' is Mr. Gresham again, slightly disguised by a change of occupation.

> By patient and persevering attention to business, Mr. John Darford . . . had secured himself in his old age a competent fortune . . . the comforts without the vanities of life. He was often heard to declare that he thought a busy manufacturer might be as happy as any idle gentleman.

Someone should page Mrs. More in the matter of that last sentiment. It falls in various forms from the lips of a score of Mr. Darfords, each one retired on the fruits of his own saving. It is notable, however, that though the place of the born man is taken now by the self-made one, it is still a retired self-made one who fills it. Even in the early nineteenth century it is not quite decent to be observed in the process of trade. The successful retired uncle, the elderly adopting uncle, is the favorite figure of Miss Edgeworth's generation.

And what an uncle! He does not 'propose to live in extravagance.' He prefers 'the comforts without the vanities.' He hangs mottoes on his walls — WASTE NOT, WANT NOT — instead of pictures. He not only wears a fustian coat, — that could be forgiven him, — but he descants continually on the virtues of fustian coats as above those of handsomer appearance.

And his nephews are marked as legibly as he by the time which produced them. Mr. Gresham's pair are children, Hal and Ben. In the opening hours of their visit to him, Mr. Gresham presents each with a sum of money — not, by the way, to give them pleasure, but that he 'might have an opportunity of judging of their dispositions and the habits they had acquired.'

Hal spends the money given him partly for cakes and mostly for a handsome uniform for sports — sports directed, as it happens, by that same opprobrious Lady Diana Sweepstakes. Ben uses his to buy a warm coat for a beggar. Well and good! Ben, having been charitable, should get his reward in an approving conscience and probably he does, but he gets it also in tangible payments through every page of the story. Hal, on the other hand, falls as swiftly into misfortune. His cakes at once make him sick, his fine shoes trip him into the mud, his uniform brings only instant derision. Just as the moral tale of the earlier period was busy showing how, for the poor, earthly privation was part guaranty of heavenly pleasure, so for this period the moral tale is intent on proving pleasures to be not so very pleasurable after all.

It is a wonder, indeed, that readers of these early nineteenth-century tales ever wanted any delightful thing, so little and such brief delight is allowed to attach to its possession. Whether it be the unlucky Hal, or Rosamund, in 'The Purple Jar,' who, shopping for shoes with her mother, — sensible shoes, we may be sure, — sees a vase shining in the store window and loses her heart to its color, or Charles, in 'The Manufacturers,' peering longingly through his factory window to watch the squire ride by in his pink coat, one and all they are headed for misfortune, for disillusionment prompt and often repeated, until all alike can sum up their acquired wisdom in the formula of Rosamund, which, much condensed, runs something like this: 'I see you are right, dear mother; I see now how foolish it is to want a thing because it is pretty instead of because it is useful.'

These younger characters even more than their elders emphasize the contrasts between eighteenth-century tale and Victorian one. Generally speaking, what are the shortcomings of Hal and Rosamund and their fellows, which bring down misfortune upon them? One is their tendency to admire people of a social rank higher than their own — a tendency for the lack of which they would have been damned in the pages of Mrs. More. A second is still more significant — they desire beauty, a thing with which the Shepherd had no concern. With Hal and Charles the desire is complicated by snobbery. With Rosamund it stands clear; she prefers beauty to shoes.

> If thou of fortune be bereft
> And in thy store there be but left
> Two loaves . . .

But to the early nineteenth century either loaf is precious beyond any number of hyacinths. Not only so, but the hyacinths themselves are taboo — and faded besides. In the moral tale of this period, beauty is always dangerous, a thin veil over perdition. It is always tawdry, too, an unworthy distraction from that grim attention to business, that cent-per-cent concentration, which is the very meaning of life to all worthy people. Unworthy ones — lords and ladies and artists and paupers and wrong-minded nephews who object to spending their days in factories — must be brought to grief as fast as may be, or how shall factories go on? The Industrial Age is speaking for its own life in this matter.

There is, though, another source besides the industrial one for that dread of loveliness so clearly seen in the life of the century and so abundantly reflected in its tales. Mr. Darford believes in 'the comforts but not the vanities.' Mr. Gresham takes kindly to mottoes as wall decorations. Each of them holds his place by reason of having piled shilling on shilling or acre on acre till the pile made a pedestal. If any suspicion gets abroad that pedestals are not made that way, if there exist exotic goods not dependent on shillings, then what becomes of their eminence? Hal yearning for a pink coat when his uncle has had none — it is as though the Shepherd had undertaken to tell the curate something new about the glories of Heaven.

In the eighteenth century the first commandment, as the moral tale records it, was 'Stay quiet in your assigned social place; reverence those placed above you,' for on assigned social place and the reverence of it the whole scheme was based.

In the nineteenth century the commandment has shifted a little: 'Stay quiet in your assigned mental place; appreciate only what we, your successful neighbors, can appreciate; desire only what we have proved by handling and buying and selling to be good. Otherwise —' It is heavy with menace, that 'otherwise.' The character who disregards it goes downhill as fast as the author can push him, not only losing whatever he has to lose, but developing all the vices as well.

The American tale during this second period — earlier it scarcely existed — is as decisive in this matter of a single standard of taste, and that a tasteless one, as is the English, but at other points it differs significantly. One of these differences is its denial of the importance of heredity — or rather, perhaps, its assertion of the benefits of early privation. Another is its emphasis upon the value of schooling, at least so far as boys are concerned. Take, for example, 'The Yankee Girl,' by Mrs. Stowe, who in her early days was a notable producer of moral tales. Mary, the heroine of the story, is wise only in dairy and kitchen and laundry. Her 'amount of accomplishments so-called was small, including not a word of French and no more music than was comprised in the sweetest of natural voices,' and tacitly the writer encourages us to applaud Mary for an ambition which limits itself to snowy floors and light loaves. When the question is of George, the hero, however,—

> There dwelt in the village a poor, pale, sickly, desponding widow, whose husband, being suddenly killed in a fall, had left to his wife no other treasure than as bright and vigorous a shoot of boyhood as ever grew up fair and flourishing out of an old decaying stock. . . . But — with a deal of general ability, he seemed to have no affinity for anything in particular.

He tries shoemaking and gives it up, tries farming and gives it up. Mrs. More would send him straight to the workhouse. Miss Edgeworth would bring him to late, humiliating repentance. Mrs. Stowe lets us into the secret of his restlessness — he wants to go to school. Not only does he want to go, but the desire is creditable to him. Armed with it, plus the other familiar moral-tale virtues, he sets out from the village, passes from trade to trade, conquers a profession. We see him finally Ambassador at the Court of St. James — and displaying there that spread-eagle assurance that only self-made is well made which should have endeared him (but did not) to the whole Darford-Gresham clan.

In another fashion the American tale led the way for its English contemporary, though here it did not permanently differ from it. Susan, who married good Tom White, the reformed post-boy, had for one of her charms her 'neat and sober' appearance — and no other appearance at all, so far as the author informs us. Susan is out of fashion very early in America. The American heroine, whatever else she lack, has beauty of face on her side. Adornment she despises, but a kind Providence makes her always handsome, just as a kind Providence provides her — and this in New England! — with 'the sweetest of natural voices.' Only the rich and the idle are ugly.

But allowing for these and other differences between eighteenth century and nineteenth, between England and America, the likenesses are, none the less, far more striking. The foundations of the moral tale remained the same through the years and across the two nations. Always it extolled conformity, always it exalted prudence, always it preached a long patience and a thrifty subservience of spirit. So it was in the two centuries past. What of the one just begun? Does the moral tale exist in the twentieth century? And if it does, what does it now extol? What are the profitable virtues, the ones to be paid for in soup and shillings or their equivalents, and for what vices are soup and shillings withheld?

III

Since the phenomena of one's own time are always difficult of recognition, it is worth while, before attempting the answer, to recall once more exactly what a moral tale is. It is that story wherein certain spiritual qualities assure to their possessors the accession of material gains. These qualities do not necessarily represent goodness to any generation except the one exalting them. Most of us of the present day would feel the Shepherd a fitter candidate for examination before a Commission on Lunacy than for the fate that finally befalls him — as paid leader of a Sunday School. Neither need the chosen qualities bear any integral relationship to the gain attained, such as the relationship between patience and the catching of fish. What they must be are qualities gratifying to the important members of the middle-class group, whether squires or retired uncles, qualities the emulation of which tends to maintain the status quo. With this clarification in mind, let us turn back to the twentieth century.

The place to turn first, of course, is to some one of those great popular weeklies which number their readers by the million. In one of the largest of them there appeared within the last lustrum a moral tale so representative that no reader can fail to have its counterpart in mind — 'Nothing But Business,' from the typewriter of J. R. Sprague. The story is the story of Henry Parks. It opens when Henry is thirty-two.

> Twelve years before, a country boy, he had come to the city to learn the watchmaking trade. Having learned it, he opened a little store on a side street. . . . His workbench was at the front window, where he sat all day repairing watches. . . . People were agreeably surprised when Henry Parks would get up promptly and cheerfully to wait on them.

So far, Henry is a figure familiar enough. He could belong to the nineteenth century as well as the twentieth, to the eighteenth as well as the nineteenth. Readers of Miss Edgeworth can chart his future without hesitation. He will prosper in that little shop, adding diligence to diligence and penny to penny. At sixty or thereabouts, a modest competence will permit him to retire. He will not, however, 'propose to live in idleness,' and therefore will pick out a nephew or two —

But something is wrong with Henry. Before a second page is completed, he is headed straight for destruction.

> The corner location in a high-rent district was to let, and Parks leased it. . . . He engaged repairmen, salesmen, and a bookkeeper where formerly he had performed all those functions himself. He went into debt. . . .

And even this paragraph does not contain the full list of his indiscretions. He joins a country club, runs accounts at department stores, indulges in hotel luncheons. Presently he owes $12,000 on his stock, bills all overdue and no relief in sight. The sins of Hal were as nothing to the sins of this young man. Our moral-tale sense and our common sense as well warn us that Henry is riding for a fall.

But does the fall arrive? Exactly the reverse. The penalty for Henry's too rapid expansion is the chance to expand more rapidly still. The penalty for owing $12,000 is the chance to owe $50,000. We leave him at the end of the story secure in his home and his club and his proud 'leading merchant' position, carrying his debts debonairly, and soon, no doubt, to be free of them.

And the reason for these blessings, seemingly unearned? All the first two thirds of the story are spent in showing it to us — a reason as quaint, quite possibly, to the eyes of later centuries as the reason for the Shepherd's shilling: Henry is long-suffering with customers. Customers intentionally insulting, customers that the very Shepherd would have thrust out over the sill, Henry endures with a smile.

> Then the fat stranger did something calculated to upset the temper of the best-natured jewelry salesman in the world. . . . But Henry Parks restrained his natural impulses. . . . Henry walked with him to the door, determined to do his full duty. 'I'm sorry you can't use the stone,' he said politely. . . . 'I'm glad you called, anyway.'

We see him restraining himself with customer after customer in the course of the story. So far as Henry is concerned, the customer is as sacrosanct as the squire used to be. That one of the most irritating should turn out to be a wholesale jeweler who has quarreled with Henry's rivals, that he should discover the young man's difficulties, should have $12,000 to spare, should be fairly searching, apparently, for a debtor blessed with business affability instead of business prudence — Well, this, remember, is the moral tale. If Henry has eaten the porridge of his generation, its cake he is entitled to have.

But just as it would be an imperfect account of the Shepherd which attributed to him humility to his betters and no other qualities, so with Henry and his mates the central characteristic of subservience to customers is liberally embroidered by others. There is indeed one other so consistently present in contemporary moral-tale heroes that it might itself be called the central one. This is their willingness to take a gambling chance. Henry expands his jewelry business far beyond the point of safety. All the rest, whether architects or bond salesmen, bank clerks or real-estate agents, follow in his steps. The architect goes into building and runs up houses chiefly on hope. The real-estate agent buys options and teeters between ruin and huge profit. If any recent heroes have won to their gratuitous rewards by means of prudence, their number is small. As ardently as its predecessor preached caution, the present tale is preaching the taking of risks.

It is in accord with this preaching that the approved and finally successful characters are invariably ready at spending. Fustian coats, 'the comforts and not the vanities,' are out of fashion. Henry, his affairs at their worst, telephones his wife to come downtown for luncheon that he may tell her of their impending ruin.

> As they sat down at the table . . . he reflected sadly that it might be a long time before he would be able to bring his wife into the handsome hotel dining room again.

He reflected — but he did not therefore seek the cafeteria. None of them do. In the present-day tale the 'penny saved' has not even a tenuous relation to ultimate success.

Perhaps it is an effect of this liberal habit of spending, perhaps it is that the post-Victorian has advanced in his own practice from 'Waste Not, Want Not' to 'The Blind Nydia' and on to 'Battersea Bridge,' but the contemporary moral tale has also surrendered in large part its predecessor's hostility to beauty. Rosamund could buy her vase now with a measure of approval. If, having bought it, she took it home and cunningly copied it with improvements and set up an art shop, the measure of approval would be full.

And Rosamund setting up an art shop would be only a very little out of place in the twentieth-century tale, for there is still one other shift from the past as significant as the shift from prudence already noted. This is the change in the age for the attaining of rewards. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were at one here. Rich uncles, rewarded shepherds — old, all of them. Even the Darford nephews did not collect on their respective virtues and vices till half their lives had rolled by. The present tale frowns on such delay. Its favorites are still young, are vigorous and actively enjoying when their good things arrive to them. Somewhere between twenty-five and thirty is the favorite period for wisdom to reap its harvest. Just as the tale is preaching, 'Take risks,' it is also preaching, 'and take them now.'

With all these changes, it would seem, at first look, as though the contemporary tale had renounced completely relationship to its forerunner; but this, while it is nearly the case, is not completely so. Out of the array of approved qualities which stretched across the two preceding centuries, there is not much left, certainly, but there still is something. Patience is gone, prudence is gone, humility has changed its object; even honesty, in the strict eighteenth-century sense, is shaded a bit in behalf of cleverness; but, among all these destructions, one virtue remains intact. More enduring than any of its fellows, diligence is with us still. No matter what his generation, no matter who his employer, the moral-tale hero labors zealously and loves his task. By that clue, the twenty-first century, looking back to ours, may relate Henry to Ben, and Ben in turn to the Shepherd.

DISSIPATING FOG

BY ALEXANDER McADIE

I

'Who commands the air, commands all!' It is a far-flung dictum, at first blush seemingly extra-inclusive. Yet we have substituted but one word in that older, widely recognized aphorism, 'They who command the sea, command all!'

This last phrase has been the basic belief of farseeing statesmen from the time of Themistocles to the middle period in the World War. Then it began to dawn on the minds of ministers, field marshals, and admirals that decisions might be obtained by air forces — decisions not less important and more significant than a fleet engagement or a stalemate in the trenches.

Historians who shall painstakingly unravel the causes leading up to the clash of arms in 1914 will find one of the prime provocatives in the systematic struggle for supremacy on the sea: the challenging attitude of the German Admiralty, and the dogged determination of the Mother of Colonies, on her tight little island, to brook no rival ruler of the waves. The historians of some later conflict will in all probability find that provocation came in a desire, not for sea supremacy, but for control of the air. This is the *mare sine fine*, this far-stretching ocean that flows everywhere, streaming so easily over all barriers, be they even mountain high, surging endlessly and at times relentlessly over cities, forests, plains, and watery wastes.

Man, after waiting for centuries, is about to come into his own. He has long walked the earth and sailed upon the sea, but now he traverses the air. There is no brag in his claim that every field has become an open port. No longer is he to be hampered by harbor, tide, and dock. And as for delay and danger, these are restricted to defective engines and adverse weather. The former are minimized by careful, constant inspection and test; the latter remains beyond man's power to control. Yet even here our present foreknowledge of impending weather enables airmen to avoid dangerous zones. They may not with impunity defy the lightning, nor the tremendous rush of air in squall and tornado; but the route can be changed and the schedule altered in accord with the forecast.

There remains, however, one element of weather which now, as it has been in the past, is both bothersome and dangerous. It has always been a menace to travel by sea and land. It is fog.

If a landing field be obscured by fog, then it ceases to be an open port, and the airman's boast is an empty one. The first requirement for safety in aviation is the existence of open flying fields. These must be easily discernible from the air, and, when found, free from any curtain of obscuring water vapor. But who shall presume to 'stay the bottles of heaven,' as cloud and fog are called in the book of Job? Who shall dissipate a fog? Hitherto it has been accepted as a necessary evil and an unpreventable menace. The sum total of disasters at sea due to fog is appalling; and, while less sensational, casualties on land are only too numerous.

One wonders why, when the struggle for sea supremacy was so keen, no one thought of attempting to devise means for dissipating fog, or, on the other hand, for making it. For surely guns are silenced when fogs prevail. Shooting at an enemy enshrouded in fog is a waste of ammunition, unless indeed the noise is expected to strike terror to the hearts of the adversary. But even in Oriental countries that day has long gone when the army which set off the loudest firecrackers and made the greatest din won the victory.

The smoke screen, in a way, is an attempt at fog-making. Its usage in naval operations developed during the war; but it has remained for the air forces of this country to tackle systematically the dissipation of fog.

What, then, is the texture of fog, this delicate stuff that a breath can almost blow away and yet so pervasive and potent that it is a sheer waste of effort to try to carry on when it asserts itself?

In the first place, there is no essential difference between fog and cloud. When water vapor is condensed by chilling and made visible near the ground, we call it fog; when the operation is carried on overhead, we call it cloud. A cloud is a lifted fog; a fog is a cloud resting on earth. Strictly speaking, there is this slight difference: to form cloud there is an upward movement, the ascension indicating excess heat over circumjacent air. Fogs frequently occur with marked anticyclonic conditions, characteristic of fair weather, with what is called an inversion of temperature, the low levels being colder than those above. Under such conditions we have ground-radiation fogs.

The winter fogs of London, Paris, and New York are mostly anticyclonic ground-radiation fogs, the visible water vapor not extending upward beyond a hundred metres. The circulation is slow, at times nearly stagnant, and therefore considerably less energy need be expended in clearing a given area. The fogs of December 10 and 11, 1926, in Paris, denser even than a London 'particular,' were of this type. These differ in degree only from the fog of a late autumn morning overspreading the harbor of New York.

When fog is mixed with smoke and soot, and a curtain of black settles down over a community, the community has itself to thank for a dreary, dismal day. A short paragraph concerning London in the latest *Britannica* is significant: —

> Greater London had, in 1926, a population of about 7,500,000 persons; but nothing has occurred in the years since 1910 to alter materially the story of its site, although under the heading of climate some diminution in the density of its fogs may be noted.

The information might have been added that this diminution in density was brought about by the Coal Smoke Abatement Society, merged finally into a Committee on Atmospheric Pollution. It surprised even the Committee when, as a result of their investigations, it became clearly evident that the chief offender was the home fire and not, as everyone supposed, the tall chimney of the big factory. The kitchen range is the low-browed, black-faced villain that steals sunlight. Seventeen million tons of coal are burned each year in London; but it is domestic smoke rather than the output from industrial plants that makes

London's famous aerial pea soup. A similar source makes *purée de pois de Paris.*

Slow-witted householders might well file a bill in equity for a portion of the dividends of illuminating companies, for they contribute the material from which the overhead screen is made, necessitating extra illumination. On a day with little wind the curtain hangs so low that noon is not very different from midnight. Dwellers in London not only grope about in the darkness, but breathe the mixture, imbibing, as it were, their own home brew. In ten hours a man can inhale 200,000,000,000 particles of a London 'particular'; and thus the name becomes more appropriate than those who first coined it could have foreseen. These small Africans in every citizen's air pile, if placed end to end, would make a string one hundred miles long. But who can regard the swallowing of sooty strings as a pleasant or even a profitable pastime?

The density of fog can be much further decreased by better methods of combustion, and by smokeless heating, such as by gas and electricity.

So far, the actual efforts to dissipate fog in our cities by discharges of electricity have not been commercially successful. Sir Oliver Lodge, some years ago, tried to do this on a small scale in Liverpool. The fog did disappear, but for various reasons the work was not repeated. An attempt was also made in San Francisco, in 1915, but here again the outfit was not on a scale commensurate with the requirements. The experiments to be mentioned later, conducted by the Army and Navy Air Services, indicate that even now, at terminal points and within definite limits, fog can be dissipated with admittedly inadequate apparatus.

II

This brings us to the problem of evaporation in the free air, and its converse, cloudy condensation. As set forth in the older classical physics, fog and cloud were easy problems in thermodynamics. Given so much water vapor, it will require so much thermal energy to evaporate it; or, conversely, rob the vapor of a definite quantity of heat, and so much fog results. The newer physics calls in the chemistry of colloid suspensions to determine the behavior of thin air cushions, liquid films, and delicate envelopes, subjected to strong electrical strain. The electrification of fog particles is of the utmost importance in the dissipation of fog, and we know very little about it.

Ten years ago any teacher of physics would have answered readily enough: calculate the temperature-pressure relations, and, knowing the heat of vaporization, 595 gramme calories, it is plain that the fuel required to dissipate a moderate fog over a fair-sized flying field will speedily force the owners into bankruptcy. Some have given it as 12 tons of coal an hour for a fog 50 feet deep, drifting slowly. Using electrical distribution, they run it up to 400 or 500 tons an hour. But this is according to the Golden Age of physics, when everything was known in thermodynamics, electricity, and light. There was in those days a luminiferous ether whose existence no one dared to question. Ah! what a change a few years have wrought. The whole structure of radiation of energy has been turned upside down and inside out.

When Planck promulgated the quantum theory, with its heterodoxical energy atoms jumping about in spasms, yet remaining multiples of a fundamental unit, the orthodox views of mass, matter, and energy were doomed. Many and far-spread are the teachers of physics who, abreast of their science ten years ago, now lag hopelessly.

The business of snaring electrons is a job for young men. Atomic lattices make the old professors dizzy; and even simple structures like helium and hydrogen produce mental anguish. Erstwhile leaders now peep about to find themselves dishonorable graves — as Cassius remarked to Brutus, when one Cæsar became proton and other leading citizens of Rome only electrons revolving round that central core.

III

What precedes is our justification for saying that, as in other matters, ancient good in physics and thermodynamics, so far as fog is concerned, has become uncouth and must not be taken too seriously. We have a lot to learn concerning the process of fog-fracturing. We are not using economical methods, and it is only too manifest that as yet we have not found the true activation of a fog droplet. We can, however, and do cut channels in a cloud bank; and we can dissipate fog over restricted areas.

Latent in every gramme atom of hydrogen and of oxygen are tremendous stores of energy. There may be in a single fog droplet energy enough, if let loose, to run a hundred automobiles for a year. Ah — to be able to unlock that energy! The newer physics teaches that mass is interchangeable with energy; and so even the edge of a fog droplet might, if converted, furnish a vast supply of heat. The physicists of to-day are hiking down a trail which leads ultimately to the liberation of atomic energy. The quest is on; the finish may not come for years; but the steady increase in knowledge will undoubtedly lead to methods that can be used advantageously in dissipating fog.

At present it is feasible to dissipate morning mist and fog over lowlands — the ground-radiation fog referred to above — by a combination of mechanical and electrical agencies. The backwash of an airplane, always regarded as a source of danger to the unwary, and of no special importance, has become an effective agency for scattering dust and clearing cotton fields of miasmatic mists. Dr. Coad, entomologist at Tallulah, Louisiana, going forth in an airplane to spray the cotton bolls with calcium arsenate and thinking only about his bugs, discovered that he had at his control a means of dissipating fog below. One thinks of Saul going forth to seek his father's asses and finding a kingdom.

At the aircraft factory in Philadelphia, the Bureau of Aeronautics has been carrying on for some time experiments on the dissipation of fog with a view of devising suitable apparatus for use on flying fields. A large compartment is filled with man-made fog. This is readily done by vaporizing water in high-pressure nozzles and scattering spray and vapor into the enclosed space. After a minute or two the chamber is filled with dense fog. Fog can be produced, it is well known, by any cooling process — whether due to sudden decrease of pressure and expansion or to a chilling by radiation, or by contact, or by advection. The fog thus formed does not disappear; and test electric lights are so dimmed as to be practically of no light value. Then a dozen jets of highly electrified water are sprayed into the room. Almost instantly the fog fades out, and the lights glow with their usual brilliancy. The water has a potential of 75,000 volts. The charge on each water particle is of the order of .000005 electrostatic unit.

The entire demonstration is a noteworthy modification of the well-known laboratory experiment of clearing a jar of smoke by the passage of an electric spark.

A second line of experimentation promising well has been carried out under the supervision of Warren and Bancroft, backed by the Army and Navy. Here sand of fine mesh, carried aloft by airplanes, is discharged by a blast from an electrified chute. Thus far the voltages have been moderate, and far below the desired values. When the sand is scattered on the top surface of a cloud, the effect is marked, and that portion of the cloud disappears. There seems to be little doubt but that, with improved apparatus, dramatic results will follow. We seem to be in a fair way to succeed with the practical problem of clearing fog from flying fields, thus making good the airman's boast that every harbor is an open port.

IV

It may be that ultimately the more difficult problem of artificially producing rain will be successfully solved. Seemingly it is far in the distance.

Congress once interested itself in rain-making, and appropriated $10,000 to prove that high explosives could produce rain. The result put a quietus on a widely held belief that rain always followed big battles. Across the Potomac, not far from where the Unknown Soldier now rests, on one memorable muggy night in August 1891, half a ton of rackarock — trade name for dynamite — was exploded at intervals. The writer well remembers that night of misery and noise. Years later he had to listen to the barking of Big Bertha, and he has no hesitation in awarding the palm to the rain-makers as champion distributors of the 'blows of sound.' There was constant uncertainty as to what a Big Bertha noise would do next time, yet the Parisians remained calm. The good people of Washington, whose chandeliers crashed down in the small hours of the night, were not noticeably calm. The band of rain-making sleep-robbers discreetly fled to Texas and thus escaped lynching. Later they fled even from Texas.

There is no scientific basis for associating sound waves with coalescence of fog particles. Benjamin Franklin, in 1749, thought that there was. He wrote extensively on rain-making, holding that the 'concussion or jerk given to the air, contributed to shake down water.' The ingenious and illustrious Philadelphia philosopher on this occasion was wrong. We know that concussion waves do not shake down raindrops from the sky.

Finally some friendly Thomas will inquire, 'What about rain-stopping?' Rightly he will ask, 'If you can dissipate fog, can you not stop an ill-timed downpour?' That problem physicists have yet to tackle. Undoubtedly rain-stoppers are needed! Even more than rain-makers! Long, long ago there was a flood. Doubtless Noah's wife, sons, and daughters-in-law annoyed the Ark's skipper by asking all too frequently, 'When will it stop raining?' As there were no morning papers with official forecasts, it is hard to see how he could hope to answer truthfully.

THE RISE OF THE CHINESE NATIONALISTS

BY NORA WALN

I

RETURNING from the Swimming Baths, in the torrid forenoon of June 6, 1925, my little daughter and I found hundreds of Chinese people pouring over the British Concession Bridge from Canton city to Shameen. We counted sixteen bedridden old mothers carried on the backs of strong young daughters-in-law. Scores of rheumatic old men leaned on sons and grandsons. Hastily dressed ladies from luxurious homes hobbled along on 'lily' feet, supported by natural-footed women servants. Babes were strapped to the frail shoulders of brothers and sisters of five and six years.

The more able-bodied folk had been left free to transport household goods — charcoal stoves, saucepans, crockery, bundles of chopsticks, foodstuffs, rolls of bedding, bunches of cloth shoes, silver water pipes, tobacco, red firecrackers for saluting the heavens, lanterns, and kitchen gods snatched from the slumbering peace of kitchen nooks.

'Whither goest thou, Respected Grandfather?' my child asked an old man.

'We flee before the God of War, Small Girl,' was his reply.

With childlike simplicity the Chinese populace took for granted the protection of the French and British flags. All that day and the following, which was Sunday, they continued to flock to Shameen. Shameen is a small island, originally a sand bar, around which one can walk in twenty minutes. It was set aside, in the days of early Occidental trade, as a place of segregation for the Westerners, who were not permitted to associate with the 'Celestial Inhabitants of the Middle Kingdom.' As many of these traders were forced to spend the most of their lives on this concession, with a trip home probably only once in twenty years, they proceeded to turn it into a garden spot. The ballast of many trading ships was used to build it up; shrubs and trees were brought from all over the world. Great banyan trees from India, native to the tropics, spread wide arms of cool shade. Under these trees the refugees prepared to wait in comfort for accommodation by river boat to the still more certain protection of Hongkong. The island was soon as crowded as a native bazaar.

The people sat in groups and talked of the rising strength of a new party kindled from the embers of the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen's ideals. They murmured rumors of a fierce conflict with guns soon to take place. They said that the mercenary army had been 'even without the grace of lambs — who suck kneeling.' They spoke of Dr. Sun Yat-sen suffering silently and dying with 'tears flowing into his own stomach' because his hired henchmen had broken the yoke of control to bleed the city privately. They told tales of the collection of unauthorized taxes at the points of guns, of the emptying of shopkeepers' tills by force, of swoopings down by night to secure the savings of many years. But they said it was better that things should continue as they were, even with the Yunnanese making such trouble, rather than that there should be civil war again, with the future uncertain.

'This new party echoes winged words of freedom — but how are we, the people, to know the future? Since 1911, by the republican calendar, we have heard many golden words and been "dolls of yellow gentian." Change is not good. It is best always for life to continue in the ways of the past, and then when disaster occurs it is disaster to which we are accustomed.'

As fast as opportunity came, the refugees moved on to Hongkong, to wait there until the future should be revealed to them.

In the brilliant moonlight, about ten o'clock on Sunday evening, the Radicals opened fire. On Monday defenses were organized on Shameen as a precaution against a rush of refugees from whichever side might lose. Tuesday and Wednesday occasional bullets whizzed across the island, — one of them cutting a hole in our neighbor's chimney, — but with no decisive victory on either side. On Wednesday afternoon three Soviet Russian women, wives of men said to be in charge of the Radical army, came to stay at the Victoria Hotel on Shameen.

So far, the Chinese gunboats had manœuvred aimlessly up and down the river, taking no part in the conflict. On Thursday morning my gardener told me that the 'navy' had been bought at a good price, paid in silver coin, by the Radicals. Walking along the Bund just before lunch, I saw a Russian man in civilian clothes summon a sampan to the French Concession steps and go out to a Chinese gunboat in midstream. The boat got up steam and entered into the firing against the Conservatives.

On Friday, June 12, I was awakened from my afternoon nap by our old Chinese nurse shaking the foot of my bed violently. I sat up and stared at her face, which was overspread with a greenish-yellow pallor.

'Kuan Yin have mercy on my ten parentless children in Peking,' she wailed. 'The Radicals have control of the City of Rams. We Chinese know that the Cantonese mass will now rise up and butcher all the Chinese of other provinces found here. The anger of the populace has seethed for many months against the strangers within their gates — they will not distinguish between the Yunnanese and Chinese from other provinces. Murder and death! Ai-yah, ai-yah —'

Unable to stop her wails, I rose and began to dress. I opened the door of a wardrobe and found fat three-year-old Chung Hung, son of my cook, wrapped up in the filmy mass of my favorite chiffon dress. As I went through the house I discovered most of the Chinese members of the household crouched in fear in dark corners. Chou, the cook, had pasted thick brown paper over the glass door and windows of the kitchen. Chang had laid tea in the stuffy tightly closed dining room and refused to move it to the usual cool corner of the verandah.

'The Cantonese loves only himself' was the refrain. There was no interest in the theory, which I presented in the kitchen, that perhaps it was a natural thing for the Cantonese to dislike the Yunnanese who had bled their city.

I pushed open a shutter and went out on the verandah. A hundred yards away in the Pearl River floated a badly mutilated body. I heard my husband enter the front door and speak to Chang in his usual quiet voice, asking him to tell the servants that they were all quite safe so long as they did not leave the place until the trouble was over. I saw Lee, the gardener, come around and fasten the high garden gates, with the double bolts. My husband said nothing as we had our tea, but I knew by the slight twitching of his face that he must have walked through hell on his way home from his office in the centre of Canton city.

From three o'clock that afternoon until Monday morning the Cantonese massacred the 'strangers within their gates' with the unrestricted cruelty of mob insanity. The Yunnanese surrendered their arms when the Radicals defeated them in battle. They cast aside their uniforms at once to hide their identity, but in the arena of the masses this did not save them from death. All 'strangers' alike were the prey of the maddened crowd. Only those who could speak the native dialect were passed over. A victim beseeching mercy was cornered, and while he kotowed the persecutors pierced holes in his head with nails on the end of long sticks. They shrieked with crazy delight at the welts which rose on bambooed flesh. They vied with each other in dexterity with sharp-cornered stones. Women and children screamed wild approval when a can of oil was poured over a man and a match set to his trousers. The mob secured flat-bottomed boats and carried on their massacre drifting before my verandah. They flung dying men into the Back Creek, allowed them to strike out for the Shameen shore, then gently pushed their heads under water with broad boards.

We Westerners sought to intercede in the unequal conflict, and one man brought three wounded Yunnanese on to the island; but the consuls, knowing the grave danger of Western interference in native affairs, forbade participation in the trouble.

On Shameen, nerves were taut as violin strings. Unable to succor the afflicted, we threw ourselves into artificial activities as a means of escape from thought. There was a nervous whirl of dancing, bridge, and high poker stakes. Cocktails fomented laughter. Men dreading to be alone filled the Club Bar.

Chang, our faithful old boy, who had served my husband loyally for eighteen years and twice saved his life, went raving mad and attempted to assassinate all three of us. Frothing at the mouth, he attacked my little daughter with a pair of long scissors, cut me through the cheek, and struggled desperately, slashing right and left, before my husband could control him. He had to be sent away to an insane hospital, babbling that the Cantonese were after us in ten motor cars.

On Monday morning, June 15, a proclamation was issued from the Government Buildings, announcing that a new government had been formed and that peace and order were now restored for the good of the people.

The massacre stopped. Crowds dissolved. The city waited with empty streets for the first move of the new government.

II

The Government announced that it consisted of two parts: National and Provincial. Hu Han-min, a returned student from Japan, later replaced by Eugene Chen, was Minister of Foreign Affairs. Liao Chung-kai, born in San Francisco and well known as a leader of the Canton Labor Party, was Minister of Finance for both divisions. Later Sung Tze-ven, educated in the United States and a brother-in-law of Dr. Sun, became Minister of Finance. Hsu Sung-chi, later replaced by Chiang Kai-shek, was Commander in Chief of the Army. Hsu Him, a teacher at Canton

College, headed the Supreme Court. Hsu Sung-ching, a returned student from Japan, headed the Department of Agriculture. Sun Fo, son of Dr. Sun, was announced as head of the Department of Reconstruction and thus left free to make himself generally useful. Chan Kung-pok, a returned student from the United States, headed the Department of Labor.

All remained quiet in the city. On the morning of the eighteenth I spent two or three hours roaming about the streets, as is my custom when I have nothing else to do. I stopped to listen to an ardent youth of about fifteen years, wearing foreign clothes, who stood on an overturned fish tub making a speech. He wore his hair pompadour fashion and kept tossing it out of his eyes as the violence of his oratory disturbed its arrangement. His remarks were a stirring appeal to the citizens of China to unite against the 'Imperialistic Foreign Devil.'

At six o'clock on Sunday morning a small Cantonese boy came into my kitchen court with a red paper ordering all my servants to cease work and march off the island at nine o'clock, and stating that a general strike had been ordered by the Labor Department. Chou, fearing the treachery of the Cantonese, brought the paper to me.

That morning a general strike of employees on Shameen went into effect. In long rows the strikers paraded through the avenues and went into the city, leaving kitchens and warehouses empty. My 'helpers,' since they were Pekingese, hid themselves in a dark storeroom and refused to come out even for food. I carrried rice and tea to them twice a day.

On Tuesday forenoon Chou, realizing that I was cooking for a household of twelve, with the heat at ninety in the shade, volunteered to come from the storeroom and cook as usual if I would move the oil stove and necessary utensils into an inner hallway. We sat down that day to a delicious lunch. Amah insisted upon changing the plates to prove her devotion equal to that of her husband. They refused my offer of help with the dishes.

At lunch there was much laughing banter about a Chinese procession rumored to pass along the Shaki Bund at two o'clock. One of the men who lunched with us was of the Volunteer Corps assigned to afternoon duty. He went to his post on the Back Creek with unloaded rifle, according to orders. I settled down to read *The Divine Lady*, which had arrived from the States the day before.

I had quite forgotten China and her civil wars when I found a British marine shaking my arm. He ordered me to get my household together and join the women and children who were to be carried by naval launch out to the American gunboat Ashville. Then I became conscious of the sound of battle — the rapid snap-snap of rifle fire and the rumble of machine guns. My servants pushed through the door. 'The Cantonese are on Shameen!' they wailed hysterically.

My little daughter sat up wide-awake and pulled the old nurse down on the bed, admonishing her to be quiet. Not trusting Amah, I gathered my child up on one hip, thrust a bag, which stood packed and ready, into Amah's left hand, grasped her right one, and sped down to the waiting launch at the foot of our steps. While bullets splashed in the water we dashed across to the Ashville. Not until we were on board did I notice that Chou held my skirt tight in his fist — and thus was safely quartered with the women and children.

On the Ashville we waited for real news of what had happened. A ship's officer came aboard with a report that the Chinese procession had passed peacefully at first, headed by school children and by representatives of the various guilds, with nothing save banners, declaring their unity with their fellow citizens against the Westerner. Then there had come a group of soldiers with guns, who presented arms quite harmlessly. Then suddenly from behind them the first shots were fired toward Shameen, followed by a volley from the soldiers — and the battle was started. We learned that three bullets had struck the wall beside the chair of an American woman we knew as she sat on the verandah of the Victoria Hotel, but that she had escaped uninjured; that one of the men who lunched with us had been shot through the leg below the knee; and that an elderly Frenchman, much beloved, had been instantly killed while walking near the Catholic church. The marines on the Ashville got ready for action and fretted to be off. On the decks of two Japanese battleships we could see other restless marines eager for the order to go ashore. Then word came that it was over and no naval help was needed. About seven o'clock we were told to go on shore in the naval launches provided and pack small bags to take with us to Hongkong. We were not asked whether or not we wanted to go to Hongkong; we were simply told that we should be conveyed there by naval escort.

The island was in complete darkness. I groped my way into my house and got out candles. Then I busied myself putting out supplies of matches, food, and towels. At last my husband came in. He told me that I should have to obey the order to go to Hongkong, as Shameen was to be completely evacuated of women and children, and he urged me to return to my home in the States until the trouble was over.

Hongkong was full to overflowing with Western refugees from all over South China. Women from Swatow repeated tales of atrocities and of starvation by boycott. People from interior towns told of mob cruelty and long treks across country to river boats; of red pamphlets inciting the natives to drive out the 'Imperialistic Devil,' which came in advance of every instance of hostility.

A friend had taken us into her house. My child was happy in the nursery. My two servants were fitted into the household and given work. I had long, idle hours in which to do nothing but listen to wild talk. Soviet Russia was blamed for the situation. Days passed; the Governments took no action.

People began to say we were forgotten. Inconvenienced by the Hongkong servants' strike, the shipping boycott, the fear of financial ruin, the crowded discomfort of the city, they found it hard to understand that local action might only start a world war which would destroy civilization.

Telegraph lines to Canton were cut. Mails were interrupted. Only an occasional naval boat ran up the river carrying food supplies. I knew that in Canton my husband, an official under the Chinese Government at Peking, though an Englishman, would be going into the city every day, maintaining an attitude of absolute neutrality.

Unable to leave for the United States in contentment, and still more unable to stand the idle uncertainty in Hongkong, I boarded a native Chinese boat one afternoon just as it was leaving the dock for Canton. I have never known fear. Through all the years of my life in China I had seen the masses in their passion commit frightful cruelties, but I personally had always been treated with gentle courtesy.

I stood on the dock as the boat was preparing to leave. I asked a woman where the boat was going. She answered, 'Canton.' I handed her my purse. A young girl grasped my wrists and helped me aboard. The vessel was packed with Cantonese men, women, and children, and I recognized many faces I had seen among the refugees who ran away before the Radical capture of Canton.

'Thou returnest home, Honored One?' I said to the woman who held my purse and who now made room for me to sit beside her.

'We return — and thou?' she responded.

'I also return to my home,' I replied.

The afternoon passed in idle talk, in which we women compared ages, told the number of our children, and sympathized with each other over babies we had lost. We ate salted watermelon seeds, nibbled chocolate, and quenched our thirst with fresh lichi fruit. They smoked their water pipes and laughed at my clumsy attempts to keep one alight. At the Tiger Forts we discussed the signs of new fortifications — earth had been thrown up and rough shelters of bamboo placed at intervals over the hills. They explained to me that in 'old' China the forts had had no guns; only pictures of fierce tigers pasted over the windows. My friends said these had served as a device to remind the people of the power of the law and had been much better than modern methods.

All about us was the drone of men's voices discussing political events — the discomfort to be borne if there should be a boycott against all Western imports, and at the same time the necessity of teaching the Western merchant certain truths regarding the supremacy of the 'Celestial' people.

Night came. The boat dropped anchor. The last breeze died down. Mosquitoes came in millions to torment us as we lay in sultry heat, crowded so close that our bodies touched.

My nostrils rebelled at the mingled odors of putrid water, sour salt perspiration from my unbathed fellow passengers, and the nasty offal of our cargo of live pigs. From nightfall to dawn the hours dragged to the slow torture of the squeal of thirsty pigs and the rancorous voice of a political agitator haranguing the assembled multitude, who were attempting to sleep, on their cowardly submission to the indignity of Western interference in China. My new friend and I moved restlessly in vain attempts to find comfort on the hard boards of the deck. I longed for a drink of water.

With the dawn my eyes rested upon the muddy waters from which had risen the rancid odor of the night. Lifted high on strong clean stocks above glossy wide leaves, lotus buds were opening to the light. They covered all the space to the shore — pure white just touched with shell pink. Dainty beauty rising out of foul slime — each blossom as fragile as a floating wisp of sun-kissed morning cloud.

When we were within sight of Canton two launches flying red flags came out and escorted us to a position opposite the Customs wharf. Delegates came aboard from the launches, wearing sleeve bands announcing that they came from the strikers' headquarters and the Seamen's Union. They made speeches of greeting, welcoming the returned refugees to their homes and assuring them that all former discomfort had been the fault of interfering Westerners; that the back of Western influence in China had been broken by the new Nationalist Party; that missionaries were to go; that all the teaching of the young was to be done under government control. One of the speakers asked me in English if I was a missionary. I answered no. He said it was a good thing, because the new régime would not tolerate Christian teaching.

Another delegate asked me about my business. I said I was just a housekeeper. A crowd gathered. Someone suggested that I must be a spy. They shook their heads and agreed that there was something wrong about a white woman speaking both Mandarin and the local dialect. The woman who had befriended me said that she thought I was quite harmless, but a little queer in the head. I sat down on a box and waited for the business of disembarking to draw their attention away from me.

The wealthier of my fellow travelers, suspicious of the free ride to shore offered by the launches, gave polite evasive answers to the invitation and hired private sampans. The launches finally went away with the shabbier of our company. Two slipper-boat women vied with each other for the opportunity to row a passenger ashore. The one who lost cried, 'You take the bread out of my mouth!' after her successful rival.

I leaned over the rail and offered her a good sum to convey me to shore.

'I have no leisure,' was her calm reply, as she rocked on idle oars.

III

The red flag with the Rising Sun, symbol of the Nationalist Government, fastened by the Labor delegates to the mast of our boat, drooped in the breathless heat. My friendly companions of the voyage had melted away the instant suspicion was pointed at me by the red-necktied committee. Even the woman who had vouchsafed that I was harmless had gone without farewell.

Red flags hung like strings from buildings on the Canton Bund, and from every junk, steam vessel, flower boat, and sampan in sight. The boatwoman who had declined to accept me as a passenger lay down in the bottom of her craft. I saw a bright twist of red cotton cloth plaited in her long black hair. Then I noticed similar red in the braids of all the other boatwomen.

On the faces of the cook's coolie, the boat's guard, and all the women and children on near-by craft lay a blank mask of unconcern — which I knew meant intense excitement at the drama of a white woman stranded in mid-harbor on an empty vessel. They are a race of infinite patience — they waited for the next act in the play. Life among the Chinese has taught me the art of patient waiting also. I stretched out on the top of a long packing box and closed my eyes as though to sleep.

After a weary, apprehensive hour I saw a trim government launch, flying the new flag. I signaled it audaciously, on the chance that no officials would be aboard at six in the morning, and that the men in charge, accustomed to obey commands and rattled by the rapid changes in authority of recent days, would obey me without question as to what right I had to give orders.

I berated them soundly in Mandarin for their slackness in keeping me waiting. The wrinkled old boatswain murmured polite apologies. I was bowed aboard. The folk on near-by craft waved a cheery farewell. The launch landed me without question at the steps of the British Concession.

The British sentinel — a young civilian volunteer — stared at me in amazement as I came off the 'enemy' launch. Then he recovered his senses sufficiently to repeat the order that no women were allowed to return to Shameen. He had been a guest many times in my house — he could n't very well push me backward into the river. I suggested that he walk to the other end of his beat so that he could n't see me come up the steps. He did.

The imported shrubs and flowers which had made Shameen a beautiful garden were dead for lack of artificial watering. The native grass had in one short week grown to a tangled mass. Only the banyan trees, native to the tropics, were in full leaf. Hastily thrown-up trenches, barbed wire, and walls of sandbags added to the desolation. The Punjabi troops had been quartered next to our house. They had flung out white tents and tethered black goats on the grass. Bright-turbaned cooks were preparing food over open charcoal burners. A circle of men, in odd khaki shirts with long tails outside knee breeches, played cards under our flame-of-the-woods tree. A little black boy, with a brilliant striped shawl-like garment draped over one shoulder, leaving the right arm and side bare, was pouring a pail of water around the tree's trunk. Two bearded men were smoking a hookah between them. Several others were enjoying a morning dip from the stone embankment in front of our gate; they rubbed their copper bodies with oil from a green bottle until they glistened in the morning sun, then one by one they dived slowly and gracefully into the muddy river. Each swimmer exhibited a different dive.

The loved flowers of my garden were withered corpses. I hastened past them and pushed open a side door. In the dusty, littered breakfast room my husband explained to me the enormity of the offense I had committed in returning to my home when I had been sent away by the British and American consuls. But a man in our house lay very ill. I busied myself with the tasks which a woman can do better than men and kept quietly out of everyone's way. So they let me stay.

Despite the intense heat, — the thermometer hung around ninety in the shade for three months, — the Western men shut up on the tiny island kept up a wonderful spirit. The heads of big businesses, who faced bankruptcy because of the stoppage of trade, whistled as they trundled home their daily supply of food from the distributing station and prepared it in stifling kitchens. They kept up their morale, their clothes washed, their faces shaved; they took pride in inventing edible dishes out of available ingredients; and they accepted without grumbling the heavy community duties assigned them by the Emergency Council.

Once we did not have bread or flour for eight days. Fruit, fowl, and green vegetables were a far-between luxury sent up from Hongkong when possible, but a scarcity there also because of the boycott. Down the river past us floated flat-bottomed craft piled high with the rich produce of Kwangtung Province: plump young chickens and ducks, high pyramids of juicy oranges, pale yellow much-needed lemons, great clusters of bananas, baskets of papayas, spinach, lettuce, new potatoes, and snowy cauliflower — all those foods that the palate, fed too long on salt and storage meat and canned stuffs, craves.

Once, just at twilight, I sat alone on the steps of the deserted boathouse. A boat loaded with golden papayas floated slowly downstream, poled by a kind-faced old man. Scarce above a whisper I bartered with him. His boat drew close, a coin passed from my hand to his, and when he had gone two ripe melons lay under the fold of my skirt. Many months later I learned that the poor old man paid with his life for that transgression of the boycott against Westerners. Convicted in the Hall of Justice, he was wrapped with thin wire and laid out in the sun to die of slow strangulation. A sampan woman whom neither of us noticed made the charge against him.

Long, monotonous days passed. The Chinese Nationalist officials, still uncertain of their own saddle, refused to treat with the Western world. Internal disruption claimed their attention, and with canny wisdom they knew that only by distracting the attention of the multitude with the decoy of a common Western enemy could they mould a national unity.

On July 29, Jacob Boradin, a Russian from Moscow, was openly announced as the chief adviser to the Government. Mr. Norman, an American, and formerly adviser to Dr. Sun Yat-sen, sailed for home. The morning of August 1, five hundred thousand dollars consigned from Russia was brought in at Whampoa to aid the Nationalist Party. A day later ships laden with badly needed oil arrived from the Black Sea.

On August 4 an order was issued by the newly formed Central Bank of China that henceforth only notes issued by that bank would be legal tender in South China. The telegraphs, customs, railways, and post offices were directed to accept only such notes after the fifteenth of August. Western officials in these departments chafed under the order, which had no authority from Peking; but such was the strength of the rising Nationalist Party that it was put into effect. The Bank redeems its notes daily with the posts and the customs, giving to them the face value in silver.

New import duties were declared, in addition to the regular customs tariff. No boat was allowed to move cargo until these duties were paid. Contrary to the regulation that all customs returns are to be sent to Peking, the local party declared its right to put them into the Nationalists' coffers. Thus the long battle between the customs authorities and the Nationalists was inaugurated.

Unsigned letters began to reach Shameen showing great apprehension on the part of certain Chinese Conservatives and calling upon the Foreign Powers to use their 'magnificent' battleships to 'break the back of the bloodsucking, upstart' Nationalist Party. Letters came from servants who had left their Western jobs at the instigation of the general strike of June 21. They told of the horrors of road building, under Russian overseers, into which they had been conscripted; they complained that they were paid no wages and given only one small bowl of rice a day. They begged their 'masters' to find a way to smuggle them back to the island.

On August 18, with the heat at ninety-nine degrees, the workers in the native waterworks, which supplies the entire city, walked out in protest against an order of the Nationalist Government. The people were forced to carry water from the river, which is the emptying place for all sewage. An epidemic of typhoid broke out. People died by hundreds.

Life on August 19 was brightened by a visit of the British flagship Petersfield with Prince George, the fourth son of the King of England, on board. He came ashore dressed in gray trousers and blue coat. He proved a tall, good-looking, nice-mannered youth, and was much interested in the way in which life on Shameen was conducted.

On August 21, Liao Chung-kai, the 'strong man' of the Nationalist Government, was shot as he left a public meeting. News travels on wings in China. There was a difference in attitude at once on the part of the boat people in front of our house. For the first time since my return to Shameen they passed the time of day with me as I watered the flowers in my garden. They commented upon my clean starched frock and asked me if I had laundered it myself. They explained that the fifth day of the Seventh Moon (August 23, Western calendar) was the Festival of Ch'u shu — or the Stopping of Great Heat.

On the afternoon of that day I ventured to suggest that it would give me great pleasure if one of them had 'leisure' to row me across the river to the White Heron's Nest so that I might have a change of air and take tea with some friends there. Several of the sampan women exchanged glances, but all shook their heads. An hour later, however, the tap-tap-tap of an oar on the stones in front of my verandah called me to a conference with one of them. She said that she had occasion to cross the river, and as I was of no weight at all I might just as well sit out of sight under the hood of her boat.

My Chinese friends gave away the secret of their uneasiness at my arrival by not commenting upon it. They drew me into the house and gave me tea. I learned that Hu Han-min was suspected of jealousy of Liao Chung-kai and was rumored to have hired his assassin. Whampoa Cadets had been stationed around his house, but he had not yet been arrested. I heard that the wives of the Russian Advisers were known to have packed their personal belongings in readiness for flight if necessary and were keeping out of sight. My friends told me that, despite some disruptions within the Nationalist Party, it would go in a united body to greet four Soviet Russians expected at Whampoa the following morning.

A week later I received a check from the *Atlantic Monthly* for the exact amount for which Lou Fong, a dealer in the city, had promised me an old Chinese painting which I coveted. Elated by my secret journey abroad the previous week, I cashed my check at the bank and journeyed under the hood of a sampan to the foot of the Street of One Thousand Blessings.

Canton presented much the same appearance as ten weeks previous, except that the streets were cleaner, the police were in new uniforms with Colt revolvers, and the river front was picketed by men in blue costume with red arm bands — the new examiners of entering and departing goods.

Seemingly no one took any notice of me. In the Street of the Water Lily Well I met a German woman of my acquaintance, accompanied by her husband. They said that they had lived unmolested through the trouble, in their home in the heart of the city, but that all Germans had been given arm bands to wear so that the common people would know that they belonged to a Western country whose foreign privileges in China had been abolished. They told me that there were possibly two hundred and fifty young modern foreign-educated Chinese men and women gathered in Canton city — drawn there by the new social freedom as much as by political feeling. These young people held all sorts of offices, working by day and enjoying themselves when off duty in dances and parties much the same as in Western countries. My friends had been to such a party the evening previous. They commented on the fresh beauty of the girls and the good figures of the men. They mentioned especially the charm of young brown-eyed Mrs. Sun Yat-sen and her attractive sister, Mai Ling-sung.

Just after I left these Germans I came upon a crowd gathered around a street orator. The speaker was a pretty young girl in Chinese dress. She spoke to the people in cultured Mandarin about the beauty and the natural wealth of their country. A murmur stirred the crowd. A man pushed his way to the front. He explained to her that the people were so badly educated that they could understand only the native dialect. He offered himself as interpreter. She accepted his offer, and the lecture proceeded. It was a call to the people to rally around the Nationalist standard and throw off the shackles of the military tuchuns and their imperialistic Western allies. She assured them of the purity of the Nationalists' purpose. The crowd began to drift away.

Then the interpreter ceased to interpret truthfully — he threw in human interest to draw the crowd back to attention. He said that what was wanted was for people to punish Wong, the cigarette seller at the near-by corner, for having wares with 'British made' stamped on them. Interest picked up at once. The first stone was thrown at Wong. His goods were trampled underfoot. He was surrounded and mauled about. The new police stood at ease, offering no interference. I went quickly on to the shelter of Lou Fong's shop.

Lou Fong had been my friend for several years. He had invited me to the China New Year celebration at his shop, and had been my personal adviser in my collection of Chinese art treasures. Formerly he had served me personally when I went to his shop. To-day his lowest clerk asked my desire. I could see Lou Fong drinking tea in his office. I asked the clerk to carry my name to him. I knew that Lou saw me through the door as the clerk passed in. The clerk came back with word that the master had nothing worthy of my notice.

On the wall in front of me hung the painting I had been promised. I knew Chinese etiquette well enough to feel this treatment like a slap in the face.

I left the shop with tears smarting in my eyes. I cut through a side passage to compose myself and came upon the chubby little grandson of Madame Kwong, who had sat on my lap and played at games dozens of times. He hissed, 'Christian — Christian!' after me with absurdly rosebud-like lips.

At the Flowing Flowers Bridge I saw the young Chinese poetess whose name in English is Little White Jade. I hastened to overtake her to tell her how much I had enjoyed her verses in the last number of the *Shaio Bo*. She returned my greeting with an icy stare and turned quickly down a byway.

At the water front I was allowed to depart in peace after my pockets and my handbag had been carefully searched by the blue-clad pickets. They counted my money and returned it to my purse. They turned around in every possible direction a piece of paper found in my pocket. One of them put on a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles and peered at it upside down. In the end he said that they would have to retain it. It was a list of my menus for the week.

I did not get into the city again until November, as someone reported to my husband that I had left the island on two occasions and I was forbidden to venture abroad again under threat of being sent immediately to Philadelphia if I did.

IV

The British shipping boycott continued; but the Chinese desired Western products, to which they have become accustomed, and any vessel was allowed to do business so long as it paid the duties and had not put in at any British port on the way. The harbor was soon busy with the coming and going of Norwegian, American, French, Portuguese, Italian, and Russian ships.

The latter were managed in a true communistic way — no orders were given by the captain, but even the smallest move had to be voted upon by all the workers on board. One huge Soviet merchant boat made four false starts to leave the port, and each time had to drop anchor again above our house because the vote to proceed had not been unanimous.

Once a Norwegian ship was turned away because she had put in at Hongkong for water.

The Nationalists chose to use the cry against the British to incite the masses; but they permitted British firms to do business directly under their noses, so long as they acted under Chinese names.

At last the barriers to the gates of the French and British Concessions were opened. American, French, and British women again returned to their homes. Missionaries came back and took up the difficult task of carrying on their work in the face of government interference and supervision. Things took on the face of normal life — with the exception that the order forbidding domestic servants to work for Westerners was enforced. Later this order was slackened in cases where a heavy contribution was made monthly to the Labor division of the Nationalist Party.

Pickets continued to search everyone who went into the city. I foolishly purchased some roses to decorate my house for Christmas — the picket took them away from me quite gently, but he threw them into the Back Creek. He told me almost sadly that 'the wives of barbarian devils must not barter with the inhabitants of the Celestial land.'

An Englishman caught attempting to smuggle an old servant back to his house, in answer to a piteous letter, was led through the streets with a chain halter on his face and head and tied up in an open barred cage for the night. He was released unhurt the following day on the application of the British Consul-General. But the offending servant was hung up by the thumbs and beaten to death, by order of the Laborers' Court of Justice.

January 1, 1926, the Nationalist Government circulated a printed report showing a credit balance in their finances and a statement that all employees of the government — including teachers, clerks, and soldiers — had been paid regularly since the party came into power. They truthfully stated that they were the only party since the revolution of 1911 who had accomplished such a feat. They showed that a definite sum was regularly applied to the education of the people concerning the Nationalist movement, and that propagandists trained in publicity were sent out systematically in advance of the army to convince the people of the high purpose of their cause and to espouse support without bloodshed.

In February I heard from an authoritative source within the Nationalist Party that a split between the left and right wings of the party had been averted by the timely arrival of Mrs. Sun Yat-sen from Shanghai, where she had been visiting her parents. On election day she mounted a platform in the room where the party was assembled and made a passionate appeal to both sides to hold fast to the ideals of their departed leader, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, and forget slight personal differences. She was supported on the platform by her stepson, Sun Fo.

Near the end of the month I was invited to a party at the home of one of the Nationalist officials. It proved to be an afternoon tea dance — with Western sandwiches, sweet biscuits, tea, and a jazz orchestra. The spacious rooms were filled with young officers, both Chinese and Russian, in smart uniforms, dancing Western dances with self-possessed young Chinese girls. There were shingled heads, Eton crops, and straight bobs; heads with long braids wound in smooth coronets; heads with firmly set marcel waves; and heads smartly *chic*, yet dressed in Chinese fashion with flowers caught in shining ebony coils. The dancing feet were clad in dainty high-heeled shoes fashioned of brocades to match dresses of Chinese fashion or of materials to match Western gowns.

The note of the party was youth. Youth with the shackles of old Chinese convention kicked off and the albatross of Chinese fear dropped. Youth self-confident; a little hard; very practical beneath a dash of 'devil may care.'

They had set up a government and it had run for several months. Life was good; they had a flaming ideal to live for; before them lay the whole of China — a wondrous unconquered adventure.

Their eyes shone with the joy of life. In the play of bantered words were the same compliments which fly between young people in the Western world. Keeping pace with this banter were half-spoken dreams of the future when all of China should be under the flag of the Nationalists and they would meet in the ancient city of the Mings, Nanking, proclaiming it again the 'Golden City' and making it their capital.

They spoke of the rightness of the burial of their leader, Sun Yat-sen, on the hillside above Nanking. They said it was logical that he should sleep his long sleep in company with the other native rulers of the country — his had been the genius that had accomplished the overthrow of the usurping Manchus.

Two weeks later I accepted an invitation to lunch with an elderly Syrian Jew who has dwelt for many years in Canton city. I knew him to be a merchant much respected by the Chinese people. With his halo of abundant white hair, he is a well-known figure in the streets, and his pithy speech is often quoted by teashop minstrels. I had heard that the local merchants were suffering great loss of trade — in fact were facing bankruptcy — because of the hostilities against Westerners and the absence of tourists. He had promised to take me on a tour which would disprove this statement.

We went first to the Pearl Market, which had been closed during the two previous years. The shops were open. Elaborately clad women sat at velvet-covered tables making their selections. We were shown pearls of a milky beauty which took on the warm color of flesh when held in the palm. We saw necklaces worth thousands of dollars, matched in marvelous perfection.

'There is law and order under the new régime — we no longer need to hide our treasures,' one merchant stated.

We went to the Street of Jade. Jade is the most sought after of all ornaments by the Chinese. Here again was the same story — men and women making their selections.

'Chinese customers are buying again because they no longer fear to possess beautiful things — formerly they feared looting and wholesale robbery. We have brought up rare jade from the underground cellars where it has lain buried for years,' the shopkeeper said.

We went through Blackwood Street. The wares usually displayed to catch the eye of tourists were gone. In their places were rare pieces fashioned to conform to Chinese use. I ran my hand over the satiny surface of a long table. The figures in it were carved three inches deep.

'There is no work like this done now,' the blackwood dealer said. 'This new age has no artistic patience.'

'But this is the altar table from the Temple of Five Hundred Buddhas!' I exclaimed.

'You have recognized it,' he replied. 'The temple is to be abolished — the new régime does not believe in religion. The furnishings have nearly all been disposed of. The money goes into the coffers of the Nationalists.'

After lunch we went out to what was

formerly the golf course. It had been turned into a drilling ground for the Nationalist army. Officered by Russians, clad in well-tailored uniforms, smartly trained, the soldiers were an impressive sight.

'It is a small army to conquer all of China,' I said to the Chinese who accompanied us.

He laughed. 'This is only a part of Chiang Kai-shek's army — yet you have spoken the truth. It is not by military force but by propaganda that the Nationalists campaign to conquer our land province by province. The army will come up behind to give form to the advance. It is wise at this time to have it small. China has been bled too long by unruly troops. While the army is small it can be well controlled, well clad, and well paid. Then the trail of our conquests need not be dirtied by looting or by mutiny and desertion.'

On March 19, I had occasion to go to Shanghai. My husband accompanied me as far as Hongkong and we went out to the boat the night before to save the trouble of coming aboard in the early morning. About six o'clock next morning I heard a lot of noise outside and peeped through my cabin window to see a group of people coming on board from a launch flying the red flag.

Mrs. Sun Yat-sen came first. Then Sun Fo. Next came Mr. Cohen, a Russian Jew formerly Sun Yat-sen's personal bodyguard, who is reputed to be able to throw two coins in the air, draw two pistols from concealed pockets inside his coat, and shoot a hole through each of the coins before they touch the ground. After him came C. V. Sung, who was followed by two young women whom I did not know. Coolies from the launch lifted two heavy boxes up after them.

I woke my husband to tell him what I had seen. He did not show any particular interest.

'But they preach a British boycott,' I protested. 'They signed the order forbidding any vessel which touched at a British port to drop anchor in Canton harbor. This boat moves only under British naval protection; it carries armed guards; and it is going to Hongkong.'

'British hostility is only a political ruse to create support for the Nationalist Party. They have to have an "enemy" for their cause. That does not mean that they have any personal feeling which would prevent them from traveling to Hongkong under the British flag and proceeding on to Shanghai under the British flag again — when it is the safest and most comfortable way.'

'Won't the captain put them off?'

'Put them off? What in thunder would the captain put them off for?'

So they journeyed with us — playing cards, eating British food, and chatting genially with their declared political enemies.

They transshipped at Hongkong on to the Empress of Asia, as I did, so that I was able to write back and tell my husband that his guess was correct.

That was eight months ago. The Nationalist Party has moved steadily northward. Its propagandists are still farther ahead of the 'conquered' territory, honeycombing the ground for still greater advance.

On January 12 of this year I had a letter in England from a young Chinese novelist in Tientsin. In it she tells me that she has gone over to the Nationalist Party in her affiliations. She ends with these words: 'But I do not expect you, who must look at the world always through Western spectacles, to understand.'

THE NEW ZION

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

I

ENGLISH people who were brought up in childhood as I was are likely to know the Old and New Testaments well. Probably they know the Old Testament the better, for it is more interesting to a child, and indeed the Epistles might be cut out from the Bible altogether for anything a child would care. But the Old Testament we were trained to learn pretty nearly by heart, so far as the history of the Jews went. By constant repetition in church we learned the Psalms, too, for the words were not then blurred or rendered incomprehensible by being sung. The Prophets were as distasteful as the Epistles, but we knew the sound of their splendid sentences by hearing them read. Every morning and evening of a week day, and four times at least on Sundays, we heard a chapter read from 'the Scriptures,' and every day we had to repeat selected passages by heart. The Bible was, in fact, almost our only literature. Why should we seek after other writers when in the Bible we had a book written by the hand of God himself? Fairy-story tellers, poets, dramatists, historians, being uninspired, might be misleading, and at all events their works could not possibly rival the writings that were divine.

So an Englishman trained as I was in the Evangelical English Church may well possess such a knowledge of the Hebrew books called canonical as might surpass the knowledge of many a Jew. Perhaps the strangest part of the matter was that we took the Old Testament as being specially our own possession. We assumed that the promises, the threatenings, and the prophecies all referred to the English people, and when every Sunday evening we sang, 'To be a light to lighten the Gentiles,' we thought of the Chinese and Negroes as being the Gentiles, but when we added, 'And to be the glory of thy people Israel,' we had no doubt that we were the people referred to. As for the Jews, we never gave them a thought, except, in one of the Collects, to class them with Turks, heretics, and infidels.

The consequence is that all Englishmen who were brought up in the old-fashioned religious way are familiar with the history and geography of Palestine. They know more about the ancient Hebrews than about any other people, including their own; and though the old Athenians mean far more to me than the Jews, my knowledge of Greek history is probably less accurate than my knowledge of the Old Testament. To go to Palestine is to me like a return to a traditional home. The sight of massive Hermon reminds me of the dew that fell upon the mountain. The sight of Carmel reminds me of Elijah and the still, small voice. When I cross the hills of Gilboa, I think of the king and of his son whom the Philistines slew there: 'Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.' When I see a spring of pure water (so rare in that country!)

bubbling out at the foot of those hills, I remember Gideon's queer notion of separating the men who lapped of it like dogs from those who sucked it up like horses. And who can exhaust the associations called up by actual presence beside the Jordan, or in Hebron, or in Jerusalem herself?

'By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Zion.' In our English country churches we sing the words with a certain pathos, vaguely identifying ourselves with the mourners, and inclined to gloat over the hideous cry for bloodthirsty vengeance with which the little Psalm terminates. Very few of our congregations give a thought to the people who for nearly nineteen centuries have wept beside so many rivers far from Babylon, remembering Zion. It is only in the last few years that their passionate yearning for their ancestral and consecrated country has been granted a fresh and steadfast hope. Throughout all those centuries, it is true, an occasional Jew would struggle to Jerusalem as a pilgrim, there to live out his remaining years in study and meditation; there to join in the lamentation at the Wall of Wailing; and there to die, awaiting the Messiah's advent so long deferred. About fifty years ago, some enterprising Jews from Jerusalem began to establish 'colonies' in their old country, partly with the aid of Baron Edmond de Rothschild, who poured money lavishly into the cause; and the still flourishing settlements of Petah Tikvah ('Dawn of Hope'), famous for its Jaffa oranges, the neighboring Rishorle-Zion, famous for its wines, Rehoboth close by, Rosh Pinah, the beautiful hillside town above Lake Merom, and one or two more, prove the success of the experiment, though all are run upon the old-fashioned lines of private ownership and hired labor.

But the present Zionist movement for acquiring land in Palestine, and planting upon it towns and agricultural villages, is not yet twenty years old. My friend Israel Zangwill, whose recent loss is lamented by all who love high literature and noble enthusiasm, thinking that Palestine was already too full of Arabs and other inhabitants, sought for other lands as a Jewish national home, and consulted me upon the character of various places in Africa where I had traveled. He consulted Professor Gregory, the famous geologist of Glasgow, also, but our reports were not favorable. Nor did the Jews as a body favor any scheme for settlement outside Palestine. For it was to Palestine they were attached by all the sentiments of tradition and worship.

II

The early settlers were heroic, but they had a hard time of it. Being mainly ignorant of agriculture and unaccustomed to that kind of work, they sometimes despaired, leased their land to Arabs, or employed Arab labor on their farms. About the beginning of this century, the Jewish National Fund was founded for the purchase of land that should be inalienable Jewish property; but through ignorance, want of funds, or because the allotments were too large for one family's cultivation, the settlers worked without much hope, being also harassed by the Arabs and the Turkish officials, and plagued with malaria and want of drainage. A change came with the foundation of the Palestine Land Development Company in 1908, and from that time we may date the rapid growth of the present Zionist Organization. It is now directed by the Zionist General Executive, appointed by the General Council, which in its turn is appointed by the Zionist Congress, meeting every two years, as it met in 1925 at Vienna. Dr. Weizmann, well known in the United States through his recent visit, is Chairman of the Executive, and under the Executive work the two main practical branches of the movement — the Jewish National Fund (*Keren Kayemeth*), occupied entirely with the purchase of inalienable land, drainage, improvement, and other preparation for settlers; and the Zionist General Fund (*Keren Hayesod*), which collects money, organizes immigration, allots the settlers to the various colonies, controls and promotes the Jewish education, treats with the British officials in Jerusalem, and in fact carries on all the practical work with the exception of the purchase and preparation of the land. Colonel Kisch, a sapper officer of many years' service in the British Army, is chairman.

The main principles for the present Zionist settlements are (1) that each family should receive not more than 25 acres (100 dunams) of land, which is on lease for 49 years; (2) that all the work should be done by the settler and his family, hired labor being forbidden; (3) that the cultivation should be by mixed farming, each settlement supplying first its own provisions, the outside sale, if any, coming second; (4) that the land should be prepared beforehand by the drainage of swamps, the supply of water, and the construction of roads; (5) that the settlers should have full liberty to choose their own social system, whether individual or collective.

Those are the chief rules to be observed, and a good many training schools have been established to teach the younger settlers agriculture of various kinds, and to accustom them to country life. For, as is well known, the Jews as a whole have long ceased to be an agricultural people, chiefly owing to the legal restrictions passed against them in many countries, though none the less there are a good many Jewish settlers who have practised farming before they arrive. Another custom that is almost a rule is the universal use of Hebrew among the settlers. As they come from so many different countries, — Russia, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Germany, and so on, — it is essential to have a common language, and, happily, nearly all Jews have some acquaintance with Hebrew, owing to their religious services and reading. The adult settlers, of course, retain their knowledge of the language prevailing in the countries where they were born, and I found that German is generally understood. But the children are brought up on Hebrew as their mother tongue, and in towns like Tel-Aviv and Haifa it is everywhere spoken and written. In fact, the British Mandatory Government has declared English, Arabic, and Hebrew to be the official languages, and all public announcements must be posted in all three.

The Zionist expenses are heavy. The land is always purchased from the big Arab landowners, who hold about 40 per cent of the cultivatable land in Palestine; and, including improvements and drainage, it costs the Keren Kayemeth about $100 an acre. No rent is paid on agricultural land for the first five years, and then only 2 per cent on the purchase money. (Urban land pays 4 per cent, and there will be a revision every ten years, so as to check the profiteering on 'unearned increment.') Last autumn I was told the Fund owned about 47,000 acres, and the cost of settling each new family upon its allotment was about $3500, apart from the cost of the journey and the purchase of the land. I suppose the total cost per family would come to pretty nearly $6250. That is a large sum, though I believe it does not exceed the cost of settling a family on land in California or Australia. To maintain and extend the settlements large contributions from Jews all over the world must be collected. And the contributions are large, though not so large as was at first expected. I gather that the Keren Hayesod receives about $3,500,000 a year from donations, and the Keren Kayemeth about $1,500,000, so that the two branches of the Zionist Organization between them bring about $5,000,000 a year into the country. A large proportion of this sum may be called capital expenditure, though at a low rate of interest, and a large proportion goes to the Arab landowners, who are always ready to offer more land for sale than there is Jewish money to purchase. About one third of the contributions comes from Jews in America, and the proportion from English Jews is small. In any case it will obviously be difficult to maintain so large a subscription unless the enthusiasm for the Zionist cause can also be maintained.

The famous 'Balfour Declaration' of November 2, 1917, stated that 'His Majesty's Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object.' That Declaration greatly encouraged the earlier Zionist hope, and the present rapidly growing movement may almost be said to have started from the Declaration's date. Its object is simply to create a national home for Jews in Palestine, not to convert Palestine into a Jewish country, as the Arabs feared, and as certain English officials and clergy still pretend to believe. The total of the Jewish population is now about 150,000, as against some 700,000 or 800,000 Arabs, and only about one tenth of the cultivatable land is owned by the Jewish race, while it is estimated that something like 4,000,000 population could find good livelihood in Palestine if the land were properly developed. As it is, the permissible quota of Jewish immigrants is arranged twice each year between the Palestine Government and the Zionist Executive in Jerusalem. The Keren Hayesod keeps offices in the main capitals of Europe, to which intending immigrants must make application. The most suitable up to the due quota are then selected, lodged for a time at Jaffa or Haifa, and then allotted to the colonies best fitting their capacity. Young men and women accustomed to agriculture are chosen in preference, for the main purpose of Zionism is to cultivate the ancestral land. The Keren Hayesod binds itself to find work or give support to every immigrant for the first year, so that no burden may fall upon the Government.

In Jerusalem a great Jewish university is being slowly developed, mainly on medical and scientific lines, combined with a great Jewish library; and Jewish settlements are being rapidly built in the rocky suburbs to the north and west of the ancient city. But otherwise the chief urban populations of Jews are living at Haifa and at Tel-Aviv, the expanding suburb of Jaffa. Tel-Aviv has developed rapidly, perhaps too rapidly. Sixteen years ago some 600 people were living along the sand hills where now a city of some 43,000 stands — a modern and advanced city in every respect, with banks, hotels, and factories, chiefly worked by electricity under the Rutenberg scheme, which in a few years' time will have spread electric light and power all over Palestine, generated by the small but sufficient stream of the Jordan. When I was there last autumn the town was suffering from a 'crisis' of unemployment, due partly to overbuilding, partly to the departure of many useful citizens to their old homes in Poland, where they had to look after their relations and property during the disturbances in that country. But they will for the most part return, and as productive work increases in the town the unemployment will diminish. For it is a city of hope, and nearly all the inhabitants are under thirty. All are Jews, a persistent race.

But I think it probable that Haifa will presently outrun Tel-Aviv as a Jewish city. Already it possesses very remarkable scientific schools and training colleges, large numbers of excellent dwelling houses, and healthy homes high up on Mount Carmel. Besides, while Jaffa or Tel-Aviv has the worst landing place in the world, Haifa has a pretty fair roadstead already, and will possess a fine harbor at the mouth of the Kishon, if the scheme of the Haifa Bay Development Company is carried through. Already a large stretch of land has been purchased, parallel with the shore between Haifa and Akka (Acre), and some hundreds of young Jews are daily engaged upon the drainage of it, with a heroism worthy of the former pioneers (*Halutzim*), who have drained the swamps of the Esdraelon valley and other marshy places and delivered most of the land from the terrible plague of malaria. Haifa too has its Rutenberg light-and-power electric station, worked at present by crude oil, and there is talk of running an oil pipe right through to Haifa from Mosul in Iraq, if indeed oil is found in quantities there. In a few years Haifa may rival Beirut as the main port of the eastern Mediterranean, and it will certainly be a Jewish city.

I think the only other distinctly Jewish or Zionist town is Afula, standing near the middle of the great plain of Esdraelon or Jezreel or Armageddon, generally known as the 'Emek,' or valley, which stretches from near Haifa right across Palestine to the desert bordering the Jordan, south of the Sea of Galilee. Afula, which is little more than a collection of stores upon the railway, serves as supply depot for all the Zionist colonies in that district, which is the largest continuous stretch of land owned by the Organization. As I said, the agricultural colonies are the Zionists' chief aim and care. I think it one of the greatest miracles of our day that over 24,000 young men and women — all Jews — should be tilling the ground. They are braving hardship, unaccustomed labor, heat, wet, dust, flies, cold, fever, isolation from the civilized world, and often a hostile neighborhood. Nothing but hope, patriotism, or religion could carry them through, and some of them have all three. All have hope, for they are young, and feel the joy of escaping from the tyranny, fear, and contempt under which they and their fathers have suffered for so many generations.

Except that they may not alienate the land or employ hired labor, the colonists are free to please themselves. Some colonies are run on the usual 'individualistic' system (*Moshav Ovdim*), under which each family keeps its own profits arising from the sale of produce, if there is any sale; others are 'communal' (*Kvutzah*), all the produce of the village being placed in a common store and apportioned according to need. In these communal settlements there is no money. If anyone wants clothing, fuel, or furniture, he applies to the common storehouse and receives it. There is a common hall for meals, and a common nursery for all children by night and day, controlled not by the mothers, but by women specially adapted to look after the children, thus setting the mothers free for field work by day and sleep by night. I was told that public opinion was almost always strong enough to put any slacker to shame. But if not, the leading people of the community might warn him to go. Debates and concerts of excellent music are held in the common rooms, and on the whole I think the Kvutzah villages were the happiest I saw in Palestine, though not the richest.

III

Provided the money needed for a subsidy does not fail, the Zionist Organization will certainly create a 'national home' in Palestine for the Jews. The provision of this subsidy depends entirely upon the Jews themselves. It is the test of their love for a national home, and of their resolve to secure it for their own people, in Sir Herbert Samuel's words, 'as by right and not on sufferance.' Even if sufficient subsidy continues to come in, many other difficulties, economic and political, can easily be imagined. But, for the moment, the objections to Zionism chiefly come from three different classes of people. First, there is a Jewish body called the *Agudath Israel,* the centre of which is now in Frankfort. Being entirely outside Judaism myself, I cannot criticize it, but it represents the strictly orthodox followers of the rabbinical law, and the rigid students of the Talmudic commentaries upon the Pentateuch. Of such, I suppose, are the silent figures that one sees wandering the sacred streets of Zion, tightly buttoned up in long, thin coats, their pale, thin faces scarcely visible under their large black hats and between the long curls that hang down their cheeks like artificial whiskers. Their objection to modern Zionism is raised against its material side — its occupation of the sacred land with mere farms and cities, and perhaps its departure from the ancient longing for the earthly Messiah who was to redeem Israel and establish his kingdom upon the Wall of Wailing. Theirs is a religious aspect which I am not fitted to discuss.

But the objection of the Palestinian Arabs is easily understood. The meeting of European immigrant Jews with Arabs means the clash of two civilizations — or of two ages in history. It is like the clash of a motor with a camel. One's tastes are naturally on the side of the camel. What an interesting and picturesque creature he is! How dreamlike, prehistoric, full of our childhood's religious associations! How finely adapted to his desert life! With what aristocratic detachment he stalks through this puddle of a world, disdainful as an English lord whose land has been nationalized by a Labor Government! He serves as a frieze; he makes a memorial. On each side of the new roads let us leave him a soft, dusty strip to pad along. But down the centre here comes the motor, all Europe and America behind it!

When the Balfour Declaration was first published, the Arabs expected the Jews to come swarming into the country by hundreds of thousands, driving the Arabs out and occupying their lands. In 1920 there were serious anti-Jewish riots in Jerusalem, and the next year in Jaffa. Outwardly, at all events, things are quiet now, though leaders of the Arabian policy have indignantly assured me that they would welcome a Wahabi invasion under Ibn Sa'ud rather than see Jews entering the land under British protection. The chief complaint now is of the increased cost of living, really due to the refusal of Jews to work for the wretched wages given to Arabs, and their women and children, especially for contract work upon the roads. No one likes to have the habitual standard of his life altered, even if raised, and the Jew will certainly alter the standard of life in Palestine. For the immigrants are progressive, intellectual people, making demands upon life for body and spirit that Arabs have never dreamed of.

I have heard the Arab leaders make various other complaints, largely including the British administration under our Mandate from the League of Nations. But one may ask them to remember that, though corruption is still common in some of the lower law courts, as in all the East, the judges of the higher courts are for the first time above suspicion; that excellent roads now run all over the country; that within the last twelve years motors have increased from one to a thousand; that the British have introduced a water supply and some idea of cleanliness even into Jerusalem; that the Jewish society of Hadassah, maintained by American Jewesses, teaches the laws of health and child welfare to Arab mothers as well as to Jew and Christian; that the Jewish pioneers are destroying the hideous curse of malaria in what ought to be the most fertile parts of the country; and, finally, that the British administration has delivered Arabs from the equally terrible curse of the Turkish conscription that held every man bound for four years, and often for ten. The Arabs have not really much complaint to make against Jew or Briton, but one can understand their apprehensions.

It is more difficult for me to understand the hostility of many English people in Palestine toward Zionism. That hostility takes two forms: official and religious. Many high officials, perhaps most, acquiesce in the Balfour Declaration, and do their utmost to carry it out, seeing that it represents the will of the British Government. But there are others who object to 'the intrusion' of Jews into what they are inclined to regard as a British and Arab reserve. An Englishman like myself may perhaps sympathize with their feeling; for we are all brought up to dislike and despise Jews as a race, and we are particularly good at governing 'natives,' so long as they remain quiet and submissive, as the Palestinian Arabs usually do. We enjoy a subject people whom we can treat as good dogs, feed well, order about, and pat kindly on the head when they are quiet and obey without hesitation. We cannot treat the immigrant highly educated Jews from Germany, Poland, or Russia so, and therefore the officials complain of them as 'aggressive,' assertive, and troublesome. It is a natural complaint, but the cause is really laudable.

Far more difficult to explain or remove is the hostility of the religious English residents — especially, of course, the Anglican clergy. One would have expected them to love and befriend the race which, after all, has given them their main idea of the God they worship, and from among whom sprang the sacred Person whom they regard as actually Divine. The facts are far otherwise. It was among the members of the Anglican Church that I found the most marked hostility to all Jews, but especially to Zionists, who are endeavoring to return to a land which the history of the Jews has consecrated in the estimation of all Anglicans and other Christians. The hostility is rancorous and envenomed. Though I have known many Anglicans, it rather astonished me. But theological hatred swelters in hearts beyond the reach of reason. I need hardly add that the Roman Catholics are opposed alike to Zionists and to the 'Protestant' British administration.

There are now about a hundred Zionist settlements in Palestine, and within the last few months I have visited a large proportion of them. Before I started, my knowledge of the country and its Jewish history was rather unusually intimate, as I have explained; but, like most Englishmen, I certainly had no prejudice in favor of the Jews. Rather the reverse, though I have always admired their exceptional intelligence, their patriotic mutual aid, and their marvelous persistence in the face of the cruelest persecution. But as I surveyed the work of the Zionist cause in tangible or visible form I was filled with a sympathetic exhilaration at the sight of so many young men and young women released from the perpetual fear under which their fathers had suffered for so many centuries; able to follow their own chosen way of life without restrictions; able to enjoy the light of the sun and the beauty of the sea, as I saw one Sabbath day upon the beach of Tel-Aviv; and able, as I saw in their communal villages, to work side by side in hope, no longer trammeled by the petty regulations and obsolete observances of an oppressive past.

THE IRISH EXPERIMENT

BY JOHN J. HORGAN

I

As I write, it is now almost exactly five years since that fateful night in December 1921 when the Treaty between England and Ireland was signed in the council chamber at Downing Street and the Irish Free State was born. The signatories on both sides risked much. On the English side political existence, on the Irish side life itself. Within a year the two principal Irish signatories were dead — Arthur Griffith, a spent, worn-out man, dying, broken-hearted, from the strain and anguish of civil war, and Michael Collins falling victim to a rebel bullet in an obscure wayside ambush. The decision they had taken was one involving great faith and courage. Looking back now, we know it was justified, but for long the issue lay in the balance.

The Treaty gave to Ireland the freedom and status of the Dominion of Canada within the British Commonwealth, conceding to the six northern counties of Antrim, Down, Derry, Tyrone, Fermanagh, and Armagh, now called Northern Ireland, the right of remaining outside the Free State if they so desired. In effect it conceded everything short of the title 'Republic' and an undivided Ireland. The ink of the signatures was hardly dry, and every sensible man in Ireland was still gasping at the magnitude of the victory snatched from the very jaws of defeat, when the Sinn Fein Party was split from head to foot by Mr. de Valera's repudiation of the Irish plenipotentiaries' action. This party had always consisted of two parts, a moderate wing and an extreme wing. These were kept together up to July 1921, when the truce with England was declared, by the necessity of presenting a common front to the enemy. But the long-drawn-out negotiations with Mr. Lloyd George which followed, in which Mr. de Valera showed no inclination to come to grips with realities, proved that all was not well behind the scenes. Mr. de Valera himself, who, in spite of his meteoric rise to fame, was in the unhappy position of being a third-class man in a first-class place, was to some extent a bridge between the two factions, but when the terms of the Treaty were finally disclosed he was pulled down on the extreme side of the hedge, with the result that he gave an air of national importance to an irreconcilable and impossible minority which he could neither lead nor control. There followed the wearisome debates on the Treaty in the Dail or Irish House of Representatives, aptly christened 'the Great Talk,' the acceptance of the Treaty by a few votes, interminable attempts to reconcile the irreconcilable, and a general election in which the common people of the country, aided by proportional representation, burst the bonds of a dishonest political pact made by the rival factions and declared decisively for the Treaty, whereupon there came the chaos of civil war.

It is difficult for those unacquainted with Irish politics to comprehend the reasons for these strange and tragic happenings. The real truth, always disguised and never honestly admitted, was that the great majority of the Irish people did not particularly want a republic, although they did want freedom. They had seen the constitutional movement sink in the Serbonian bog of the Westminster Parliament. They had watched John Redmond, too great a gentleman and too honest a man to be a match for English politicians, fail before intrigue and treachery. Nothing was left but force. England had always responded to force when words had failed. But one could not morally use force in support of a constitutional demand such as was embodied in the Home Rule Act of 1914. So in 1916, when the Home Rule Act had been suspended and the new movement flared into active rebellion, it was as a republic, demanding and asserting its right to complete independence. How many of its leaders really believed such an aim attainable it is difficult to say. To most of them the word 'republic' was synonymous with such complete freedom as is enjoyed by France or the United States of America, rather than with any special form of political government. In so far as their demands were dishonest they ended in political disaster and recrimination. Those of them who were sincere had forgotten, if they ever knew, that England's objection to an Irish Republic is not to the thing but to the name. The real rulers of England will not suffer such a challenge to their entire social system to exist at their very door.

Mr. H. G. Wells in his latest novel has put the matter in words I cannot better. 'The King,' he writes, 'is necessarily the head and centre of the old army system, of the diplomatic tradition, of hieratic privileges, of a sort of false England that veils the realities of English life. While he remains, the old army system remains, society remains, the militant tradition remains, they are all bound up together inseparably.' It was against this rock that whatever was real and honest in the Irish Republican movement broke in vain. The attitude of the great majority of the Irish people was one of expectancy and watchfulness. In 1918 they had given a clear electoral mandate against the old Irish Party and in favor of the policy of abstention from the English parliament. 'The people,' said Father O'Flanagan, one of the Sinn Fein leaders, in a candid after-victory speech, 'have voted Sinn Fein. What we have to do now is to explain to them what Sinn Fein is.' The victory was indeed one of emotion rather than of conviction. The subsequent election of 1920 was not contested at all, because by that time the gun had taken the place of the ballot box. The people remained quite unconvinced that the policy of proclaiming a phantom republic was a certain panacea for our political ills, but they had perforce to give the experiment its chance. When the Treaty was concluded they soon discovered, however, that a Free State in the hand was worth any number of republics in the bush, and decisively said so. There followed the civil war.

Mr. P. S. O'Hegarty, at one time member of the Supreme Council of the Irish Republican Brotherhood and now Secretary of the Free State Post Office, has pointed the moral of that tragic dénouement in his recent remarkable book. 'I know of no clearer example,' he writes, 'of the application of the Moral Law than this tragedy of the Irregular devastation of Ireland. We devised certain "bloody instructions" to use against the British. We adopted political assassination as a principle; we devised the ambush; we encouraged women to forget their sex and play at gunmen; we turned the whole thoughts and passions of a generation upon blood, revenge, and death; we placed gunmen, mostly half educated, and totally inexperienced, as dictators with powers of life and death over large areas. We derided the Moral Law and said there was no law but the law of force. And the Moral Law answered us. Every devilish thing we did against the British went its full circle and smote us tenfold, and the cumulative effect of the whole of it was a general moral weakening and a general degradation, and a general cynicism and disbelief in either virtue or decency, in goodness or uprightness or honesty.' I need add nothing to this powerful and courageous indictment.

II

After enormous damage, both moral and material, the civil war ended in unconditional surrender in April 1923. The country began slowly to recover its normal life, and the Government, which had been living in a cage behind armed guards, began to take the air once more. If they and their predecessors, Griffith and Collins, were to a great extent responsible, by their weak parleys with de Valera and the extremists after the Treaty, for much of the disaster which fell upon us, they had the courage to face the consequences of their own actions. That the infant State survived is due to their courage and determination in the face of enormous odds and tremendous difficulties. In the five years which have passed since they took office they have fought a bitter civil war to a successful conclusion, created law and order out of chaos, embarked on far-reaching social and economic schemes, balanced the national budget, and initiated the completion of land purchase, that legislative and financial process by which the tenant farmers of Ireland have been enabled with state assistance to acquire the absolute ownership of the land, thus putting an end to the landlord régime. These achievements are all the more remarkable when one remembers that they are the work of young and inexperienced men who started their executive career without a considered policy in front of them or a properly organized party behind them. Much of their work has naturally been improvised and hasty. When they took office the ship of state was sinking. Water-tight bulkheads had to be closed and collision mats swung into position. There was little time to think. But now the ship has been brought safely to port and the work of repair and reconstruction has begun.

The two principal pilots who remained on the bridge and saved the ship are Mr. William Thomas Cosgrave, the President, and Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, the Vice President, of the Executive Council. Mr. Cosgrave, formerly Alderman of the Dublin City Council, in which he courageously fought the forces of graft, sentenced to death for his complicity in the rebellion of 1916, — a sentence commuted to penal servitude for life, — and afterward Minister for Local Government in the Irish Republican Government of 1919–1922, represents in his person the triumph of common sense over highfalutin nonsense. Quiet, affable, and entirely unassuming, but courageous and not always tactful or polite when aroused in political controversy, he has kept a firm grip on the realities of Irish life, and is both a wily politician and an honest man. At a moment when Ireland had suffered enough from hair-splitting geniuses, the Almighty wisely sent her Mr. Cosgrave to redress the balance. Mr. O'Higgins is made of sterner stuff. He is the strong man, almost the Mussolini of the Free State, and as straight as he is strong. A young man, still in the early thirties, the bitter years through which he has passed have left their mark on his face and character. It was he who piloted the new Irish Constitution through the Dail. As Minister for Justice he has had the responsibility for creating a new police force and a new judicial system. It was characteristic of the man that, with the embers of civil war still glowing red throughout the country, he sent out the young Civic Guard without arms to police the countryside, and though at first there were unpleasant incidents, the experiment is now fully justified. A skillful parliamentarian, and a logical, forceful speaker rather than an orator, he has inherited not a little of the acid wit for which his uncle, Mr. Timothy Healy, now first Governor-General of the Irish Free State, is so renowned. Other prominent members of the Ministry are Mr. Ernest Blyth, Minister for Finance, a hard-headed Ulster man, strong enough to keep a tight hand on the national purse strings and wise enough to rely on his permanent officials for advice; Mr. Hogan, Minister for Agriculture, who has already overhauled and regulated our agricultural export trade; and Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, Minister for External Affairs, a student of French literature, who has recently distinguished himself at Geneva.

Such are the leaders of the Government Party, or Cumann na nGaedheal (pronounced *Cuman nang ale*, and meaning 'League of the Gaels'). This party has suffered from the Government's virtues. The Irish people have painfully discovered that a native government can really govern, that a native tax collector is more intelligent and certainly more merciless than his English predecessor, and that the Civic Guard are more wide-awake than the Royal Irish Constabulary. The price of freedom has to be paid and it is not at first a pleasant operation. Perhaps the Government has made it needlessly unpleasant by its application of what for brevity may be called the 'A Chara' policy. Every official letter in the Free State begins with the words 'A Chara,' the Irish equivalent for 'Dear Sir,' continues in English, and ends with further salutations in the Irish language according to the whim of the Ministry concerned. I do not know of any other Government in the world which indulges in such an absurdity. Trivial as they may seem, these linguistic antics are symptomatic of a deeper malady, an exaggerated national self-consciousness, a desire to outflank and out-Herod the Republicans. This spirit of make-believe is indeed a direct inheritance from the old Republican policy and permeates the whole outlook of the Government, in education, in industrial policy, and in external affairs. Many instances of its application might be given, such as the recent struggle with the medical profession, now happily settled, as to whether the Irish doctors were to retain their present privileged position of partnership under the British Medical Council or abandon it for a lower status, without any gain either professional or national. Similar and far more wide-reaching issues have arisen concerning the compulsory teaching of the Irish language in the primary and secondary schools, which, owing to the fact that virtually the entire adult population of Ireland is English-speaking and that few competent Irish-speaking teachers are available, is likely, if persisted in, to produce a generation which will be neither Irish-speaking nor educated. All this proves that the 'Playboy' spirit still flourishes in Irish politics and will continue to do so until the people show decisively that they are sick of it. Nevertheless it is more than probable that the present Government will be returned to power at the next election, in a few months' time, either in a majority or as the controlling force in a more moderate coalition. This is the best thing that could happen, for we want a strong government more than a strong opposition, and the present Government has both strength and experience.

The opposition is at present composed of several small groups, none of which offer very enticing fare to the electors. The Labor Party alone, under the intelligent leadership of Mr. Thomas Johnson, has enunciated a definite policy of a doctrinaire kind which may be summarized in his statements that 'the general good and national well-being should take precedence over property rights' and that there should be 'guaranteed work for the willing worker and guaranteed prices for the tillage farmer.' The Farmers' Party, on the contrary, has done little to increase its prestige. It has no leader of outstanding ability and no considered policy even in its own domain of agriculture. Its inconsistent demands for economy at all costs and government grants of every conceivable kind have been its only serious contribution to public discussion. The People's Party, conceived by Professor Magennis, has scarcely survived its birth and will certainly not survive the general election. Its policy is so nondescript that it can be flavored to taste and swallowed by anyone gullible enough to believe in its curative properties. Captain William Redmond, John Redmond's son, has recently launched a new party called the Irish National League. It is understood that the policy of this organization, which is still somewhat nebulous, will be directed toward securing the unity of Ireland, but its real raison d'être seems to be a desire to put out the Government at all costs. It will no doubt receive considerable support from the friends of the old Irish Party, the town tenants, the liquor trade, and the ex-soldiers' associations, with all of whom Captain Redmond is associated. That these elements are likely to constitute a serious menace to the present Government is doubtful. Ancient loyalties are of little use without a present policy.

All these small parties are alike in having no money and few suitable candidates. The people as a whole are thoroughly sick of politics and not anxious to subscribe funds to make a politicians' holiday. There remain the Republicans. This party might, if it had not embarked on civil war, be now a formidable opposition. But it lost its last chance when it refrained from entering the Dail in December 1925 in opposition to the Ulster Boundary Agreement. Now, like the autumn leaves upon the trees, sapless, shrunken, and dead, it awaits only the searching wind of a general election to blow it into oblivion. Mr. de Valera, whose cunning is greater than his common sense, seeing that the end is near, has relinquished his title of President of the Irish Republic, which was little more than a joke, and has sought to escape by forming a new party which is willing to enter the Dail if the obnoxious entrance oath is removed, a step the Government is hardly foolish enough to facilitate. Miss Mary McSwiney, the noblest Roman of them all, remains the custodian of the last fragments of extreme Republicanism, and the doings of Lord Oxford's late Shadow Cabinet are mere child's play compared to her activities, for this amazing and indefatigable lady has now created a new Shadow President, elected apparently by a Shadow Dail in some very shadowy back parlor. No one even knew an election had taken place until this unfortunate person, one Art O'Connor, was introduced quite casually to a public meeting as President of the Irish Republic, a political entity which now exists only in Miss McSwiney's fertile brain, and, according to Mr. de Valera, does not function over a square foot of Ireland.

Unfortunately a sense of humor is not a strong point among Irish politicians. Thus it is not surprising to find the Government treating such a party with the contempt it deserves. Quite recently one of the Republican emissaries from America was captured red-handed on landing at Cove with money and dispatches, which incidentally revealed the fact that the Republican movement in America was both bankrupt and disorganized. The judge at the trial fined him heavily and let him out on bail, probably the most striking commentary on the futility of his crime. May I add that the best service Irish Americans can now render this country is to let it alone? In short, Republicanism has for the present ceased to be a serious force. The recent attacks on a few isolated police barracks are really the swan song of the young 'heroes' with revolvers who still insist on playing at gunmen and committing murder. Miss McSwiney openly deplores the fact that her organization has sunk to one fifth of its former strength, and she and her friends now detest Mr. de Valera more than the Government. It may be doubted whether both these irreconcilable factions will together return ten candidates to the next Dail. They will certainly do their best to erase each other.

III

Far other and more normal problems than the dissection of oaths are beginning to trouble the people of the Free State. Foremost among these is the question of Protection, which has brought home to the public, perhaps more than any other factor, the realities and, one may add, the inconveniences of freedom. During the century prior to the Treaty of 1921, Great Britain and Ireland were, of course, one fiscal unit. Since that Treaty, and particularly since the setting up of a separate customs boundary for the Free State in April 1923, the position has been completely altered. On that date the Free State began to enforce against Great Britain the protective tariffs up to then common to both countries. They were few in number. Chief among the articles thus taxed were tobacco and cigarettes, motor cars, musical instruments, clocks, and watches, as well as a wide range of goods of comparatively minor economic importance, mostly chemicals. The effect of this change was soon felt, especially in connection with the manufacture of tobacco, and as a result several factories were established in Dublin by the English tobacco combine. The Government at once appointed a commission of economic experts to advise it on the whole question of tariffs, but, when the commission reported in favor of Free Trade, promptly ignored its recommendations. During the last three years the Government has imposed various fresh tariffs, the principal being on confectionery, soap, boots and shoes, clothing, and furniture. Practically all the industries included in these tariffs were already in existence within the Free State, and there can be no doubt that they have received some stimulus from the protection afforded them, although most of them cannot fully supply the demands of the home market and probably never will.

These new tariffs have created considerable political controversy, being strongly opposed by the farmers, who rightly believe they have everything to lose from a policy which must inevitably increase the cost of living without assisting agriculture, whose natural and only market is Great Britain. They recognize that restricted imports involve restricted exports, and the Free State cannot afford to lose its export trade. Our neighbors are our best customers and their prosperity is a condition of our well-being, as the coal strike has only too painfully reminded us. Even the Government itself is divided on this difficult question and has now sought to escape from the dilemma in which it finds itself by appointing a Tariff Commission, on Canadian lines, of expert civil servants to report on the clamorous demands of the various interests, such as the flour and woolen manufacturers, who are not yet protected. All such demands must receive the imprimatur of this Commission before being considered by the Government. It remains to be seen whether this barrier will save the Government from sliding further down this slippery slope. The Free Trade critics of this policy have not been slow to point out that the world-wide reputation of such firms as Guinness and Jacob has been built up without the assistance of tariffs, and that these are in effect a protection for inefficiency. But all this controversy is healthy. It shows that we have abandoned the pursuit of shadows and are settling down to the discussion of political and economic realities just like other normal nations.

The more serious problem of the Ulster boundary has been happily solved after many excursions and alarms. The Treaty left this problem undecided, but provided that a Boundary Commission should be set up whose findings should be binding and conclusive. The setting up of this Commission was long delayed by the refusal of the Northern Government to participate. Finally the British Government appointed an Ulster representative and the Commission sat. When their report was practically complete, in November 1925, Mr. John MacNeill, the Free State Representative on the Commission, resigned because of the uproar in the Free State caused by the premature disclosure of the decisions arrived at. A serious crisis at once arose, but after a conference between the British and Free State Governments in London an agreement was arrived at, the most important articles of which provided that the Northern boundary was to remain as it was, and that the Free State was to be released from its obligation to assume liability for a share of the national debt of the United Kingdom at the date of the Treaty on payment of approximately six million pounds in discharge of English liabilities for Irish War Compensation.

This agreement has had important consequences. It has rescued the Free State Government from the results of the latter's own folly and it has acquitted England of all further obligation to interfere in Irish affairs. It is not likely that North or South will call her in again. The real truth, which both parties to the boundary controversy had refused to recognize, was that the only settlement that could be of value to either was a settlement by mutual consent, and that any other settlement could only inflame the bad feeling already existing and postpone any successful approach to Irish unity for many generations. The Northern boundary is a scar which past conflict has left on the Irish body politic. The sensible policy was to leave it to heal under the influence of time and experience. The Free State Government, on the contrary, desiring to placate its extreme adherents in the North, kept on irritating the wound, which became septic and nearly destroyed it. The London agreement was really due to the fact that the peoples of England, the Free State, and Ulster were tired of quarreling and, after three years of the status quo, had realized that the interests of no one could be advanced by any trivial alteration of the boundary, which was all that could be expected. The respective Governments were wise enough to realize this truth at the eleventh hour. The wisest course now is for both Free State and Northern Ireland to go their own ways, neither courting nor threatening the other, but trusting to natural forces to reunite the country; and this is what is happening. The boundary is beginning to teach both North and South that Ireland cannot afford to be divided. The Free State Government's attitude toward Northern Ireland is one of passive rather than active friendship. No action of its will render reunion avoidably more difficult, but it will not at the same time alter what it considers the best policy for the Free State in order to please Northern Ireland.

IV

The financial results of the London agreement are of the utmost importance and leave the Free State with a national debt of approximately only twenty-two million pounds. This is less than one year's tax revenue, and works out at about £6. 9. 4 per head of population. Few countries are in a better financial position. It may be added that the national loan issued at ninety-five pounds in 1924 has since gone over par, and that although our taxation, for a variety of unescapable reasons, is much too high, the Government is doing its best to reduce it progressively without departing from the sound principle of making taxation meet recurrent expenditure. Eventually the Free State taxpayer, like his fellows elsewhere, must choose between high taxation and a drastic curtailment of the present standard of national services. One cannot indulge champagne tastes on a beer income, and we must slowly but surely alter the extravagant English methods of administration we have inherited. We are beginning, somewhat painfully, to realize that votes in a free country are translated into action and have to be paid for.

Our relations with England are also

improving, although it may take another generation to exorcise completely the anti-English complex from Irish mentality. Mr. O'Higgins has recently laid down the Government's position in this respect with strength and clearness. He points out that this is no vassal state and that no section of the community desires it to be so, that peace has come between our people and the people of Great Britain, such a peace of mind and heart as has not existed since the conquest. He believes that friendship will follow because there is no desire to subject the interests of this state and its people to any other state or people under the British Commonwealth. The Government, he says, knows the status it has accepted and enshrined in the Constitution. It is no mean status, and the Government is not going to allow it to be demeaned by extremists of any kind. Challenged from the right, challenged from the left, it will keep to the middle of the road. This attitude is best for Ireland and best for England too. The more nearly we approach absolute equality in our relations with England, the less English politicians seek to interfere in our affairs, the greater will become our friendship. Good will between the two countries must grow from our racial ties and economic necessities and not from any artificial political union. The policy of the Free State representatives at the Imperial Conference has been directed to these ends, but in pursuing them they must exercise a wise expediency and regard for the feeling of others. The Free State is anxious to abolish all right of appeal from Dominion courts to the Imperial Privy Council, which is the High Court of Appeal of the British Empire, but it may be doubted if French Canada will agree to such a drastic proposal, as this right of appeal is a real safeguard against any interference by the Dominion Parliament with the rights the Treaty of 1763 guaranteed the French province.

The Free State has also entered the field of international politics, and at the last sitting of the League of Nations Assembly its delegation challenged the Cecil-Fromageot plan by contesting one of the vacancies on the Council of the League. The speech of Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald on this occasion was universally praised, and made it clear that, while the Irish delegation held that all shades of opinion should be represented from time to time on the Council, it denied the right of particular groups to be at any time represented therein in any specified proportion, and denied more emphatically still the right of any group to choose from among its members a state which the Assembly would be under an obligation to elect. If the Free State is to justify its international existence its representatives must be prepared, as in this case, to speak their minds honestly and to act fearlessly, not as satellites in the English political system, nor out of anti-English prejudice, but as good Europeans striving for international peace and good will. Our position in the European system, an island beyond an island, coupled with our past political dependency on England, has prevented our people from taking an intelligent interest in foreign politics. The march of events will soon change this condition if our press and politicians take the trouble to educate themselves, and public opinion, as regards foreign affairs.

In the economic field substantial progress has also been made. The Minister for Lands and Agriculture, Mr. Hogan, after a careful study of the problem, has embarked upon, and has almost completed, a systematic overhaul of the agricultural industry. Far-reaching schemes for the improvement of the education of the farmer and for the advancement of the science of farming and dairy produce have, within the life of the present Government, passed from the stage of almost age-long discussion into legislative and executive fact. In these reforms the past work of the Irish Department of Agriculture and also of the Irish Agricultural Organization has been a factor of considerable help. Sir Horace Plunkett's policy of 'Better farming, better business, better living,' has been put into practical application. The exports of eggs and creamery products have been completely controlled and licensed, with the result that Irish agricultural produce is now taking first place in the British market. The comparative statistics as to the general trade between the two countries for 1925 show that per person the Free State sold goods valued at £13. 14. 0 to Great Britain and Northern Ireland. This is below the figures for New Zealand and Denmark, but greater than for Australia, Argentina, Canada (its rivals in food supplies), and all other countries. As regards purchases from Great Britain and Northern Ireland, New Zealand came first and the Free State second, buying per person goods valued at £12. 14. 0; Australia came third, and other countries far behind.

These figures prove clearly that Mr. Hogan is right in thinking that Irish agriculture requires technical rather than political treatment for its improvement, and that the remedy for agricultural depression is not to be found in loans, subsidies, and tariffs, but in improved methods of marketing and production. The Shannon water-power scheme, which is the Government's *magnum opus*, will also help to this end. For this ambitious scheme the advice of the leading hydroelectric engineers in Europe has been obtained and acted on. The first stage, already far advanced, is estimated to generate 153 million units even in a very dry year, and 288 million units (a unit is equivalent to one kilowatt hour) in an average year. The cost of this stage is estimated at £5,200,000, and the work has been entrusted to the famous German electrical engineering firm, Messrs. Siemens-Schückert. The English power system is built upon a basis of coal, and we have in the past followed suit, although we have practically no suitable coal and have to import what we use. Every other European country has built up its power system on its natural resources. The moral is obvious. Our power basis is all wrong, and the only natural policy is to aim at a power supply from home resources. This policy will both decrease our imports and increase production of essential commodities at home. In addition, by the provision of a liberal supply of cheap power universally available, it will, beyond all doubt, assist in increasing our exports, and reduce our coal imports by a sum of approximately £1,290,000 a year.

The Shannon power project is not only the first big project of our Government, but also an act of national faith in the future of the Free State. This faith is justified. Other important projects are also on foot. At Carlow, a prosperous agricultural centre, M. Lippens, one of the largest sugar manufacturers in Belgium, has financed and built a beet-sugar factory of the most modern type, which is capable of treating fifteen hundred tons of beet a day and which is now about to start operations. This factory is receiving a state subsidy, on a sliding scale, till the year 1936. At Cork Mr. Henry Ford's motor-car factory has now been in successful operation for nearly ten years and has proved a happy example of industry and courage in the midst of war's alarms.

In other directions we have also made enormous progress. Law and order have been fully and completely established over the entire country. Roads, railways, hotels, and traveling facilities of all kinds are being constantly improved. The Irish Free State is now as peaceful as any country in Europe and as progressive as most. It is tackling its social problems with courage and intelligence. It is at present engaged in a revision of its liquor laws on the sane principle that it is not the business of the law to make people good but to preserve public order. It is proposed to reduce the present excessive number of public houses or saloons by at least a third. An indication of our attitude toward family life is disclosed by the refusal of the Irish Parliament to give facilities for absolute divorce with right of remarriage. This facility in effect never existed in Ireland, because in the past it could only be obtained by promoting a special bill in the English Parliament, a thing only possible to very wealthy people and seldom availed of. The great majority of the Irish people, both Protestant and Catholic, object to divorce, not only on religious principles, but because they believe it is a social evil, and that it is better that a few people should be unhappy than that the whole domestic life of the nation should be undermined. In this connection it is well to point out that the old dishonest political catch cry, 'Home Rule means Rome Rule,' has been conclusively exploded. The Catholic Church has not interfered in the affairs of the Irish Free State, and the Government has, both in its legislation and in its administration, treated Protestants with absolute fairness. A majority of the High Court judges, all appointed by the present Government, are actually of that persuasion. No cleric of any creed sits in either House of Parliament or on any local government council. In no country are the relations between Church and State more rational, correct, and cordial. Neither has infringed upon the proper sphere of the other.

In local government matters reform has also been undertaken, corrupt local bodies dissolved, and the basis of administration altered. It is highly probable that the American city manager and council plan, with suitable modifications, will be adopted for our cities in the near future. The recent census discloses a decline in population for all Ireland of 3.7 per cent. This was not unexpected, and the chief drain is still, unfortunately, emigration to America, whose large Irish population exercises an enormous attractive power. This emigration must be reduced next year, when the quota falls from 28,000 to about 8000. How far it will be deflected into other channels, such as Canada and Australia, remains to be seen.

V

These are the results of five years of Irish self-government. What of the future? Can we say that the intangible national spirit of Ireland is satisfied and that the Free State is based on stable foundations? This is a question worth answering and difficult to answer. For over three hundred years our history has disclosed a series of almost rhythmic revolutions. We have passed from rebellion to repression, from repression to revival of the national spirit, and so on again through the weary cycle. Have we now reached a condition of stable equilibrium? I believe the answer lies with England. If her statesmen have enough courage and foresight to concede the position of equality which we demand, and virtually enjoy, and which as a mother country of the Celtic British race we can justly claim as of right, then our relations must progress from courtesy to friendship, and the last embers of the old hatred will grow cold and gray.

The recent decision of the Imperial Conference that the Dominions are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status and in no way subordinate to one another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, proves that this concession is no longer contested by England.

There is one other element which must not be overlooked. Every patriotic Irishman loves Ireland more than he ever hated England, and because he loves Ireland he wants to see her united as one political unit from sea to sea. This end can never be reached by the Republican road within the lifetime of living man. It may and probably will be reached by a federal process within the British Commonwealth before many years are past. This factor cannot be ignored by any farseeing Irish statesman. It is difficult to see how anything save gratuitous interference or aggression by England is likely to provoke hostilities between the two countries, and I believe no English government of any complexion will take that responsibility. England has wisely written off the Free State in her books as a bad debt and will never again seek to enforce payment. Thus, while it is still true, in the words of Parnell, that 'no man can set bounds to the march of a nation,' it is also true that the future of Ireland will develop through an evolutionary rather than a revolutionary process.

Mr. Cosgrave accurately described the present relations between Ireland and England when, on receiving the freedom of Manchester in November last, he said: 'I feel that your people and mine, separated for centuries by a tragic series of events, can now give an example to the world of what may be achieved by free association between free nations. We have the most profound conviction that present relations will ripen into sincere and lasting friendship, and that the people of these two islands, cast by God so close together on the surface of the sea, while differing in racial and national characteristics, will henceforth devote themselves rather to discovering grounds of common endeavor and common achievement than to seeking in the pages of history for memories of bitter things which must be buried forever, and to finding therein that lasting peace and friendship which God has surely destined for us.'

This attitude reveals not only true statesmanship but true Christianity. If these principles are followed on both sides of the Irish Sea the stability of the Free State is assured. But far more, even, than this is involved, because on the good relations existing between Ireland and England depends in great measure the attitude of the greater Irish race beyond the seas. The future of Anglo-American relations, which involve more than any other single international factor the peace of the world, must be vitally influenced by that attitude. Ireland has a great and noble part to play upon that vaster stage. At home we have many advantages. Our external debt is negligible. We have no foreign entanglements. Our chief industry, agriculture, is essentially stable in nature, and our people are among the most conservative in Europe. Our climate is mild and equable. Peace and order reign throughout the land. The German engineers on the Shannon, the Belgian sugar factory at Carlow, and the Ford factory at Cork have shown clearly that our workmen are intelligent and industrious. They have proved, so that he who runs may read, that the destiny of the Free State rests ultimately on the honest work of its individual citizens. Our national motto must be *Sursum corda.* Freedom has been achieved, but it is the beginning and not the end of our journey.

CHLOE

Chloe stepped out on the porch of her little cabin. She was small, supple, and yellow, and as she spoke she kept bending and gesturing.

'I see you comin' 'crost country like a lighten-gale,' she said, smiling, and the lines around her large mouth were like spreading circles in water.

She had a comical face, the forehead receding and the jaw projecting, with high-lifted eyebrows above her protruding eyes. Her crinkly hair, parted from forehead to neck, was plaited, and worn in a circular rosette behind each ear. She was scrupulously neat.

'We all so-so,' she said, in answer to my greeting, 'although Enoch, he ain't much. But then that's natchel. In the spring, you know, the boil always rises in the cistern.'

Chloe's pronunciation was elegant. She always spoke of a pint of flour as a 'point,' and was alluding now to the bile in the system.

Her little cabin, on the outskirts of Natchez, stood on the very edge of the bayou, its roof swept by the gray moss of a great live oak. A tiny paled-in garden in front had beds bordered with violets and was full of red lilies.

'Come right in, Miss Rose,' she ended hospitably.

In the front room was a fine walnut set. There was a red tester above the bed, and a red-striped lambrequin on the high mantelshelf. On the backs of the chairs were clean white hemstitched towels. China and glass ornaments adorned the bureau, and crayon portraits hung on the papered walls. On a table was a large photograph of the colored pastor, in a plush frame decorated with a crush bow of Nile green satin.

Chloe gave me her best rocking-chair and stood until I asked her to be seated.

'So you've been to the plantation?' she exclaimed. 'How's all the folks? Aunt Nicey have n't moved off yet? She mus' be all of ninety. She stayed with us endurin' of the high water. All the time honin' to get back to the plantation. All the Palmyra folks were. They were currentined so long, the men would ha' been 'rested as vacants if they'd a hung roun' Natchez, doin' nuthin', much longer.'

Chloe had been the upstairs servant at Monmouth. She was quick, bright, enthusiastic, and responsive, with a positive genius for misusing words. Her husband, Enoch, a dark, unknown quantity, was only visualized through her fluency, and their one child, Cassandra, I remembered as a whirlwind of arms and legs, driving the turkeys past the Big House, morning and night.

'I want you to tell me about old times,' I said.

Chloe threw out both hands. 'Oh, it's all changed!' she cried. 'Natchez would have been an indifferent place ef the war had n't came. I was just a youthful young girl myself, but I remember the levee days when the ladies driv to see one another. These ole places all gone to rack now, and a whole passle of new people in town. They're climbin' steady.'

Her tone was politely scornful.

'I were fifty-three this gone May,' she continued. 'I always worked to the Big House. Even when I were little

I helped on-sheet the beds. I married when I were seventeen. I wore a Swiss dress with ruffles on the tail. Ole Miss had it made for me, an' it were a perfect germ. The 'Pistopal minister married me in the big hall at Monmouth. Enoch, he looked gamey then. Thist as spry an' sprout. So sprutish. He were tendin' resteroy at the time. They made him treasurer because he was such a savery man. The resteroy shop were owned by a kinder bossy bully ooman, an' she got very ill toward him after he married. It became a jealousy, an' she caused desease to creep upon him. He got porer an' porer, an' wade away to a wapor, an' at last he had to go to a doctor's cemetarium.

'Cassandra were born about that time, an' that's what th'owed me. I had to scramble to help the family, an' I uster feel right squandered in my min'. All my white folks gone, an' the Big House on the hill shut up. I'd go outside at night an' look up at it, dark an' still, an' I'd hol' out my arms, an' call for help. But no help came. All I'd hear was the quivel owl in the bayou, saying *he-e-e-e!*'

She brightened.

'But I taken it very Jobly,' she said, 'an' we've done well since then. I were offered a place to the Shielses', an' I took it in a winkle. An' Enoch, he driv a liver wagon. But that resteroy lady would n't let him be. She was black an' evil-minded, an' had little mercurial ways to worry you, an' he got a backhanded letter 'bout froggin' him. She thought she was going to devote me, but I would n't let her, but Enoch was tore up in his min', an' he's kinder knocked off from work since then.

'Oh, yes'm! Work's plentiful. I'm washin' now. Doin' up these-here cork-bosom shirts, an' fine wais's. Enoch, he scratches roun' an' makes us a gyarden, an' Cassandra, she teaches. She always were smart. When she were a little chap she walk all by herself to town. Ole Man in the lane say, "Is you los', gal?" An' she upped an' says, "I ain't *nuvver* los'. Wherever I'm is, dat's where I'm at." It's an ole ooman live on the Washington Road want to tell her fortune. Cassie say, "I knows my fortune already. I gwine live tell I die."'

Chloe laughed enjoyably.

'Yes. Cassandra's my right han'. An' now she's come thu. She were baptized this past gone Sunday in Macedonia. The baptizin' passed off beautiful. All the cannidates were perfectly qualified an' quiet, an' the roster were decorated with flowers. — Yes'm, we all got religion. I b'longs to the Courts Calanthus. It were named for Damon's wife. We wears canary color an' red, copied after Damon's robe. Enoch, he b'longs to the Knights of Pathos.

'Yes'm, Cassandra's engaged. Bob Patton's courtin' her. He's livin' with us. — No'm. They ain't goin' to marry yet awhile. He's *tied.* He were courtin' a bright girl on St. Catherine Street, an' she put her accident on him, an' he were kinder conscrip' up. He could 'a' been loose long ago, but he were kinder cowered like — on account of her mother.' She lowered her voice. 'Folks goes to her to get knowledge.'

When I rose at last, she exclaimed, 'Oh, *mus'* you go? Can't you have mercy, an' stay a little longer? — Nearly dark?'

She opened the door and looked out.

'Why, the sun mus' be in a clip!' she cried.

In the little garden she filled my hands with red lilies. Then she stood with her hands locked and her head on the side.

'You sho' do hol' your own, Miss Rosie,' she said admiringly. Then, in open wonder, 'An' you ain't married yet?'

'I never expect to be.'

There was a thoughtful look on Chloe's face as she opened the sagging gate, which was wired to the palings, and stood aside to let me pass.

'Well, I kin tell you this much,' she said. She lifted her brows, closed her eyes, and smiled with faint scorn. 'You ain't missin' a thing.'

WATER

The lady in evening dress, cut low and adorned with green sequins, addressed eagerly a tall, spare gentleman who was staring out of the window in astonishment at the blurred lights, the dingy houses, the unclean rain.

'Oh, Mr. Marlowe, I have been reading some of your poems from the Persian and I am simply in love with them! They give one the atmosphere of the country so completely. Do you know, I begin to envy you every minute of time that you spent in that delightful land of rose gardens, nightingales, and running brooks —'

'Er — not exactly,' said the tall man. Then he added: 'The country, for instance, between Yezd and Kashan is so barren, so desolate, that you can ride across it for days and hardly see a tree, a human habitation, a piece of cultivated ground. And as for running brooks!'

The phrase seemed to bring something into his mind. He hesitated, considered, and then went on: 'I had been riding on this road for thirteen days and was approaching Kashan, my destination. Toward noon of the last day, I came upon a small wayside posthouse, which for an hour had been a speck on the horizon. It was a brown, square, windowless building, covered, as buildings often are in treeless countries, by a dome. Its squareness and its dome gave to it, I remarked, a Byzantine, an ecclesiastical air. I was surprised to see a few servants, in blue livery, lounging before the arched entrance. I concluded that some traveler of consequence was tarrying there.

'The servants disappeared when they caught sight of me. And very soon a portly individual, clad in a gaberdine of neutral shade and wearing a green sash round his waist, emerged from the building. He took his stand on the porch, a little in advance of his retinue, and awaited my approach. When I rode up he greeted me in the genteel phraseology of usage. But, discerning my embarrassment, he made haste to inform me that he was Seyyid Abbas, a merchant of Kashan. I remembered then that I had letters to a person of this name from a friend in Yezd. News of my approach must have reached him, and in the polite Persian manner he had ridden out a dozen miles to greet me on the road.

'I had been riding thirteen days. I was covered with dust, half blinded by the sun, exasperated by the termless monotony, irritated that I should have chosen to travel such dolorous spaces. So that when he inquired how I had fared on my journey I spoke disparagingly of his country — to one who had ridden out a dozen miles to greet me on the road.

'He replied with confidence, with good humor: "Wait until evening."

'My host had ordered his servants to prepare lunch in the posthouse. He ushered me, in due course, into the principal chamber. I found the earth floor garnished with a noble carpet from Kashan, where the best carpets in the world are woven. On the carpet a printed cloth was spread. It was dotted with little bowls of stews and sweetmeats; and like a sun, in the centre of that fragrant system, lay a huge metal platter, heaped with steaming rice.

'I confess that my ill temper was in a measure appeased by this gratifying display. As for my host, the sight of those good things had put him in the best of humor. Gently he rallied me on my peevishness.

'"Why, O Sah'b, have your times become so bitter? Behold, your journey reaches its end. And because it is fitting that the end should be pleasant and memorable, I will show you this day a wonder which will repay the burden of a thousand farsakhs."

'I had never before visited Kashan. As for my host, he informed me that he had never left it! I was curious to discover what might be there which he held in such esteem. I recounted in my mind what I had read or heard concerning Kashan, but I could not recall anything of renown; except perhaps the fact, on which all later travelers are agreed, that two-thirds of it is a ruin, the habitation of scorpions and pariah dogs.

'In the late afternoon, at my friend's bidding, we turned off from the main road. We found ourselves, suddenly, in a large walled enclosure, filled with dusty trees. The sight of trees, gray and dust-covered though they were, was a relief to me, after intolerable leagues of sun-scorched desert. I spied, in the centre of the garden, a kind of kiosk, which had been decorated once with gay-colored tiles. But there were brown gaps in the walls where the tiles had fallen, showing the cracked and crumbling masonry beneath.

'"This is Feen," said my friend Seyyid Abbas, the merchant.

'I had heard of the garden, Feen. It was made, tradition said, by the great Shah Abbas, for a place of rest on the main road to Isfahan, his capital. It was restored, three generations ago, by the Wasp-Waisted One, the man of three hundred wives, Fath-Ali Shah. His familiar black-bearded visage and wasp-like figure still adorned a crumbling inner wall of the kiosk.

'Seyyid Abbas beckoned to me and I followed him to another part of the garden. Soon he stopped and pointed to a little stream of water, no bigger than a man's arm, which issued by a broken conduit from a bank of earth. It ran for a dozen yards and emptied into a brimming water tank. Then Seyyid Abbas, the merchant, said: —

'"Sah'b, in the whole of Feranghistan, which you have seen and which I have not seen, tell me, is there a stream of water equal to this stream of water?"

'What could I answer? My mind roamed the earth and considered its rivers. I thought of a thousand ships setting, in distant seas, their several courses for the yellow Thames; I thought of the Nile, ancient and august; of the holy Ganges; of the prodigious Congo, steaming, pestilent, miasmic; of the Father of Waters, bearing on his banks a dozen cities; of the Amazon; of Niagara!

'He said, "I perceive that astonishment has dried up the fountains of speech. Yet this morning you were looking without favor upon my country."

'I answered, "What petition shall be made? I spoke quickly and without understanding."

'He waved a deprecating hand and said, with becoming modesty, "On this engaging theme an obscure poet of Kashan has composed appropriate verses; so nearly do they approach the classic models that they have been mistaken for a ghazel of Hafiz. Begins: —

'"More agreeable than the distant, repeated call of the partridge
Is the murmur, O Iran, of thy delectable waters;
The barren desert heard it and was changed
Into a moonlit garden of dark cypresses,
Which has become the refuge of the rose
And the place of torture of the nightingale."'

When he had reached this point in his narration, the tall gentleman remembered suddenly that there had been a lady in evening dress, cut low and adorned with green sequins. But she was not to be found.

DAILY REMINDERS

In Queen Anne's time the traveler past Temple Bar must behold sundry ownerless heads bleaching in the mist. This dreadful show was not an impersonal exhibit. It was staged and arranged for purposes of warning. 'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis,' as Goldsmith remarked to Johnson. 'Continue your Jacobite speculations,' these grisly heads said more plainly to the passer-by than if their mouths had spoken; 'forget your divine allegiance — here is where you too shall come.'

In the same way, I reflected, as I slid through a closing door of the subway, missing by a hair's margin the amœba's fate of continuance by division, and stood for an hour in meditation upon the rows of advertisements above me, these advertisements are the daily admonition to our more civilized age, less crude but more subtly forceful than sundered heads, of what we shall, without the grace of thought, become. I study them one by one — different in what they illustrate, alike in their grinning idiocy. A man, handsome and robust, but smitten with secret madness, turns to embrace his too complaisant wife as a ten-cent can of beans comes upon the table. A child — if the small monstrosity can be called by that familiar name — lifts hands of entreaty for the cod-liver oil just beyond reach, while a viking opposite, who drank his potion long ago, gazes unstirred. My eyes move on to the right, where a well-dressed family at a prettily appointed table becomes hysterical at the appearance of baked spaghetti. Just beyond, a girl too young and sweet to deserve the hereditary curse of scrambled wits is offering a perspiring football hero, who has sunk down to rest after his exertion, a slice of bread without beverage, while beyond her a distinguished-looking man with graying hair clasps a box of buckwheat cereal with ill-concealed emotion.

Yes, I meditate as I gaze upon them, 'all smiling and all damned,' all are stricken with the same blight. Even the animals have not escaped. The fall of man has involved the brute creation with it. The tiger leers above a cheese, the bear grins from his quadrupedal flannels, the squirrel exhibits febrile longing at the sight of a salad dressing. There is, I admit, — as, having exhausted the illustrations upon the right, I turn leftward, — a horrible consistency about them all. It is a world remote from ours as bedlam; but, unlike bedlam, every exhibit in it bears allegiance to the same fixed rules as every other. A youth halts his courtship to thrust a bar of candy toward his love's rosy lips. A dissipated couple, whose appearance would indicate that nothing save a judge's injunction could hold them together, sit affectionately linked, listening to the music of a radio that relaxes their vicious lineaments. A baby's first word, while the parents bend close expectantly, is the name of a cracker. A father and mother make no effort to conceal their enjoyment as they administer a chest cure to their beaming offspring. A grandmother grins like a ghoul at the hapless boy drinking chocolate.

The most horrible thing about them, as before remarked, is their consistency with themselves. They are all members of the same family. They may even be different ages and phases in the life of the same individual. The business man sufficiently snoopy to discover what Jones has saved will without doubt, when transported to a moonlit cliff, blow tobacco smoke into a girl's face at her request or otherwise. The youth whose career is ruined by the fall of a fork will go mad with joy at a piece of chewing gum, both being phases of his manic-depressive malady. From humanity's point of view they are all mad, mad as March hares; but judged within their own circle they are perfectly unified. There is even a vitality and continuance about them. Does not the baby whose infant lips breathe a cracker's name become the youth who rushes from a play to smoke a five-cent cigar, and does not the youth, in time, with his suitable wife, produce the child who begs him to bring home a dark cathartic? The child, in turn —

Horrified at the range of my speculation, I turn my eyes to the pale grotesqueries of humanity beneath these brilliant rows, and my heart goes out to them. Worn and lethargic though they be, they do not desert a friend for embonpoint or halitosis, or neglect the wife whose first gray streak of hair is appearing, or throw over the business associate who cannot hold a dinner party spellbound by the repetition of telephone dates.

My station is near. I prepare to depart with a bound through the door, as I arrived. I gaze my last upon our grisly warnings. 'Beware,' say these pictures of a mindless race as if their mouths had spoken, 'of joyance for nought. Be not tolerant. Harden your heart. Do you wish to go mad over a slice of bread, or date your life's conversion from a change of heel? Keep on smiling — here you will come.'

I renew my vow; I take my warning; I free myself from the dominion of things. I look my last upon our solemn diurnal admonitions. We cannot thank too deeply the wise and subtle men who set them there.

THE CYNIC'S TESTAMENT

THE following is an excerpt from the will of a Wall Street man which has recently been probated in New York State: —

To my wife, I leave her lover and the knowledge that I was n't the fool she thought I was.

To my son, I leave the pleasure of earning a living. For thirty-five years he has thought that the pleasure was all mine. He was mistaken.

To my daughter, I leave $100,000. She will need it. The only good piece of business her husband ever did was to marry her.

To my valet, I leave the clothes that he has been stealing from me regularly for the last ten years. Also my fur coat that he wore last winter when I was in Palm Beach.

To my chauffeur, I leave my cars. He almost ruined them and I want him to have the satisfaction of finishing the job.

To my partner, I leave the suggestion that he take some other clever man in with him at once if he expects to do any business.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

A. P. Herbert, whose initials are a trademark of wit, is an editor of *Punch*, who tells us his recreations are writing, reading, and making friends — all happily combined in the present drama. ¶Statistician, economist, and author, **Dr. I. M. Rubinow**, a holder of three degrees (B.A., Ph.D., M.D.), is a middle-aged father whose children are now in college. ¶For eleven weeks **M. M. W.**, a victim of sleeping sickness, lived, moved, and had her being in another world. Then, not only did she recover, but on her return to normal existence she brought with her a store of recollections as vivid as they are inexplicable. Psychologists, attention! ¶A happy discovery has brought to light the wide-ranging letters of the second President, **John Adams**, to Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse — letters covering thirty years and most of the subjects under the sun. Further portions of this correspondence will appear in a succeeding issue. ¶A member of an old Sussex family, **Violet A. Simpson** has written smuggling tales of that seacoast, as well as modern and historical novels of London.

* * *

An Englishwoman of letters, **Dorothy Margaret Stuart** makes her début in our columns. ¶Like his famous grandfather, **Bernard Darwin** has lived the life he loves. A great golfer, he has played for England against Scotland and against the United States, and has twice reached the semifinals of the Amateur Championship. And in the rigor of the game he has never lost the pleasure of it, as golfers know who for decades have followed his regular correspondence in the London *Times*. ¶Since his graduation from the Yale Divinity School in 1915, **Reinhold Niebuhr** has been pastor of the Bethel Evangelical Church of Detroit. ¶It is a pleasure to announce that **Mazo de la Roche** is the winner of the Atlantic Novel Prize of $10,000. Since the first of the year our office has been piled high with bulky manuscripts, which by the closing date had exceeded eleven hundred. By gradual degrees the number was reduced to six, then to three, and finally, by unanimous vote, to 'Jalna.' A young Canadian, Miss de la Roche had her first short stories accepted by the *Atlantic* a decade ago. First a writer of whimsical juveniles, she now comes into her own as a novelist of bold and original power. ¶Likewise a Canadian, **Frances Beatrice Taylor** is on the staff of the *London Free Press*, London, Ontario. **Edith Ronald Mirrielees** has contributed stories and essays to the *Atlantic*. ¶As Director of the Blue Hill Observatory of Harvard University, **Alexander McAdie** is on more intimate, more jovial terms with the elements than most of us.

* * *

In her many years' residence in China, **Nora Waln** has learned the dialect of every province in which she has been stationed. An American by birth and the wife of an English Civil Servant, she was at her husband's side through the hot days of the Nationalist uprising. **Henry W. Nevinson**, special correspondent to the world at large, has observed, over a period of thirty years, the outbreaks of war, famine, and turbulence that scar our globe. Of more pacific interest is his recent visit to the New Zion, where he passed several months. ¶Publicist and a solicitor of his native city, Cork, **John J. Horgan** has inherited and sustained an active interest in the Nationalist movement. His father was an intimate friend of Parnell, and his election agent in all his political campaigns.

* * *

We are sorry not to include this month letters regarding a paper which has been discussed with an intensity of feeling recalling few parallels in our experience. For publishing its analysis of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case, the *Atlantic* has been extolled and vilified, reasoned with and patted on the back.

We enter no defense for an article characteristic of the *Atlantic's* continuous policy of seventy years; but it seems fair that critics who believe no evidence should be discussed while still within the jurisdiction of the courts should realize that the fortunes of Sacco and Vanzetti have been under such jurisdiction for six years, and that in such a case the single alternative to free speech lies in the subsequent publication of an obituary notice.

After all, under our happy American custom, criticism should be free unless the case against it is urgent and overwhelming. For the rest, we ask the privilege of quoting from an editorial in the *Brooklyn Eagle:*—

> Those who think of the *Atlantic Monthly* as a literary magazine, and wonder that it gives space in its March issue to an article by Felix Frankfurter scathingly treating the nonjudicial attitude of Judge Thayer in trying the Sacco-Vanzetti cases, forget that eleven years after he had electrified New England with the *Biglow Papers*, first series, excoriating the Mexican War, James Russell Lowell became the first editor of the *Atlantic*, and that most of the poems of the second series, in which Civil War patriotism and reconstruction patriotism were the themes, were written at the solicitation of James T. Fields and published in the *Atlantic*. Lowell was then Professor of Belles-Lettres at Harvard. Felix Frankfurter is a Harvard Law School professor. Harvard and the *Atlantic* have nothing to do with politics. With dignified and earnest Americanism they have been identified for seventy years. . . . In turning the big guns of the *Atlantic Monthly* on Judge Webster Thayer, the magazine's management lives up to the highest traditions of the *Atlantic*. Professor Frankfurter does not use weasel words. Of the Thayer opinion denying a new trial he says: 'The opinion is literally honeycombed with demonstrable errors, and a spirit alien to judicial utterances pervades the whole.'

* * *

The Reverend Mr. Parrish's prophecy of the disruption of Protestantism has been received with mingled concern and repudiation. From the correspondence we have selected two letters as representative of the more tolerant opinion. That Mr. Parrish is not alone in his conclusions is clearly evidenced by the sermon recently delivered by the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick at Appleton Chapel.

First Congregational Church
Winchester, Mass.

Dear Atlantic, —

Every minister will understand the mood which, in all probability, prompted the writing of 'The Break-up of Protestantism.' It is the mood of a tired soul, as old as Elijah when he fled to the wilderness after his conflict with the Priests of Baal and Ahab and Jezebel, and wished to die, because he supposed he alone was left to defend the worship of Jehovah. I suppose every minister has written a sermon on substantially the same lines, after a long strain of work under peculiarly discouraging conditions. I hope one of Mr. Parrish's parishioners will take him soon on a fishing trip.

Protestantism will not break up; neither will Catholicism. They may change organically, but neither Protestantism nor Catholicism is an ecclesiastical system only. They are types of temperament. There are Catholics within Protestantism, and Protestants within Catholicism.

If Luther had not initiated Protestantism, someone else would have. For the despotism of Catholicism was due for a revolt sooner or later. It was inherent in human nature. Any discerning, broad-minded Catholic knows that Protestantism helps to keep Catholicism alive. Left to run her course, Catholicism would become so despotic that she would again develop revolt. No man can be trusted with too much power, neither king, nor pope, nor priest. It is a matter of history.

A business friend of mine in New York has on his desk a motto which flashed into my mind as I laid down Mr. Parrish's article: 'Startling, if true!' For instance, it is evident at a glance that in his outlook on the present-day Sunday School Mr. Parrish is writing from Episcopalian data. Many of the things he says are not true of the Sunday Schools of Nonconformist churches.

One of the elements of Elijah's depression was that he thought he was alone in the fight. He discovered later that there were seven thousand others who had not bowed the knee to Baal. Perhaps a broader outlook on churches of other faiths might help to save Mr. Parrish from his pessimism.

With much of the article I am in agreement, especially the section on church finances. He is right. Another commendable thing about the article is its freedom from cynicism and bitterness. Most writers in such a mood are not so restrained. Mr. Parrish must be a stimulating preacher. His parish is to be congratulated upon having such a leader. He will not die of dry rot. He is thinking hard on fundamental things. If he thinks wrong part of the time we can forgive him.

His article will provoke much discussion, just as did that other article published by the *Atlantic* during the war, 'Peter Sat by the Fire.' Both unfair and one-sided, of course, but written at white heat and out of a passionate love for Protestantism. I hope we ministers will deal gently with Mr. Parrish.

HOWARD J. CHIDLEY

EUCLID AVENUE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
CLEVELAND, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In an article in the *Atlantic* some years ago Reverend Willard Sperry spoke of the fact that 'as a matter of plain ecclesiastical history there never was a time when the Church was not in collapse. The Church has always had to live, and indeed has succeeded in living for some hundreds of years, in the face of the combined and uniform judgment of the specialists that from all the symptoms she should be in her grave.'

I have often recalled this and I did so again after reading the article on 'The Break-up of Protestantism.' It meets quite exactly the specifications of the type which Mr. Sperry characterized. And one might turn from it with this comment. Moreover, the various statements might one by one be controverted on the ground that they are either gross exaggerations or positively fallacious. But after all the broad generalizations which might still remain are disturbing to anyone who takes an interest in modern expressions of Christianity, and one is prompted to ask if Protestantism is really a spent force.

To this may not the reply be justly made that the writer has permitted himself to be overwhelmed in pessimism because he has not recalled that Protestantism is not a system or organization or form, but an idea? Protestantism is, that is to say, the religious proposition that a man stands in immediate unhindered relationship with God and that no intermediaries, either persons or forms, are essential to finding the full value of that fellowship. This idea may associate with itself such things as an almost superstitious love for the Bible or any of the existing forms of government in Protestant churches. But these are mere accidents. They may all pass. Protestantism will never pass until that idea passes. Can anyone consider modern tendencies and not be sure that it has a far stronger hold on life than its only alternative, the idea that sacraments and peculiarly ordained persons are necessary channels of God's grace? Protestantism will certainly outlive that conception, and when Protestantism passes, if it ever should, religion would be only a memory. But as well speak of air disappearing from a world of breathing men.

FERDINAND Q. BLANCHARD

Ghosts of the Past and Present.

EXETER, ENGLAND
February 18, 1927

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Does this not seem to you a pretty bit of Time's irony? Yesterday, after supper in my new 'home town,' I, of now and Iowa, walked down from the hill the Danes fortified, where the American War prisoners of 1776 were herded, across the railway bridge over the valley around the hill the Normans topped with a castle, up the street almost to the police station with the Roman pavement at its entrance, in the Celtic part of town near the Cathedral, to the Civic Hall to hear an Australian lecture on 'How to Get Rid of War,' for the League of Nations Union. There some fifteen hundred people, the worshipful mayor wearing his golden chain, with a war orphan or a war widow in every row, sitting in the county of Plymouth, twelve miles from the 'desp'rate winter sea,' sang a hymn fervently, quite unconscious, apparently, of its origin: —

'New occasions teach new duties: time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast with Truth.
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! We ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desp'rate winter sea.
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.'

What do you make of that? I'm sure no one but me connected J. R. Lowell with the *Atlantic Monthly*.

MARGARET WILSON

* * *

Is Heaven — like Boston — a state of mind?

RICHMOND HILL, L. I.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It seems strange to me that the author of 'The Modern Temper' in the February *Atlantic* should consider atheism modern. Over twenty-three hundred years ago Greek thinkers taught an uncompromising materialism. 'There is nothing,' said Democritus, the Atomist (460 B.C.), 'but atoms and the void.' Lucretius, the Epicurean (98 B.C.), wrote his famous 'Essay on the Nature of Things' to establish the theory of the mechanical origin of the universe. Hegesius, the Cyrenaic (about 450 B.C.), preached suicide as the only solution to life's riddle so effectively that many of his hearers hanged themselves. And what modern pessimist could outdo Marcus Aurelius, the Stoic (121 B.C.), who said: 'Soon, very soon, thou wilt be ashes, or a skeleton, and either a name or not even a name; but a name is only sound and echo. And all the things which are much valued in life are empty and rotten and trifling, like little dogs biting one another.' No, atheism is not exclusively modern.

Modern atheism, then, can hardly be called the temper of a mature humanity discarding the myths of its infancy. Science tells us that if we liken the period of time during which life has evolved on this planet to twenty-four hours, man has been on the scene about twenty minutes. Are we not a bit conceited, then, to consider ourselves already grown up, or even adolescent? It seems likely that this recurring atheism is, in relation to the entire life span of humanity, more like a mood than a stage of growth.

Mr. Krutch's difficulty seems to lie in an inability to find in the world of nature any equivalent to the world of consciousness. But the world of nature *is* the world of consciousness! All any man can possibly know is his own consciousness, and if that were changed, then were the universe changed also. Suppose, as some philosopher has suggested, that our present sense organs enabling us to respond to light and sound were replaced by sense organs responding to magnetism and electricity. Behold, a new universe! A new universe, that is, for us. 'Things as they are' (whatever they may be; Mr. Krutch evidently feels himself to be on familiar terms with them, but no philosopher does) would presumably be unchanged.

Mr. Krutch distinguishes between facts and myths by labeling as facts those things which appear to come to him from outside, and as myths those which seem to come to him from within. Thought and emotion, he says, morality, religion, and art, exist only within ourselves. So, also, does everything else. In the last analysis a tree is no more external than a hope. What we call a tree is a mental image made up of sensations of sight, sound, and touch. Whether the tree is an actual entity, a thing-in-itself, no man can say. As any student knows, the world we see is a tiny image on the retina of the eye, an *internal* image; but we have learned to project that image and perceive it as outside ourselves. Perhaps man will learn some day to project his thoughts as well as his sense perceptions, so that they too will seem external. Then the materialist will be forced to grant that they have 'reality,' that they are 'things.' (This, by the way, would almost seem to be accomplished by present-day experiments in telepathy and thought photography.)

Mr. Krutch urges us to curb our 'transcendental cravings' and learn to be content with 'things as they are.' Emerson's term, 'things as *we* are,' is far more accurate; and if we are not content with them, then let us change ourselves. Mr. Krutch complains that the universe is alien to himself. Does he know what he means by 'himself'? Pythagoras called the universe the Great Man, and man the Little Universe. It may well be that understanding of the universe lies through self-knowledge. It is true that science has searched the outer universe for God and Heaven in vain, but it has not searched the universe within, and that is where the great religious teachers have told us we would find them: not up among the suns or down among the protons; not right or left, or behind or before — but within. This idea that consciousness expands in a direction unknown to physical senses is presented in a way to appeal to the scientific mind in the theory of the fourth dimension, or 'higher space,' but it is far more beautifully presented by the great religions of the world. 'Look inward, thou art Buddha,' say the followers of the Enlightened One. 'I am the Self seated in the hearts of all beings,' said Shri Krishna. 'The kingdom of God is within you,' said Christ. In other words, Heaven — like everything else — is a state of consciousness.

WILMA HOLT

* * *

Having the neighbors in.

POMONA COLLEGE
CLAREMONT, CAL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Wallace Thompson's plea (in the March *Atlantic*) for a Mexican policy based on invincible good will strikes a responsive note in the heart of every friend of peace and of our Mexican neighbors. In the early border days and in Western melodramas of the stage and screen, the Mexican was a greaser, a bandit, and a villain. But to-day the vast majority of Americans within two hundred miles of the border have a kindly feeling for the peon laborer and a genuine admiration for the more cultivated Mexican who is taking an active part in his nation's renaissance.

To find an outlet for this vast reservoir of good will — which seems to be completely shut off by our State Department under its present Secretary — private institutions should do what they can. Especially should it be the privilege of educational institutions to extend the hand of friendship to Mexican educators who are opening for their people a thousand new schools a year.

To initiate this friendly interchange Pomona

College has maintained a conference of Friends of the Mexicans, and last summer entertained as guests of the college and of the Mexican Government, which coöperated, a group of principals and teachers from the northern provinces of Mexico. In addition the exchange of students with the National University of Mexico was initiated.

This adventure in friendship proved so valuable for both nationalities, not only in the general development of good will, but in very specific training in conversation and understanding of things across the border, that the opportunities are being extended this coming summer. On the campus Pomona College will entertain thirty or forty picked Mexican educators and provide special studies for them in English and for our American students in Spanish; while the exchange students will form the nucleus of a Pomona College travel party to the National University of Mexico.

William S. Ament

* * *

'The identity of opposites.'

Long Beach, Cal.

Dear Atlantic, —

I am whole-heartedly in accord with the *Atlantic* correspondent of several years ago who eagerly looked forward to the hereafter as affording the leisure to spend æons in rereading back numbers of that delectable magazine, the *Atlantic*. For even its controversies are in harmony — extreme views meet amicably, and teach the truth of the 'identity of opposites.' Mr. Kenneth J. Saunders's essay, 'The Christ and the Buddha,' in the February number, is an acceptance of L. Adams Beck's 'The Challenge,' of May 1926. These two are examples of the fine art of conflict.

But the dust of battle between these two antagonists seems more like incense than otherwise. With twenty years or more of interest in the art and philosophy of the three most spiritually minded nations, — India, China, and Japan, — the writer is of the opinion that the teachings of Christ and Buddha are more complementary than Mr. Saunders's instances of difference indicate. He states, for example, that 'so far as transmigration goes, it is never mentioned but once in the Fourth Gospel and here we see Jesus rejecting it.' Now, how about Jesus' doctrine of 'rebirth,' of 'being born again,' and the beautiful anecdote of the sore-troubled Nicodemus going to Jesus stealthily at night and the advice of the Master? For what is being born again, but the doctrine of transmigration?

And then his reference to the cross as the Christian symbol; the unsullied lotus, that of the Buddhists. Is not the cross the symbol of purification through suffering? 'Even though it be a cross that raiseth me.' Does not the cross suggest the lotus rising out of the mire, pure and transformed, as a beautiful parallel, instead of a conflict of meaning as he infers?

T. R. Fleming

* * *

A heady tonic.

Greencastle, Ind.

Dear Atlantic, —

You're positively dangerous!

It was just seven days after the dear specialists had removed that portion of my anatomy which they felt was responsible for certain things most unpleasant to remember. My husband came in for a brief visit after lunch. He brought a belated February *Atlantic*. 'Thought you might be able to read a bit.' I tucked it under my pillow.

Just after lunch each day I rest. Three hours of it! And with the 'No visitors, please' on the door this sinking into nothingness works wonders. But to-day — Ah! Nurse would be gone. If I needed anything, would I please turn on the light? Need anything? To-day? I could scarcely wait until she was gone, and I am fond of her, too.

I know now how Boy feels when he sneaks things to bed with him. I was trembling gloriously when I pulled that *Atlantic* from under my pillow. I was in the midst of — oh, well, what difference does it make? They entered so suddenly after knocking that I could n't possibly hide it. And I thought that doctors always did their calling in the mornings! So I was caught red-handed, or orange-handed, or — what color are you anyway, *Atlantic?*

Then, my doctor speaking: —

'By all means you must not read the *Atlantic Monthly*. I have asked that you remain quiet for some time and you cannot do so if you read that magazine. If you don't agree with what it says, it excites you to argumentation. If you do agree, you become too enthusiastic, and either process is very exhausting to you now. The *Atlantic* is positively *not* a magazine for an invalid. It makes you think and feel too much.'

So there you are! Or, at least, here am I and there on my dresser lie *two Atlantics!* For my husband brought me the March issue that night!

Convalescingly yours,

N. O'H.

CATHOLIC AND PATRIOT: GOVERNOR SMITH REPLIES

[This is an historic incident, historic for the country and for the Church. Now for the first time in the republic's history, under a constitution which forever forbids religious tests as qualifications for office, a candidate for the Presidency has been subjected to public questioning as to how he can give undivided allegiance to his country when his church restricts the freedom of his choice; and the candidate has answered — answered not deviously and with indirection, but straightforwardly, bravely, with the clear ring of candor.

It is an issue of infinite possibilities. Is the principle of religious tolerance, universal and complete, which every schoolboy has repeated for one hundred and fifty years, mere platitudinous vaporing? Can men worshiping God in their differing ways believe without reservation of conscience in a common political ideal? Is the United States of America based on a delusion? Can the vast experiment of the Republic, Protestant and Catholic, churched and unchurched, succeed?

And this is the converse of the question: Will the churches suffer their members to be really free? 'Thou shalt have none other gods but me,' thundered the Jewish Jehovah from Sinai, and ever since the gods of the churches have demanded that their control be not abridged nor diminished. But as the creeds clash about us, we remember that not in political programmes only may religion have its place separate and apart from politics, from public discussion, and from the laws of society. Quite elsewhere is it written, 'Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's.'

The discussion has served its purpose. Not in this campaign will whispering and innuendoes, shruggings and hunchings, usurp the place of reason and of argument. The thoughts rising almost unbidden in the minds of the least bigoted of us when we watch a Roman Catholic aspire to the Presidency of the United States have become matters of high, serious, and eloquent debate.

—The Editor]

Charles C. Marshall, Esq.
Dear Sir: —

In your open letter to me in the April *Atlantic Monthly* you 'impute' to American Catholics views which, if held by them, would leave open to question the loyalty and devotion to this country and its Constitution of more than twenty million American Catholic citizens. I am grateful to you for defining this issue in the open and for your courteous expression of the satisfaction it will bring to my fellow citizens for me to give 'a disclaimer of the convictions' thus imputed. Without mental reservation I can and do make that disclaimer. These convictions are held neither by me nor by any other American Catholic, as far as I know. Before answering the argument of your letter, however, I must dispose of one of its implications. You put your questions to me in connection with my candidacy for the office of President of the United States. My attitude with respect to that candidacy was fully stated in my last inaugural address as Governor when, on January 1, 1927, I said: —

'I have no idea what the future has in store for me. Everyone else in the United States has some notion about it except myself. No man could stand before this intelligent gathering and say that he was not receptive to the greatest position the world has to give anyone. But I can say this, that I will do nothing to achieve it except to give to the people of the State the kind and character of service that will make me deserve it.'

I should be a poor American and a poor Catholic alike if I injected religious discussion into a political campaign. Therefore I would ask you to accept this answer from me not as a candidate for any public office but as an American citizen, honored with high elective office, meeting a challenge to his patriotism and his intellectual integrity. Moreover, I call your attention to the fact that I am only a layman. The *Atlantic Monthly* describes you as 'an experienced attorney' who 'has made himself an authority upon canon law.' I am neither a lawyer nor a theologian. What knowledge of law I have was gained in the course of my long experience in the Legislature and as Chief Executive of New York State. I had no such opportunity to study theology.

My first thought was to answer you with just the faith that is in me. But I knew instinctively that your conclusions could be logically proved false. It seemed right, therefore, to take counsel with someone schooled in the Church law, from whom I learned whatever is hereafter set forth in definite answer to the theological questions you raise. I selected one whose patriotism neither you nor any other man will question. He wears upon his breast the Distinguished Service Cross of our country, its Distinguished Service Medal, the Ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and the Croix de Guerre with Palm of the French Republic. He was the Catholic Chaplain of the almost wholly Catholic 165th Regiment in the World War — Father Francis P. Duffy, now in the military service of my own State.

Taking your letter as a whole and reducing it to commonplace English, you imply that there is conflict between religious loyalty to the Catholic faith and patriotic loyalty to the United States. Everything that has actually happened to me during my long public career leads me to know that no such thing as that is true. I have taken an oath of office in this State nineteen times. Each time I swore to defend and maintain the Constitution of the United States. All of this represents a period of public service in elective office almost continuous since 1903. I have never known any conflict between my official duties and my religious belief. No such conflict could exist. Certainly the people of this State recognize no such conflict. They have testified to my devotion to public duty by electing me to the highest office within their gift four times. You yourself do me the honor, in addressing me, to refer to 'your fidelity to the morality you have advocated in public and private life and to the religion you have revered; your great record of public trusts successfully and honestly discharged.' During the years I have discharged these trusts I have been a communicant of the Roman Catholic Church. If there were conflict, I, of all men, could not have escaped it, because I have not been a silent man, but a battler for social and political reform. These battles would in their very nature disclose this conflict if there were any.

I regard public education as one of the foremost functions of government and I have supported to the last degree the State Department of Education in every effort to promote our public-school system. The largest single item of increased appropriations under my administration appears in the educational group for the support of common schools. Since 1919, when I first became Governor, this item has grown from $9,000,000 to $82,500,000. My aim — and I may say I have succeeded in achieving it — has been legislation for child welfare, the protection of working men, women, and children, the modernization of the State's institutions for the care of helpless or unfortunate wards, the preservation of freedom of speech and opinion against the attack of war-time hysteria, and the complete reorganization of the structure of the government of the State.

I did not struggle for these things for any single element, but in the interest of all of the eleven million people who make up the State. In all of this work I had the support of churches of all denominations. I probably know as many ecclesiastics of my Church as any other layman. During my long and active public career I never received from any of them anything except co-operation and encouragement in the full and complete discharge of my duty to the State. Moreover, I am unable to understand how anything that I was taught to believe as a Catholic could possibly be in conflict with what is good citizenship. The essence of my faith is built upon the Commandments of God. The law of the land is built upon the Commandments of God. There can be no conflict between them.

Instead of quarreling among ourselves over dogmatic principles, it would be infinitely better if we joined together in inculcating obedience to these Commandments in the hearts and minds of the youth of the country as the surest and best road to happiness on this earth and to peace in the world to come. This is the common ideal of all religions. What we need is more religion for our young people, not less; and the way to get more religion is to stop the bickering among our sects which can only have for its effect the creation of doubt in the minds of our youth as to whether or not it is necessary to pay attention to religion at all.

Then I know your imputations are false when I recall the long list of other public servants of my faith who have loyally served the State. You as a lawyer will probably agree that the office of Chief Justice of the United States is second not even to that of the President in its influence on the national development and policy. That court by its interpretation of the Federal Constitution is a check not only upon the President himself but upon Congress as well. During one fourth of its history it has been presided over by two Catholics, Roger Brooke Taney and Edward Douglass White. No one has suggested that the official conduct of either of these men was affected by any unwarranted religious influence or that religion played with them any part other than it should play in the life of every God-fearing man.

And I know your imputations are false when I recall the tens of thousands of young Catholics who have risked and sacrificed their lives in defense of our country. These fundamentals of life could not be true unless your imputations were false.

But, wishing to meet you on your own ground, I address myself to your definite questions, against which I have thus far made only general statements. I must first call attention to the fact that you often divorce sentences from their context in such a way as to give them something other than their real meaning. I will specify. You refer to the Apostolic Letter of Pope Leo XIII as 'declaring to the world that the orders of the Church of England were void, her priests not priests,' and so forth. You say that this was the 'strange fruit' of the toleration of England to the Catholics. You imply that the Pope gratuitously issued an affront to the Anglican Church. In fact, this Apostolic Letter was an answer to a request made at the instance of priests of the Anglican Church for recognition by the Roman Catholic Church of the validity of their priestly orders. The request was based on the ground that they had been ordained in succession from the Roman Catholic priests who became the first priests of the Anglican Church. The Apostolic Letter was a mere adverse answer to this request, ruling that Anglican priests were not Roman Catholic priests, and was in no sense the gratuitous insult which you suggest it to be. It was not directed against England or citizens of that Empire.

Again, you quote from the *Catholic Encyclopedia* that my Church 'regards dogmatic intolerance, not alone as her incontestable right, but as her sacred duty.' And you say that these words show that Catholics are taught to be politically, socially, and intellectually intolerant of all other people. If you had read the whole of that article in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, you would know that the real meaning of these words is that for Catholics alone the Church recognizes no deviation from complete acceptance of its dogma. These words are used in a chapter dealing with that subject only. The very same article in another chapter dealing with toleration toward non-Catholics contains these words: 'The intolerant man is avoided as much as possible by every high-minded person. . . . The man who is tolerant in every emergency is alone lovable.' The phrase 'dogmatic intolerance' does not mean that Catholics are to be dogmatically intolerant of other people, but merely that inside the Catholic Church they are to be intolerant of any variance from the dogma of the Church.

Similar criticism can be made of many of your quotations. But, beyond this, by what right do you ask me to assume responsibility for every statement that may be made in any encyclical letter? As you will find in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* (Vol. V, p. 414), these encyclicals are not articles of our faith. The Syllabus of Pope Pius IX, which you quote on the possible conflict between Church and State, is declared by Cardinal Newman to have 'no dogmatic force.' You seem to think that Catholics must be all alike in mind and in heart, as though they had been poured into and taken out of the same mould. You have no more right to ask me to defend as part of my faith every statement coming from a prelate than I should have to ask you to accept as an article of your religious faith every statement of an Episcopal bishop, or of your political faith every statement of a President of the United States. So little are these matters of the essence of my faith that I, a devout Catholic since childhood, never heard of them until I read your letter. Nor can you quote from the canons of our faith a syllable that would make us less good citizens than non-Catholics. In fact and in truth, I have been taught the spirit of tolerance, and when you, Mr. Marshall, as a Protestant Episcopalian, join with me in saying the Lord's Prayer, we both pray, not to 'My Father,' but to 'Our Father.'

But I go further to demonstrate that the true construction of your quotations by the leaders of Catholic thought is diametrically the opposite of what you suggest it to be.

I

Your first proposition is that Catholics believe that other religions should, in the United States, be tolerated only as a matter of favor and that there should be an established church. You may find some dream of an ideal of a Catholic State, having no relation whatever to actuality, somewhere described. But, voicing the best Catholic thought on this subject, Dr. John A. Ryan, Professor of Moral Theology at the Catholic University of America, writes in *The State and the Church* of the encyclical of Pope Leo XIII, quoted by you: —

'In practice, however, the foregoing propositions have full application only to the completely Catholic State. . . . The propositions of Pope Pius IX condemning the toleration of non-Catholic sects do not now, says Father Pohle, "apply even to Spain or the South American republics, to say nothing of countries possessing a greatly mixed population." He lays down the following general rule: "When several religions have firmly established themselves and taken root in the same territory, nothing else remains for the State than to exercise tolerance towards them all, or, as conditions exist to-day, to make complete religious liberty for individual and religious bodies a principle of government."'

That is good Americanism and good Catholicism. And Father Pohle, one of the great writers of the Catholic Church, says further: —

'If religious freedom has been accepted and sworn to as a fundamental law in a constitution, the obligation to show this tolerance is binding in conscience.'

The American prelates of our Church stoutly defend our constitutional declaration of equality of all religions before the law. Cardinal O'Connell has said: 'Thus to every American citizen has come the blessed inheritance of civil, political, and religious liberty safeguarded by the American Constitution . . . the right to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience.'

Archbishop Ireland has said: 'The Constitution of the United States reads: "Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." It was a great leap forward on the part of the new nation towards personal liberty and the consecration of the rights of conscience.'

Archbishop Dowling, referring to any conceivable union of Church and State, says: 'So many conditions for its accomplishment are lacking in every government of the world that the thesis may well be relegated to the limbo of defunct controversies.'

I think you have taken your thesis from this limbo of defunct controversies.

Archbishop Ireland again said: 'Religious freedom is the basic life of America, the cement running through all its walls and battlements, the safeguard of its peace and prosperity. Violate religious freedom against Catholics, our swords are at once unsheathed. Violate it in favor of Catholics, against non-Catholics, no less readily do they leap from the scabbard.'

Cardinal Gibbons has said: 'American Catholics rejoice in our separation of Church and State, and I can conceive no combination of circumstances likely to arise which would make a union desirable to either Church or State. . . . For ourselves we thank God that we live in America, "in this happy country of ours," to quote Mr. Roosevelt, where "religion and liberty are natural allies."'

And referring particularly to your quotation from Pope Pius IX, Dr. Ryan, in *The State and the Church*, says: 'Pope Pius IX did not intend to declare that separation is always unadvisable, for he had more than once expressed his satisfaction with the arrangement obtaining in the United States.'

With these great Catholics I stand squarely in support of the provisions of the Constitution which guarantee religious freedom and equality.

II

I come now to the speculation with which theorists have played for generations as to the respective functions of Church and State. You claim that the Roman Catholic Church holds that, if conflict arises, the Church must prevail over the State. You write as though there were some Catholic authority or tribunal to decide with respect to such conflict. Of course there is no such thing. As Dr. Ryan writes: 'The Catholic doctrine concedes, nay, maintains, that the State is coördinate with the Church and equally independent and supreme in its own distinct sphere.'

What is the Protestant position? The Articles of Religion of your Protestant Episcopal Church (XXXVII) declare: 'The Power of the Civil Magistrate extendeth to all men, as well Clergy as Laity, in all things temporal; but hath no authority in things purely spiritual.'

Your Church, just as mine, is voicing the injunction of our common Saviour to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.

What is this conflict about which you talk? It may exist in some lands which do not guarantee religious freedom. But in the wildest dreams of your imagination you cannot conjure up a possible conflict between religious principle and political duty in the United States, except on the unthinkable hypothesis that some law were to be passed which violated the common morality of all God-fearing men. And if you can conjure up such a conflict, how would a Protestant resolve it? Obviously by the dictates of his conscience. That is exactly what a Catholic would do. There is no ecclesiastical tribunal which would have the slightest claim upon the obedience of Catholic communicants in the resolution of such a conflict. As Cardinal Gibbons said of the supposition that 'the Pope were to issue commands in purely civil matters': —

'He would be offending not only against civil society, but against God, and violating an authority as truly from God as his own. Any Catholic who clearly recognized this would not be bound to obey the Pope; or rather his conscience would bind him absolutely to disobey, because with Catholics conscience is the supreme law which under no circumstances can we ever lawfully disobey.'

Archbishop Ireland said: 'To priest, to Bishop, or to Pope (I am willing to consider the hypothesis) who should attempt to rule in matters civil and political, to influence the citizen beyond the range of their own orbit of jurisdiction that are the things of God, the answer is quickly made: "Back to your own sphere of rights and duties, back to the things of God."'

Bishop England, referring to our Constitution, said: 'Let the Pope and the Cardinals and all the powers of the Catholic world united make the least encroachment on that Constitution, we will protect it with our lives. Summon a General Council — let that Council interfere in the mode of our electing but an assistant to a turnkey of a prison — we deny the right, we reject the usurpation.'

Our Supreme Court has marked out the spheres of influence of Church and State in a case from which you quote copiously, *Watson* v. *Jones*, 13 Wall. 729; but you refrain from quoting this statement: —

'The right to organize voluntary religious associations, to assist in the expression and dissemination of any religious doctrine, and to create tribunals for the decision of controverted questions of faith within the association, and for the ecclesiastical government of all of the individual members, the congregation and officers within the general association, is unquestioned. . . . It is of the essence of these religious unions and of their right to establish tribunals for the decision of questions arising among themselves that those decisions could be binding in all cases of ecclesiastical cognizance, subject only to such appeal as the organism itself provides for.'

That is the State's attitude toward the Church. Archbishop Ireland thus puts the Church's attitude toward the State: —

'To the Catholic obedience to law is a religious obligation, binding in God's name the conscience of the citizen. . . . Both Americanism and Catholicism bow to the sway of personal conscience.'

Under our system of government the electorate entrusts to its officers of every faith the solemn duty of action according to the dictates of conscience. I may fairly refer once more to my own record to support these truths. No man, cleric or lay, has ever directly or indirectly attempted to exercise Church influence on my administration of any office I have ever held, nor asked me to show special favor to Catholics or exercise discrimination against non-Catholics.

It is a well-known fact that I have made all of my appointments to public office on the basis of merit and have never asked any man about his religious belief. In the first month of this year there gathered in the Capitol at Albany the first Governor's cabinet that ever sat in this State. It was composed, under my appointment, of two Catholics, thirteen Protestants, and one Jew. The man closest to me in the administration of the government of the State of New York is he who bears the title of Assistant to the Governor. He had been connected with the Governor's office for thirty years, in subordinate capacities, until I promoted him to the position which makes him the sharer with me of my every thought and hope and ambition in the administration of the State. He is a Protestant, a Republican, and a thirty-second-degree Mason. In my public life I have exemplified that complete separation of Church from State which is the faith of American Catholics to-day.

III

I next come to education. You admit that the Supreme Court guaranteed to Catholics the right to maintain their parochial schools; and you ask me whether they would have so ruled if it had been shown that children in parochial schools were taught that the State should show discrimination between religions, that Protestants should be recognized only as a matter of favor, that they should be intolerant to non-Catholics, and that the laws of the State could be flouted on the ground of the imaginary conflict. My summary answer is: I and all my children went to a parochial school. I never heard of any such stuff being taught or of anybody who claimed that it was. That any group of Catholics would teach it is unthinkable.

IV

You next challenge the action of the Rota in annulling the Marlborough marriage. You suggest that the Rota by annulling the marriage (where the civil courts recognized it, but granted only a divorce) is interfering with the civil jurisdiction. That might be so if anybody claimed that the decree of the Rota had any effect under the laws of America, or any other nation of the world. But you must know that it has no such effect and that nobody claims it has. The decree merely defined the status of the parties as communicants of the Church. Your Church refuses to recognize the ecclesiastical validity of divorces granted by the civil tribunals. Your Church has its tribunals to administer its laws for the government of its members as communicants of your Church. But their decrees have no bearing upon the status of your members as citizens of the United States. There is no difference in that respect between your tribunals and the Rota.

V

Finally you come to Mexico. By inference from the brief of a distinguished lawyer you intimate that it is the purpose of organized Catholics to seek intervention by the United States. Now I never read Mr. Guthrie's brief. I do not have to read it to reply to you, because the Pastoral Letter of the Catholic Episcopate of the United States in unmistakable words disclaimed any such intention. I do not see how, with complete candor, you could write to me about Mexico without quoting the following from that Pastoral Letter: —

'What, therefore, we have written is no call on the faithful here or elsewhere to purely human action. It is no interposition of our influence either as Bishops or as citizens to reach those who possess political power anywhere on earth, and least of all in our own country, to the end that they should intervene with armed force in the internal affairs of Mexico for the protection of the Church. Our duty is done when, by telling the story, we sound a warning to Christian civilization that its foundations are again being attacked and undermined. For the rest, God will bring His will to pass in His own good time and in His own good way.'

My personal attitude, wholly consistent with that of my Church, is that I believe in peace on earth, good will to men, and that no country has a right to interfere in the internal affairs of any other country. I recognize the right of no church to ask armed intervention by this country in the affairs of another, merely for the defense of the rights of a church. But I do recognize the propriety of Church action to request the good offices of this country to help the oppressed of any land, as those good offices have been so often used for the protection of Protestant missionaries in the Orient and the persecuted Jews of eastern Europe.

VI

I summarize my creed as an American Catholic. I believe in the worship of God according to the faith and practice of the Roman Catholic Church. I recognize no power in the institutions of my Church to interfere with the operations of the Constitution of the United States or the enforcement of the law of the land. I believe in absolute freedom of conscience for all men and in equality of all churches, all sects, and all beliefs before the law as a matter of right and not as a matter of favor. I believe in the absolute separation of Church and State and in the strict enforcement of the provisions of the Constitution that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. I believe that no tribunal of any church has any power to make any decree of any force in the law of the land, other than to establish the status of its own communicants within its own church. I believe in the support of the public school as one of the corner stones of American liberty. I believe in the right of every parent to choose whether his child shall be educated in the public school or in a religious school supported by those of his own faith. I believe in the principle of noninterference by this country in the internal affairs of other nations and that we should stand steadfastly against any such interference by whomsoever it may be urged. And I believe in the common brotherhood of man under the common fatherhood of God.

In this spirit I join with fellow Americans of all creeds in a fervent prayer that never again in this land will any public servant be challenged because of the faith in which he has tried to walk humbly with his God.

Very truly yours,
ALFRED E. SMITH

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1927

EAST TO WEST

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

[AMERICA is growing up. The glory of the Fourth of July oration no longer irradiates the land, and self-criticism, even in public, is tolerated. But if the shafts come from abroad we still put on our armor of proof, and ascribe to jealousy and malevolence what is sometimes said in truth and candor. It is worth while, then, to listen with minds at least partly open to this message, as striking in its content and measured phrasing as in the source from which it comes.

Perhaps it will be best understood if it is prefaced by the editor's note, written some months ago to the poet and seer who represents in his life and person one of the great civilizations of the world.

December 21, 1926

MY DEAR SIR: —

Possibly you remember having been so kind as to contribute to the *Atlantic* of some years ago an account of your school at Santiniketan. In my own mind there is still fixed the remembrance of an evening at Professor Woods's, when you spoke to a group of philosophers, including a few outsiders like myself. My friend and ancient teacher, Professor Royce, took me with him, and I gained that night an impression of the wisdom of the East and West such as I have not had before or since.

But I have a more definite purpose in writing to you. A few weeks ago, when I was in London, I saw in the papers some remarks whereby you explained your intention of not revisiting America. Yours was not the random and unreasoning criticism which floods the Continental press at this time of international ill-feeling, but your strictures were not less severe in being deserved. I wished at the time that you might have been willing to write out what was in your mind quite candidly, and I venture to ask now whether you would not be still willing to write such a message to America.

We are here at a time of transition, and, if I read the temper of the people, we are open to influences of persuasion and criticism if we feel them to be just and disinterested.

I remain

Very respectfully yours,

THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC]

I

FROM your request which has just reached me I realize that some ill-fated remark of mine, hastily uttered in answer to a casual question about my intention to visit America, has been netted and pinned down, with its ephemeral wings, in some newspapers of yours. The indefatigable modern printing press, which has a great deal more energy than is good or necessary for the community, seems most often to be occupied in playing practical jokes upon words that are pathetically trifling by investing them with the unbeseeming distinction of public notice.

This age is like a precocious child delighting in its up-to-date toy of a megaphone that mercilessly exaggerates fugitive whispers, making them overheard by the whole world. It helps to keep up the ceaseless hubbub of a dust storm that has the same sweeping welcome for flowers as for rotten leaves. In the days when the means of publicity were limited, literature could easily maintain its dignity, shunning the contact of hourly gossip and stillborn rumors by allowing a scanty and distant hospitality on its fringe for all literary immigrants not worthy of permanent citizenship. But the contrary is the case to-day, when vast accommodation is offered to the vagabond and the nondescript, bringing them into daily intimacy with public life, unheedful of possible contamination. World-wide organizations of news-pickers and paragraph-makers have been established with the object of catering for an abnormally busy people with an unwholesome craving for promiscuous facts and desultory topics — a veritable intellectual drug habit.

The constant demand for a mental narcotic that ends in smoke and ashes, that destroys delicacy of taste and healthy appetite for nutrition, encourages illicit traffic and adulteration. I have had my personal experience of it once, when on a lecturing tour in the United States. Some persons belonging to a detective agency, evidently in the pay of interested individuals, came to me with the news that the Hindu revolutionist party in San Francisco had decided to kill me owing to their disagreement with my political views. This canard went round the papers, and when I sent a protest, expressing my disbelief, it was not published, possibly in deference to a political need for strengthening the prejudice against Hindu settlers in America on the eve of an anti-Asiatic legislation, or because the news was too rich in sensation to allow any doubt to rob it of its sparkle for the sake of mere justice.

Shortly after my return to India the news reached me, through Japanese papers, that a lawsuit had been instituted against the above-mentioned party, accusing it of secret attempts at overthrowing British rule in India. My name was dragged into this case, with the allegation that I had taken money from the Germans deceitfully to serve their purpose while in America, and at the same time to dig for my own country underground tunnels of dark politics. I began to receive letters from your people full of reproaches for having betrayed the trust of a confiding nation whose guest I had been in the disguise of an idealist. I sent an explanatory cablegram to President Wilson, asking for his protection, which remained unacknowledged.

This was the time when the American people all of a sudden seemed furiously to remember that blood was thicker than water and to forget that it was they who had forcibly severed their political connection with a nation to which they were related by blood. The idea that struck me, through various such instances, made me think that while aristocracy strenuously cultivates self-respect, often at the cost of material profit, and guards a high standard of culture against deterioration, undiluted democracy has a tendency to glide down to the lazy level of the average, for all its striving is to add to its rights, not to build up a high tower of excellence. It makes a deliberate study of the laws of the dark patches in the human intellect, wherewith to help itself to create an atmosphere of delusion through hints, gestures, yells, and startling grimaces, for the purpose of stupefying the popular mind. Once when I was in Chicago I saw everywhere on the town walls one single name blazoned in big letters in an endless round of repetition, like the whirling monotony of a dervish dance that dazes one's mind into vacuity. Evidently the name belonged to some candidate for political election. But what an insult to the people, who are supposed to represent the supreme power in their government, openly to apply to them the spell of hypnotism in place of reason, as the medicine man does in the heart of Africa!

The same want of respect for the rational in the popular mind has induced the greed of dollars to open classes for teaching the art of profitable mystification, psychological tricks to help the sale of commodities in spite of the buyers, seductive stratagems of advertisement for the purpose of what amounts to bamboozling. This mentality has its analogy in India, where the vast majority of the population, which is non-Brahmin, is allowed a crudely superficial culture and modes of worship that are but a survival of primitive forms of mesmeric rites. The effect has been a gradual degeneration of the Brahmins themselves, a vigorously rapid spread of the rank weeds of unreason choking the growth of higher life, creating dark shelters for religious charlatanism, and a dense entanglement of bigotry that obstructs progress at every step. We are sadly aware how the want of confidence in the best in man draws away life's sap from what is highest in us, diverting it to what is childish and commonplace.

I am nervously careful to avoid newspaper reporters or, when helplessly cornered, to avoid subjects that are dubious. But in the midst of distractions, when my mind is tired, careless remarks may escape me to be pounced upon by the journalist. Whatever I might have said on this particular occasion had its origin in some shifting impression of mine whose natural destination was time's dustbin. Such impressions are formed by the impact of passing experiences upon the background of our personal susceptibilities, to be modified or effaced by further evidence and reasoned thoughts.

I myself do not accept such a temperamental attitude of mine toward your country as final or fair. Do I not know to our cost how readily your own writers hasten to pass their judgment upon Eastern peoples about whom their profound ignorance has not the time or seriousness to suspect itself? And do I not also know that their imperfect knowledge and traditional prejudices blur the features of the victims of their brush, making them appear as easy of delineation as the subject of a picture that has mostly been obliterated by mist? Only once in my life, when I was seventeen, I indulged in publishing my views on the English people, whom I had just come to know in their own country, and tried to exhibit the cunning of my pen by polishing my sentences into a keenness that could mock and mutilate truth, but not reflect it. It was but the superciliousness of adolescence which refused to believe that self-respecting knowledge needed the light of patient understanding and not merely the flash on the tip of a literary match stick produced by its scratch upon a flimsy experience.

I am perfectly aware that as a great nation you have your complex personality, full of apparent self-contradictions, which loses its mystery of a living truth directly it is defined in sharp lines, like a fragment of notation whose full musical meaning is not known. For instance, when we say that America is materialistic, we speak of a fact which is too apparent to be completely true. I have had reason to believe that there is a strong current of spiritual idealism flowing beneath the surface soil of the American mind. The unmitigated industrialism in your world, with no other ideal but a breathless multiplication of materials, must of necessity produce a deep longing in your minds for realizing in life the eternal value of the spirit. I have no doubt that this ever and anon finds its outlet in individuals who, though few in number, truly represent the unnumbered generations of your future. Properly to know a people one must know such men who seemingly contradict the supposed nature of the nation, remaining half hidden behind the vast obvious, like the thin wick in the heart of a capacious lamp. As this is not possible for me for want of opportunity, I can only offer you, for what it is worth, a brief description of my own personal experiences which led me to form my opinion about America, and disinclined me to risk any recurrence of the same.

II

After my visit to Japan in 1916, I crossed over to California, following an invitation to lecture in some of the principal towns of the United States. The subject of my address was 'Nationalism.' When read in the two principal universities of Tokyo, it had with an uncomfortable suddenness reduced the temperature of my welcome to freezing point. I believe it was only tolerated in the United States because the American people, in the pride of their own solid common sense, could indulgently excuse extravagant ideas about practical matters from the Oriental dreamer, though they entertained an unaccountable confidence in his knowledge of the occult, in his spiritual prestige that might confer credit in some ever-solvent bank in the Kingdom of Heaven. I remember how, after one of my lectures, I was approached by one who wished to learn from me personal secrets about some other individual whom I had never known. I felt sure that to this person my lecture must have appeared most profoundly incomprehensible in order to win for me his admiring faith in my supernatural gift. However, I have nothing to complain of in regard to this lecture of mine, which helped me to earn from your country a small fund for my institution, and recognition from its readers in Continental Europe.

In this essay I discussed how the Western cult of the self-worship of the nation has gathered its victims from alien continents, exploiting and insulting the greater part of the globe in the blind pride of its physical prowess, while resenting any suspicion of menace from those whom it injured; how it has caused the greatest problem in the world to-day by allowing the explosive passions of hatred and contempt to accumulate in the dark chasm that has been kept open between the two hemispheres.

Meanwhile the great war in Europe ceased, like the frenzied shrieks of a maniac demon exhausted at last into sleep, though the groans of its angry dream still convulsed the weary peace of the night. I strongly felt that, under the continued threat of impending catastrophe likely to involve the whole human world in desolating hostilities, every individual to-day should realize his responsibility for training the mind of the present generation to enable it to see all its important problems in the perspective of universal man. For the most outstanding fact of our age is that the drama of our destiny to-day has the whole world for its stage.

Let the politicians mishandle this world situation according to their tradition of nationalistic fanaticism, but the rest of us should have the power to think and act upon a broadly human basis of behavior.

Having this in mind, I started an institution in our country which was to represent our faith in the solidarity of the human races, our aspiration to bridge the widely gaping gulf between the East and the West. My idea was that such an institution should be a creation on which the different peoples of the world should leave their individual signatures of acceptance. And when I went to the United States in 1921 I was confident that my appeal would find a ready response in a land which, in its Eastern and Western outlooks, touches the two great seas from whose bosom rises the sun to light the continents of Europe and Asia.

The letter which I wrote to India from New York will explain the mission that occupied my thoughts at that time: —

> In every age and in every country, facts are given to us in order that we may provide with them some special expression of truth. Facts are like atoms in gases. They fight with or else fly away from one another. But when they are united into a drop of dew they attain beauty and reality. Man must have that creative magic to bring the facts of his time into some unity of creation. The most important of all facts in the present age is that the East and West have met. So long as it remains a mere fact, it will give rise to interminable conflicts. It is the mission of all men of faith to raise this fact into truth. I only wish you had been with me in Europe! You would know at once what is the purpose of the modern age; what is the cry of man, which the politicians never hear. There were politicians in the courts of the Mughal Emperors. They have left nothing behind them but ruins. But Kabir and Nanak! They have bequeathed to us their imperishable faith in the unity of Man through God's love.

Though I was sure that the problem with which I meant to deal in my work was not exclusively Indian, that it equally concerned the vital and moral interest of the West, it would have been unreasonable for me not to be reconciled to the rude fact that mine was not the voice that could carry such a message to the heart of this people. It was as futile to complain of some incompatibility between a particular seed and soil in moral matters as to make it a grievance if the orchard in New York rejected the mango tree from its hospitality.

This was the first time in my life when I breathed the same privileged air with some of the denizens of the giant world of finance. I felt small, but my welcome to their accommodation proved to be still smaller, almost like that of the needle's eye to a camel. It cannot be said that I made the egregious mistake of thinking that the people's heart was in their bankers' keep; on the contrary, I did try my best to approach it directly with the help of friends; but to my utter dismay I found it barred by an unmerited discourtesy, insulting me with the suspicion that I was a political schemer who was trying to exploit the good-natured credulity of your country. I was told by some of my best friends there that a powerful propaganda seemed to be working against me in consequence of the desperate protest which I had been compelled to make against the Jallianwallabagh atrocities in our own country, shortly before I had left India. If that was the case, it only supports the idea that your country lends itself too easily to all secret spells of insinuation, allowing its crowd psychology to be perpetually handled by clever manipulators.

Such constant churning up of the drifting froth on the surface mind of the nation, leaving its depths ignored, is certainly not the way to train it in truth and wisdom. It pained me when

I realized the cheapening of the spiritual value of man in this country through his mind being ceaselessly exploited, in a wholesale manner and with a scientific thoroughness, for the sake of profit and power. Having had this chance to come into personal contact with prosperous America, with the mentality that could produce quickly rotating crops of an enormous harvest of success, I grew afraid of it. The following extract from a letter which I wrote on this occasion to an English friend in India will give you some idea of how I felt: —

> Every day I seem to be growing afraid of the very vision of this success. It has been said in the Upanishad: *Happiness is greatness.* But ambition points to bigness and calls it greatness, and our track is hopelessly lost. When I look at the picture of Buddha, I cry out for the great peace of inner fulfillment. My longing grows painfully intense as my mind becomes distracted at the stupendous unmeaning of the monstrosity in the things around me. Every morning I sit by my window and say to myself: 'I must not bow my head to this ugly idol worshiped by the West with daily human sacrifice.' I remember that morning at Shelida, when the Vaishnava woman came to me and said, 'When are you coming down from your three-storied building, to meet your love under the shade of the trees?' Just now I am on the top story of the skyscraper, to which the tallest of trees dares not send its whisper; but love silently comes to me saying: 'When are you coming down to meet me on the green grass under the rustling leaves, where you have the freedom of the sky and of sunlight and the tender touch of life's simplicity?' I try to say something about money in reply, but it sounds so ludicrous, and yet so tragic, that my words grow ashamed of themselves and they stop.

Let me conclude with another extract from a letter of the same period: —

> When I finish reading your letters from Santiniketan, I wake up from my lyric dream to find myself at the bottom of a prodigious pile of newspaper prose. My surroundings seem to me like the inside of a whale that has swallowed me.
>
> The idea of freedom, which the people in this country have, is the imaginary freedom of a fly shut up in a glass case whose walls are invisible. They are surrounded by an impregnable globe of unreality to which they cling and believe that they are in solid possession of the sky. But I can assure you that you have the right to laugh at these buzzing creatures, with their absurd pride at having made their sky densely substantial. This deludes them with a freedom that is of the eye, while immuring them in a confinement that is of the spirit.
>
> My freedom is unreal, so long as I cherish slavery in my soul. This is a truism, like our idea of death; but opportunity comes when we discover it in our life, and then it discloses to us its ever-newness of truth. I seem to pass through a real training for becoming a fakir when I am in this country. Buddha was born to regal surroundings which gave him the fitness to attain the true majesty of beggardom. I wrote a poem when I was in India: 'I Shall Never Be an Ascetic.' But when I am here, the inspiration comes to me, with a rush of lyrical fervor, to write a hymn to Shiva, the Lord of Ascetics, who has the four quarters of the sky for his mantle.
>
> It may sound to you like a paradox when I say that what oppresses me most in this country is the utter lack of freedom with which the atmosphere is charged. But it is true. I long to draw in the breath of life, but my nostrils get stopped with sand and soot, and then I am choked into acknowledging the truth, that it is not the substance which is most important for us, but the modest bareness of it.
>
> Leisure and space are the most precious gifts for us; for we are creators. Our real freedom is in the world of our own creation, where our mind can work unhindered and our soul finds its throne from which to govern its own dominion.

INNOCENTS ABOARD

BY C. LESTER WALKER

I

It was one August that I landed in Mukden and put up at the Standard Oil Mess. Douglas was there. For three years we had been in China without sight of each other, although our friendship was of long standing. It was partly due to these facts that the following events occurred; events which, as it turned out, nearly brought us to blows.

'I am ordered on an inspection trip down the Manchurian coast,' he said to me. 'I leave to-morrow. Once a year someone has to make this jaunt. It's not very exciting, but it's awfully healthy. All good clean fun, you know. You have to go by native junk. How about signing on?'

I had not seen Douglas for a long time. I did not know the north or the coasts of China. I had never traveled in a sea junk. Eagerly I agreed to go.

The following evening, boarding the train, we were met by Mr. Huang. Mr. Huang — my first glimpse of the well-dressed interpreter — was a fashionable young gentleman evidently expecting an eclipse of the sun, for he peered out at me from behind spectacles of cobalt-blue glass. He wore foreign clothes: trousers, skimpy and affectionate, wrapping themselves about his shins with the tenacity of ivy on a pole; a shirt of sporty salmon pink with a collar not to match; an almost-gold bar pin large enough for the doors of a donjon keep; and a washable — but unwashed — tie of robin's-egg blue. Not because but rather in spite of his foreign clothes, Mr. Huang was pleasantly mannered. Before he left us he expressed wonderment and, I thought, a little alarm that we would not travel by launch, but were insistent on a native junk.

When he had gone Douglas declared, 'You can see that Pinko there is no sailor, can't you? Just to look at him. That's the only trouble with these sea trips — the boy and the interpreter always mess the place up so. They have none of the old viking blood which races through our veins.'

I had never known that Douglas was a sailor, but, not to be outdone, I asserted, 'My people were all sea captains before me. It's in my blood. I can smell the tang of the ocean already.'

'Yes, so can I. And we're one hundred and seventy miles away.'

Morning brought us to Antung and the sea. We left our baggage at the very modern Japanese hotel. It is, by the way, so modern and so efficient that it can control the railroad timetable — for its own uses. All important trains arrive in Antung too late for the unlucky traveler to make connections until the following day. It was from this accommodating hostelry that we proceeded to the water front.

Along its edge a strip of ragged road swerved in and out to follow the twistings of the shore. On the land side ship chandlers, makers of tackle and cordage, sellers of sailcloth, lumber dealers with unpeeled masts, venders of bamboo for sail ribs, shipwrights, merchants of millet and rice and bean cake, had tacked their flimsy mud-and-plaster shops one against the crazy walls of another. As we passed, their long pendulous signs, painted with the Chinese characters in black and gold, swung and creaked on their rusted brackets, for the wind was high. Those which were of cloth streamed straight out as pennons do, or, like red tongues doubling back upon themselves, bellied roundly, and then shook out with a report like the snapping of whips.

On the sea side an in-running tide slashed about the gray hulls of the junks, slapping their flanks and spouting up jeweled water between. Where the junks bumped and rubbed each other and jostled side to side, their gunwales groaned like old gentlemen with the gout. The masts stabbed the sky, or went sawing through it in great sweeping arcs. Below, the cordage and rigging swung nets to tangle the eye. High up, terns swept down the wind, or beat up into it in ascending spirals, or balanced with feathers frilled, poised satin-white against the stretched blue silk of the sky.

Out of ships came smells, for we passed close to the holds. Smells of fish; of tar; of resin from new pine masts sweating their sap; of mildewed sailcloth; of musty kaoliang; of bitter bricks of tea; of camphor wood from the far south; of sweet, pungent joss; of wine from a broken keg; of flour turned mouldy by brine; and over all the knifelike thrust of the smell of bean cake. As we plodded along through ankle-deep dust which grimed our white shoes to a dinginess darker than slate, we passed a score of newly landed junks unloading this bean cake from their holds. The quai side rang with the singsong of their stevedores. They swayed by, sweating, in pairs, a bamboo pole borne on the shoulders between them, and slung from the pole one bean cake as large as an artillery wheel. Under its weight each pair of coolies bowed their backs and sagged at the knees, for the cake had been heavily wetted during its passage. As a result the air around us choked with a rancidness which stuck like a bone in the throat.

It was with much relief that we at last turned in at the door of a junk hong. The interpreter having asked for the head man, a servant went out to get him; another servant, lifting the curtain of split bamboo which hung over the doorway, let us into an inner room. Passing from here into another room, we penetrated deeper into the dimness of the interior. The last room, after the August sun of outdoors, seemed as dim and dank as a cave. Here, I told myself, one hired junks for trading in strange ports. From this dim room went out clumsy argosies to try their fortunes on the sea.

I saw a dirt floor and about it square Chinese chairs with carved arms and straight carved backs. The kang platform, occupying a third of the room, was spread with grass mats; a low black opium table with carved legs crouched in its centre. I knew that in the long Manchurian winter the crowd of sleepers lay huddled together here on the kang while in the oven beneath them stalks of burning kaoliang gave out heat through the intervening bricks. At the end of the room stood a small, high table, and on it, pushed back against the wall, an incense pot, a tall ancestor tablet like a miniature gravestone, strange-lipped candlesticks of long-unpolished pewter, two unburnt tapers, — square, candy-red, and with a wick of gold, — and a gilt-encrusted foreign clock with its dial roguishly painted in pink and blue hearts, flowers, and cupids.

My observations were interrupted by the manager of the hong, who came bowing himself into the room. With a flourish of skirts he sat on the kang. There followed the customary 'polite talk,' the 'guest breath,' which must preface every business transaction. Douglas and the interpreter explained their own and my dishonorable names; our absolutely worthless homeland; from what place we had just come; what company we were connected with; our ages; the number of our sons (Not married? Amazement!); how long we had been in such a (they insisted) despicable country as China (Only two years? *Oy-yah!* Our Chinese was perfection itself — almost like a native's!); whether Mukden bank notes were going up or down; and how much we regretted being unable to accept their most courteous invitation to feast that night.

Here the servants entered with bowls of tea, cans of cigarettes, a smouldering paper slow match, and one brass water pipe. I accepted the tea, but turned down the doubtful pleasures of the pipe. By now the room contained four or five clerks and assistants and three shipmen wearing peaked yellow hats of plaited straw. Beneath their brims were faces brown as iodine. Behind these lookers-on the bamboo door curtain flickered every thirty seconds as someone passing, and overcome by curiosity but having no right to enter the room, lifted the screening to stare in for a moment at the foreigners.

At this point the manager, having first drunk some tea in a manner that was neither sip nor inundation, but some succulent in-between, took the water pipe from a servant. It guggled like a racing coffee percolator and filled the lungs of the smoker. He handed it back to the servant, belched out a cloud of smoke like a volcano in a tantrum, and flipped open his fan.

'This,' said Douglas to me, 'means that the battle is on. You'd better settle yourself for a long siege. We may have to stay the night.'

This prediction surprised me. As these preliminaries had taken almost an hour, the opening of negotiations would, I had imagined, mean a quick settlement. Sublime was my optimism.

The hong manager snapped his fan shut with a ripple of stiff paper folds and a final *clack* at the end. Perhaps we, the foreign gentlemen, had come on some business of some kind? A junk. Ah, ah, ah — yes, a junk. It was a very bad time for hiring junks now. A very bad time. Junks were very scarce and in constant demand. The military had been seizing them to transport soldiers and millet. Perhaps the foreign gentlemen wished a junk to make a trip in on the sea. They did? Ah, ah, ah — he had thought so all the time. Perhaps they wished to sail to the north? Oh, no, to the south — *hao, hao, hao*, that was good, too. To the little towns — Chuangho, Takoushan, to finish at Dairen. Ah yes, he knew them well. It was a dangerous trip to the south. The tides were *li hai teh hên*, very terrible. And the winds — *oy-yah!* The winds along that coast were like a buffet from one's godmother's fist. And it was the beginning of the storm season now. Several junks had been driven way out of their course only last week.

Thrrr — the fan, like a pack of cards. *Snap* — it had shut. *Thrrr, snap, thrrr, snap, thrrr.* A gentle creaking while it was used for fanning.

I became fascinated watching it. The hong manager went on, gesticulating, smiling always. I thought, 'What a fat, jolly, laughing Buddha! How absolutely different from the inscrutable Oriental of books!'

The foreign gentlemen, he went on, might wish a small junk or perhaps one which was not small. Fairly large? Ah, *hao, hao, hao.* The price? H'm — the price — no need to worry about the price. That would be reasonable. (The ribs of the fan snapped shut against each other as one claps together a row of books stacked loose between book-ends.) The price would be twenty-five dollars a day.

'Tell him,' Douglas said, 'nothing doing on this by-the-day business. We'll never get back for Thanksgiving if we pay money by the day. How much for the trip?' The interpreter translated. The manager smiled from the kang.

By the trip? Oh, *pu, pu, pu, pu, pu!* Impossible! *Pu hsin!* Impossible. How can one know the winds, the strength of the tides? We might be blown all the way in six days, but we might have evil winds and our trip differ not much from twenty to thirty days. By the trip? Quite impossible.

'Tell him,' said Douglas, 'to pipe down on these horrors of the sea and to give us a price for the trip, and to be quick about it.'

'The foreign gentlemen,' translated the interpreter, 'much appreciate your forewarning them of all the perils of the heavens and the sea, but they believe that Heaven will favor them with a fair breeze. Perhaps you, sir, would consider telling them what a fair price would be for the trip if by any chance you should waive your prejudices.'

The fan tapped the grass mat of the kang.

'For the trip. *Hao* — *hao* — h'm — h'm'm. I will speak in one last word — three hundred and fifty dollars.'

'Tell him he's got us all wrong,' Douglas instructed. 'We want to *hire* his junk — not buy it.'

'The foreign gentleman wishes to suggest that possibly you, sir, have overestimated the expenses and asked a price too high,' said the interpreter, following Douglas's instructions.

Ah, *pu shih, pu shih* — there is no mistake. He would not think of overestimating for foreigners. He had given them a special consideration! May his grandmother be ashamed of him if he has not spoken fairly. But the *other* way — so much for each day — is cheaper, then? That is very good. Perhaps, with good wind — only *four* days — quite possible. For emphasis he spit on the floor. It was not an ineffectual emphasis, but the act of a professional.

'*No!*' from Douglas. 'Tell him *nothing doing, absolutely.* Tell him our clothes would wear out before we got back. Tell him to come down out of the crosstrees and stow that by-the-day business. Trip or nothing!'

'The foreign gentleman says that he knows your junks are very fine, in fact the best on the water front, and that, as you say, they might make the journey even in four days; but he must hire a boat by the trip, for that is his custom,' the interpreter translated with as close an accuracy as the two races are usually capable of.

While the hong manager ran over several score of reasons why a junk could not be hired except by the day, I once more glanced at my watch. Another hour had almost passed.

The servants circulated again with fresh tea from galvanized iron watering pots, and a new can of cigarettes. I noted that the crowd looking on had been increased to seventeen. They stood to one side, void of expression, wooden as mannequins.

'Tell him,' I heard Douglas urging, 'that we will give him seventy dollars for the trip. It took twelve days last year. If we get in under twelve days, they still keep the whole seventy dollars. For any time over we'll give seven dollars a day up to the fifteenth day — after that they're out of luck.' The interpreter translated. The crowd of listeners smiled, indulgently, as one smiles at a foolish child. The hong manager looked pityingly at the poor foreigners.

'*Pu hsin*,' he said, and gargled his tea. Douglas got up from his chair as if to go.

'Tell him, Mr. Huang, that we will give him ninety dollars for the trip for twelve days or under, and seven dollars a day extra up to fifteen days. That's our last price.' The interpreter repeated the figures.

The manager believed that he might consider that. As it was absolutely impossible to figure without an abacus, a servant was sent out to get one. He returned immediately with two. This calculator, I had discovered before, was the only thing in China quickly procurable. I hoped it meant the end.

The abacuses clicked, the mumbling of the manager and an assistant following in undertone, like bees doing their sums. At the end of several minutes the manager announced that he thought the offer might do, but that before clinching the bargain he would have to interview the captain. A servant went out in search of him. We smoked, drank tea, talked a little. After half an hour the servant returned with the captain at his heels.

The captain, from under his peaked Tatar hat, grieved exceedingly, — 'ate much bitterness' was how he expressed it, — but the crew refused to man the ship with foreigners aboard. They might bring bad luck. The hong manager sighed resignedly and waved his fan.

I looked at my watch. Another forty-five minutes had passed. I was being tired by that gnawing fatigue which seems to attack Occidentals when they find inactivity forced upon them for any length of time. The Westerner, I philosophized, cannot wait. For the Oriental, time itself delays. The chair had made my back ache; the air about me smelled dank and stale like a garment that has been slept in. How much longer? I dared not estimate.

'I'll settle the crew,' Douglas said to me. 'Lesson number one in Chinese psychology: destruction of fear and casting out of superstitions. Just watch.' He turned to the interpreter. 'Tell Captain Blood, here, that if the crew is a good crew they will all get a tip, a cumshaw, at the end. — Now watch!'

The captain grunted. He said that he would have to confer with all five of the men. He left the hong. In three minutes he was back. The crew, he said, thought they could overlook their scruples. They would sail.

After that the disposition of the money had to be haggled over. How much deposit now? How much paid to the men during the trip? To whom? By whom? By the day? By the week? What amount each day? In case the trip lasted fifteen days, how much, and how, and to whom at the end? When half an hour had been consumed straightening out the matter of payments, the manager threw the whole bargain into another barbed-wire entanglement out of which I — with an inward groan — saw plainly that there was no means of extrication.

The money, he mentioned in passing, was to be paid in big dollars silver.

'Mukden paper notes, naturally,' Douglas said. 'That's their local currency. Holy cats! What's the matter with these birds? We can't stay here forever. Why don't they ask for United States gold?' Arrangements came to an impasse. They all argued at once. Douglas blurted forth Chinese, volubly; bizarre-sounding Chinese — fanfares of it, like ineffectual Roman candles. When the talk had finally spent itself, he compromised again.

'Tell this old bean pot,' he instructed the interpreter, 'that he knows we meant Mukden notes, and he did too, and we know he did; but that because I have a particular affection for him I'll offer this extra inducement: if the trip down is a success, I'll give him Socony cargo to bring back, *if* there is any in Dairen.'

The manager, satisfied, smiled blandly and panted a string of '*Hao, hao, hao, hao, hao, hao.*' Douglas got out his money to pay down the deposit. At last, I sighed, everything was settled. I stretched my suffering limbs. My watch had ticked off four hours and twenty-five minutes since we had entered the hong. Twenty-nine spectators — all eyes converging to a point on the money then changing hands — crowded the end of the room. The manager spoke again.

'Junk can be all ready for you without fail in five days,' he assured. Douglas stopped counting the silver. He had heard.

'My God!' he ejaculated with Scotch wrath. 'We want to sail *to-night!*'

At that the manager was terribly broken up. He could hardly talk — very much. How had he known? The gentlemen had not mentioned when. (In sooth we had not!) He could understand no reason for the hurry — the sea was always there. Unfortunately there would be no junks for five days. All those not engaged were being completely overhauled. The only way to sail so soon would be to get many men working on one junk; but that might be impossible, and would probably cost the foreign gentlemen more money — not much, of course.

'Well, I'll be damned!' Douglas sputtered. 'Now you tell this old Semite that he will accept the terms agreed on and get me a junk to sail by nine o'clock to-night. If not, I go now to another hong.'

Like a fat goose the manager waddled down off the kang. Regrets spilled out of him like bonbons out of a box. But he could do nothing. To-night was hopeless, without a special charge. Too bad, too bad! He escorted us to the door. He bowed low. Until we met again, we should 'go slowly.'

We left the door and walked away.

'My God,' I groaned. 'Almost five hours. That's the worst I've ever struck. You don't mean to say that we've got to go through that again?'

'Don't get excited, lad. "Go slowly," you know.'

We plodded down the roadway, silent.

A hundred yards from the hong a servant came running to overtake us.

'He says,' the interpreter explained, 'please come back. To-night they have perhaps found a way to get one.'

We returned. The manager was all smiles and bows and a perfect *put-put* of *hao, hao, hao.*

'Well, old motor boat,' said Douglas, 'what's the dope? What explanation does he have, Mr. Huang? A new junk just came in after we left this place, eh?'

We paid the deposit; waited while each silver dollar was tested for its ring.

'Is it like this every time?' I asked.

'Yes, lad,' Douglas sighed wearily. 'Every time. The mysterious old Orient, you know.'

II

That night we went blithely aboard with provisions, our camp cots, a mattress for sleeping on the deck when the weather was calm (Douglas's idea), the interpreter, and, to act as cook, the boy.

In daylight a Manchurian junk is strange to behold, but that night in lantern shine, hemmed in by scores of others just like itself, it was distorted into shapes more grotesque than any phantasy. When the lantern sent the shadows rioting about the deck, our craft might have been any kind to which keel was ever laid — a galleon from Cadiz, a Barbary slaver, an ancient trireme fished up off Samothrace.

We were both, I think, aware of its fascination. We glared at the painted eyes on the prows moored near us, listened to the soft-lipped tide whispering about the black hulls, and yearned to cast off for the open sea.

'Boy,' Douglas instructed, 'you tell the *lao-ta* we go now.'

The skipper, however, seeing no cause for hurry, declared that we could not leave till the tide turned at dawn.

'You see,' Douglas jeered, 'these landlubbers have to have the daylight. My viking ancestors used to refuse to sail out of Stavanger unless it was nighttime and no stars. Daylight was too easy.'

'Mine too,' I assisted. 'My freebooting progenitor from the fjords would only sail out during thunderstorms, and then he used to back out — stern on — just to show his seamanship. I hope *we* have a little dirty weather.'

The morning found us with a fair wind, coasting down the Gulf of Liaotung. Above us the bamboo ribs of the lugger sail were creaking gently as they rubbed against the mast. Green water was slipping like jade beneath the hull; and astern the soft hiss of the wake's foaming sounded silken and sibilant, like fast-falling snow.

The boy brought that luxury of the Orient — morning tea. We looked at our watches and then at each other. It was seven-thirty. We, eager seamen, had slept through all the din of embarking.

That day and the next there was nothing to do but to get sunburnt. We went at this with ferocity. When we lay down to sleep at night, we did so with whimperings, for the touch of clothing clawed like a Nessus shirt.

On these first two days many junks passed us by and all drew close to question the crew. Names? Where from? Going where? Cargo? Oh, foreigners! It was interesting to note that of all the ships which passed our own not a single one ever varied its questions. They were as stereotyped as a catechism. And always importantly at the end were the two obsessions of Chinese life — food, money.

Of the crews of these passing ships we obtained only a distant view, but a few days later we had an opportunity to study them at closer range — and they us. On that day we headed for an estuary and ran in against the ebbing tide. Our junk anchored alongside of six others; and while we delayed to eat lunch before going up the river to the town, the tide slipped out and left all seven junks lying like harpooned whales on a plain of slime. With ticking claws armies of invisible crabs sidled over pock-marked acres of mud to forage for food. Douglas threw an empty tin can, whereupon a million creatures leaped back to their homes, and the earth shuddered. It was the prodigality of throwing away that can which brought us an audience.

To forage for other cans, or, at least, for new sensations, the crews of the other six junks clambered over the decks and came to squat in a ring about us — these two strange barbarians from the lands of the West! Fascinated, they followed our every move.

'Look, look! He eats a bean.'

The others took up this discovery

and handed it around much like the button in the game of 'Who's got the button?'

'A bean.'

'A bean.'

'Indeed, a bean!' cried they all.

'Now, eats bread. You look, it is bread.'

'Yes, yes, bread.'

'Bread.'

'You are not wrong, it is bread that he eats.'

'Look,' said the spokesman, 'that is salt. See, salt — and he's eating it.'

'Salt.'

'Salt.'

'Salt.'

'Salt!' cried all the crowd excitedly.

Some hours after our performance with knife and fork was over and the cheering had died away, the returning tide having floated the ships again, the crew made ready the sampan.

It was a typical tidewater Manchurian town, its ochre-colored streets drowned in sunlight and thronged with blue-clad coolies. Farmers from the interior jolted by, seated cross-legged in their thumping northern carts. Under tentlike white awnings hawkers of sandals and shears, of opium pipes and cotton socks, venders of medicine, seers of the future, magicians, mimers, dentists, yawped their wares. Occasionally a silent Korean strayed by, his baggy clothes white, his hat black, like a gauze flytrap set upon his hair. Birdmen screeched that they had falcons for sale, and others larks from Mongolia, perched on sticks and tied by the toe with a string. In all the din their throats trilled with song. Hammock-backed pigs squealed at a foot thumped on their ribs, asses brayed, and pariah dogs — having slept too long in the middle of the street — kiyied at the nip of a cart wheel. About the red-jellyfish market the sunlight hummed with the oaths and prayers attendant on bargaining in the East.

Just north of here we found the Socony agent's shop, where a counter ran the length of the dirt floor, and where above the counter ranged shelves of calico and cheap printed cottons, and beside it, next the opposite wall, a round bin of millet seed. A corpulent person, stripped to the waist, leaned with his stomach grooved against the counter. As the day was warm, with the fan in his hand he cooled his armpits. When we asked for the proprietor, he grinned accommodatingly and confessed that it was he whom we looked upon.

We were led into the inevitable back room, with its inescapable kang, ancestor tablet, paper flowers, and that harridan of horologes — the foreign clock. After thirty minutes of weather talk, Douglas revealed his nationality by instructing the interpreter to 'tell him to cut out the bull and get out the books.' But these were only produced half an hour later, and only after the proprietor had declared that Douglas and I spoke Chinese like a native.

When questioned as to how much oil he had sold that year, the agent stated that the amount 'differed not much' from the year before. On being pressed, he elaborated by saying that it might be a little less or a little more. Anything more accurate was unobtainable. He had sounded the chord which we should hear for two weeks throughout the trip.

After two hours over accounts, we proceeded to the godown. It was a long shed with earthen walls, stacked to the roof with tins of oil — the whole place smelling like a garage and ten times as hot. We counted the rows of wooden cases up and down, along, to the side. We removed a whole section right through the middle to see that the centre was not hollow. And the results showed that of Tiger Brand, Brilliant, and Eagle there were not too few but too many.

'This,' Douglas explained, 'is the native agent's favorite dodge. You see, he has reported half this oil to the company as sold. It's neither sold nor paid for. This bird thought that Mukden notes were going to decrease in value. So he speculates that the company will raise the price of oil. Then he can sell at the new price and pocket the difference. Of course this is against the company rules and against his agreement with us. But as an inspector comes to this town only once a year the agent can afford to take a chance. These birds are clever.'

The epilogue to our visit offered me even more amusement. Douglas sought out the agent for the Asiatic Petroleum Company and after him the Texaco man. As with the Socony agent, he asked each about his business and to see his record of sales. There was no objection to this request.

'Strange business methods here,' I commented.

'Not at all,' Douglas said. 'The A. P. C. and Texaco will be allowed by our own agent to see our books, just the same. Convenient, is n't it? The mysterious old Orient, you know.'

III

And then one night toward the end of the trip we got our storm.

The junk was heading out to sea, intending to round a headland off our starboard bow and, on the lee side, anchor for the night. Darkness was shutting in, and as we looked ahead a beacon just beyond the end of the cliffs began to wink its light.

The sky darkened astern and clouds hanging low over the water shook out a sullen indigo darkness over all the sea. The wind, which had been from off our starboard side, died suddenly, like a bird shot on the wing; and the junk, wallowing in the smooth swell, lay with slack sail in water more glasslike than the Everglades. I looked again astern. Herded denser than black bulls the on-coming clouds were stampeding the sky.

'I think, Leif,' Douglas commented, looking sternward, 'that we are in for a bit of a blow.'

'I rather suspected that myself,' I said. 'I hope it's worth while. None of these zephyrs for me. My viking blood —' I was interrupted. The water ruffled into scallops like gray fur blown backward. A single puff of wind — like a gust from a suddenly opened door — struck the sea. It heaved the junk forward, and with such power that it seemed to lift her as though a gigantic hand had grasped her keel. Then, as if the door whence the wind came had been slammed shut, the sea became once more as smooth as marble. We looked at each other questioningly.

The lao-ta came forward and spoke with the interpreter, who informed us that the skipper wished to borrow one of our fowls. We had brought five on board with us to be sure of fresh meat. There were two left, hiding in the bow under a coil of rope.

'The captain,' said the interpreter, 'thinks that a bad storm comes. He wants one chicken, to do sacrifice.'

'Let's let him have it,' Douglas said. 'It will be worth seeing. This, you know, is often called the twentieth century.' He turned to Mr. Huang.

'If he's certain it will do good, all right. He's sure, eh?'

'Yes, all the crew think so. Funny people,' said Mr. Huang, who spoke disparagingly of all such foolishness and wore foreign clothes. With that he disappeared into the hold.

The lao-ta silently wrung a chicken's

neck, and then went below. He returned in a few minutes with the chicken featherless, with a box of matches (made in Sweden), an incense stone, a fistful of joss, and with a bare knife stuck in his girdle. Going forward to the very front of the bow, he knelt down, struck a match, shielded it in his long gown from the rising wind, and applied to the flame a stick of joss. Presently, when the tip smouldered, he stuck the other end in the incense stone. Smoke swirled in a blue thread out on the wind. The lao-ta, on his knees, bumped his forehead nine times to the deck. With that he took the knife from his belt. Across the tightly bent neck of the fowl he drew the blade once. A red gash followed it, and from the yellow skin drops of scarlet dripped on the deck. With the neck bent back to open the wound, he then moved about the forward end of the ship, smearing all parts with bright crimson daubs of blood.

Returning to the joss, he kowtowed again, and thereupon sliced off the comb of the chicken, its wattles, and its toes. The eyes and the tongue he plucked out with the knife point. These appendages of our fowl he cast into the sea, bowing three times as he threw each one. Having again bumped his head nine times, he then went aft, the chicken dangling from his thumb by its crop, and disappeared with it below.

We felt reassured after these precautions, but wondered about the ultimate fate of the hapless bird. That, mercifully, was shrouded from our eyes — although there were certain savors on the following day.

'But look!' Douglas cried, his eyes on another part of the ship. The five men of the crew took the junk's thirty-foot sweeps, laid them horizontally on props three feet above the soap-box deck, threw bamboo mattings over them, and then with rope lashed down the whole to iron rings on the sides of the deck. The top of the junk now resembled a long tent with steep sides, its ridgepole ranging the length of the ship. At the mainmast a loose corner of the matting allowed entrance for one person at a time, and probably, I foresaw, for the rain.

We decided to put our big mattress (Douglas's idea) under the matting and not to go below into the upper part of the hold. It would be breathless there and somewhat crowded because of the wood roaches. Then, too, it was our intention to enjoy the storm.

The wind hit us now from astern and seemed to increase with the quick acceleration of a falling body. As it was almost totally dark outside, we squeezed our way in by the mast and lay down on our mattress, put just under the matting roof. The place was cramped for room and we could sit up only by bowing our necks and shoulders. We smoked, and of storms we talked disparagingly.

The rain came along with the wind and beat on the matting in drops heavy like mercury. We lay reveling in our snug quarters; but in half an hour the wind had mounted to such a frenzy that I, for one, was beginning to wonder whether we had not been foolish to ship aboard what was probably an old and rotten hulk. I heard the seas begin to tumble over the port bow and knew that the deck three feet below us was awash. With every lift of the bow the surges hammered against the sides with staggering blows. At each wave the hull through all its length shuddered sickeningly. This endless, forever ceaseless, constantly recurrent pounding, pounding, pounding, would in time, I suspected, wear down my nerves.

We lay in the dark trying to keep from rolling from side to side, yelling at each other in an attempt to outhowl the wind.

'If the crew were all vikings,' Douglas shouted, 'I'd order them to sail her out to the open sea.' We both laughed at this idea.

'Where do you think we're heading for?' I asked. 'Trying to get round that light on the point? Rocks there. Cliffs. Want to make the open sea, where there's lots of room.'

'Sure! We'll be picked up somewhere by an Empress boat — castaways.' We laughed.

'Write a book,' I suggested. We laughed — loudly, that each might hear.

'Don't suppose this old tub has any open seams, do you?' — from Douglas.

'Don't know,' I said; 'just heard a slight gurgle below. Probably means a leak. Hate to have to order the crew below to caulk up. Tough on the boys. They'd die of fright.' We laughed — about equally — at the scene thus suggested.

'Say,' Douglas shouted, 'that mast is expressing itself, is n't it?'

The mast was groaning and craunching as if it would tear itself loose from its socket. The noise produced a chill tingling up and down my spine. Sudden weakness attacked the muscles of my thighs, and I thanked all the gods of the sea that I had no need to stand up. My legs, I suspected, would flutter under me. At another plunge of the ship the noise increased. The wind and the sea, it appeared, were using the mast like a pestle, grinding it around below us there in the bowels of the ship. In the open above, it must be bending like a whip. Secretly, I wondered how any wood could stand such a strain.

'Be great,' I suggested to reassure Douglas, 'if the mast went by the board.'

'Yeah,' he yelled; 'but if it does, hope she does n't splinter. I'd dislike to be impaled.' We laughed — loudly — at this droll idea.

For a few moments we lay still, saying nothing, listening to the concussion of those tons of water against the bow — *boong . . . boong . . . boong.*

The ship rocked on her side and rolled us in a heap to starboard.

'Hey,' roared Douglas, 'take your knee out of my face, will you!' We disentangled ourselves, laughing.

'I just happened to remember an interesting fact,' Douglas shouted. 'The company report from last year mentioned twelve native junks wrecked with loss of oil and ten men just off this shore last August. Just about this date, I think.' We laughed at this, too.

'If we do have to leave the ship — on a spar — get marooned, you know — what'll we take — can of beans or asparagus?'

'Asparagus — lash them together — make a raft — hey!'

The ship heeled sharply over, rolled us to one side, and dumped us down like apples out of a barrel. Before we could collect ourselves the return roll had spilled us in the other direction. I became somehow mixed up with something soft and heavy. Douglas on top of me! From somewhere in the darkness his voice yelled, 'Hey! Get off me!'

'I'm not on you — you're on me!'

The ship, without warning, pitched. We were flung together and in some way our heads cracked one against the other. For a moment we were stunned, and then at the top of our lungs we yelled, both at once and wrathfully, '*Ouch! Hey!* What's the idea?'

'Well, what's your idea? Trying to brain me?'

'Don't be such a funny man,' I snarled. 'Get off.'

'I'm not on you.'

'Well, something is.'

'Something's on me, too. Where's the mattress?' We groped in the floundering darkness. A sudden drop of the ship must have up-ended the mattress and then rolled us under. It was on top of both of us.

We started out to get it under us again, but the ship by this time seemed to be sitting back on its haunches like a trick dog. It was only a matter of time, we believed, when it would fall over backward. In rearranging the mattress it was impossible to sit up in any way without striking one's head. Arched on our backs, propped on an elbow, groveling on our stomachs, we tugged at that invisible bulk. It had swollen since yesterday. It had thirty-two corners to it, all designed to catch against something. It was around us, over us, between us. Half the time we were tugging against each other. Cooped up in the blackness of that tunnel-like space, we toiled like two moles trying to move a bank safe.

The ship slung us again to one side, loosening our grip on the mattress. I landed abruptly but painlessly against something soft and yielding. Douglas let out a sudden '*Ugghl*' and immediately afterward a string of blasphemies from the bottom of his soul.

'What's the idea? First you try to dash out my brains, and then you knee me in the pit of the stomach. Be *careful*, will you?'

Words like this, I thought, were a breach of friendship. I felt too injured by them to answer. We lay there in silence, listening to the mast protesting. If that mast had a soul, I reflected, it was certainly at that moment being rived upon the burning spits of Hell.

Quite unexpectedly Douglas's spirits seemed to have revived. He began to talk again.

'I'm awfully sorry for the interpreter and the boy,' he said. 'Bet they're sick.'

'Yeah — landlubbers.'

'Crew's probably sick, too,' he commiserated. 'Just for fun, think I'll take a look outside. See if there is any sign of them.' He warped himself toward the mast.

After a while I heard him return, inching himself along.

'Any sign of the crew?' I taunted.

'No' — wanly.

'Well, you stayed quite a while.'

'I like to be outside in rough weather.'

A crash of water drowned further words. The ship seemed to poise on the pinnacle of something, to waver dizzily, to shudder into the depths. I felt her every quiver through every fibre of my frame. Mutely I squirmed to the mast, poked out my head. The blackness was full of stinging pellets of rain. The air — great gulps of it — was good. Some minutes later I returned.

'Been for a little promenade?' — from Douglas, scornfully.

'I wanted to see if the mast light was lit. Dangerous without it.'

'Well, there is one thing worse than a man who is seasick, and that is one who is and won't admit it. But of course these guys with no viking — ' He hitched himself toward the mast. I followed him, eager to get there first. We remained a little while, each one occupied with his own affairs.

And then through blurry eyes we looked around us in bewilderment. We had sailed into another world.

I had seen phosphorus before — furring the prows of a liner dipping through Hawaiian seas; but that was like a watch crystal compared to this. The raindrops struck the sea in dancing sparks, and the leagues of black water became lit with a trillion twinkling lights. Spindrift from the comber crests swept down the air in gusts like opalescent snow. The tall surges breaking and crumbling under their own weight of foaming water were long, gleaming reaches of ghostly light — comets with swishing, serpentine tails rushing wind-driven through the tumbling stars. It was as though the universe had been upturned and we — these two mortals — were being tossed about by the winds of heaven among the star-swarming skies. We had almost forgotten the ship and the storm when a wave of salt water caught us in the face and drenched us through. We drew back, closing the flap of the matting after us.

'Wonderful, eh?' Douglas's teeth chattered. 'Too bad we can't appreciate it more.'

'Yes,' I yelled; 'like to look at it in a nice warm living room.'

The rain and spray had long since begun to leak through our mattings. I was shivering with the cold as we lay down again on the sodden mattress.

'Getting fed up,' Douglas confessed, his pride at low ebb. 'Wonder what's the time?'

There crept into my mind the thought that the storm might be more serious than we would admit. We had no means of knowing. Even now we might be being driven far out to sea. The junk was undoubtedly only an old leaky hulk. She might founder any minute and go down. Such a small craft would go quickly. I wondered just how many minutes it would take. But what did it matter? We could n't get out in time, anyway. We were lashed in like slaves in a drowning galley. Still, in the darkness, the groan of the mast. The crash of the seas over the bow. The spray, still, like whips above our heads. Beneath us that mattress, sodden, icy cold. Would morning *ever* come?

Each of us saw the face of the other — a corpse-gray mask, black holes for the eyes and mouth. We knew that the light had come. Douglas said: —

'I hand it to the boys. They're not as good as our viking ancestors, but they're second. They've stuck to the old bathtub all the night. They're sailormen, all.'

'Yes,' I said, without much enthusiasm.

We found the light little cheer. For me the long imprisonment weighed on my spirits like black despair. Suddenly Douglas spoke what were almost my identical thoughts.

'I don't know about you, but I'm going to get out of this hole even if I'm washed overboard. Primal fear of imprisonment, confining of movement, and all that. Psychological fact. My nerves are in the raw.' He crawled to the mast, stuck his head out, and then stood up. I lay debating whether to follow him. The wind slackened a bit, and I heard him call.

'Come on out! Come on out! It's great. Your viking blood will revel in it. Come on out — I want you to see what a good crew we have, and what a devil of a fine sailor *you* are.'

At the mast we stood holding on to a halyard apiece, bracing ourselves against the pitching of the ship. There was no one but ourselves abroad. Not a person to man the ship. For a fraction of a second I wondered if the crew had been all washed overboard, and then the truth broke upon me. I looked at Douglas. He was grinning sheepishly.

The skipper and the crew had slept below the whole time. Our junk had been anchored all the night. With four anchors down — we counted them — we had been riding out the storm.

THE BOUNDS OF DECENCY

BY ROBERT LYND

I

There is nothing in which taste changes more than in the matter of propriety. It seems incredible to us to-day that even so innocent an author as Charles Lamb was once driven to complain: 'I have lived to grow into an indecent character.' Not only, indeed, had he been told that *Rosamund Gray* was indelicate, but his sonnet, 'The Gypsy's Malison,' was declined by the *Germ* on the ground that it would 'shock all mothers.' It was on the rejection of this sonnet that Lamb exclaimed in comic disgust: 'Damn the age! I will write for antiquity!'

Obviously the capacity for being shocked varies, not only from age to age, but from person to person. There is, we may be sure, always an editor of the *Germ* alive, who needs no Rabelais or Whitman to bring the blush of startled innocence to his cheek. On the other hand it would be a mistake to think that the capacity for being shocked is a mark of the lower orders of intelligence. Men of genius have suffered the pangs of outraged propriety as have their fellows. We are accustomed, partly because of its fiction, to regard the middle of the eighteenth century as a time of comparative license of speech, but it was in that easy age that Oliver Goldsmith wrote for the *Public Ledger* his paper entitled 'The Absurd Taste for Obscene and Pert Novels, such as *Tristram Shandy*, Ridiculed.' 'A bawdy blockhead,' wrote Goldsmith in this essay, 'often passes for a fellow of smart parts and pretensions,' and he added: —

> A prurient jest has always been found to give most pleasure to a few very old gentlemen, who, being in some measure dead to other sensations, feel the force of allusion with double force on the organs of risibility.
>
> The author who writes in this manner is generally sure, therefore, of having the very old and the impotent among his admirers; for these he may properly be said to write, and from these he ought to expect his reward; his works being often a very proper succedaneum to cantharides, or an asafœtida pill.

An interesting problem in the psychology of decency is raised by the fact that Sterne himself does not seem to have realized that there were any just grounds for attacks on his book on the score of impropriety. He was genuinely hurt by the suggestion that *Tristram Shandy* was a book that no clergyman ought to have written, and we need not doubt too gravely his sincerity in protesting, like Rabelais, that his chief object in writing was 'the hopes of doing the world good.' Authors accused of scandal are all but unanimous in offering this defense, and of some we very reasonably suspect the good faith. But Sterne has left us evidence of the honesty of his contention in the letter in which, while at work on *Tristram Shandy*, he refers to his sixteen-year-old daughter and says: 'My Lydia helps to copy for me — and my wife knits and listens as I read her chapters.' We do not know whether Sterne allowed Lydia to copy out at random everything that he wrote, but we may presume from his readiness to associate her with *Tristram Shandy* that, far from acquiescing in Goldsmith's opinion that it was a bawdy book, he seriously regarded it as a book of humor suitable for schoolgirls and for clergymen in their leisure hours.

As for Goldsmith's criticism, it is chiefly interesting, not as the expression of a personal point of view, but because it is symptomatic of a centuries-old sense of decency and serves to remind us that, in spite of the outspokenness of certain of the novelists, the eighteenth century was as capable of being shocked by impropriety as was the age of Queen Victoria. Those who have the greatest scorn for the Victorian age speak at times as though it were the first period in history in which there was any demand for decorum in literature. Rebellious Victorians themselves sometimes imagined that they were living in such a prison of the conventions as had never existed before. Thackeray's outcry on the subject is famous. 'Since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried,' he lamented in the preface to *Pendennis*, 'no writer of fiction has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a MAN. We must drape him, and give him a certain conventional simper. Society will not tolerate the Natural in Art.' The proprieties existed, however, long before the reign of Queen Victoria, and were by no means confined, even in the most outspoken times, to the Puritans and the Jeremy Colliers.

We have only to glance casually through the records in order to discover that, though men have differed considerably as to where the bounds of decency are to be traced, they are usually agreed that the bounds of decency do somewhere exist. Even Mr. Pepys, whose own writings are in places so indecorous that an entirely unexpurgated edition of the *Diary* has never yet been published, was offended by the indecorousness of Dryden's play, *An Evening's Love, or The Mock Astrologer*, and, after seeing it, wrote in his diary: 'I saw this new play with my wife yesterday, and do not like it, it being very smutty.' Again, we find in his *Diary* the characteristic entry: 'To the Strand, to my book-seller's, and there bought an idle, rogueish French book, "L'escholle des Filles," which I have bought in plain binding, avoiding the buying of it better-bound, because I resolve, as soon as I have read it, to burn it, that it may not stand in the list of books, nor among them, to disgrace them, if it should be found.' Similarly Fielding, whose novels were once considered so indecent that they were withheld from general circulation in some Victorian libraries, was sufficient of a puritan in his turn to denounce Aristophanes and Rabelais for having made 'so wretched a use' of their talents, and to declare that the object of their works seemed to be 'to ridicule all sobriety, modesty, decency, virtue and religion out of the world.'

The further we prosecute the inquiry, the more inevitably we are forced to the conclusion that everybody is shocked by somebody or something. Swinburne shocked the Victorian age with the first series of *Poems and Ballads*, but he himself was shocked by some things in Shakespeare — sufficiently shocked, at least, to praise Dr. Bowdler for having expurgated the plays and made them fit reading for the young.

All this goes to prove that the sense of decency is no pallid and unnatural growth of a too respectable age, but is an eternal and universal part of human nature. It is like the sense of right and wrong: we may differ from age to age and from person to person as to what is right and what is wrong, but every sane human being recognizes a distinction between right and wrong, and there are certain things which he will condemn his neighbors and even himself for doing.

Morals may in some respects change with climate, but there is no climate without its standard of virtue. Pull down one moral standard, and you will find yourself compelled to set up another in its place. And some standard of decency is equally essential. We can no more live a full and free life without it than without morals or manners. In ordinary affairs we all accept this as obvious. We should regard it as indecent nowadays to go about with black finger nails, or to become verminous through abstinence from bathing, or to spit in a church. Most people would even look on it as indecent for a man to walk naked along the street. And there are a number of habits unnecessary to mention which create among civilized people universal disgust.

Even those who denounce the decencies in literature demand some kind of decency in the conduct of their friends. For everyone, be he ever so little fastidious, is capable of disgust. Disgust is merely the other side of good taste, and without it we should never have had civilization or the arts, nor could we continue to enjoy them.

II

This is so obvious that it would not be worth repeating if it were not for the fact that certain writers of our own time have made a virtue of being disgusting and their work has been praised by admirers as though it were extending the territories of literature. They go on the assumption that there is nothing that a man can do that is not fit to be written about, and that it is the business of the artist, not to make a selection of the facts of life for an imaginative purpose, but to guide his readers into every obscene nook and corner with a courageous indifference to everything that offends the senses, both physical and moral.

If literature were a chaotic catalogue of slimy and grimy things, and not an imaginative reconstruction of life in its most interesting aspects, there might be something to be said for this view. But literature depends on careful selection and omission as much as does the work of a good gardener. No good gardener will lead you to his beds and point out boastfully as his supreme achievement a wilderness of weeds, slugs, and leatherjackets. The ultimate test of literature is the quality of its flowers, or rather of its flowers and its fruits. And the greatest writers seem to have realized instinctively that these cannot be produced in perfection until the weeds, the slugs, and the leatherjackets have been to some extent eliminated. Homer is as instinctively decent as he is instinctively frank. Æschylus is food for boys in their teens. And you will find as a rule that the greater the classic is, the less it stands in need of expurgation 'virginibus puerisque,' and the less it suffers from such expurgation if this happens to be made. The more 'minor' the classic is, the more likely it is to be indecent. There is more indecency in Petronius than in all the plays of Molière.

It would be absurd, of course, to pretend that all the greatest writers have observed the decorum required in a Victorian drawing-room, or to deny that many of them have gayly transgressed the bounds of decency. Man is naturally Rabelaisian in his comedy, and the comic writers contain many a passage likely to shock an old-fashioned clergyman. Even in comedy, however, genius only came to flower as the result of an escape into comparative decency. Aristotle makes this point emphatically in the *Ethics*. 'There is a difference,' he says, 'between the jocularity of the gentleman and that of the vulgarian. . . . The difference may be seen by comparing the old and the modern comedies; the earlier dramatists found their fun in obscenity, the moderns prefer innuendo which marks a great advance in decorum.'

We need not pause to inquire what exactly Aristotle meant by 'innuendo,' — *hyponoia*, the word he used, is said by the scholarly not to convey the unpleasant shade of meaning that 'innuendo' conveys to the modern reader, — but it is clear that he regarded comedy as having grown to perfection as a result of its having broken free from its original obsession with obscenity. In this he may have intended to disparage the humor of Aristophanes in comparison with the more subtle humor of his successors; but it is equally true that, in the hands of Aristophanes, Greek comedy, which appears to have been the child and nursling of obscenity, escaped from its mother's obscene apron strings to roam freely over life, politics, and literature. The comedies of Aristophanes survive to-day, indeed, not because of their obscenity, though their obscenity is often extremely amusing, but because they contain so much more than obscenity — a comic vision of the world as a poet of genius saw it.

It is possible, however, to enjoy the great comic literature of the past in its frequently Fescennine license and yet to doubt whether we should gain as much as we should lose if we attempted to recover that license. Manners have changed, and what Aristophanes could say without offense to the citizens of Athens could not always be said without offense to the citizens of London or New York. It is not that we have got beyond Aristophanes in genius and virtue, but that the conventions of speech are different in America and in England from the conventions that were accepted in Athens, and that to-day the writers are addressing a mixed general audience such as, I imagine, did not exist in the ancient world.

No sensitive writer can fail to be conscious of his audience. In private life there are things that a man will say in the presence of men and that he would not say in the presence of children. Most of those who champion the artist's right to say anything and everything ignore the fact of this enlargement of the audience. But the little writer is likelier to ignore it than the great. Sir Walter Scott and even Dumas certainly acknowledged it, and claimed it as a virtue that they had respected the decencies in their writings; and Anthony Trollope, who is at last being generally admitted into the circle of the enduring writers, asks in his *Autobiography*, after referring to six of the leading nineteenth-century novelists: 'Can any one by search through the works of the six great English novelists I have named, find a scene, a passage, or a word that would teach a girl to be immodest, or a man to be dishonest?'

We may, if we please, dismiss all this as prudery and priggishness, but he would be a bold perverter of words who affixed the word 'prig' to authors at once so genial and so virile as Scott and Trollope. They were guilty, indeed, of nothing worse than good sense — the good sense to recognize the emergence of a great mixed audience and their responsibility to it.

Literary manners have altered, however, not only as a result of the enlargement of the audience, — though that was bound to have an important effect on literature, — but as a result of changes in the manners and customs of everyday life. The increase of privacy, the improvement of sanitation, the growing custom of cleanliness both of habits and of the body, and the abolition of many gross usages, have resulted in making many things that once were the comic *contretemps* of ordinary life seem now merely offensive irrelevancies. Probably improved sanitation has had more influence on literary manners than anyone yet suspects. You will notice that what its enemies call prudery is most general in countries in which sanitation has made the greatest progress. If Rabelais were to return as an Englishman or an American to-day, he would probably find himself blushing like a Victorian girl at having made some of his own jokes. This is not to belittle the jokes of Rabelais, but merely to recognize that the manners and conventions that were the natural soil of many of those jokes no longer exist to-day.

Decency, it need hardly be said, belongs for the most part to the realm of manners rather than of morals. Sir Thomas More and Luther jested in a fashion that would be accounted indecent by modern conventions, but no intelligent man would think of making use of the fact as an argument against the excellence of their characters. It is true that Chaucer — if we accept the prayer at the end of 'The Parson's Tale' as genuine — prayed near his death for divine forgiveness for having written *The Canterbury Tales*, but, when he expressed his sorrow for having written 'many a song and many a lecherous lay,' it is likely that he was thinking of his narratives of love — 'endytings of worldly vanities' — at least as much as of the indecorous situations and speech in his comic poems. Certainly taste has changed to such a point that it is almost impossible to conceive a modern poet of genius who could write a poem in the happy, gross vein of 'The Miller's Tale.'

It is not that the moderns are either better men or better poets than Chaucer. It is simply that the genius of the age has changed its manners, and that manners that were natural in Chaucer's age would be artificial in this. Poetry, while it remains fundamentally the same, has altered its clothes, and it would be idle affectation to attempt to return to the ancient garments. Those who love Chaucer most would be the last people to think of adopting in their writings the manners of the fourteenth century.

And much the same is true of Rabelais. The greatest disciples of Rabelais who are writing to-day are as chaste in phrase as Louisa M. Alcott. We even find the modern Rabelaisian enthusiast solemnly discussing such things as the relation of Rabelais to Biblical studies! (This, I fancy, would have amused Rabelais.) If the genius of Rabelais has descended to any modern author, it is not to the tittering imitators of his grossness, but to such a writer as Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who, instead of copying the mud on Rabelais's shoes, has brought back the soul of Rabelais into a twentieth-century body of good prose.

This is not to pretend that the modern intelligent man in all his moods talks like a character in *Daisy in the Field*. But, as the proverb says, there is a time for everything, and no one, however much he may delight in sitting in Rabelais's easy-chair among his fellow Rabelaisians, would, unless he were a fool, make it a principle to force Rabelaisian conversation on a company in which the code of manners was opposed to it. After all, the chief object of comedy is to amuse and not merely to shock. If you are dining with Catholics, you do not indulge in ribald jests about the Pope. If you are dining with Christians of any creed, there are certain blasphemous levities of speech which, however much you may be inclined to them, you will avoid. It is all a matter of good manners, and in such things the sensitive — and all good artists are sensitive — find it easy to conform.

There is, of course, no clear line that can be permanently drawn between decency and indecency. One age may be so delicate that — though it is difficult to believe this — it will shrink from mentioning legs and will even speak of the 'limb' of a chicken. Another age will speak freely of every natural function. Every age probably tends either to an excess of refinement or to an excess of outspokenness. And the more extreme is the swing of the pendulum in one direction, the more extreme is the succeeding swing of the pendulum in the other. The only thing we can be sure of with regard to literature is that, in whatever direction the pendulum swings, great literature recovers and survives. Miss Austen is as sure of immortality as Rabelais, Charles Lamb as Montaigne, Dickens as Chaucer. No writer ever survived in the general love of mankind either because of his propriety or because of his impropriety. Sir Walter Raleigh once pointed out that there were many writers of Boccaccio's age who were more indecent than he, and that nevertheless they had been forgotten; and there are many writers to-day as decent as Charles Garvice, and they too will be forgotten.

Literature survives because of its morals rather than because of its manners — and by its morals I mean its fidelity to the author's vision of life, his sympathy with and understanding of his fellow creatures, and its service to an ideal that cannot be corrupted by money or applause, though the artist as much as any other man likes to have as much as possible of both. Talent is purchasable, but genius is not. There is no great book in literature which is not essentially the book of an honest man — a book of good faith. We realize this whether we are reading Mr. Pepys's secret confessions of his peccadilloes or the austere moralizings of Marcus Aurelius.

III

Even when we have accepted this fundamental truth of criticism, however, we have not yet settled the question whether, on the whole, literature gains from the taboos of decency or whether it is hampered and devitalized by them. There are critics who maintain that certain modern writers, in describing the progress of abnormal passions, have cultivated new and beautiful fields of literature in what was forbidden land to the Victorian novelists. They also regard Mr. James Joyce as having performed a service to truth in having dragged into the light of day thoughts and words that the ordinary adult man would not utter except in a delirium.

That, indeed, is the odd thing about the modern revolt against the old-fashioned notions of decency. It began in the nineteenth century as a kind of feverish religion, and, instead of being a defense of laughter against the laughterless, it nowadays invites the imagination into a sanctuary of gloom. It is not only serious: it is solemn. There is nothing Rabelaisian or hilarious about it. There are still, indeed, writers who treat the physical life of man in the ancient comic spirit, though without the ancient gusto; but one of the eminent characteristics of most of the modern adherents of 'outspoken' literature is their laughterless enthusiasm and devotional awe. It is as though they seriously believed that it had been left to them to make the grand discovery of sex, both in its normal and in its abnormal manifestations, for the first time — that their ancestors, while marrying and bringing up families, had remained completely ignorant of sex, either through stupidity or as a result of not having the courage to open their eyes and face the facts. Everything that Freud and the psychoanalysts announce about sex they regard as though it were a revelation from Heaven.

It is as if a new sun had arisen and disclosed continents unknown to Shakespeare and the writers of old time. Shakespeare did not know that Hamlet was in love with his mother and had been homicidally jealous of his father, but the young disciples of Freud know. Dickens, when he wrote *David Copperfield*, thought that Mr. Dick was only an innocent eccentric, but the Freudian knows, as a result of reading one of the latest books on psychoanalysis, that Mr. Dick was really a case of sexual aberration. I do not mean to suggest that psychoanalysis is the parent of all the earnestly sexual fiction of to-day, but undoubtedly it has loosed on the world a flood of crazy theories about sex that has swept a great many writers and readers into morasses that their ancestors instinctively avoided. It is important that psychologists and doctors should examine these theories carefully, sifting the true from the false, and giving the former its due and comparatively obscure place in the crowded paradox of human life. But I have never yet seen any association between psychoanalysis and literature that was not injurious to literature. This, indeed, is bound to be so, since, like any other theory that is carried too far, psychoanalysis is a bed of Procrustes into which men and women as we know them cannot be fitted without mutilation. We have only to look round among the people we know most intimately to realize that there is not one thing in a hundred that make them interesting human beings on which a psychoanalyst could throw the faintest glimmer of candlelight.

And the increasing absorption of novelists in the 'sexual' life of man is as likely to be barren in literary results. There is nothing that fascinates the curiosity, especially of the adolescent, more than sex, and there is no kind of curiosity that provides less food for the imagination. Here, perhaps, it is important to define one's terms. By curiosity about sex I mean curiosity, not about men and women and their tragic and comic relations, but about their animal functions. Obviously, in a broad sense, everybody must be curious about sex. In this sense the poet, the novelist, and the moralist, as well as the most ordinary man, must be profoundly interested in it. There is all the difference in the world, however, between the interest of Homer in Helen and the Peeping Tom curiosity of the adolescent. Homer did not look at life through puritanical eyes, but he saw that the interesting thing about Helen was not what some people nowadays call her 'sex life,' but was her beauty and the long train of tragedy and war that followed from Paris's love of her.

The great artists, like the great moralists, do not dwell on the descriptions of adultery, but on its consequences. Their theme is a man or a woman in the toils of destiny, and not the animal functions; and, if anyone replies that for some men and women the animal functions are themselves destiny, all one can say in reply is that the greatest writers have, in choosing their heroes and heroines, avoided characters of so limited an interest.

Take any of the great love stories of the world, — the story of Paris and Helen, of Antony and Cleopatra, of Tristram and Iseult, of Paolo and Francesca, — and everywhere you will find the story, not of a 'sex life,' but of the fate of a noble soul. Nowhere is there a description of commonplace sexual adventures. The lovers in all cases bear more resemblance to betrothed or married lovers on whom a doom has fallen than to the vaguely amorous nonentities who populate so many modern novels. The truth is, passion is interesting to the imagination only when it is more than physical passion and absorbs the whole being — when it is all but, in the ancient phrase, faithful unto death and for its sake there is no suffering too great to be endured.

Mr. George Moore once said that children are born of the marriage, stories of the adulterous, bed. It is an epigram that stops a long way short of the truth. Ordinary adultery has given us no great stories. It is the sufferings of lovers, their fidelity, and their desperate struggle in the hands of destiny, that fit them to be immortal figures in literature. The amours of uninteresting people are no more interesting in the world of the imagination than their meals or the symptoms of their illnesses. A writer cannot make an uninteresting person interesting in the literary sense merely by giving him a number of sexual adventures. One sexual adventure is very like another, and in the end even Paul Pry will complain of the monotony.

That is, I think, one of the surest safeguards against pornography. Normal intelligent people with any breadth of interest in life simply get tired of it. In comic pornography, indecency is a kind of *sauce piquante* which becomes infinitely wearisome as soon as we realize that the flavor is, as it is in nine cases out of ten, merely a means of concealing the flavorlessness of the wit and humor. In serious pornography it is a strong spice which as a rule is used to disguise the poor quality of the dish to which it is added. It is, to a large part of the present generation, something of a novelty in literature, and to many people it is still as exciting as a new dance or a new fashion in clothes. Let it become more general, however, and it will gradually seem as unattractive as if everybody were to give up washing or to take to going about with grimy hands and faces.

There is much the same argument for cleanliness of the mind as for cleanliness of the body. The plain fact is that most people, given the chance, enjoy being clean, and that they feel more comfortable in the company of people who are clean than in the company of people who are not. And, when once the habit of cleanliness had been established, no one would pay much attention to a man who argued: 'Greater ages than ours have been ages of dirt. Shakespeare never used a toothbrush: why should I? Villon was probably verminous: why should n't I be?' We should say to him, if we said anything, 'Can you imitate Shakespeare's genius, or only his teeth? Have you suffered like Villon and turned your sufferings into music like his, or do you forget that there were millions of verminous men in the Middle Ages, but only one Villon?'

There are some things, indeed, to which the world, if it remains reasonably sane, will never go back. It will never abandon soap for vermin, and it will never return to the unsanitary conditions of Rabelais's day in literature any more than in ordinary life.

If there is a danger of the world's doing so, it lies, perhaps, in our making a fetish of cleanliness. Cleanliness is a convenience, as filth is an inconvenience, and it is chiefly that. Whoever said that it was next to godliness was neither a Christian nor a philosopher. A kind of negative cleanliness that becomes self-righteous as though it were a rival of the supreme virtues is scarcely less offensive than its opposite. Who would praise whited sepulchres, and who does not know that it is possible for a man to take a bath every morning and yet not to possess a single admirable quality? Similarly in literature there are hundreds of clean books that make the sensitive young impatient of cleanliness — books that are namby-pamby, empty-headed, empty-hearted falsifications. Imaginative readers are quick to detect the difference between truth and imposture, and they prefer the truth told grossly by Montaigne to shallow lies told by professional optimists.

At the same time, it is sometimes forgotten nowadays that truth is not merely an absence of reticence, and that a filthy lie is just as much a lie as a clean lie. The truth of the artist is widely different from the truth of the doctor or farmer or the man not engaged in the arts who looks at the world through the glasses of a particular trade or profession. The doctor, in his capacity of doctor, is bound to look on a human being largely as an assemblage of organs; and, if he were examining Julius Cæsar himself, it would be his duty to take more note of the condition of Cæsar's stomach than of Cæsar's conquests. His report would be the truth about Cæsar as the doctor professionally sees it, but Shakespeare can tell us infinitely greater truth about Cæsar, while ignoring what may be called the doctor's truth. Shakespeare knew perfectly well that Cæsar had a stomach, but he had no occasion to draw attention to it. Similarly, Wordsworth in his vision of the countryside ignores the manure that it would be criminal in a farmer cultivating his fields to forget. It is not that Wordsworth did not know about manure or that, in a conversation with a farmer, he would have shrunk from freely discussing the manuring of crops; but as a poet he was more interested in lambs and green linnets and daffodils.

Genius of any kind, whether in an art or in a profession or in a trade, is, it seems to me, largely the power to concentrate on relevant facts and to order them to a large purpose. Hence the writer of genius must give us a very much purified account of his vision of the world — an account purified, so far as it is possible, from everything irrelevant, whether it is decent or indecent. There are realists, on the other hand, who seem to think that, if only a fact is indecent, it ceases to be irrelevant. Incapable of delight, they find a perverted substitute for delight in disgust. It is true that, if it is their object to preach a gospel of disgust, their indecencies may be relevant to their propaganda; but in that case they must be content to be judged, not as artists, but as preachers of a gospel that seems to most people false.

I do not mean to suggest that it is impossible for a great writer to adhere to the gospel of disgust with life in general. But, if he cannot impart his vision of disgust in such a way as to afford more delight than disgust to his fellow creatures, his writings have no place in literature. The pessimism of Schopenhauer and Baudelaire, like the cynicism of La Rochefoucauld, is beautiful in its expression. The truth is, a writer of great intellect and imagination writes instinctively in obedience to certain laws of beauty which themselves overlap the ultimate laws of decency and of delight. We may regard his vision as evil and his creed as poisonous, and may believe that no man inspired by such a creed and vision has ever ascended to the highest peaks of literature; but, as we read his masterpieces, we have no sense of the dull tedium of disgust. It is the men of lesser talents — the men of half-genius and the men of no genius at all, but of abnormal vanity — who repel us with their deliberate indecorum. They are epicures of the unsavory — hosts who, in order to be original, dispense titbits of offal to their guests. They take pleasure in defiling life, and are scandalmongers about the soul and body of man.

IV

Writers, of course, like other men, are commonly inspired by mixed motives, and it is seldom that a writer's only motive is a passion for indecency. Some of the Restoration dramatists almost achieved this single-mindedness, and the general oblivion into which their works have fallen is the inevitable reward of the single-minded bore in literature. If a number of modern writers outrage the decencies, however, it is usually only in patches. Some of them are merely escaped puritans. They are so smug and so self-satisfied as they dabble in their mud pies that you think of them as cracked and crazy little Jack Horners. They have none of the generous joviality and superabundant spirits of the great outragers of the decencies. Their error is the result, not of an excess, but of a deficiency, of vitality. Other writers of the kind are, as Stevenson said of Zola, 'diseased anyway and black-hearted and fundamentally at enmity with joy.' We can love almost any author who enjoys life, or even any noble author who does not enjoy it, but an author who can give us nothing but prying and joyless excursions into mud is a predestined bore, and literature will have none of him.

It would, I admit, be as absurd as it would be unjust to speak of Zola and certain other writers who have shocked the respectable as though they were obscene and nothing more. Zola in some of his novels all but achieved greatness, and there are one or two living writers with comparable preoccupations to whom, one feels, the divine gift of genius was offered at their cradles. The question at issue is not whether Zola and those others are worthless writers, but whether they may not have lost vastly more than they have gained by refusing to recognize the ordinary taboos of decency. I for one am convinced that they have lost immeasurably.

The artist, after all, is a creator of life in its infinite variety. In him the whole range of human emotion is reborn for us. If he gives us disgust, it must be only as the shadow of our raptures. He takes us through child's play and April and sunshine, through friendship and love that challenges the grave and seems even in death to defeat it, through all the conflicts of ambition, greed, and noble disinterestedness, through laughter, tears, and the medicinal wisdom that makes laughter a release into charity, and tears a release into faith and hope, and so on finally to the calm sunset peace of Prospero.

If the artist is preoccupied with the indecent, he has not that free imagination out of which the greatest and most beautiful figures of literature have been born. He has become the slave of a fixed idea, and his imagination enjoys about as much liberty as the caged eagles on the Roman Capitol. If you want to see evidence of this, you have only to look at English lyric poetry. No Rochester, or man of Rochester's mood and mind, has ever soared to those heights to which Wordsworth and the great lyric poets have soared. I doubt, indeed, if a selection of the thousand greatest lyrics in the English language, made on purely æsthetic grounds, would contain half a dozen lyrics that would be gravely questioned on grounds of decency by a committee of bishops.

Much of the indecency of the present day, I fancy, is due to a feeling that the soil of literature is exhausted and that we can enrich it by digging deeper and working in the subsoil. Writers who take this view forget, unfortunately, that when you are digging a garden, while you are advised to dig deep, you are warned on no account to bring the subsoil to the surface. The subsoil is barren, and the great artists, if they refrained from bringing it to the surface, did so because they knew very well that nothing would grow in it. In ordinary life, if we buried the soil under the subsoil, we should find ourselves starving. Mr. Joyce seems to me to have buried the soil under the subsoil in *Ulysses*, and to have produced a vast waste in which the imagination starves.

There are things that Nature never meant us to drag into the light. Just as the gardener must dig down to the subsoil and break it up with his fork, so the artist may venture as deep as he will with his curiosity, but he must be careful to leave hidden what was meant to be hidden and to cultivate the same exuberant earth that was cultivated by the great artists before him. The instinct of shame and reticence, in spite of its many absurd manifestations, was implanted in him by Nature as a means of enabling him to distinguish between what was worth his doing and what was not. It goes deeper than superstition, though it has often been accompanied by superstition, and we owe to a hundred taboos our rise out of savagery, the progress of human society, and the development of the arts. For every great work of art is a masterpiece of suppression no less than of expression. Homer and Shakespeare knew a great deal about the animal life of man and the quagmires of the human imagination that they were not too great prudes but too great artists to put into writing.

V

As to where the bounds of decency are to be fixed, it is impossible to lay down an absolute rule. All we can be sure of is that decorum of one sort or another is as essential to the arts as it is to social life, and that without it the arts tend to sink into a monotony of triviality or feverishness. Rabelais and Sterne may be cited as witness on the other side, and undoubtedly the laws of decorum are looser in comic than in more solemn writing; but even of Rabelais Coleridge could say, as could be said of few of the supremely indecorous authors: 'I could write a treatise in praise of the moral elevation of Rabelais's work which would make the Church stare and the Conventicle groan, and yet would be truth and nothing but truth.'

To-day, however, it is, as I have suggested, not the comic writers, but the writers who never make a joke, who seem oftenest to transgress the bounds of decency; and it would be difficult to write a treatise in praise of their moral elevation.

Some of them have imaginations that can scarcely rise above the physical side of sex, and any uninteresting nobody making love to any other uninteresting nobody is more fascinating to them than Helen on the walls of Troy or the agony of Lear beside the dead Cordelia. They are more interested in love affairs than in love, and, in opposition to the old Sunday-school tracts, write what might be described as Witches'-Sabbath-school tracts. They too, however, have their own reticence. They too, like Homer and Shakespeare, leave things out; they leave out, indeed, just those things that Shakespeare and Homer thought important. It is as though they were trying to construct novels from the refuse-heaps of the artists of the past. But, after all, if a novelist can move us neither to tears nor to laughter, it does not very much matter whether he is indecent or not, since he has already written his epitaph with his signature on the title-page. And, if he can move us to tears and laughter, we shall take him to our hearts, however he may offend the conventions of the hour.

If a defense of decency in literature is necessary, it is not in order to denounce this or that writer, but in order to keep alive in a generation of fluctuating thought and opinion a sense of the eternal values in the arts. Readers too easily allow themselves to be herded into opposing camps of puritans and antipuritans, and in the result we often find the antipuritans, in the heat and enthusiasm of battle, trying to foist upon us as a work of exalted genius some third-rate book that has very little merit except that it is likely to shock the pious. The puritans, to do them justice, are less concerned to prove that a book with the morals of which they agree is great literature. They are content to enjoy a bad book of a morally good kind in the same illiterate mood in which most of us enjoy detective stories.

On the whole, there seems to be no necessity to join either of the camps. Literature needs to be defended alike against the deadly decorum of the extreme puritans and the equally deadly indecorum of the extreme antipuritans. But that a profound and noble decorum is all but an essential of great modern literature I am convinced. It was not altogether by accident that the most decorous age in English history produced the greatest novelist in English literature — Charles Dickens.

THE WRECK OF THE MEMPHIS

BY CAPTAIN K. C. McINTOSH

I

When the United States ship Memphis crashed against the rocks of Santo Domingo, the catastrophe was too big for any one man to see in its entirety. My part in the event was small, but it is all I know. It is all I shall try to tell.

It was hot and sticky weather, a typical August afternoon in the Caribbean. Occasional light showers drifted across the roadstead and the ship swung easily in the long swell. I had intended making an inspection of the Castine's pay department that afternoon, but a troublesome error in the balance of my own clothing return kept me hunting for an elusive discrepancy of twenty cents until nearly three o'clock. By that time I was drowsy; and as I came on deck, to find the sun shining through a patter of big, plashing raindrops, I reflected that the afternoon was too far gone to make much of an inspection. My room was on the breezy side, and an air port twenty inches square opened by the head of my berth. I went below instead of going to the Castine.

There was a two-inch batten on the long bookshelf overhead to hold my books when the ship rolled. Nevertheless, I was aroused by the impact of a thick volume of Montaigne landing in the pit of my stomach. Still drowsy, I put the book back. Before it was fairly set on the shelf, six or seven volumes of *Decisions of the Comptroller* cascaded all around me. I was suddenly wide-awake. The ship had never rolled like that during my time on board.

Automatically I closed and dogged down my air port and pulled on my coat. Was there a hurricane making up? The log, kept in a desk on the quarter-deck, would show. As I started up the ladder to investigate, the engineer officer, Lieutenant Jones, ran into his room next mine, and I heard him call down the voice tube, 'Light off six more boilers!' as he began hurriedly to pull on his overalls preparatory to going below.

Another heavy roll sent the ship on her beam ends. The log showed nothing unusual in the column devoted to barometer, wind, or clouds. The yellow afternoon sun was blinking through the wet air. A little shower was drifting slowly a mile inshore, a soft breeze following its thin shadow. At the mouth of the river I could see our motor launch with returning liberty men heading out toward the ship. The surgeon, first lieutenant, and gunnery officer joined me, also peering curiously at the log for some hint of what was causing the queer, dead rolling.

Then the surgeon said, 'My God!' in a hushed voice and pointed out to sea. Miles out showed a wavering, racing line like a range of hills. After one incredulous instant — no wave could possibly be so tremendous! — the first lieutenant burst into a roar of

'Close your gun shutters!' and he and the gunnery officer raced below, one to port and the other to starboard, rousing the crew and directing the slamming of the gun shutters and tightening of the screw bolts that secured them.

The surgeon and I turned startled eyes on each other as the great wave, tearing shoreward at express-train speed, combed and broke off Torrecilla Point, where the chart shows ten fathoms of water. Then we too dashed below, he to his patients and I to see that the water-tight doors of my storerooms were securely fastened. With the semiautomatic habit of the sea, I looked at my watch and 'registered' the time as I ran. It was 3.47 on an ordinary, showery-bright afternoon, the twenty-ninth of August, 1916.

I was in the passage under the lower wardroom country when the Memphis groaned like a man with his hand caught in a winch and seemed to lie flat on her side. She boomed like an enormous muffled bell as she struggled to right herself. Up and up she climbed as I passed the ordnance storeroom; then down, down, like a dropping elevator. The electrical storeroom was secured. I remember thinking, 'Good man, Saunders — I might have known his shop would be — What on earth?' For my feet stung with a grinding jar, and the old Memphis again trembled and shrieked.

The way to the forward storerooms was hard to negotiate, for by now the ship was behaving like the car of a roller coaster. I could hear hatches clanging shut and the rush and gurgle of water in the gun deck above.

The chief pay clerk met me in the warrant officers' alley. 'All secure forward,' he reported. Then he too said, 'What on earth?' for again came that grinding thump, and the lights went out. Through the dark came his quizzical voice: 'It looks to me like time to begin picking up papers!'

II

The pay office was next to be visited; and to reach there I had to go out again on the quarter-deck, for all other hatches seemed to be closed and fastened. Between ship and shore the sea was an incredible nightmare. The little Castine, dancing like a mad thing, had come out of the river, and a small knot of our men who were lashing the gasoline drums at the break of the superstructure cheered her each time she poked her gallant white nose through a howling, gray-backed wave.

Our liberty boat was half a mile from the ship, riding low and heavily. She had taken much water and the men were bailing feverishly. Then she stopped and slewed uncertainly. A man seized the colors and began frantically to wigwag 'E-n-g-i-n-e b-r-o — ' Then she broached to and the insane sea took her. An old petty officer in the lee of Turret Two cried, 'Oh, Jesus Christ!'

Inside the superstructure I had to wrap both arms around a stanchion and hold on until my breath returned after that mad dash across the open deck. I distinctly remember thinking, 'What is this? There's not a hatful of wind out there.'

The grinding jars were frequent and monotonously regular now. Crunch! crunch! crunch! at half-minute intervals. There was no longer any puzzle about it. The Memphis was crashing against the coral bottom of the roads with every wave trough. The deck ahead was dark with hatches and gun shutters closed; but as I clung to the stanchion the sea crashed heavily against the starboard side. The heavy nuts stripped the threads from the dogs of number three three-inch gun port; and half the shutter crashed on the deck as a two-foot stream of water roared in.

I reached the pay office at last. Two feet of gray water was swirling around the desks; and the file-case drawers had spilled their contents and were hanging drunkenly. My chief yeoman, with angry face, was grabbing furiously at the falling papers and lashing them in soggy bundles. 'Hell, Paymaster,' he growled, forgetting all else in his irritation, 'it'll take me a month to get this place clean!'

Together we lashed the most valuable records to overhead pipes and beams, out of reach of the charging water. We each arranged the package we should take in case the ship had to be abandoned. This was for the yeoman's benefit. He did not know what I had seen — no boat could live in the seething hell of that sea.

A crash and confused shouting in the compartment outside made me leave the pay office. The mess tables had come down from their racks and were surging about as the heavy rolling sent the ankle-deep water swirling across the deck. The crew's piano tore loose from its chocks and dashed crazily toward the side, taking complete charge of the passageway. We knew that many men were still below. The passage must be cleared. So the half-dozen apprentice boys and the young boatswain's mate I found in the compartment set out with me to capture the piano. It was very like capturing a wise and frolicsome mule in the middle of a rushing stream. As my foot slipped the accursed thing whirled wickedly, striking my hip and knocking me down. Like a flash a lean arm flew under my chin, and, with a jerk that made my neck bones crack, the boatswain's mate pulled me clear. 'Careful, sir!' was his only comment.

The piano's charge on me was its last, for it wedged itself in the training gear of number four gun long enough for the boys to get a line around it and lash it to the gun mount.

Then a boy who was clinging to the guard rail of a companionway called, 'There's somebody down in the gun deck!' and we made our way in short spurts across to the ladder head. The ship was now rolling drunkenly through a fifty-degree arc, with always that sickening pounding at the middle of the swing. Down in the gloom of the gun deck three or four feet of water surged back and forth, now leaving the glistening red linoleum bare, now roaring through the overhead beams as the poor old Memphis labored. Six-inch drill shell, loose from the racks, leaped and rumbled back and forth, making the footing dangerous.

Two or three men were at the other end of the lower compartment, watching their chance to win through the water and the spinning shells to the ladder. 'Make a chain,' suggested the boatswain's mate. The heaviest bluejacket wound both legs and an arm around a near-by stanchion. The rest of us, fingers around wrists, formed a rope of men down the ladder, reaching a free hand out to the marooned men below. Another gun shutter smashed in; and the inrush of water boiled down the ladder over our backs and shoulders.

The first to try to reach us was a short, plump machinist. Barely five feet in height, he had a girth of over four. As the roll left the compartment momentarily dry, he danced daintily between the tumbling shells like a fat, bewhiskered bacchante. As the ship started to roll back, sending roaring tons of water into our side of the deck, a tall sheet-steel locker came down from its moorings on the bulkhead and dashed at him. He escaped its blow by leaping for the overhead piping, swinging by his hands and raising his feet clear. His fat little hands and stubby arms resented such unwonted use, and as the locker swam dizzily beneath him his grip broke and he fell astride of it. In some miraculous way he kept it right side up; and three or four times he rode his bucking steel steed back and forth across the deck as the water rushed here and there. Finally his straining hand reached mine and he scrambled up the chain of men to the comparative dryness of the upper deck.

Comparative dryness only. As the second man gripped my outstretched wrist with spasmodic fingers, the Negro mess boy next above me in the chain yelled and violently swung us both to one side off the ladder. I turned my head just in time to catch a smother of down-rushing water and to see a six-foot mess bench whiz end-on past my head. I have an idea that black boy saved me some broken bones.

Then for a while we clung, each to his anchoring stanchion, and wondered what it was all about. I kept saying over and over to myself, 'But there's no wind! But there's no sign of a storm!'

A white-faced boy less than thirty days in the navy had been working with the rest, silently and well. He now seized his opportunity, when the others could not hear, to ask in a low voice, 'Have we got a chance, sir?' I knew that the Memphis lay too deep in the water to float close to the shelving shore. I knew that the pounding had badly crushed the bottom. I had seen how that yelling, maniac sea had blotted out boats and swimmers. But I could not bring myself to tell the boy what seemed inevitable to me. Through my head the singsong was running, 'But there's no wind! But there's no wind!' So I told him, 'Son, this is something we may never have a chance to see again. It's undoubtedly a seismic disturbance.' And I watched the color come back into his face, and hoped that my own looked as calm.

III

Overhead, the boom and chatter of the sea were broken by the stamping of feet and a clang as a hatch cover was thrown open, letting in the light of the dying afternoon sun. Down the ladder plunged the chief master-at-arms, a kapok life jacket around his burly body and white water whipping past his thick legs. 'The Captain says all up from below, sir. They're serving out the life preservers.'

As he spoke there came the last of the long pounding. The Memphis staggered, righted, dropped on an almost even keel with a crushing sound like an egg dropped among pebbles — and moved no more. The men were already scampering up the ladder, dodging and chuckling as the downpour of water from above snatched at their knees in wide green surges. Halfway up the ladder, I had to seize both manropes as my feet were whirled from under me. This time it was no cascade, but a solid green mass, filling the wide hatch from coaming to coaming. It lay on my head like a crushing weight, and its rush tugged as if it would tear my arms from their sockets. Solid green, it shut out the sunlight. 'She's gone down!' I thought; but still my fingers clung. Suddenly, with a roar, the water was below me; and I managed to scramble out on to the boat deck before the next great wave came aboard.

Out in the air, we blinked in amazement. The ship had been two miles from the rocky shore when that first incredible sea came in. Nowhere within a mile and a half of the beach was there water enough to float the Memphis. Shoal spots — one with barely four feet of water — abounded. Yet, as we looked shoreward across the deck, we stared into the faces of hundreds of people who shouted and waved their arms, trying to be heard against the screaming surf. Each pounding crash as we hit bottom had been a step toward shore. Broadside on, dragging a sixteen-thousand-pound anchor, the Memphis had stumbled that two miles, hopping the shoals and coral heads, grinding over the ledges; and at last she rested snugly across the mouth of a shallow cove bitten into a black, waterworn cliff. She had come right into the city, and all the city was there to meet her. Hardly one hundred feet separated us from the crowd on the cliff edge.

They were hoisting wounded men out of the firerooms through a ventilator as I reached the deck. I learned then that the first crashing blow on the bottom had jarred loose the steam lines, sending scalding steam whistling through the engine and fire rooms. Then solid water had dashed down the funnels as the ship rolled into the face of some following wave, and several boilers had burst. Two officers and eleven men, ten of whom later died, had been caught in the steam and cruelly scalded. They could not be brought up the usual ladders — for one reason, slimy black rocks were now jutting up four feet into the engine room and the lower ladders were broken. So the sound men had clambered up the ventilator shaft, and were now hoisting out coaling bags, a moaning, semiconscious man in each. Blood oozed slowly from cracks in their black-charred faces and arms.

An ensign had seized a sounding line and was whirling the heavy lead in circles around his head. With a warning shout to the milling, hysterical crowd on the beach, he let it fly toward the shore. As the snaky line writhed over the rocks a dozen men seized it. By the time the scalded men were up from below, a heavy hawser had been passed ashore and a breeches buoy rigged. One at a time, the wounded men were sent sliding down this swaying bridge, each in his coaling bag hung on a snatch block. The controlling line by which the swiftness of the slide was checked broke with one of them. Two black men on the beach threw themselves under the hurtling bag, forming a battered living cushion between the wounded man and the knife-edged rocks.

Then the sick went ashore. Eventually there were five lines to the beach; and after the last sick man was safely over the side the abandoning of the ship went on apace. On the bridge, Captain Beach was pacing slowly back and forth, his demeanor as cool as if he were waiting for his carriage at the door of a theatre. With a little smile on his face, he gave low-voiced orders and advice, chatted with the navigator, and joked with the men. His coolness was magnificent; and he planned the landing of the nine hundred and eighty men of his crew in the same detached way in which he conducted a routine drill. In orderly queues men fell in by each sagging line to the shore, and each line had its appointed crew of handlers, one to the block with its dangling 'bos'n's chair,' two to the uphaul. The petty officers in charge soon began to make a game of it, as bluejackets will. A water tender on the line from the wing of the bridge began with the high shrill yelp of a side-show barker. '*One* more couple wanted!' he cried. 'A ride like this is ten cents at Coney Island!'

The coxswain at the break of the superstructure took up the refrain. '*One* more couple wanted! Don't crowd, don't push; free rides for one and all! Ladies' cloakroom to the right, gents' in the back of the hall! *One* more couple wanted!'

In the lee of the engine-room hatch, one negligent arm hooked through the canopy cover and a useless, drenched blanket across his mighty shoulders, towered the electrical gunner. Four-square he stood, his back to the seas that swept over the ship at half-minute intervals. His shoulders and head split the rushing water like a rock in a freshet. Kept dry, deep in the palm of one huge hand, his corncob pipe was burning. As I stopped in his lee to let a wave go by, he gave me a pull on the pipe, and never did tobacco smoke taste sweeter.

'I was in the New Hampshire's liberty boat when she overset in North River,' he drawled, grinning, 'and I lost my best clothes. I was in the E4, and lost all my kit. And I was in the Annapolis when she tried to knock a rock out of the ocean down Samoa way. That claim for clothes is n't settled yet, and here's this darn thing! Next time I'm ordered to sea I'll file an inventory of my clothes and gear with the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, with instructions to consider it a claim for lost property when my ship sinks!'

The men were fairly scampering off the ship now, ten or twelve a minute sliding down the lines to be caught in the arms of the crowd on the rocks. As they landed, the people — *and we were technically at war with these people, please remember* — would swarm around them with blankets and rum or hot coffee. As the blankets gave out, hysterical women would tear off their petticoats to wrap around the shoulders of the shivering bluejackets. And how they shivered! The water that surged over us was almost hot, and was greasy with a stinking gray slime; but when the water subsided, the air that struck our wet tired bodies cut through with a chill like a raw March day. Still there was no wind, or the cold might have numbed us as we waited our turn at the swaying lines.

IV

It was apparent now that our safe arrival on shore was assured, provided the ship held together long enough. Nine hundred men on shore require housing and food; and they would look to the paymaster to provide it. Housing and food on shore require money, and the money was down below.

The junior surgeon had a flashlight in his hand; and together we plunged below between waves. My room was two decks down; but after a little blundering we found an open hatch and reached the safe. The surgeon, over his knees in black water, held the light while I opened the combination.

The government had provided me with a handbag for transporting government money, a huge black thing with a steel frame. Empty, it would drag down a fair swimmer. I decided that 'monkeying' a swaying line nearly a hundred feet, over crashing surf, carrying that bag, was a job for a better man than I.

There were safety pins in my mending kit, which I found, miraculously, where I remembered seeing it last. I fastened a row of them around my waist, pinning my shirt to underclothing. Then between shirt and undershirt I packed the bundles of money. My pistol belt clamped snug around my waist held them in place, and my tightly buttoned blouse over all made all secure. 'Now,' I told the doctor as I pulled on a padded life jacket, 'I guess I'm ready to go.'

I could not understand why the doctor laughed as we groped our way out again. Then, as I mounted the bridge ladder, I found it strangely narrow. As I reported to the Captain that the ship's money was ready, he too burst into a shout of laughter. I looked myself over for the first time. Figure to yourself a rather small but stocky individual, who would normally look plump in a life jacket. Then, in your mind's eye, stow fifty-six thousand dollars in ordinary-sized bills about his middle, and you will have an idea of the figure of fun I presented.

Next day Captain Beach found time to write me a pseudo-official letter, as follows: —

> Sir: —
>
> When next serving under my command and in the process of carrying out your duties in the salvaging of government funds in event of shipwreck, you will attach to your person one eighty-pound boat anchor with adequate chain, and one buoy with thirty fathoms of line.
>
> These instructions are to enable your shipmates to recover your remains in order to render due military honors — and for other reasons.
>
> E. L. Beach
> *Captain, U. S. Navy, Commanding*

The crowds of drenched, chattering men on the boat deck were thinning rapidly by now. The Captain's laugh sank to a chuckle and then to his customary smile. 'Your turn now, Paymaster,' he said. 'Take your bales of filthy lucre and go ashore. You can buy our dinner to-night.'

It was a tight fit to crowd my laden carcass into the loop; but a hundred ready hands jerked me out of it as my feet scraped the rocks. By the time the money was safely stowed in the safe of the marine quartermaster on shore and I had run back to the beach, the biggest cigar I could find in my mouth, the crowds were cheering. Two slings, laden with men, were sliding toward the shore. From the first landed the navigator, Lieutenant Withers, and the chief electrician. In the last load came Quartermaster Rose and Captain Beach. Not a man had been lost in the process of reaching the shore over the surf.

Ten of the engineer's force died of their burns. Twenty-nine men were lost in the boats that were in the water when the raging hell broke loose. Two were lost overboard at some time during the terrible two-mile journey to the beach; and one mess boy, in need of a stimulant, mistook the labels on the shelves of a small Dominican shop just after he landed, and swallowed a killing dose of hair tonic. But where the risk of injury and death was greatest, there was Captain Beach, with his quiet, forceful voice, his twinkling smile, and his seaman's resourcefulness. He saved his crew.

And still there was no wind. The savants have decided that there was a hurricane offshore that sucked the sea off the eight-fathom ledge before hurling it back. It was on the hypothesis of a hurricane that the Court of Inquiry proceeded; and the letters written the surviving officers by the Navy Department contained the phrase, 'while your ship was being destroyed by a hurricane.'

But you cannot convince a Memphis man that there was a hurricane. The roaring water was hot and stank with the ooze of long-buried sea bottom. We believe that my haphazard reply to the apprentice boy may have been right. We believe that it was a seismic disturbance — and from a 'chance to see it again,' good Lord, deliver us!

THE RUSSIAN

BY A. CECIL EDWARDS

I

Along the side wall at the far end of the vast apartment sat half a dozen sober-garbed officials, primly, in a row.

A small, distinguished-looking old gentleman, with restless eyes and a nose hooked and bony as the beak of a hawk, occupied a chair on the opposite side of the room, a chair larger and more ornamented than the others. His black coat was of the finest broadcloth, ample in the frock, with an upright collar notched at the throat like a clergyman's. His legs, too short to reach the floor, rested on the spell of his chair. His small feet were shod in patent leather. He wore his black pill-box hat jauntily over one ear. His silver-white moustache betokened scorn of those accepted ministers of age, indigo and henna. He was called the Sword of the State, and he was Governor of Tabriz and of the province of Azerbaijan.

A young officer, in the red-and-blue uniform of the brigade of Persian Cossacks, dusty and travel-stained, stood at attention in the middle of the room. He was responding, in sullen monosyllables, to a string of questions addressed to him by the Governor's deputy, a scarecrow of a man in a gaberdine of smooth gray cloth. In these proceedings the Governor took no part. He sat deep in his chair, tugging his white moustache, heedless, seemingly, of what was going on.

At last the young officer, exasperated by this stupid inquisition and emboldened by the silence of the old gentleman, swaggered across the carpeted floor and addressed the Vice Governor with that half-concealed contempt with which the military, even in defeat, regard the civil power.

'His Exalted Presence wished to be informed of the progress of operations. I have kept him informed. It is not my affair to answer for what has happened.'

'Nevertheless, you should speak with more respect of the Government troops,' said the Vice Governor. He glanced nervously at the little old gentleman for an indication of support, but failed to discover any sign of it in his demeanor.

'What I have written, what I have said now,' cried the young officer hotly, 'is the truth! If I had not told the truth —'

'You would have been thrown into prison,' interrupted the Sword of the State coolly. 'Go on.'

The young soldier was for a moment confused by this unlooked-for interruption, but quickly regained his self-possession. He turned, addressing more properly the Governor, and continued: —

'The army, sir, is shattered. The Kurds suddenly opened fire with half a dozen machine guns. The Staff did not even know that they possessed any. They cursed first the British and then the Turks for supplying them. As for the troops, they were too frightened to fire. They hugged the ground in their shallow trenches. When the Kurds charged, they ran like partridges.'

'The Kurds are still far away, are they not?' hazarded, with feigned detachment, the Chief Secretary, a large, black-bearded gentleman in a white turban.

'Do not be alarmed, Sadr,' interrupted grimly the Sword of the State. 'Your villages are not in danger.' At this remark the members of the Council laughed, a little nervously. The gentleman in the white turban looked confused and subsided.

'They are not so far away,' replied the young soldier. 'The battle, if one can call it that, took place on this side of Salmas. Our troops were scattered. Most of them are hiding in the villages and are lost to us. Some are falling back on Khoi with the guns. From Khoi to Tabriz is six days' march.'

'The Kurds will never dare to attack Tabriz, the second city of the Empire!' cried the Vice Governor. He glanced in alarm at the heavily embroidered curtain which hung, in lieu of a door, over the entrance, as if he feared that those savage warriors might break in upon them then and there.

'By Abu'l Fazl,' cried the Sword of the State, 'if I had a chance to loot Tabriz, I would take it!'

There was a movement behind the embroidered curtain which hung over the doorway. Then a thin, piping voice broke in upon the deliberations of the Council: —

'A petition is made to the Most Exalted Presence! There is a man who sells caviare —'

Everyone turned. A bent old man, in the blue tunic and faded gilt buttons of the Governor's livery, barefooted and wearing on his head a balloon-shaped hat, stood before the curtain.

'Caviare!' exclaimed the Vice Governor, that scarecrow of a man.

'Caviare?' questioned the large gentleman in the white turban.

'Hossein Khan,' said the Vice Governor severely, 'how often must you be told not to allow others to interrupt nor yet to interrupt yourself the deliberations of the Council?'

'This man who sells caviare,' continued the old servant in his piping voice, 'yes — and cheeses from Erivan and fish in boxes —'

'Silence!' thundered the Sword of the State.

'He is a Russian general,' said the shrill, piping voice of Hossein Khan.

The Sword of the State started and sat bolt upright in his chair. 'Eh? What did you say? A Russian general?'

'A Russian general,' piped the voice of Hossein Khan. 'True, he keeps a shop in the bazaar, but he has had experience of fighting with Kurds.'

'A Russian general,' sniggered the Vice Governor, 'who sells caviare and cheeses!'

'And why not?' cried the little, keen-eyed old man who was called the Sword of the State, looking sharply from one to the other as if he dared any one of them to answer him. 'And why not? He is doubtless a general of the late régime, a man of presence in his own country, one who possessed, perhaps, lands and villages. He cannot return to Russia, because they are murdering men of honor there and stealing their estates. He remains with us. He is without money, yet he must live. He thinks that there may be a demand here for the caviare and cheeses of his country. Instead of standing at street corners or living on the charity of others, he opens a small shop. He makes honorably his expenses.

'You have told us, Hossein Khan,' continued the Sword of the State, 'that this Russian general has had experience of Kurdish warfare. Perhaps he served under Linievitch in Kurdistan. I knew Linievitch. He was a gallant officer and an honorable man. The Bolsheviki took him as he was selling matches in the streets of Tiflis; they shot him because they knew that he was a better man than they.' The old man stood up before them all. 'The tale of the sufferings of these men will never be told. Many that I have known have sunk under the weight of their misfortunes. For these we are sorrowful. And for those who are struggling to maintain their dignity we have respect. Hossein Khan, you have forgotten to give us the name of this general who is a guest in our city.'

'A petition is made to the Exalted Presence,' answered the old servant. 'His name is Rouevsky.'

'I have no doubt that General Rouevsky is an honorable person. Also, his advice at this moment will be valuable to us. Hossein Khan, go at once to the shop of His Excellency. Present to him the Governor's compliments, and request him to bring His Honor to us here at the Government House, as early as it is convenient for him to do so.' He waved an arm. 'The Council is dismissed.'

The old servant smiled delightedly. He touched his right eye, to denote that he pledged that organ against the execution of the command. Then he disappeared behind the curtain.

II

'He is here,' said the piping voice of Hossein Khan.

'His Excellency is welcome.' As Hossein Khan held the curtain open, the Sword of the State rose to receive his visitor.

A tall Russian of about thirty-five advanced easily to meet the Governor. His eyes were blue, frank, and smiling. His fair, closely cropped head was set squarely on broad shoulders. He wore a shirt of black sateen, closed at the neck, which buttoned over his left shoulder and hung like a short skirt outside his trousers. A thin black leather belt hung loosely round his waist. His boots, which came up almost to his knees, showed signs of wear. When he smiled, which was often, his teeth showed white and regular under a fair, drooping moustache.

'You are welcome, General,' said the Governor, extending his hand to the Russian. 'Pray be seated. Shall we converse in Persian? Or perhaps you understand our Turki better?'

'For me Turki is easier,' answered the Russian in the dialect of Azerbaijan.

'Excellent,' answered the Governor. 'I am myself a Turk of Azerbaijan, and of course I prefer my own language. You know, we Azerbaijanis never learn to speak Persian properly; to say truth, we don't like to use it, except for writing. General, before we go further, I must express my regret to you that we have been strangers to each other until now. We governors are supposed to know everything, yet I am ashamed to say that I did not hear until to-day that you were a guest in our city.'

The Russian smiled whimsically. 'A guest? You call it that?'

'It is not often that we can profit by the misfortunes of our friends,' said the old gentleman, bowing gravely. 'And now that I have apologized for my ignorance and remissness, I will give you a more selfish reason for requesting the honor of your presence to-day. Will you pardon me if I ask a few questions which may appear unseemly? I will explain to you immediately the reason. General, I understand that you have had some experience of warfare with the Kurds. Is that so?'

'I commanded the cavalry under Linievitch,' said the Russian simply.

'Linievitch? Indeed. I knew him well. He commanded a sotnia of Cossacks which was stationed in Hamadan, where I was governor before the war. He was a captain then. An excellent man.'

'We loved him,' said the Russian. 'He is dead.'

'I heard with horror of the end of that brave man,' said the Governor. 'May I express to you, his comrade in arms, the sympathy of all good Persians and their detestation of these crimes?'

The Russian bowed, but did not speak.

'And now,' said the Sword of the State, 'I will tell you what is on my mind. A young officer has just returned from the front, where, as you know, the Kurds are giving trouble. Our operations there are not going well — in fact, things are going very badly. There has been a battle near Salmas. In the picturesque language of my young officer, our troops ran like partridges. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Persian troops — like partridges!'

The Governor glanced keenly at the Russian, who made no remark. The old man went on.

'The Kurds are advancing on Khoi, looting the villages and carrying off the cattle. There is apparently nothing to prevent them from taking Khoi, and perhaps from advancing on Tabriz. That, in short, is the situation. General, you know the country and the Kurds. I should like you to say frankly what you would do, if you were in my place.'

The Russian paused a moment, hesitated, then answered with a smile: —

'If I were in Your Excellency's place, I would not tell anyone what I intended to do.'

'Good!' cried the Sword of the State. 'But suppose your opinion were asked, merely as an expert?'

The Russian paused again and considered. Then he answered slowly: —

'I would advise a change in the high command.'

'Ah,' said the Sword of the State quickly, 'and whom would you appoint?'

The Russian again paused to consider. Then he answered gravely, without trace of vanity or bravado: —

'Myself.'

The little old gentleman nodded understandingly, but made no reply. His thoughts were in the capital. What would they say in Tehran? Peh! Let them say! He was too old to care. His business was to beat the Kurd. Yes, but was this the way to do it? How could he put aside a brother of the Minister of War and replace him by a Russian? No. If he did that, the soup would boil over. Affairs are not managed in that way. Nevertheless, something could be arranged.

He spoke seriously to the Russian. 'General, it is impossible. Why? For many reasons, but one is enough: this Habibullah Khan, our fat, amiable commander of the troops, is a brother of the Minister of War. You understand that if I were to do as you suggest I should soon be on my way to Tehran, and you would again be selling caviare; and what is more, you would be selling it cheap, lest the Kurds should get it for nothing! No. Affairs with us are not managed like that.

'There is, however, an easier road. I could send, for instance, to Habibullah Khan an assistant, an adviser. Perhaps even a Chief of Staff! That — yes. Why, he would be pleased and flattered to have under him a general of the Tsar's army! A general who has served under Linievitch in Kurdistan and who would relieve him of much of the headache of war; who would help him to reëstablish a reputation which is at present somewhat under a cloud! You would have no trouble with Habibullah. I will see to that if necessary. I have only to remind him that a certain dispatch about the affair at Salmas has not yet been sent to Tehran, but that it might still be sent! I am confident, however, that this will not be necessary. Habibullah is really an excellent fellow. I am very fond of him. For a soldier, he considers, it is true, a little too much his stomach — which, I warn you, is of a capacity! So much the better. If you feed him well he will leave everything to you. What do you say?'

The Russian did not wait to consider. He answered: —

'I will go.'

'I knew that you would appreciate the delicacy of the situation. By the way, a few tins of your caviare would make Habibullah your friend forever. He has a passion for caviare. Good-bye. In a month I shall hear that the Kurds are making for the frontier with our cavalry at their heels. Remember, feed him well, and if you need anything, I am here.'

III

During the weeks that ensued, the old gentleman who was called the Sword of the State followed, as closely as he could from such a distance, the fruition of his plans. The reports which he regularly received from divers confidential sources he diligently checked and compared. In the main, they tallied. There were accounts of continuous grinding drills, of grueling route marches, of daily rifle and artillery practice, of tests with transport, of small manœuvres with all arms. The army was certainly being hammered into shape.

Not a day passed without a telegram from the Russian. He must have blankets or boots or coats or saddles or tents or ammunition. He was insatiable, that man; and he wanted everything immediately — as if anything in the world could be had immediately! Nevertheless, he must be satisfied.

One day it was telephones — he must have thirty telephones at once. What should a man want with thirty telephones to fight the Kurds? And where could he, the Sword of the State, find thirty telephones? He sent for the Director, the Reis-i-Telephon. The Reis-i-Telephon had only three in stock.

'How many are there in the houses?' inquired the Governor.

'We have thirty subscribers, Excellency.'

'Bring me their telephones!' cried the Sword of the State. 'By the Tomb of the Prophet, the Russian shall be satisfied!'

The old man, to do him justice, gave his lieutenant magnificent support. He scoured the bazaar, he threatened contractors, he cajoled merchants, he threw camel drivers into prison, he harangued, with dire menaces, those hardened usurers of Tabriz, so that they gave him money, lest something worse befall them. What could he do? The Russian was always wiring for money, money, money. It was a war, and wars drink money as a desert drinks water. By Imam Reza, he should be satisfied!

Then late one afternoon a mud-bespattered car whizzed into the garden of the Government House. It was the Russian. He jumped out and climbed the stone steps three at a time. In half an hour he was gone. But not before he had obtained the Governor's sanction to another of his schemes. It was to raise a regiment from among the Christian refugees who had been driven out of their frontier villages by the Kurds. The very next day the first two hundred of them left for Khoi. In three days a thousand tough, hardened peasants had marched, singing, out of Tabriz to join the army and avenge their wrongs.

And then, after two months of telegrams and counter-telegrams, of comings and goings, of scouring the bazaar to find the impossible, of endless caravans of supplies, of frenzied finance — there was silence! It was as if Khoi had been swallowed up. Not a whisper, not a telegram, not a report! The Kurds — were there any Kurds? The army — had it ever existed? Those were days of deep anxiety for the old man. His brow was black. No member of the Council dared approach him. He tried, almost every hour, to communicate with Khoi. But always there was the same reply from the operator: 'Khoi does not answer.'

And then, at last, there was a telegram! The Sword of the State tore it open. It was short enough: —

> The enemy is routed; 300 killed, 300 wounded and prisoners; six chiefs taken; all their guns captured; our casualties 100 in all.
>
> HABIBULLAH

The Governor drew a long breath, then laughed and rubbed his hands. 'He has done it, that Russian, by Abu'l Fazl!' He took up the telegram and read it a second time. 'Habibullah? Oh yes, he is in command. I had forgotten it.' He chuckled. 'Though Habibullah signs the telegram, he never wrote it. It is the Russian's — laconic, like himself. Habibullah would have telegraphed ten pages.' He gave orders for the town to be illuminated in honor of the victory.

During the next few days further news of the battle filtered in. It seemed that the brunt of the attack, as was fitting, had been borne by the Persian troops, who had covered themselves with glory. The Christian refugees had been placed in the second line, in support. Later, it was hinted that they had received orders to fire on the Persians if they ran!

When the Sword of the State heard that, he flared up, but then lay back in his chair and roared with laughter. 'By the Tomb of the Prophet,' he cried, 'I must remember that! It needed this Russian to teach us how to make the Persians fight!'

IV

Hossein Khan raised the heavy embroidered curtain and stood before it with hands crossed over his middle, waiting to be addressed. 'What is it?' said the Sword of the State testily.

'There is a petition to the Exalted Presence,' said Hossein Khan in his piping voice. 'He has opened his shop again.'

'Who has opened what shop?' said the Governor.

'The Russian,' answered Hossein Khan.

'Eh?' cried the Sword of the State, turning swiftly in his chair.

'Until to-day it was closed,' said Hossein Khan. 'This morning it was open. The Russian —'

'Yes?' said the Sword of the State impatiently.

'He is there,' said Hossein Khan.

'Ah!' said the Sword of the State. 'So he has arrived. He will come to see me presently.'

The Russian did not appear that day. Nor the day after. The Sword of the State waited, becoming more and more impatient. On the afternoon of the third day, he ordered his horse and said to Hossein Khan, 'Come.'

Thus the good people of Tabriz were surprised by the unusual spectacle of their Governor, the Sword of the State, riding through the town, attended only by the head of his servants.

Hossein Khan pointed across the street to a narrow door, the upper part of which was glazed with square panes of thin, greenish glass, which played tricks when you looked through it. On one side of the door was a shop window, glazed with the same wavy glass, behind which were neatly displayed a round red cheese, a few tins of sardines, two large sausages, and a small open cask of caviare.

'It is there,' said Hossein Khan, and dismounted to hold his master's horse.

The Sword of the State advanced toward the shop and opened the glass door. Within, along one side, ran a wooden counter, unpainted, on which stood a pair of Russian scales of heavy metal, and an abacus. Against the wall was a glazed fixture of unpainted wood. On its three narrow shelves was a miscellaneous stock of what the Russians call 'conserves' — fish, butter, caviare, and the like — in tins. The Russian was standing before his fixture, with his back to the door. He was wearing the same black shirt, gathered in at the waist, which he had worn on the day of his first visit to the Governor.

The Sword of the State advanced toward the counter.

'A pound of caviare,' he said.

The Russian turned. He took a round tin from the fixture behind him and laid it gravely on the counter.

'Why have you not been to see me?' said the Sword of the State.

The Russian smiled, his good, serious smile.

'The business for which I was engaged was finished. There was my shop. I thought I should like to come back to it — without any fuss.'

'What!' cried the old gentleman. 'After you have defeated the Kurds for us, you leave us, like that, to sell caviare and cheeses!'

'Why not?' said the Russian. 'You see, I undertook this Kurdish business because — I was a little tired of waiting; but I knew that it would be finished quickly —'

'Waiting?' questioned the Sword of the State.

'Yes. Now once more I have no engagements. I am free — to sell my caviare and cheeses! Free — and ready.'

'Free?' questioned the Sword of the State. 'Ready? For what?'

'For Russia,' answered Rouevsky. 'She will need me before long.'

JOHN ADAMS AS HE LIVED. II

Unpublished Letters to Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse Professor of Physic at Harvard College

QUINCY *August* 16 1812

DEAR WATERHOUSE

You are So waggish and roguish with your Woofs and your Warps and your Webs, that I am almost afraid to write or Speak to you. Yet I wish we were nearer together.

I was a little alarmed at the Story of the pacific Commission. Some body was pleased to call the Sarcasms in the Repertory, 'Severe.' They ought to have been called the Snarlings of Park the Puppy, and the Squealings of Park the Pigg.

It is become fashionable to call me 'The Venerable.' It makes me think of the venerable Bede, the venerable Mead, the venerable Daniel Burgess, the venerable Savannarola, the venerable Westley, the venerable Theodore Beza. The Gentlemen of the Navy Yard at Washington have lately called me the modern Nestor. I like that Title much better. Pray change the Title and Say the venerable Washington the venerable Jefferson, and the venerable Madison: I have worn it too long. It is become threadbare upon me. Do not however, I pray you call me the 'Godlike Adams,' 'the Sainted Adams,' 'our Saviour Adams' 'Our Redeemer Adams,' 'our Saviour on Earth and our Advocate in Heaven' 'The Father of his Country,' 'The Founder of the American Republic,' 'The Founder of the American Empire etc. etc. These Ascriptions belong to no Man; no! nor to any twenty Men; nor to any hundred Men, nor to any thousand Men.

JOHN ADAMS

QUINCY *March* 23 1813

D'R SIR

The inclosed letter from Dr. Rush will give you good News of your Son. I congratulate you on the honor he has obtained by his Examination, and his Sure prospect of a Degree as a Doctor of Medicine.

A young Gentleman came from Boston before Breakfast this morning, on purpose to bring me the News of the Hornets Laurells. I wish every Young Man had as good Feelings and as much respect for mine. But Alas how many have Sensations and Reflections of a different Character! I congratulate you, that Laurence is now enrolled in the List of our Naval Conquerors with Hull, Decatur, Jones and Bainbridge. Immortality here and hereafter be their Reward. And Something besides, more durable and more comfortable than Balls, Dinners Huzzas or Hozannas. I will not Say however, that these are amiss.

These five Victories are So Striking, So extreamly remarkable, So impressive on the Imagination, that they never will be oblitterated from the Memory of any Man, Woman or Child in the United States. Nor can they remain unknown to any Nation of Europe. They will ferment in the Minds of this People till they generate a national Self respect, a Spirit of Independence and a national Pride which has never before been felt in America. I wish the Republican Papers would do Something more than they have done to make these Splendid Atchievements more popular, and give full Scope to The national Joy. The Tide ought to run as rapidly as that in the Bay of Fundy or the Waters in the Falls of Niagara.

John Adams

Quincy *March* 31*st* 1813

D'r Sir

'The History' is of no value, except on Account of its date. It was written and printed in Edes and Gills Boston Gazette, in the Intervall between the first Congress in 1774 and the Second Congress in 1775 under the Signature of Novanglus. In this View it is a Document; an historical Memoir. To me personally, it is of some importance as it is a record of the Principles on which I engaged in the Controversy with Great Britain and in the Revolutionary War, which have cost me so dear.

Who would then have thought that an Higginson Family in 1813 would have as much Influence in America as an Hutchinson Family had in 1773 and 1774 and upon the Same Principles and by the Same means? The Rise of Bonaparte and his Power is not a more unexpected, or astonishing Phaenomenon. The Higginsons have now more Power, in Boston and in New England by one third than The Hutchinsons had then. This Accession of Strength has been obtained by a profligate System of Funds and Banks and by an immense Credit from Great Britain, by an Accession of an Host of Scotch and English and by a more deadly Sett against the Virtue, the Liberty and Independence of this Country by the Scottish Cabinet, and by the mad Conduct of France for the last five or Six and twenty Years.

The Independent Whigg boasts of the Freedom of the Press! But where is it? Neither the Chronicle nor the Patriot have the Courage or the Skill of the Boston Gazette and Massachusetts Spy in 1770. 1. 2. 3. 4. And these when left to themselves were as foolish as need be. Accessible to every Silly Boy and often inaccessible to the wisest Men.

Talk not to me of my Son for Governor or any Thing else. He is gone, as his Father did before him on a Romantic Expedition to Muscovy to his own Ruin and the Ruin of his Children. I pray God he [*torn off*] return this Summer, whatever may become of M [*torn off*] but Gull Traps.

I congratulate you, most Sincerely, on your Sons Merit and Glory.

Please to enclose 'The History' to me by the Mail.

Mr. Jeffersons Compliment is ingenious and flattering: but you would find Rivals and Envy and Opposition and Mortification to the Southward as well as the Northward.

John Adams

Quincy *September* 17. 1813

Dear Sir

I receive with pleasure, the News of your removal to Cambridge and establishment in Office, in which may you, and your amiable Lady Sons and daughters, continue to do honour, and administer medicine, to this Country, diseased in Body and mind.

I Have been repairing or rather rebuilding a Tomb for my Daughter. It is done. I am now replacing a Stone to my Father, instead of one erected by me fifty two Years ago, which Men Women, Boys Girls and Cattle had long Since demolished. Whether I Shall raise one for myself, where it will be raised, by whom, and how soon, I, as yet, neither know, nor much, care.

Δίοσ δerελίcτο βουλη. I know not whether the Greek is correct in Grammar, or Orthography, or Application.

I own I have not the Foresight of the Tumble Bug: Yet in my Conscience, I believe, I had more and clearer, than this Nation or its Government for 14 years past.

I am not yet weary of Life, nor do I wait with impatience for an obscure death, or a Splendid one. The former must Soon be my Lott. May I be prepared. Fame Fortune Power! I have always despized Ye all. Mens conscia recti, is and always has been, all in all.

To thee, Supream Power, who knowest all my weaknesses Imperfections and Follies, I appeal.

JOHN ADAMS

QUINCY *May* 22 1815

D'R SIR

Your fav'r is rec'd. Gallia changefull as a Child at play 'now calls in Princes: now drives away,' and this is exactly conformable to Examples Sett her by England Scotland and Ireland in the 17th Century; to that of Holland, Geneva, Switzerland Etc. in the 18th and Austria Russia Sweeden Prussia Saxony and the whole Confederation of the Rhine in the 19th. And our dear beloved Country has not been wanting to the Duties of Fraternity in exhibiting proofs that She is of the Same Family.

I am not about to become a Leader or Follower in Theology. To my own Master I Stand or fall.

As to Napoleon, I Say again, read Alexander, in Quintus Curtius in Plutarch, or Arrian; read Charles 12th and Oliver Cromwell read Jack Cade and Wat Tyler, Rienzy, King Theodore, Mazzionelli and Pascall Paoli. Read all these Puppets, and then ask is there a Juggler behind the Scene, who exhibits all these Tragedies Commedies and Farces? For the Benefit of a Night? Oh! No! Tis Wisdom and Benevolence, too profound and exalted for thy comprehension, poor ignorant Superficial Mortal as thou art. What an Enthusiast I am!

Your Fable of the Westphalia Hogs, if Mankind would but Seriously consider it, is worth as much as your kine Pock Inoculation.

Dean Swifts Yahoos are not half so instructive as your Westphalia Hogs. I insist upon it that you tell me the Author, the Book the Chapter, the Verse, in which you found that Couplet

'Hogs of Westphalia are a Saving brood
'What one lets drop, the other takes for food.'

I do not remember it; tho' I have Some Suspicion that I have Seen it.

It is the most pithy, the most laconic, the most nervous Essence of Party Spirit that I have ever read. I Say as Swift Said of Pope

When he can in one Couplet fix
More Sense than I can put in Six
I cry, pox take him and his Witt
It gives me Such an envious fit.

It is the History of all Factions and all Parties I have ever known.

I am your Steady Friend

JOHN ADAMS

QUINCY *May* 30*th* 15

WATERHOUSE

You made that Westphalian Couplet yourself. Sleeping or waking, nobody but you could have dreamed or thought of

Hogs of Westphalia are a Saving brood
What one lets drop, the other takes for food.

It so perfectly and Summarily comprehends the whole Genius and history of Party and Faction from the Ipse dixit of Pythagoras to the disciples of the Scottish Creolian of Nevis.

Upon elementary Principles Napoleon is the most legitimate Souvereign in Europe, having been twice elected by a great Nation. If the August conclave at Vienna can decree a King for France why may they not destine the Duke of York, or Mrs. Clark to be King of our beloved united States? Why may they not lay all Nations and Kingdoms under Interdict? Popes have Sett Precedents enough.

I believe you are mistaken. It is Mackean of Bowdoin Colledge not McKean the Orator at Cambridge, who has edited Goldsmith. According to your Account, he is an Enthusiast. I have been coaxed by a fascinating Woman into a Subscription for the Work. If your Account of it is correct, I shall wish my name to Cobbets Letters.

JOHN ADAMS.

[*In Abigail Adams's handwriting*] ah poor Man, dalilah has shorn his Locks! Not his wife however.

A. A.

QUINCY *Dec'r* 19*th* 1815

DEAR SIR

Permit me to Sympathize with you and your Children on the loss of your amiable and excellent Consort. As my reflections on this mournfull Event can be no other than your own, I Shall Spare you the pain of reading them.

I thank you for your Letter of the 14th and the Pamphlet inclosed.

Do you know the Meaning of the Words '*Awakenings?*' and '*Revivals?*' I am old enough to have attended the Predecations of that great Model of theatrical Grace and Elegance, of harmonious Oratory, and att the Same time as I verily believe of fervent Piety, The Reverend Mr. George Whitefield. I have Since Seen and heard Larrive, at Paris, and Mrs. Siddons in London.

The '*Awakenings and Revivals*' excited by Mr. Whitefield now forgotten, would fill Volumes which would make you laugh and cry, like a Madman. Laugh at the Absurdities and weep over the Wickedness of your Species.

'Awakenings and Revivals' are now running over the whole Globe. They have awakened the Doctrine, that 'there must be but one Religion in the World.' This reminds me of a Dialogue between Dr. Mayhew and my Schoolmaster first and my Tenant afterwards a zealous Churchman Mr. Joseph Cleverly.

Mayhew. Mr. Cleverly! If you were an absolute Monarch, for Example, like a King of France or Spain, what Regulations would you make in regard to Religion?

Cleverly. I would have but one Religion in my Dominions.

Mayhew. Would you persecute all who differed from it?

Cleverly. Yes. No Persecution could be too Severe to Secure the Unity of the Church.

This Dialogue I had from the Lips of Dr. Mayhew Himself: and I had not then nor have had Since a doubt of its litteral Truth for I had before and after that, held twenty Conversations with Cleverly in which he had uniformly avowed the Same Bigotry Superstition and Enthusiasm.

According to the Pamphlet you Sent me, We must all pay voluntarily or involuntarily, Tiths or Fifths or thirds or halves or all We have, to Send Bibles and Missionaries to convert all Men and Save their Souls. I am confident that all the Property of Europe and America would not be Sufficient to convert Asia and Africa.

Mankind must have a Crusade A War of Reformation A French Revolution, or Anti Revolution to amuse them and preserve them from Ennui.

The Christian is the Religion of the heart: but the heart is deceiptfull above all things and unless controuled by the Dominion of the Head, will lead Us into Salt ponds.

Awakenings and Revivals are not peculiar to Religion. Philosophy and Policy at times are capable of taking the Infection. The Distemper broke out in France in 1785 with dreadfull

Symptoms of the Purple kind In 1814 and 1815 it has Seized all Europe. Cannot you and your Friend Jenner discover Some recondite Inoculation, to moderate its deleterious Rage?

I fear I must leave behind me to Posterity the Character of a Grogniard a Grogneur, a Grumbletonian, a Cassandra or a Laoccoon. For I can not go away with every Wind, especially when two hurricanes blow from Opposite Points of the Compass.

John Adams.

Quincy *Mar.* 17. 1817

Dear Sir

Have you read certain Strictures upon Painters and Paintings in the Newspapers? What do you think of them?

I am pleased with his gratitude to Copeley, but I believe he was not perfect Master of Copeleys Merit.

There is a Portrait of Justice Dana in his Robe, bands and Tie Wigg of a Barrister at Law, now no doubt in possession of his Descendants. There is a full Length Portrait of Governor Adams, probably in possession of his Daughter. The Hon. Mr. Quincy has a Portrait of his Grandfather. And there are many others. In these Portraits there is Truth Nature and Fact. You can Scarcely help discour[s]ing with them, asking them questions and receiving answers.

John Adams

Quincy *June* 4. 1817

Dear Sir

Your pathetic Letter of the 2d has filled my heart with Sympathy and Grief. Your Son, by a all that I knew, or have heard of him, would have been an ornment to Society. Your Sorrow at his loss must be exquisite. I can give you no better advice for your Consolation, than to read your favourite Dr. Barrow.

It is the Lot of humanity! You are not, alone! If I look back for Sixty Years, what a long catalogue do I See of young Men of the brightest Genius and most promising hopes, fallen Victims to excessive Ardour in pursuit of Knowledge? It seems as if the World was not worthy of such Lights.

If I may compare my Afflictions with yours, I have lost Grandfathers and Grand Mothers, Fathers and Mothers, Brothers and Sisters, Sons and Daughters, Grand Children and a great Grandchild, and I cannot recollect any of them without a Thrill.[1] I say nothing of political, litterary, or civil Friends. I was once in a similar Situation with your Son Benjamin. An Adjournment of Congress, for a few Weeks, in the Fall of 1775 gave me an Opportunity of visiting my Constituents; and the hopes of Seeing my Family for a few days. Arriving, on horseback, from Philadelphia, within a quarter of a mile of my house, I met an Acquaintance, who informed me that my favourite Brother, who had commanded a Company of Volunteers in the Army at Cambridge from the 19th of April, and there taken the Camp Dissentary, lay at the Point of death, given over by his Physicians. Bouyed up with the joyous hope of embracing my Wife and Children in a few minutes, how was I cast down? The next morning brought the fatal News of his death. I attended his funeral; and all the Joy of my Visit home, was turned into mourning!

The Calamity of your Friend Jenner affects me very Sensibly.[2]

However, Resign, my Friend! Resign! Not merely because You cannot help these Things; but because you firmly believe they are intended for your good and mine; and what is of infinitely greater Importance, the Worlds.

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[1] [*In Waterhouse's hand*] He had not then lost his most excellent wife.

[2] [*In Waterhouse's hand*] A depression of spirits, or gloominess, unfitting him for correspondence or social intercourse.

You have Still Children, Sons and Daughters who do you honour, and will console your Age.

Let me hear none of the Silly Whinings of Tacitus, Cicero and Quintillian. We are not to exist, to vegitate, eternally here.

I am, dear Sir, with deep Sympathetic Feelings with you, and your Family, and with the Widow and Children of my much more ancient Friend Dalton, your assured Friend
and humble Servant
JOHN ADAMS

M[ONTEZILLO *Jan.* 30. 1818?]

DEAR SIR

As 'the accurate Jefferson' has made the Revolution a Game of Billiards, I will make it a Game of Shutlecocks. Henry might give 'the first impulse to the Ball' in Virginia but Otis's Battledore had struck the Shuttlecock up in air in Massachusetts and continued to keep it up for several years before Henrys Ball was touched. Jefferson was but a Boy at Colledge of 15, or 16 years of age at most, and too intent on his Classicks and Sciences to know think or care about any thing in Boston. When Otis first fulminated against British Usurpation I was but twenty five years and three months old. Jefferson is at least nine, I believe ten years younger than me; and consequently could not be more than fifteen or Sixteen. He knew more of the Eclipses of Jupiters Satelites than he did of what was passing in Boston.

You presume that I 'am certain as to the date.' You need not take my Word. Look into Judge Minots History of Massachusetts Bay Anno 1761. Search the Records of the Superiour Court of Judicature, Court of Assize and General Goal Delivery, at Salem Term 1760 and Boston Term 1761. Look up the Newspapers of 1761. Ascertain the time when Chief Justuce Stephen Sewall died. Call for Dr. Mayhews printed Sermon on his Death. Search the date of Chief Justice Thomas Hutchinsons Commission as Chief Justice, ascertain the Time when the Bench and the Bar assumed their Scarlet and Sable Robes, and you will not find much reason to call in question my Veracity or Memory.

[*Torn*] a right to say

Hos Ego Versiculos feci, tulit alter honores

and

Sic Vos non vobis mellificates Apes

They were James Otis and Samuel Adams

And to them ought Statues to be erected and not to John.

MONTEZILLO, QUINCY *Feb.* 5. 1818

DEAR SIR

It would require an hundred Volumes in Folio to investigate the 'Roost Cock' who produced the Sacred mysterious Egg, to which you allude in your Letter of 17. Jan. The Antiquity of this Egg and its Universality over the whole Globe is astonishing. Chaldeans Persians Egyptians Hindoos Japanese Greeks Roma[n]s Mexicans Peruvians all had this mysterious Egg.

Orpheus is said to have learned in Egypt, that Matter unrelated Self existent and eternal was called Chaos. That after many Ages this matter was arrounded into the Shape of an Egg: and out of this Egg were hatched Ουρανος and Ghee. who became Husband and Wife and produced this grand and beautiful World: but Who was the 'Roostcock' that treaded the Egg out of Chaos? This question I cannot answer, without the help of Ocellus Lucanus Timaeus of Locris and Sanchoniathon who all derived their

Cosmogony from the Same Source. And if I understand them it was The Most High, The Eternal God the Good, who by his Logos, that is to say by his Ideas, his Intellect, his Intelligence gave to Matter first the form of an Egg and hatched all things out of it.

I believe you will agree with me that it is not worth our while to exchange the Cosmogony of Moses for any other that has appeared ancient or modern.

John Adams

I have written to Mr. Monroe.

Does not Milton allude to the Egg when he invokes

> That Spirit, who from the first
> Was present, and with mighty Wings outspread
> Dovelike Sat brooding on the vast abyss,
> And made it pregnant?

You know the Rooster who produced Leda's Egg. But that produced only the Dioscures.

Montezillo *July 27th* 1820

dear Sir

I will not envy you but congratulate you on the pleasure you have had in your excursion to Washington But I covet the like pleasure so much that if I could do it without stirring up an uproar, and hurly burly through the Contenent, Old as I am I would get into my Gig, and bend my course thitherward to morrow morning. I regret most grievously that you did not Visit Cedar Grove, at Fishkill Landing, after you were at West Point. John Peter and Caroline De Windt, my Grand Children and three of my great Grand Children would have boasted all their days of a visit from Dr. Waterhouse and his Lady. From your account of the Institution, I wish that some of my Grand Sons were at it.

It is true that three persons in my family have been unwell. But their sickness was not such as to render your intended visit unacceptable or inconvenient. I hope you will not delay it long, we are all well now.

I am extremely mortified at the doubt of my Son's visit to Montezillo this Summer. If he cannot come to me, it seems to me as if I must go to him. But if I should lay my Bones at Washington they will erect no monument to me. Are you a sufficient adept in Astrology to foretell when we shall have rain, for the information of your friend and humble Servant

John Adams

Montezillo *May* 18 1821

Dear Sir

I have made my Cantabridgians read your Letter to all my family at Breakfast. We all recognized the concordance between the Oration upon Industry and Doctor Barrows Sermons which I have caused to be read in my family over and over. Indeed I do not believe it possible for human Ingenuity to write any Thing upon Industry which may not be found Substantially in his five Sermons in favour of that Virtue.

I read Clarendon in 1758, when I was three and twenty years old, and have found his Works a valuable Source of Information ever Since. I recommend it to all my young Friends yet he is a very partial Writer as well as Hume. Both those Historians ought to have traced that Family of Steuarts to their origin, for they were of very bad discent and Education. Mary Queen of Scotts was a Guise, a Niece of the Cardinal de Lorrain and the Duke of Guise, and had her Education under them and Catharine of Medicis, three as pernicious Characters as any in History. From that detestible Source She derived her licentious manners, and her Principles of Religion, and Government; and She transmitted to all her Posterity a deep cast of all their Corruptions.

But my paralitic hand will hold no longer than to write the name of your Friend

JOHN ADAMS

LITTLE HILL *May 8th* 1821

DEAR SIR

You must have much pleasure in watching the opening mind of your Grandchild; for, being half Waterhouse and half Ware it must be a choice Spirit.

But how Smal is your felicity in comparison with mine, who have Seven Grand Children, Scattered over the World, and Seven more under my own roof, and eight or ten great grandchildren, one of whom is here with her Mother. A great granddaughter, and a great grandson of the Same Age, three Years; whose Sports, capers, gambols, and droleries are diverting as any harlequins on any Stage.

So much for diversion, amusement and felicity! but there is a reverse of the medal; a Solemn Side of the picture! I feel a great Trust; a Solemn Sacred responsibility! What is to be the fortune or destiny of this numerous Posterity? Have I done my duty to them? Aye! there's the rub; that gives me pain. I have Spared neither pains nor expence in proportion to my means, oportunities, and abilities, in the Education of my family: but I find that *Education alone is not all sufficient.*

Streight is the gate and narrow is the Way, that leads to reputation, honour, Success, and hapiness even in this World. This narrow road leads through the Provinces of Prudence Temperance, Justice and Fortitude, and must be steadily and cautiously travelled. Hercules will find Sloth, and Indolence and pleasure, and vanity, and Pride, and Ambition, and Luxury, and Avarice, and Slander, and Ridicule, and Reproach, and Vilification, assau[l]ting him in every Stage of his Journey, and tempting him out of his Way.

How Streight is this Gate! How narrow is this Way! Yet most infallibly it is the only Path to Hapiness in this World. I Say nothing, at present, of the next.

JOHN ADAMS

MONTEZILLO *25th November* 1821.

DEAR SIR

I sympathise with Alexipharmacus in his resentment of the indignities offered to Richardson, Lock, Barrow etc. yet I cannot approve of the principle of Clarissa Harlow's history, because Such virtue ought never to be rendered So unfortunate; for I believe it never is, even in this world; nor was ever so infernal a villain as Love-lace ever able to maintain, for so long a time, the esteem and the admiration of man-kind. Nor do I approve of the resolution of Sir Charles Grandison to confine himself to private life; for such talents and such virtues are under moral and religious obligations to engage in the service of their Country and mankind, and to undertake the most hazardous services when circumstances may require them.

The obligations of mankind to Mr. Locke for his diffusion of the principles of Civil and Religious Liberty, are beyond all my powers of calculation; nor is his merit the less, though the wit of Voltaire and the eloquence of Rousseau, who derived their principles from him, *Reprobates* as they were, contributed more to Scatter them throughout the world, among all ranks of people, than his plain discourses could have done. His Essay upon the human understanding is an admirable work. He had studied Descartes and Hobbs, and his theory was suggested by them. He corrected most of their errors, but he adopted some even from Hobbs. Some of his mistakes have been noted by

Hume, Berkley and Reid, but the inaccuracies of them all, I think, have been clearly pointed out by Dugald Stuart, who has proved that Metaphysicks are too profound for the human understanding to investigate.

Are you a partizan for the Greeks against the Turks? G. B. is determined that neither Russia or Austria Shall have them; if it be true that the King is sending 15000 troops from Hanover to the Ionian Islands. But this is as far beyond my comprehension as Metaphysics. This I know that I am

Your Old Friend

P. S. I do not relish the controversy between England and Scotland. They have both done wonders in a literary way, even in the present Century. Pray, is Hallam, the Middle-age-man, Scotch or English?

John Adams

Montezillo *June* 10*th* 1822.

dear Sir

Thanks for your letter of 5th June and smoaking lecture but as I have not read the lecture I shall confine myself in this, to smoaking Theology. I believe you have heard of the Park Street prayers for the conversion of Boston and Cambridge, in which as far as they are good, sincere, honest pure and benevolent, I heartily join them; but which as far as they are hypocritical bigoted and fanatical, I hope will meet the fates of some other prayers. About the time of the British fast for success in the war against America; Dr. Franklin and I then keeping hous[e] together at Passy made a dinner for the Americans and some other company. The conversation turning at table on the subject of the British supplications, Dr. Franklin said, Gentlemen I have an history to relate to you relative to this, which I had from the best authority. On the British fast day St. Gabriel and St. Michael looked down upon earth. Says Gabriel there is a thick fog around that planet. We can see nothing what is it? Oh says Michael that is a cloud consisting of the prayers of the English coming up for the success of their armies against America Poh! says Gabriel; Michael smiled, and said that Poh! has scattered all the mist, we can now see plainly land and water, hills and valleys, cities and Villages. This Fable I believe to be Franklins own composition because it is exactly characteristic of his genius, I hope and believe that the mephytic particles of the Park Street prayers will be as effectually dispersed to the four winds.

my kind regards to Mrs. Waterhouse.

from your friend

John Adams

Montezillo *May* 21 1821

Dear Sir

I am glad I forgot to return your Son's beautiful morsel on *Industry* with my last Letter; because it furnishes an Apology for writing another. In answering a letter I commonly forget to notice two thirds of it, till my answer is Sent away.

Helvetius and Rousseau preached to the French Nation *Liberty*, till they made them the most mechanical Slaves; *equality* till they destroyed all Equity; *humanity* till they became Weasels, and Affrican Panthers; and *Fraternity* till they cutt one anothers throats like Roman Gladiators.

Helvetius carried his enthusiasm for Equality So far that he fills many pages with learned and ingenious Arguments to prove thatt Men are born equal in Capacity, Intellect, and Genius. This doctrine, if I have correctly measured your inimitable wooden leg, is at Antipodes with yours. You Seem to imply that Natural Genius is all, and Education nothing but artificial Show.

Now, if I rightly ken you both, I

canot perfectly agree with Waterhouse or Helvetius: For

1. Barrow and Waterhouse have both proved the antient Maxim that the Gods *Sell all things to Industry.*

2. I have never known a Studious Youth who did not come to Something; A Student at the Bar who did not make a Lawyer; a Student in Medicine who did not become a Physician; a Student in Theology who did not turn out a divine. No, Nor a Studious Carpenter who did not appear an excellent Architect; nor a diligent Shoemaker, who was not a good Workman.

3. Genius is often produced by Accident. Mrs. Morton Says Genius is Sorrows Child. Extream Poverty, deep distress, Severe Affliction, Sudden danger, cruel, inextricable Embarrasments, often produce astonishing Efforts of Genius. Revolutions they Say, produce Self taught Heros, Statesmen, Phylosophers, Genius in Abundance, out of multitudes of lumpish Animals. Anger, Hatred, Revenge, Jealousy, Envy, and above all *Love*, are often productive of Sublime and beautiful Genius. Disappointment too, often creates it.

4. Genius is often created by artificial and physical Means. West India and even New England Rum and Virginia Whisky, Mild English Porter, and even good old Cyder, much more Burgundy Champaigne, Old Madeira, Cherry, and Old Hock, are great Inspirers. But they Say, for I never tried an Attom or a drop, that Opium and liquid Laudanum are the very divinities that Stir within Us, and will produce Genius out of the coarsest Clay. Arrack, and Coniac brandy have plenty of Genius in them.

5. To descend to examples. Tom. Paine could never write without Several bottles of Porter, or an equal quantity of Alcohol, Rum, or brandy, in his Stomach. Churchill could not compose a Verse, without a Bottle of Madeira Wine before him. Abraham B——p of Connecticutt could not write upon the Alliance of Church and State, till he had a reasonable quantity of Rum and Water in him. And I have been told by Parson Montague of Dedham, though I will not vouch for the truth of it, that General Hamilton never wrote or spoke at the bar, or elsewhere, in public, without a bit of Opium in his mouth. But none of these causes can produce Helvetius's Equality of Genius. *Education*, after all, is a better leg, if it is wooden, than all the rest.

John Adams.

So much for octogenarian or nonagenarian badinage!

THE LAST DREAM

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

I saw a reindeer, strayed from star-pastures,
Dancing home in the thin black dawn;
Dancing home through my balsam hedges,
Over my snow-dappled lawn.

Glass-shod, antlered with ferny silver,
Feather-fetlocked with ice, he crossed
Out through the shrouded meadows. My whistle
Splintered breathless to frost.

Barbed with fear lest the orange morning
Lock his star-fields' remotest gate,
Home he leapt, while my whistle fainted,
'Silver Heels! . . . Silver Horn! . . . Wait! . . .'

THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE SIXTH SENSE

BY SIR W. BEACH THOMAS

It is a common experience among us — though much commoner among the insects, to take the two ends of the scale — to discover things, to apprehend and reach truth, by mysterious ways. We are most of us in some measure mystics, aware now and then of strange communions with reality, through unperceived sources of news that vibrate along unknown cords of our being. We have flashes of inspiration, or, as they used to say in the seventeenth century, 'lucid intervals,' a much better phrase then than now. We have no need to go to books of reference, to reports of psychic societies, to the salons of 'spook merchants' for our examples. The personal experiences among our own circle will supply plenty.

Now it has happened to me lately by a series of accidents to come across several suggestions of this hidden sense in several departments of natural history, and indeed human history; and when collated and compared they have suggested, not indeed an explanation of the experiences, but perhaps a certain or possible simplification of the mystery. The infinite variety of nature astonishes us; but as we move up or down the scale, passing from a study of man to plants, — via, say, domestic animals and insects, — we come upon likenesses and analogies so queer that they surprise us more than the variety. It is not a mere poet's fancy that plants breathe and move or that men have their springs and winters. Eminent scientists are seeking examples and proof of the hidden sense. If we compare these investigations, along with our own personal experiences, we may discover at least the sign of a common quality. It is a step toward knowledge to know whereabouts lies the mystery we mean some day to drive into the open — so far as we are allowed. It will doubtless always be true that *omnia exeunt in mysterium;* but at least there is zest in widening the arch of twilight that surrounds our little camp pitched in the wilds of the universe.

I

A well-known man of letters in London has a notable personal likeness to one of his daughters; and this likeness in face seems to be correlated with a likeness of mind that appears not so much on the intellectual plane as in the sentimental. Their thoughts, differing greatly in power and direction, may be said to be of the corresponding wave length. A vibration in one brain is received by the other brain (if brain is the right word); and the two on occasion have a certain simultaneous knowledge of one another's state, however far apart they are in mere distance. They make no mystery of this mystic sympathy, and no parade. The daughter traveling in Italy had a sudden attack of influenza. She sent no news home, but on her second day in bed received a telegram from her father in London, asking whether all was well. He knew she was in some danger.

Of course many such sudden impulses as caused the sending of the telegram may be explicable by mere coincidence. A father thinking of an absent daughter may be struck by a sudden fear, which by mere accident may synchronize with the daughter's illness; but the examples of this sort of telepathy between sympathetic or complementary human beings are so many and so salient that it needs a stronger dogmatism to deny them than to affirm them. Men and women of very common clay may be as 'transcendental' as any Kantian philosopher. Most of us in our circle have come across some example or alleged example of telepathy, of communication or emotional communion between two persons who cannot see or hear one another, who may be divided by seas or continents, and most of us are duly dumfounded with amazement; but I think that the company of naturalists, especially perhaps students of the ways of insects, are less amazed than others. They come across not less amazing powers among creatures of much less highly organized structure. The great difference, of course, between the insect and the man is that the one has little intelligence agents scattered about its body, so-called ganglionic centres, while the other has his organs of apprehension centred in the head. But when you study the make-up of most insects you find the biggest of these nerve centres in the head and behind the eye; and, correspondingly, when you anatomize man you find that he has other brains besides that within the skull.

A great man of science has affirmed that woman is more 'ganglionic' than man. She apprehends things by senses not necessarily centred in one place only. Children perhaps excel both parents, not — in so far as common experience goes — in telepathic feats of any great seriousness, but in small intuitive perceptions of many sorts. An ingenious mother who lived in one of a long line of houses, all decorated in the same manner and so alike that she herself had to look at the number on the door, made every effort to induce her twin girls of six years or thereabouts to pass their proper door. The children always stopped, as a dog would, at the right steps, but no one could extract from them any information as to what distinguishing mark they noticed. The nearest explanation that was ever accorded was this: 'When we get here, we know our little yellow bedsteads are upstairs.' They felt the neighborhood of their lair, the little yellow bedsteads; and that is the thing we call instinct, or intuition, or the sixth sense, or, if the latest scientific coinage is preferred, 'cryptæsthesia' — the hidden or cryptic sense. Children possess this and exercise it in surprising force and in unexpected directions.

A teacher of mathematics in a naval college, which is joined by pupils at twelve years of age, came to the conclusion, after many tests and a long experience, that the small boys could apprehend advanced mathematical truths even though they might have trouble with the elements. They possessed this faculty, but they lost it a little later. The mathematical tutor held that Wordsworth was accurately imaginative when he said that mankind came into the world 'trailing clouds of glory,' girt about with splendors of feeling and intelligence that belong to another world than the one we can analyze and spell out. His own conviction was that education begins at the wrong end; that the dull drilling of obvious things — of addition and of grammar, for example — overlaid, if it did not kill, both the sense of rhythmic language and the perception of mathematical truths that are inborn in many children. They can write more musical verse and do more advanced sums at twelve than at twenty. Though he came to it by a different path, he arrived at much the same belief as Thomas Huxley, who held that education ought to begin with research, not merely end with it. We kill our instincts because we do not realize that they exist. That very small children, children even less than two years old, have on occasion musical perceptions that they may lose later, is hardly less certain than, for example, that the strong prehensile power of the fingers with which nearly all children are born leaves them after a few weeks. We come 'trailing' the grip of the monkey as well as the 'clouds of glory,' and may profitably take cognizance of both gifts. Browning's 'happy, prompt, instinctive way of youth' touches a deeper truth than he had in mind. Most children have a sense or two more than their elder selves, but some few cling to this exotic power and develop it till, in Professor James's phrase, they are '*en rapport* with existence.'

The telepathic and intuitive gift in mankind is not at all unlike the power of some of the insects, of which one may give a thousand examples, for their power is a commonplace. One may suffice for the illustration of the argument. In the Great War a student of insects, who had a period of temporary rest, was told by a local entomologist that there were no purple emperor moths in the vicinity. Long and careful search by many eyes had not discovered a single specimen. He said he quite believed it, but boasted that he would draw the moth to the neighborhood as easily as the Pied Piper drew the rats of Hamelin. So he wrote to England for a female specimen; and as soon as she came — it was by return of post, and from London! — he set her in a gauze cage in the garden. In the second night several purple emperors had gathered to the spot. The experiment was yet another proof, though one was hardly needed, that this species of moth can signal over a great distance, amounting probably to miles. The message may be some infinitely delicate but penetrating scent. It may be some note so thin and sharp that our gross ears and our less gross instruments cannot detect it. The sound or scent may shoot through the air and keep so level a diminuendo that the subtle recipient at the other end not only perceives it but can follow it in a direct line to the source, as a dog scents a hare. The message, whatever it is, carries far, and is, as they say of wireless waves, 'directional.' It is just possible that the tidings are conveyed by scent or sound, but neither anatomy nor analogy nor any experience suggests that the moth possesses the power either to emit or to receive such scent or sound. It is at least as likely — to say no more — that communication is made by some other sense than we wot of. Most instincts are inexplicable by the five senses, whatever perfection we grant to any one instinct. Every wasp of a certain species stings its prey, the caterpillar, in just the one minute spot where the puncture produces paralysis, but not death.

The nearest we can come to a definition of instinct is that it attains the end directly, without conscious or perhaps any other perception of the means. Of such a nature is telepathy, if we presume that it exists.

Star to star vibrates light. May soul to soul
Strike through some fierce element of its own?

There is the query, and it is at least as plausible, as likely a truth to answer 'yes' as 'no.'

II

Let me abandon the higher flights of the mystic faculty and come down to more domestic appearances of it — to the sort of perceptions that we are apt to call uncanny. For several centuries, among many peoples both civilized and savage, to the accompaniment of queer rituals that have all some common chord, country people have been astonished at the art of the water-finder, at the craft of the divining rod which trembles at the presence of water or metal. When we have shaved off the nap of concealing superstitions that hide the proper tissue, we still find a residuum of fact that it is difficult to deny or disbelieve. Apparently sane and businesslike municipal councils are to-day officially employing their dowsers (that fine old word which no one can explain), and are satisfied with the honesty and efficiency of their services. More than this: an authentic man of science, with the help of other men of science, has for years been laboriously sifting the evidence of the ages and of to-day, and at the conclusion has quite firmly decided that some men and women, specially endowed by nature, can perceive by some mystic agency the neighborhood of water. Their being is affected. They do not smell or hear or feel or infer it. They just know it is there, as the twin girls knew that their little yellow bedsteads were upstairs. They are in control of that extra sense for which the chief author of this inquiry adopts that useful word 'cryptæsthesia.'

How does the power we cannot explain by known senses express itself in the mammals and birds? The essence of their peculiar gift may be found in the awkward but useful adjective 'directional.' Dogs and horses do not travel the immense distances covered in one ecstatic rush by American robins or by the geese that move from Florida to Labrador or by the swallows that fly straight from South Africa to the eaves of a particular thatched cottage in England. But the four-footed mammals have as strong a sense, and it astonishes us more than the birds' migrations. A friend of mine in Ireland was asked for the loan of a dog by a neighbor who lived just twenty miles away. He responded by packing his terrier in a hamper and putting it on the floor of his friend's dogcart, the owner driving directly home. The dog had never made the journey before and knew nothing of the country where his new master lived. He could not see out of the hamper where he was confined. The road had many twists and turns. Yet that terrier, who managed to escape soon after he was released, reached his proper home the same night. He had traveled the twenty miles at express speed, just as the birds cross seas and continents, preferably by night. They do not need or desire light for exercising this peculiar gift.

In my own experience, the first time I took out a certain spaniel puppy she grew suddenly frightened, lost all control, and after two short circling rushes, such as a carrier pigeon might make, ran straight home. She ran directly across a railway and through blind country she had never seen or smelled before. She had been with me only three or four days. She was clearly too terrified to exercise any power of inference. Some strange 'handmaid behind the ear' led her home by the straightest path.

Many explanations have been sought for the skill of birds in finding their route. It is indisputably true that homer pigeons have long sight and use the power. They can be taught their way up to a certain distance by experience. It is their habit to circle up, and not to start off before they have taken their bearings. But even with such pigeons many individual journeys are recorded that are not explicable along the lines of experience; and the explanation falls down altogether in the case of most migrative birds. One of the many reasons is that the young often lead the way. At certain seasons they start before, at certain seasons after, the older birds; but in both spring and autumn (in certain species) the young and old fly off independently, and the young are as clever as their experienced elders in discovering the right road. No sort of explanation founded on any observed sense will explain this. Doubtless birds are naturally mobile and rejoice in their mobility. They are driven from one country to another by the need of warmth and food. Such causes would automatically produce movement; but they would not produce one long immense flight at a particular date and at exceptional speed to one particular spot on the earth's surface. More than this: experience of birds in captivity proves sufficiently that at the hour of migration the other senses are dulled and numbed into partial insensibility. We know from experience of captive birds that their whole being is occupied at the two solstices by some deep compelling emotion which draws them and drives them as an engine is drawn and driven along an electric rail. When this external power reaches their machinery they must move or perish. The force is so little resistible that it may drive them — as on occasion it drives migratory lemmings — to destruction, but for the most part it is the agency of salvation.

The migration flights of insects, especially of butterflies, are much less regular and seem less useful to the species; but most insects, especially bees and wasps, have a very strong directional instinct. They find their way — and by a 'bee line' — straight back to the little hole in the ground where their home is, though they have strayed over a mile or two of country; and from what we know of their powers of sight, which are very small for any object more than a few inches away, they find their path by virtue of another faculty than belongs to the eyes, whether simple or complex. Thus they receive more impulses than are received by any facet of the eyes in the head.

It is remarkable how often the hidden sense, whatever it is, is directional. One gets glimpses of the birth of the faculty in several climbing plants. In an experiment with a hop plant I quite failed, in spite of all kinds of effort, to turn the tip away from its course, which was directly aimed at the nearest support. It would perhaps be extravagant to stress this skill in the climbing plant (in which Francis Darwin found what he called intelligence); but some of them, especially the hop, certainly appear to have directional inklings, and will suspend their natural tendency to circle while they are heading for a particular point.

III

Now it will be said, not without truth, that between all these and other examples of queer, inexplicable instincts there is a very vague analogy; and, at the best, analogy is no argument. But, as an astute logician has pointed out, though analogy is no argument, it is 'an indication that an argument exists.' And in this investigation we may come to certain conclusions that are tolerably definite and may conceivably be useful. First, most beings and some plants have capacities that do not come from the senses that we know and have named;

they achieve results that seem miraculous, indeed that are miraculous if we limit possible explanations to the common senses. That is one point. The second is that these powers, until we come to exceptional man, are as a rule directional. The capacity, the faculty, the intuitive power is in touch with some stream of information not perceptible by the grosser senses as we understand them. Indeed, the more these senses are eliminated, the more surely and easily the hidden sense works. When we come to man the analogy, as usual, breaks down, except in one particular. Whenever he gives evidence of a hidden sense, — as in the water dowser, in the medium, in the telepathist, — his new power, as a rule, is in inverse ratio to the keenness of his other senses. He becomes, like the Scots when they are 'fey,' 'wrapt above the earth,' and produces the best results, like Coleridge in the writing of 'Kubla Khan,' when self and the world are out of reach and forgotten. The 'vision splendid' has nothing to do with seeing. Direction which matters infinitely to most animals little concerns man. He has grosser finger posts. He has passed beyond the stage when life depends on the strength of the homing instinct. His hidden sense travels in search, not of a place, but of a kindred spirit. He seeks a mystic communion. He is borne 'darkly, fearfully afar,' where the soul of his Adonais

> Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

Now if we look at this hidden sense in its different manifestations it seems likely that it belongs to the invisible envelope of the earth, though that envelope is doubtless connected up with the universe. The birds, let us presume, are aware of a circumambient flow of force that guides them; and the hidden sense by which they are in touch with it, perhaps with the feeling of the swing of the earth, may follow the ordinary lines of heredity. It has been bred out of the English robin and enhanced in the American robin. It has been bred and taught out of man. He developed reason by way of the clash of conflicting instincts; and in consequence some of the best instincts have fallen in battle or are maimed. It may yet become an integral part of education to preserve the infant glory, and a part of our normal life to use the ether with our thoughts as our material messages use it. The hidden sense may be as real as those of eye and ear and touch.

ENGLAND AND THE NARROW SEAS

BY ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

I

In English records of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there is a phrase which often recurs — 'the Narrow Seas.' Historians treat it as a name, and tell us, rightly enough, that it refers to the seas which lie just north and south of the Straits of Dover. But what they do not tell us adequately is how greatly the fate of the world has been affected by the peculiarities of these narrow seas. The marked character of these seas has impressed itself upon the populations on its shores: in England these are the East Kent folk and East Anglians from Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Lincolnshire; and on the continent across the water they are the people of the Low Countries — namely, Holland, Belgium, and the northwestern coast of France. There are two characteristics impressed on all these populations, with the possible exception of the French section, which has for its hinterland the Latin influence of France. These characteristics are obstinacy and a tendency to lonely thought. There are some things which cannot be learned from state documents in record offices; and one of these facts, which is thus apt to escape notice, is how the Narrow Seas impressed their character on these coastal populations. The Narrow Seas are the parents of all the free governments in the world — Holland, England, the United States. The Pilgrim Fathers were their offspring.

The Straits of Dover form the southern apex of the small triangle in which the North Sea ends; and they form the northeastern apex of the triangle where the English Channel narrows down to the twenty miles separating England from the civilized world of Latin influence. On the map it looks the simplest job in the world to sail up the Channel, pass through the Straits, and thence up the estuary of the Thames to London. Alternatively there is the short voyage from Antwerp to London. Philip of Spain saw that. Yet there are only four records of a successful invasion across the Narrow Seas: the Romans, the Saxons, William the Conqueror, and the Dutch William the Third. The list suggests high-class efficiency; and it is all wanted for the task. I always suspect that Julius Cæsar and his Roman successors had colossal luck in getting across and in getting back. A fog and a gale, with a Roman fleet wrecked on the treacherous sunken sands or blown on to some dangerous headland, — Beachy Head, or the South Foreland, or the North Foreland, — might have left England barbarous for another four hundred years and have altered the history of the world. The chances were heavily against those fair-weather Mediterranean sailors, used to tideless, fogless seas. Perhaps Providence sometimes takes a hand in the game of history.

The Narrow Seas put up almost every form of difficulty known to sailors — tides, fogs, winds, dangerous headlands, sunken shoals. The tides are the foundation of most of the trouble. The North Sea and the Channel act as funnels and concentrate their tides at the Straits. The rise and fall in height is a detail compared to the current, which runs like a race horse. There are four tides a day, two from the north and two from the south. Their relative strengths depend on the winds. Accordingly in the Narrow Seas, four times a day, there is repeated that contest between the North and the South which makes the history of Europe throughout the ages.

These currents have formed shoals which run northward from the Straits of Dover to the mouth of the Thames. My earliest recollections are entwined with flash lights from the lightships on the Goodwin Sands. We could see them on winter evenings from our nursery windows at the top of the house. Sometimes during a fog the boom of a gun would be heard at slow intervals across the sea. It was a ship ashore on the Goodwin Sands. At other times we saw rockets rise mysteriously from the dark waters. It was the Gull lightship signaling a wreck. Next day we were taken down to the harbor, and there was the lifeboat decked with flags: during the night it had been out and had saved the crew of some vessel slowly sinking into the merciless quicksands.

The navigation of the Narrow Seas is the key to Dutch and English history. There are perils in every direction; there are winds and currents to carry you to them; and there are fogs and blinding storms of sleet to hide all knowledge of your whereabouts. The Dutch and English sailors learned their lesson on the Narrow Seas. The Spanish sailors were used to galleys in the tideless Mediterranean and to huge galleons which ran before the trade winds across the open waters of the South Atlantic. When it came to fighting for freedom in the Narrow Seas the oar-driven galleys and the unhandy galleons were helpless. It was no use trusting to oars for large ships in the chops of the Channel: and if you could not sail close to the wind you could say your prayers, for your last moment had come.

As you read a history book, compiled by a learned landsman, it is not so easy to understand why the Armada bolted in terror when it had reached its appointed destination between Antwerp and England. King Philip's strategy must have seemed perfect as he sat in his study in Madrid. Freedom was saved for the world because he had ordered his fleet to halt in a death trap for that type of vessel. Such craft could anchor in the Downs or in Calais Roads, but they could only move thence by running before the gale and making a bolt for it up the North Sea.

In our parish registers for the year 1588, my father's predecessor in the vicarage had written, 'Today buried three sailors from the queene's shippes.' I read the entry exactly three hundred years afterward, in the same room in which it had been written. Poor nameless men! I wonder whether they ever knew that they had given their lives for the salvation of English freedom.

Every little harbor along that Kentish coast had, and still has, its lifeboat and its luggers, which, by some mysterious art inbred in the population, keep the seas in all weathers — Deal, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, Kingsgate, Margate, all had these lifeboats, and harbors swarming with luggers and fishing smacks.

The fishermen were decidedly 'wet' in the technical American sense of that word. I remember one old man who used to row us children out to bathe from his boat. He was a weather-beaten old fellow, and the philosophy of life which he imparted to our eager ears was that 'eating is a beastly habit.'

We all understood, without explanation, that the great-souled way of life was to sustain it on alcoholic beverages — beer for daily life and brandy for festivals. You may criticize the moral code of these men when you have risked your life in saving others as often as had that old lifeboat's man. He shall not remain nameless: his name was Saxby — 'Old Saxby' we called him. In his old age, when we were entrusted to him, he got his livelihood by shrimping and by leasing his rowboat. Old Saxby was more remarkable for obstinacy than for lonely thought. But this sole relic of his conversation proves that even he had elaborated his individual outlook on the universe.

The fishing smacks used to trawl in the neighborhood, and also go farther afield into the North Sea to the Dogger Bank. About every third fish in the North Sea ends by being eaten either in England or in Holland. If you drop a ring, either in Boston or in London, your chance of seeing it again is very small. But if you will send it to the English Fishery Board, they will tie it to the tail of a fish and let it loose in the North Sea; and every third time you will get your ring back.

During the Russo-Japanese War, England and Russia nearly went to war over the fishing smacks on the Dogger Bank. The Russian fleet going from the Baltic to Japan, where the Japanese sank it in *their* Narrow Seas, crossed the Dogger Bank in the nighttime and found it studded with small boats and lights. They concluded that they had fallen into an ambush of Japanese torpedo boats, and accordingly opened fire on the fishing smacks. England was aflame with indignation. But luckily Mr. Balfour, the then Prime Minister, and the Lords of the Admiralty — who in England play the august part of your Supreme Court here — kept their heads. The naval officers said that, if you thought you saw a hostile torpedo boat, you had to shoot first and inquire afterward, — since there was not time for the converse procedure, — and Mr. Balfour remembered that the Russians were probably ignorant of the peculiarities of the Narrow Seas. So the Russian fleet was allowed to pass through the British squadron, and sailed on to its appointed doom.

II

The history of the world depends on a lot of little things, apart from which events would have happened differently. London would never have been heard of as a great centre of commerce unless just to the north of the Straits of Dover there had been a magnificent anchorage off Deal. It is called the Downs. In English naval history the Downs loom large. With an east wind a sailing ship bound from London southward cannot tack and get round the capes of the South Foreland and Beachy Head. The Narrow Seas, at their narrowest part, forbid that. So in old days the ships from London anchored in the Downs. They wanted good anchorage there: on the French side lies Cape Gris-Nez, on the English side there is the South Foreland, and a few miles behind, ready to engulf them, lie the Goodwin Sands with the treacherous water rippling over them. It is not healthy to be caught in a gale in that spot without good anchorage. The Downs have lost their importance in these days of steam; but in my boyhood I have seen a hundred sail anchored in the Downs. Such a sight might have been seen for centuries, but now the Downs have disappeared from history.

In 1871, during the Franco-German War, an English squadron anchored in the Downs for months. I remember being taken out to see the battleships. In those days all but one had sails as well as steam power. During the Great War it would have been certain destruction to anchor in the Downs. The haunts of my boyhood in Ramsgate fared badly then: a bomb fell on the house where I was born, another in the garden where I played, and a third blew up a powder magazine on the quay where Old Saxby used to embark us for bathing. I do not think anyone left the town by reason of these little incidents. People repaired their windowpanes and stuck it out with East Kent obstinacy. Certainly my own aunt, who still lives there, never moved her establishment.

But at that game of determination Yorkshire beats us hollow. During the war a general examination of all the school children in Scarborough, a seaside town of Yorkshire, had been arranged by the local authorities to take place from nine to twelve in the morning. At six on that morning three German cruisers appeared and shelled the place for over an hour. It never occurred to the authorities to put off the examination, or to the parents to keep the children from school; nor was the work of the children in any way affected. By the time the examination had begun, a British squadron had turned up, and a North Sea fog had descended to save the Germans; so the townspeople did what they always have done in a fog — they went on with their appointed work.

I wonder if you noticed the names of the little Kentish seaports which I mentioned: Ramsgate, Broadstairs, Kingsgate, and Margate. To a man of Kent — Kentishmen are an inferior brand who live at the west end of the county beyond the River Medway — to a man of Kent these names by their very form all suggest the white chalk cliffs of Old England. These cliffs are perpendicular, with 'gaps' or 'gates' in them at intervals. Wherever there is a gate there is a small fishing town. I suppose that some early Anglo-Saxon pirate got weary of these endless 'gates,' and so preferred 'stairs' for the Broadstairs 'gate.'

III

When the Anglo-Saxons grew tired of piracy and took to Christianity and the quiet life, they were bothered by the piratical habits of their unconverted cousins in Scandinavia. So all the old villages and churches are about one or two miles inland. Behind the gaps which lie around the headland of the North Foreland there stands a magnificent group of eleventh-century Norman churches — Minster, St. Laurence behind Ramsgate, St. Peter's behind Broadstairs, St. John's behind Margate, and Monkton. If you do not understand something about life in the eleventh century when you have visited these, you are incapable of learning. They all have one very useful characteristic. They could hold all the villagers of those times; and when the massive oak doors were shut and barred, from the top of the square Kentish flint tower, with the aid of a few arrows and stones, you could watch the pirates till they went off with the next tide.

I do not mean to imply that the inhabitants were foolishly peaceable; because they were n't. Modern America has nothing to teach East Kent in the way of bootlegging. We finally gave it up with the advent of free trade in 1848. But during the Napoleonic Wars the whole population, country gentlemen, magistrates, and clergy, took a hand in the trade. In those good old days the Established Church showed a surprising liberality of sentiment. The services at Minster Church had sometimes to be interrupted to enable the congregation to remove the brandy from the church vaults to neighboring marshes on the rumored approach of the preventive men. In my father's vicarage garden at St. Peter's there were caves with legends of smugglers attached to them.

In recent years the population has been diluted by the influx of Londoners, rich and poor, seeking health from the bracing sea air which comes straight down from the North Pole over the North Sea. But throughout the nineteenth century the East Kent population was devoted to Church and State and moderate Whig principles. My grandfather was a Whig in 1815 when Whiggism was dangerous; he voted Whig in 1832 when Whiggism was all-powerful; and he voted Whig in his old age when Mr. Gladstone triumphed in the early 1870's. Throughout the nineteenth century in East Kent the clergy were the real leaders of the people; bootlegging at the beginning, social reform in the middle — it was all one to them. They were all sturdy Englishmen, clergy and laity together. At the beginning of the century Mr. Harvey, the vicar of St. Laurence, was highly respected, and very deservedly so, though he shared in the jovial habits of that period and sometimes was taken home in a wheelbarrow like Mr. Pickwick. He was a man of energy, and formed the new parish of Ramsgate, which had outgrown its mother village of St. Laurence. His son, Mr. Richard Harvey, was appointed to the new Ramsgate church; and in the second quarter of the century, till 1860, presided there amid universal respect, exhibiting the reformed manners of the new age. In fact he was even High-Church, and introduced an altar cloth with the sacred monogram which can be read as the Latin capital letters IHS. This aroused some Protestant feeling, which was allayed only by the happy conjecture that the letters stood for Jenkins, Harvey, and Snowden — the surnames of the vicar and his two curates. This is an interesting example of how religious strife can be allayed by the ingenuity of scholarship.

The population was very Protestant, but curiously antagonistic to the Nonconformist minority whose theological principles were identical with its own. About 1830 an old gentleman — Townsend was his name — made a vow that if ever he entered a Nonconformist place of worship he hoped that God would make him stick in the doorway. He took the vow seriously, for, when a respected Nonconformist died, during the funeral service he stood outside the church by way of respect, but did not venture into the doorway. In those days there was no honeyed sentiment about the union of the churches.

Throughout the middle of the century the vicar of St. Laurence was Mr. Sicklemore, a considerable landowner who lived in a small park in the parish. He was the incarnation of 'Church and State' sentiment. Even in his own time he represented an England that was fast passing. He had a magnificent voice and always preached in black kid gloves. The sermons expressed his sentiments about things in general, frankly expressed in the vernacular. Here is one of his perorations, which modern America might take to heart: —

'This Sunday morning, as I walked through my village, I saw its very walls defaced by advertisements. It's shocking! 'Pon my honor, it's shocking!'

And with that beautiful sentiment he dismissed the congregation. I can well remember Mr. Sicklemore; and I cannot begin to imagine his sentiments if some enterprising medium should evoke him to a knowledge of the modern world.

I think that my father was the last example of these East Kent clergymen who were really homogeneous with their people, and therefore natural leaders on all occasions, secular and religious.

The present-day English clergy are excellent men, but they are divorced from the soil. My father could remember the arrival of the first railway engine in Ramsgate, and he died at the end of the century. So he exactly represents the period of transformation. He had all the habits of thought of a man who had always taken the lead, not because he thought about it, but because it was the natural thing to do. He was entirely devoid of any artificial tone of 'uplift.' In fact he hated it, and expressed his opinion of 'cant' with direct Saxon vigor. But in his generation a tenderness of tone had crept in, and he was an example of it. When the Baptist minister of the village was dying, my father was the only minister whom he would see. Despite all the differences between their churches, they were both East Kent men; and when they read the Bible together they understood each other without many words.

In his youth he had ridden with the hounds, and had a magnificent seat on horseback. He had also played cricket with every club in the neighborhood. He knew all the farmers and the laborers; and in his later years he had christened a fair percentage of them, after playing cricket or hunting with their fathers in earlier days when they were boys together.

He was an equal mixture of a High-Churchman and a Broad-Churchman. His favorite history was Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. I do not think that any of Gibbon's chapters shocked him; for his robust common sense told him that the people of East Kent, with whom he was quite content, were really very unlike the early Christians. His favorite character in the Bible was Abraham, who exhibits many features to endear him to the East Kent mentality.

My father was a natural orator, equally at home in the pulpit or at a mass meeting either of townspeople or of countrymen. His church was always crammed with the villagers, and with townspeople who had walked some miles, and with Londoners spending their holidays in the district.

These East Kent clergy of the old school had a simpler view of the relations of a pastor to his flock than that which prevails at present. They viewed with disapproval the growth of the complex parochial machinery which obtains at present throughout England. It was a case of one-man rule. They were simple and direct in their methods, and yet they got at the heart of the people in a way denied to the present generation. As they walked through their villages, or across the country footpaths, they stopped and chatted with every man, woman, or child whom they met. They knew all about them — whether their patch of vegetable garden was good or bad, whether they were sober or whether they drank, what their fathers were like, and how their sons had turned out. They had homely advice and kindly sympathy to give. Above all, they saw to it that every child in the village went to school and had an education according to the lights of those days. They visited the schools, listened to the children, patted them on the head, and made friends with the school-teachers. It was a humanizing, kindly influence, which trusted mainly to the mercy of God to save the souls of men.

IV

This corner of Kent is called the Isle of Thanet. The arm of the sea which separates it from the mainland had just ceased to be navigable when the Tudors came to the throne. Now its old bed forms desolate grass flats surrounded by tidal ditches. This flat marshy country is from four to six miles broad and about twenty miles long. It is protected from the North Sea by a dike in the Dutch fashion. The connection with the Low Countries used to be closer than it is now. England supplied the raw materials for the industrial cities, such as Ghent and Bruges. The sixteenth- and seventeenth-century cottages are all identical with the corresponding cottages in Flanders. Sandwich, once the chief naval dockyard of England, is an old Dutch town, so far as its buildings are concerned. Its importance finally ceased in the seventeenth century when its harbor silted up in consequence of the closing of the sea channel between Thanet and the mainland. If you go there, you will find quiet Dutch streets, a glorious Norman church, and in the old Townhall contemporary pictures of sea fights with the Dutch. In the intervals of fighting their Protestant kinsfolk for the sake of trade, they got over some Flemish men 'cunning in waterworks,' as their records say. But even these engineers were powerless against the tides of the Narrow Seas, which remorselessly rolled up sand till Sandwich joined with Ravenna in Italy to exemplify how puny are the efforts of man to stay the hand of Fate.

The witness of Sandwich, the lonely marsh telling of the lost sea passage, and the wonderful group of Norman churches, and in the far distance to the west the towers of Canterbury Cathedral, all proclaim that we are in the midst of a district where events have happened which shaped England. It is natural that it should be so, for we are at the very focus of the Narrow Seas.

Place yourself at the southwest angle of the finest of all these Norman churches, the church of Minster in Thanet, now some four miles from the apex of a large shallow bay dividing the two capes, the North Foreland, in Thanet, and the South Foreland, near Dover on the mainland in Kent. Parts of the church are older than the Normans: the small tower behind us is mainly Saxon, but some of its masonry is Roman. Inside the church there is an oak chest said to have been brought over with William the Conqueror — the heavy luggage of some Norman knight. This is the spot which best overlooks what in old times was the main gateway into England from the French coast. The marshes at our feet stretch up to Canterbury to the west; on the south their seashore looks toward France; and on the north another shore touches the estuary of the Thames. Till near the end of the Middle Ages these marshes formed the sea passage; and the traffic to London passed through it, avoiding the dangerous voyage round the North Foreland.

Roman soldiers guarded forts, Richborough and Reculver, — Rutupiæ and Regulbium, — which still exist at either end of it. Reculver retains only the foundations, with twin mediæval towers to mark the desolateness of its present site. Richborough still shows the massive Roman walls round the huge enclosure. Then Thanet was an island, and Minster in Thanet overlooked the seaway near the Richborough end. From that position you can see the spot where Hengist and Horsa landed with the first band of Saxons, and also, one hundred and fifty years later, Saint Augustine — the missionary, not the theologian. The first Saxons and the first Christian missionaries landed in Thanet for the same reason, because both they and the inhabitants of Kent felt safer with an arm of the sea between them.

Till the beginning of the nineteenth century an old oak tree could be pointed out near the church, under which Augustine is said to have first preached Christianity to Ethelbert, the king of

Kent. All the sermons to be delivered in New England next Sunday morning are derived from that ancestor which still haunts the sea winds in the churchyard of Minster in Thanet.

Ethelbert died at Reculver more than thirteen hundred years ago, and its modern desolateness seems to stand guardian over those simple remote times when the pagan king became Christian. Across the marshes you can on a clear day see the towers of Canterbury Cathedral. In St. Martin's Church, just above the Cathedral, is the font in which Ethelbert was baptized. Even in Ethelbert's time the building was a restoration; it was an old Roman church put in order for his Christian wife. In the Cathedral you are shown the stone in the pavement on which Becket fell as he was murdered by Reginald Fitzurse and his companion knights who with him had hurried across the Narrow Seas from France. 'The traitor will never rise again!' cried his murderers. It was a false boast, often repeated on like occasions. Becket is one of the greatest of those traitors who have 'risen again' in English history as immortal patriots, glorious for resistance to brute force by whomsoever wielded, King, Parliament, or People. Opposite to this spot, on the other side of the Cathedral, the armor of the Black Prince hangs, reminiscent of the battle of Crécy. In the Cathedral there is a Brenchley chapel. The modern Brenchleys were agricultural laborers in my father's parish, thus exemplifying the rule that the descendants of the mediæval barons are chiefly to be found among the peasantry.

Finally, coming back to modern times and to our observation post in the Minster churchyard, we could see thence, during the Great War, train after train of ammunition, in endless procession, pass along the little branch railway track which runs through the marshes from Canterbury to Minster, and thence past Richborough to Sandwich. Richborough had awakened from the sleep of centuries. At its feet the mouth of a small stream forms a harborage in the marsh, guarded from the air by the mist which for a thousand years had arisen each night finally to perform this last service to freedom, and protected from the sea by a devious passage amid sand banks. In my childhood I have watched a horse sucked down into the quicksands of that bay, the rider barely escaping. This spot again became a gateway from England to France. The English ammunition was transported across the Narrow Seas in barges or on train ferries. A battleship was moored with its guns trained on the bay across which the Romans, the Saxons, and Augustine had sailed.

Once more the scene has relapsed into its age-long quiet; and yet, as you stand and absorb it into your being, it takes its character from haunting memories, and from the solitary cry of a sea gull sounding like a stray echo from the past.

The small tower of Roman and Saxon masonry in the churchyard of Minster in Thanet, facing the Narrow Seas where the North Sea meets the English Channel, and Plymouth Rock, sheltered by Cape Cod from the Atlantic Ocean, are the two spots which mark the two origins — the English origin and the American origin, separated by a thousand years — of a new type of civilized culture, now becoming dominant wherever lands of temperate climate border upon seas and oceans.

FRAGMENTS FROM EMILY DICKINSON

BY MARGARET HIGGINSON BARNEY

THE letters which follow, together with the shy, tentative fragments of verse, were written to my father, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, between the years 1879 and 1882. Dealing as they do with things intimate and precious, as his marriage, the birth and death of a loved child, and later the birth of a child who was 'willing to stay,' they were held back from the collection of Emily Dickinson's letters to Colonel Higginson now in possession of the Boston Public Library. Rereading them after many years, I was struck by their exceeding beauty of thought, and wondered if it were fair to shut such thoughts within the bounds of my own library. As I questioned whether to publish them, I came by chance on this sentence in an earlier letter: 'The name of "child" was a snare to me, and I hesitated, choosing my most rudimentary, and without criterion.'[1] That decided me, and if one person who has lost a child is helped by the thoughts of this luminous creature, the publishing is justified.

> If I can stop one heart from breaking
> I shall not live in vain;
> If I can ease one life the aching,
> Or cool one pain,
> Or help one fainting robin
> Unto his nest again,
> I shall not live in vain.
>
> — *Poems, First Series*

As was Emily Dickinson's custom, there is in these letters neither date nor name of the person addressed, nor, save once, a signature, other than the customary 'Your Scholar' which she used in signing her letters to Colonel Higginson during a period of over twenty years. Written on small, neat sheets of thin white paper, of uniform size, these letters were punctuated only with dashes, with an occasional fleet comma, as if not to be confined within conventional limits. Her handwriting ran clear and straight as the script of a mediæval missal, and had something of the same quality of the cloister, in its purity, its other-worldliness, its wistfulness. Yet it was fearless, boldly original, a thing of itself and like no other. Ink was not used, but rather the more direct and intimate medium of the lead pencil, her thought seeming to skim along on wings, as if it never touched the paper.

Contrary to the policy followed in the previous publishing of her letters and poems, I have retained her own form precisely, including her habit of capitalization, which was the Old English method of distinguishing every noun substantive. At the risk, by this means, of distracting the mind of the reader from the flowing cadence of her thought, it has seemed keenly interesting and vivid to give to the words the values which she gave them. To change this would be like scratching out the purple and blue and gold with which the capital letters of missals were made beautiful.

The first letter was written on the occasion of Colonel Higginson's marriage, in the spring of 1879, to a niece of Longfellow's 'Being Beauteous.'

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[1] Published in an article entitled 'Emily Dickinson's Letters,' by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in the *Atlantic Monthly* of October 1891.

DEAR FRIEND,

To congratulate the Redeemed is perhaps superfluous for Redemption leaves nothing for earth to add — It is very sweet and serious to suppose you at Home, and reverence I cannot express is all that remains, I have read of Home in the Revelations — 'Neither thirst any more' — You speak very sweetly of the Stranger — I trust the phantom Love that enrolls the 'Sparrow,' enfolds her softer than a Child —

DEAR FRIEND,

I am tenderly happy that you are happy — Thank you for the Whisper — If I dared to give the Madonna my love —

The thoughtfulness I may not accept is among my Balms — Grateful for the kindness, I enclose those you allow — Adding a fourth, lest one of them you might think profane —

They are Christ's Birthday — Cupid's Sermon — A Humming-Bird — and My Country's Wardrobe — Reprove them as your own — To punish them would please me, because the fine conviction I had so true a friend —

YOUR SCHOLAR

Of the poems mentioned I have been unable to find the first two, under these titles or any other. The last two appeared in the second series of poems, published in 1891.

[*February* 1880]

DEAR FRIEND,

I am very glad of the Little Life, and hope it may make no farther flight than its Father's Arms — Home and Roam in one — I know but little of Little Ones, but love them very softly — They seem to me like a Plush Nation or a Race of Down —

If she will accept a vicarious kiss, please confide it to her — Does she coo with 'discraytion'? I am very grateful for the delight to you and Mrs. Higginson — I had thought of your Future with soft fear — I am glad it has come —

'Go travelling with us!'
Her Travels daily be
By routes of Ecstasy
To Evening's Sea.

YOUR SCHOLAR

The reference to 'discraytion' is from a story of Carlyle which Colonel Higginson always told with delight. He was once walking with Carlyle and James Anthony Froude in Kensington Gardens, when some small boys who were turning somersaults on a piece of greensward hard by asked Carlyle somewhat fearsomely if they might continue.

'Yes, my little fellow,' said Carlyle, with his fine Scotch burr, 'you may r-r-roll with discr-r-raytion!'

The following letter was written on the death of the beloved child for whom, for almost forty years, my father had hungered. (His first marriage was in 1847.)

DEAR FRIEND,

Most of our Moments are Moments of Preface — 'Seven weeks' is a long life — if it is all lived —

The little Memoir was very touching — I am sorry she was not willing to stay — The flight of such a fraction takes all our Numbers Home —

'Room for One More'[2] was a plea for Heaven — I misunderstood — Heaven must be a lone Exchange for such a parentage —

These sudden intimacies with Immortality, are Expanse — not Peace — as Lightening at our feet, instills a foreign Landscape. Thank you for the Portrait — it is beautiful, but intimidating — I shall pick 'Mayflowers' more furtively, and feel new awe of 'Moonlight.'

The route of your little Fugitive must be a tender wonder — and yet

A Dimple in the Tomb
Makes that ferocious Room
A Home —

YOUR SCHOLAR

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[2] The title of a book published by Mrs. Higginson shortly after her marriage.

This paragraph, omitted from a letter previously published, is here given for the startling beauty of the last lines: —

It reminded me too of 'Little Annie,' of whom you feared to make the mistake in saying 'Shoulder Arms' to the 'Colored Regiment'[3] but which was the Child of Fiction, the Child of Fiction or of Fact, and is 'Come unto Me' for Father or Child, when the Child precedes?

The following letter was written when a second little daughter had come to fill the aching void left by the death of the first-born. With the letter came a turquoise brooch, lost — alas — these many years ago by a careless nursemaid. But the box in which it came, a square white wooden box with roses painted on the lid, is now used by a little girl of a later generation in which to keep her treasures.

Dear friend,

Perhaps 'Baby' will pin her Apron or her Shoe with this? It was sent to me a few Moment's since, but I never wear Jewels — How I would love to see her!

Come show thy Durham Breast
To her who loves thee best —
Delicious Robin,
And if it be not me,
At least within my tree
Do thy crowing —

I am glad you are better, and if to cherish the Cherubim be not too intrepid, desire my love to Baby's Mama — I am glad you are with 'The Elms' — That is a gracious place —

Here follows a poem, published in the second series of the collected verse, which begins 'How happy is the little Stone.' But instead of ending with 'In Casual Simplicity,' as does the published poem, there follow four lines of such power, of such profound and fearless thought, that it is difficult to understand why they were not included.

Obtaining but our own Extent
In whatsoever Realm —
'T was Christ's own personal Expanse
That bore him from the Tomb —

Your Scholar

This little note came evidently with some shy offering of which, sad to say, there is no manner of recollection.

Dear friend,

Briefly, in Boston, please accept the delayed Valentine for your Little Girl —

It would please me that she take her first walk in Literature with One so often guided on that great route by her Father —

E Dickinson

The last fragment is written on a half page without preface or signature, as if struck hot from the anvil of her soul.

Spurn the temerity —
Rashness of Calvary —
Gay were Gethsemane
Knew we of thee —

In the lower corner of the page is written in another hand, 'Wonderful twelve words! H. J.' [Helen Hunt Jackson].

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[3] See 'The Baby of the Regiment' in Colonel Higginson's *Army Life in a Black Regiment.*

SURSUM CORDA

BY THEODORE MORRISON

LIFT up your hearts, you whom the bright winds urge
To foot the red stains of the autumn sand,
To swim the green-lipped wave, and with swift hand
Scatter the white plumes of the leaping surge!
You know that from all weariness the purge
Is in the love of earth. You understand
How flesh becomes immortal when the white band
Of planets in the lonely air emerge.

Lift up your hearts before the swift life moulders.
You know that in the end all thoughts decay.
But when the mortal flame no longer smoulders,
You that have given the utmost spirit play
May fling your gauntlet down to all beholders.
Your hearts have been eternal for a day.

HENRY FORD, EDUCATOR

BY JEROME DAVIS

I

Henry Ford is known the world over as the automobile genius of history. There is no passable road in the world that is not traversed by his cars. His planes are in the air. He has developed a vertical organization extending from the raw ore in the depths of the earth over a railroad transportation system and ending in millions of throbbing automobiles. Yet all this great network of industry is a single unified mechanism. It is not so often realized that he has been making a significant experiment in the field of education.

I was fortunate in having a chance to talk with Henry Ford, the educator, recently. We were sitting in one corner of his Dearborn plant in the midst of thousands of moving machines and workers. Curiously enough, we were watching a class of fifty children learn the old-fashioned square dances. It was all part of Henry Ford's scheme of education, which we were discussing. 'The only way to really learn is by doing,' said Mr. Ford. 'The trouble with much so-called modern education is that it ignores the physical basis of life. We are training children to inhabit a paper world. We teach them to assume that ink is preferable to action.'

Mr. Ford went on to tell me of his plan to do experimental pioneering in the educational field. He is beginning to purchase school buildings for children and to train their bodies as well as their brains. Mr. Ford expresses it in this way: 'Hand work and brain work have been put at opposite poles, when as a truth of life there is neither one without the other. The trouble with the world is too much brain work without the normalizing balance of hand work.'

His experiment in the factory has grown to vast proportions. Actually he already has more students in just one department, that of the Trade School, than are enrolled in all Yale College. Altogether he has over forty-five hundred students and one hundred and sixty full-time instructors. His educational work is being conducted along lines so radically different from the average school that in many ways Henry Ford may be revolutionizing education as he once revolutionized transportation. Briefly, his plan may be called the 'project method.' The student learns by doing as well as by reading. No theoretical knowledge is given until the absolute necessity of it is brought home through a life experience. In other words, Henry Ford believes that we live our way into our thinking much more than we think our way into our living. Under the Ford plan the student spends two weeks in the factory, actually producing useful articles, to one in the classroom, and the work is so planned that each type supplements the other. The amazing thing is that such a keen interest is developed by the practical shop work that a student actually learns more in one week in the classroom than the average high-school pupil does in three. How different are the common standardized methods of scholasticism!

Instead of a driving, passionate interest there is often an active, inhibiting, blind resistance to all intellectual pursuits. The social pressure of the ordinary school is dead set against the 'scholastic grind' or even the intellectually curious. American educators have been sorely puzzled to know just what is wrong. Some scientific experts tell us that part of the difficulty is due to the unreality of abstract studies in contrast to the absorbing fascination of outside activities. On the one side there exists the realm of scholarship, of intellectual pursuits administered for the most part by the faculty. This scholastic world is often tolerated by the student body as a necessary evil accompanying the real benefits of the other side of school — the world of athletics, fraternities, moving pictures, and social events. Nearly all of these exist primarily for the pleasure of the students; most of them are created, administered, and conducted by them. This is 'the real school life' for the average undergraduate. He is immersed in it during the major portion of each waking day. It is in this world that the student thinks, acts, and lives. He breathes it in as naturally as a waiter accepts our tips.

How can we bridge the gap between the seeming unreality of the scholastic world — the realm of classrooms, of books, of papers — and the actualities in the world outside? How can we break the dualism which shackles the student mind? There is no problem involved in making a boy accept the reality of student activities; he acts these out in his daily experience, in his way of life. On the other hand, the things which he reads about in his assigned work, what he listens to in the classroom, are essentially unreal. In other words, the realm of student activities is real, it is vital, it is experimentally verifiable; but how unreal, how remote from his life, how impossible to verify in his experience, are so many of the facts that he reads about or listens to in the classroom!

Henry Ford has made a pioneer experiment in uniting theoretical book learning with practical applied adventure in the factory. A foreigner, having come to the United States, studied here, and been rewarded with an American graduate degree, was finally returning to his native country to teach his people. On the way he visited the Ford Trade School. It made a tremendous impression on the brilliant young man, who, as he was leaving, said regretfully, 'My education began in words and ended in words, and when I go back to my country I shall have nothing to offer my people.' In some respects he was like a phonograph. His brain could reproduce the words engraved thereon, but was incapable of originality, and his upkeep cost was high.

Before describing the fascinating picture of the school at work, let us briefly review its various phases. There might be said to be five departments in the Ford 'university.' Most important of these is the Henry Ford Trade School for boys from twelve to eighteen years of age, which is incorporated to operate without profit. It attempts to train boys so that they can earn their own living, and directs their energy toward work and not away from it. The school enrolls eighteen hundred, which may soon be increased to five thousand. It accepts those who have no chance to help themselves, those who are so handicapped by environment and other forces that without this opportunity they would not even have a chance to learn a trade, much less go to school. One hundred and eighty of the boys are orphans. Seven hundred and fifty are widows' sons. Four hundred are the children of Ford employees. Each boy receives at the start seven dollars and twenty cents a week, but his rate is being constantly increased according to his ability. Besides this, he receives two dollars a month for a savings account and a daily hot luncheon which, in the aggregate, costs the company one hundred thousand dollars annually. With the addition of the funds used for scholarships and thrift, the total expenditure is over a million. Including the various holidays, there are approximately five weeks of vacation with pay every year.

Many American colleges have to turn away students, but the applicants do not usually continue to seek admission indefinitely. The number of those on the permanent waiting list in the Henry Ford School totals over five thousand — striking testimony to its popularity.

Besides the Trade School there is the Ford Apprentice School for men from eighteen to thirty. At present this is training some twelve hundred workers to become toolmakers. The rate of pay is from six dollars to seven dollars and sixty cents a day, and the course takes three years.

Third, there is the Ford Service School, a two-year course of training for service in the foreign field. At the present time there are over three hundred and fifty enrolled from thirty different countries, including Chinese, Hindus, Mexicans, Turks, Persians, Frenchmen, Italians, Filipinos, Czechoslovakians, Porto Ricans, and Russians. The men are placed in a few manufacturing departments, but they spend most of their time in the assembly and repair divisions, and receive six dollars each working day.

Fourth, there are fifteen hundred and twenty-five special students who attend classes in metallurgy, metallography, electricity, mechanical drawing, and mathematics.

Fifth, Henry Ford has welcomed a research group of Yale men during the summer vacation. They are drawn from the scientific school, law school, divinity school, and college. The students are shifted from place to place, so that in the course of a summer they get some idea, although often an inadequate one, of the practical problems of industry. Over two hundred other college students are accepted, who spend equal periods at their college and in the Ford plant.

II

The Trade School is perhaps the most interesting of the experiments which are being conducted. It is restricted to boys who enter between the ages of twelve and fifteen.

No one can catch the spirit of the school without seeing it at first hand. On entering the classrooms the casual visitor might notice no striking differences between this school and any other. Here are hundreds of typical boys studying such subjects as English, mechanical drawing, mathematics, — including shop arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, — civics, auto mechanics, and science, including general physics, chemistry (qualitative analysis and quantitative analysis), metallurgy, and metallography. Further observation leads one to notice a striking fact — the boys are intensely interested in what they are studying and they know its practical value. For the entire Ford Plant, both at Highland Park and at Fordson, is a textbook and a laboratory. Chemistry and physics mean knowing how to analyze steel crank shafts. The necessity of metallurgy is brought home when the boys discover, to their amazement, that the heat treatment of a metal is in many ways more important than its composition. All the latest photomicroscopic instruments are available to the students. They make pictures of minute cross-sections of steel invisible to the human eye. The results show irregularities and imperfections, if they exist. Geography is made vivid by a description of the Ford sales and distributive organization throughout the world.

Each subject lives in the consciousness of the boy because he has to make a practical application of it two thirds of his time. Shop arithmetic, geometry, and trigonometry, instead of being abstract subjects, are necessary tools for the next two weeks of adventure. The classroom work becomes almost as exciting as learning signals in football practice. Furthermore, each boy realizes that he is being paid while he learns, yet is earning his own way and owes no one anything. At the end of the first year he would normally receive twenty-four cents an hour, by the close of the second year thirty-two cents an hour, and at the end of the third year forty cents an hour. When he is seventeen years of age a student should be earning forty-five cents. It must be remembered that he is also getting extras in the way of money for savings, lunches, and vacations. The school estimates that the boy produces one thousand dollars a year in useful material. This covers the upkeep of the school, but does not pay any interest on the enormous investment in buildings, machinery, and other equipment.

We pass from the classroom to the shop. Here the boys are even more alert. We see them making Ford tools. Indeed, so expert do they become that they turn out precision gauges which must have an accuracy of approximately 1/100,000 of an inch. Nearly all the cut-away motors used for demonstration purposes in the salesrooms are produced here. A large chart shows exactly the time which the boys take for a given process over skilled tool mechanics. In 1924 the students were using forty per cent more time. In 1925 this had been cut to thirty per cent. By September 1926 it was down to thirteen per cent. It must be remembered, however, that on the average each new boy starts by taking sixty per cent more time than the mechanical expert. The boys also spoil four per cent of their material. In the old days it used to cost thousands of dollars to paint the machines in the school department. To-day the boys put on all the surface coats. They handle all pump repairs and all of the smaller broken instruments. Formerly when tools had become badly worn they were scrapped. Now the Trade School repairs or rebuilds them and turns back fifty thousand dollars' worth of tools each month.

One can hardly appreciate what it means to maintain a school which is applying its theoretical knowledge unless one spends a day in the laboratory. The Trade School alone covers one hundred and twenty-two thousand square feet of space, with an additional thirty thousand square feet for classrooms. The equipment alone cost over a million dollars. Every bit of it is in constant use, turning out practical things. Here is one of the key differences between the Ford plan and the ordinary trade school. Mr. Ford insists that everything which is produced shall have a practical value. There is nothing done which the students might feel is useless. The result is that there is a creative joy in the work. On the other hand, to give experience to boys many tasks have to be provided which might not be necessary otherwise or which could be done differently. For example, worn-out automobiles are taken apart and rebuilt, although the cost is somewhat greater than to produce a new car.

In other words, the jobs are fitted to the needs of the boys, not the boys to the needs of the machines. Fundamental in the principle of the school is the idea that, so far as possible, the boy is to be given a sense of responsibility by being trained on articles which are to be actually used. A careful record is kept of every boy's grade in each of his theoretical subjects, and of his industry in the classroom and in the shop.

It must not be thought that the boys do nothing but work. In the past they have had football and other forms of sport. Recently all forms of athletics have been discontinued at Mr. Ford's specific request. He feels the boys get exercise while at work. They also publish their own school paper, which maintains a higher standard of literary excellence than most of our newspapers.

III

Besides making a trip through the Trade School one should study concrete cases. A boy of fourteen started in 1923 at a wage of eighteen cents an hour. Two months later he had advanced to nineteen cents, and in another two months he went to twenty. Then for five successive months his pay was increased until at a year from the time he entered he was receiving twenty-seven cents. A year later he was receiving thirty-seven cents, and at the end of two years and ten months he was getting forty-five cents an hour. During that time he had thoroughly learned nearly all the important processes in making car parts, grinders, gauges, and sheet metal, and had been initiated into the intricacies of bench work, which includes filing, stamping, drilling, tapping, and hand reaming, also lathe work and machine construction. Thus at seventeen years of age he was already an expert mechanic and would be in a position to rise high in the Ford plant. He had, moreover, been drilled in the following basic school ideals: cleanliness, safety, accuracy, speed, and ingenuity. The student is taught that if he is satisfied with what the instructor can show him he can never know the satisfaction of helping to produce something better.

There is no insistence that all the boys shall become expert technicians. They have the opportunity of entering other occupational lines, according to their inclination and ability. Ten per cent of the boys go to night school. Two are now at the University of Michigan; one is at Annapolis. Eleven go to high school during the day and work in the afternoon shift.

So carefully have the boys been safeguarded that the only serious accident in the entire history of the school was the loss of one eye. Considering the number of serious if not fatal accidents in high-school football alone, and the fact that the ordinary school shelters students from all contact with our machine world, this is a remarkable record. Thirty per cent of those who finish the Ford School stay with the company, but there is no pressure brought to bear upon them. They have paid their own way, and they can go wherever they desire.

Some of the more brilliant boys have made discoveries which have resulted in vast economies for the company. Perhaps the most remarkable was an invention which saved a pound of copper for each car, thus effecting a saving of one thousand dollars a day.

Although there has been little time since the school was started in 1916 for boys to advance to positions of responsibility and leadership, one boy is already sales manager for a million-dollar business. Many are getting ten dollars a day.

There is little need for discipline,

quite in contrast to the ordinary high school. It must be remembered also that the management has accepted boys from poor homes and an unfavorable environment. One hundred came even with the handicap of a juvenile court record. One of the instructors, who happens to be a graduate of a university, emphasized the fact that there are more boys in this school who have had bad heredity than perhaps in all the public schools of Detroit put together, and they have all had bad environments, yet the school pulls them through. The combination of learning and earning does the trick.

Such punishments as are used are novel. A boy may be required to take a shower bath every day for ten days straight. The worst sentence is sitting in the office for eight hours instead of working in the shop. No boy can stand that long.

There is no distinction of race, nationality, or creed. All are on an equality. Here is a Polish boy named Mauszewski. His father is dead, but he has a mother and two sisters. He came at fourteen, just three years ago. To-day nearly all his grades are A's.

Another boy, Ernest Blank, comes from a foreign family. In the days before prohibition his father was in the back room of a saloon, drinking. Brooding for a while at a table, he was heard to remark, 'What is life? Life is nothing more than a puff of smoke.' No one noticed him leave the room, but the quick report of a gun outside soon told the tragic story of suicide. Ernest was left with three sisters. As a result of his work at the Ford Trade School he is now getting over four hundred dollars a month, although only just twenty-two years of age. He told the Superintendent, 'In my first year in the school one boy wanted me to quit and get twenty-five dollars a week, which was more than I was getting at the time, but I would not do it. Now that boy is running an elevator for me, and is still getting the twenty-five dollars a week. He is just as bright as I am, too, only he did n't use his time right.'

A colored boy, one of the fourteen children of a man in the Ford employ, had been brought up in such a fanatical religious environment that his father for a long time refused to have the boy's hair cut. He feared that, just as Samson suffered harm, so would his boy. As a preliminary requirement for entrance into the Ford School, the boy had to be taken to the barber shop. To-day nearly half his grades are A — a remarkable achievement.

Another boy was the son of a man who came to his wife's funeral so drunk that he would have dumped the mother's body out of the coffin if it had not been for the officers. The son was taught by his father that stealing was good, but that getting caught was bad. As long as he had personal supervision in the Ford School he was exemplary, but the temptations of other employment were too great and he finally ended up in the penitentiary.

On my last visit to Detroit I talked with the man in charge of the experimental tool room, and found that he was a product of the school. When he was in grammer school, his father died, leaving three children. He had not only carried his work at the Trade School, but had used his evenings to finish a course at Detroit University. He now owns his own home and is supporting his brother and sister in school.

Perhaps the greatest satisfaction to Mr. Ford is to see the success of his boys, and thousands of them are going out over the country into positions of responsibility.

One especially interesting case is that of a Filipino who ran away from the Islands in order to come to the school. The police brought him to the plant when he was only fourteen. The usual physical examination before employment showed that he needed an operation for hernia. The company advanced him the necessary money, he finished the course at the school, and to-day he is going through the University of Michigan.

When one considers that the average grammar and high school in America do not give a boy an adequate training for an economic position, one realizes how far Mr. Ford has gone in transferring old educational habits into new channels. Just a short while ago one of the ablest college presidents in America visited the Henry Ford School. On his return he wrote: 'You will be interested to know that in each of the four departments of the college I told the story of our journey through your Trade School and the academic classes. I have also gathered the men of our Industrial Arts Department and talked with them about the college education that I had received in a day in Detroit, and asked them to remember in their instruction the things which you teach — safety, cleanliness, accuracy, speed, and so forth. I told them in great detail of the Trade School. You did a fine piece of missionary work the day we went with you through your wonderful school.'

It is conceivable that this experiment will eventually be adopted, with modifications, in all our cities. At any rate, it deserves careful study by all who are interested in education.

THE JUNIOR COLLEGE MENACE

AS SEEN FROM WITHIN

Criticism of collegiate education has never been so sharp as in the last few years, yet amid all this publicity there progresses, unnoticed by laymen and little understood even by educators, a reorganization of our high-school and college systems which may entrench and accentuate a hundredfold the very vices of American schooling which current critics so much deplore. Moreover, the crippling force of this new menace falls with special weight upon the brilliant and precocious student. I refer to the redivision of control between grade school, high school, and university, of which the junior high school and the junior college are the initial symptoms, and which in a predictably short time will give us everywhere in the United States a seven-year elementary course, a three-year junior high school, a four-year upper school, including the senior high-school and junior-college years, and, finally, universities offering a three- to four-year course leading to a Master of Arts or professional degree. This realignment of jurisdiction is as certain in public education as though the change were already everywhere complete; and protest is idle — even the searching and intelligent protest of Professor Palmer's recent article.

There does remain, however, the problem of so administering and so controlling the junior college that it can compensate in some degree for the four-year liberal college it seems destined to supplant. This problem Professor Palmer has not touched — partly from preoccupation with other issues, partly from unfamiliarity with actual conditions. Yet this is a matter of the greatest urgency, since the outlook for higher education in America is desperate indeed if a change in junior-college control is not effected before the movement reaches its final stage.

In itself, the junior-college idea has much to recommend it. To many students who could not otherwise go to college it offers, at slight expense and without leaving home, two years of further schooling. As junior colleges are usually situated in large towns where opportunities for employment abound, self-supporting students easily secure these two college years. Moreover, many young men and women who could afford only two years at the university are enabled, by first attending a local junior college, to go away for the more valuable final years and obtain an otherwise impossible degree. Furthermore, parents who consider their children too young to send away can keep them at home for two added years, seemingly without impeding their educational progress.

But only seemingly. For the location, administration, and instructional methods of these junior colleges as at present conducted often nullify their educational effectiveness.

The average junior-college student still lives at home under close parental surveillance, and so misses the maturing experience of fending for himself. Moreover, the nonresident junior college can never impress its students so deeply as a university community that absorbs not only their class time but the whole of its students' life. The junior-college boy goes back from his classes to the family circle, whose point of view continues to dominate his mind, so that his resistance to new ideas is stiffened and he misses the mental loosening up that comes from transplantation into new surroundings.

But alas! The average junior college has few new ideas to impart even to the receptive learner. Usually these colleges are offshoots of the public high-school system. They begin in a small way through postgraduate courses, and after they have attained some size are still frequently housed under the same roof with the high school and taught by instructors who also handle high-school classes. Even when they are housed separately they continue to be administered by persons whose whole past experience has been in high-school work, and their faculties and executive staffs are manned by promotion from the high-school ranks. This is true in practically every city where the junior college is part of the public-school system — even in so large an institution as Crane Junior College in Chicago. The boards of education which control these junior colleges are likewise experienced mainly in high-school and grade-school problems, and, being often composed of men who themselves lack university training, are ill equipped to build up an institution on collegiate lines. In short, the junior college is to all intents and purposes a mere extension of the high-school course; and the inevitable result is that its students still receive the treatment and instruction adapted perhaps to the high-school age, but little calculated to stimulate the independent thought, the methods of original research, and the rational self-control which college life teaches and demands.

For instance, most junior-college courses are based upon textbooks, and not on library reading and research.

When library reading is assigned, it is not of the kind to stimulate investigation of a wide range of material, but merely the requirement of certain pages or chapters in a specified book; and so it is not in any sense research, but only more expanded textbook study. The instructors in junior colleges, though sometimes better pedagogues than those who handle freshman sections in a great university, are seldom scholars in any real sense, almost never productive scholars. Faculty contacts are thus less stimulating, and study and teaching more superficial. In just those years when intellectual habits and interests should be awakened, when the student will — if ever — learn to think for himself, he is lulled into acceptance of third-hand information and ideas. The young assistants at the university who teach freshmen may be inexperienced pedagogues and unfinished scholars, but they are scholars in the making; their ways and dreams are the ways and dreams of scholarship.

The faculty strength of the average junior college is also hampered by the method of appointing instructors. In four-year colleges and universities the department head selects his own instructors, or, if the department is organized as a committee with a rotating chairman, appointments are canvassed in department meetings. In either case the approval of the president is largely formal. But instructors are chosen in public junior colleges, not by department authority, but by the president, or even by the city superintendent of schools. This opens the way for the entrance of persons without the special expertness which a department would demand, enables an executive to pack the faculty with personal supporters, gives the superintendent and board members an equally vicious patronage, and, by a divided allegiance, prevents the esprit de corps characteristic of a well-organized university department.

Not only do faculties thus tend to be weakened, but the range of ideas and discussion in the junior-college classroom is restricted in ways unknown to the university. The local institution is too near its public, and this public exercises an interfering and sometimes demoralizing control. Too many local pastors scrutinize the reading lists; too many parents are frightened by the theoretical radicalism of exploring youth, and want the mental traveling curtailed. State universities complain of popular pressure, but the long-distance pressure they protest is nothing to that of father-on-the-spot!

Finally, the value of a genuine college experience comes, not alone from books, but from the social and intellectual contacts of student life. In the university, students have developed activities in which the theory of the classroom can be tested independently — in which the student can experiment with life and make instructive mistakes without those tragic practical consequences which the real world inflicts. The junior-college faculty, habituated to the detailed supervision of extracurricular interests proper to the secondary school, employs the same method with these older students, with the result either of killing interest in extracurricular affairs or of depriving them of developmental value.

The average graduate of the junior college, when he enters the university, is thus immature in life, work, and thought; and, unless methods in the junior college change, the universities will one day be swamped by these immature juniors from without. University training is bitterly criticized on the ground that it fails to stimulate intellectual initiative in its students.

What will be the effect as junior colleges multiply and prolong the intellectual childhood of American youth for two more years? The Association of University Women and the Association of University Professors — as the two national bodies most vitally concerned with college education — might well devote themselves to this problem before present errors harden into institutional practice. If American education is extended to offer added years in the university — so that our university degree may approximate that from European institutions — we must see to it that the added years represent added education and not just added time. And this will not be true if junior college consists merely of heavier high-school work.

One hears it said that junior colleges are peculiarly adapted to handling the masses who seek higher education without capacity for absorbing it, and that they form a protective sieve for the universities, which will be thus saved from lowering standards to the mob level. But we have no assurance that, by junior-college aid, such students will not go on to the higher institutions in greater numbers. And what of the brilliant youth caught in the junior-college trap? The student of superior mentality is now passed through the lower schools with greater rapidity. He is ready for college young. His parents fear to send him away. He is placed in a local junior college. There he starves intellectually, and grows warped and bitter under administrative repression. I read recently with some curiosity an account of strife in a Western junior college where the leading students seem to have been driven into unseemly revolt. How, I ask myself, did they 'get that way'?

The same difficulty presents itself in a minor form in the junior high school, which has been an offshoot of the grade-school system and manned pretty largely by teachers and principals elevated from the grade-school force. Many high-school teachers testify that sophomores entering from the junior high are as irresponsible as the old high-school freshman, and need another year to train them to any sort of self-direction in their work.

The previous line of educational growth in the United States has been a settling downward in the system of subjects and of method. The high school of to-day is the college of yesteryear. But the junior college, reversing this process, bids fair to turn to-morrow's college into a mere grandiose high school. Time alone can show whether, as the two new educational institutions become established, they can develop suitable personnel and standards of their own, or whether the blight of their origin is ingrained in their very make-up and the already thin substance of American education is to be diluted this much further. There is an heredity in institutions as in individuals, and the junior college was born in the high-school family. Certainly if junior-high-school positions are to be forever the reward of grade-school excellence, and if junior-college jobs are filled indefinitely from the high-school ranks, then higher education in America has received a body blow. Whether the city boards of education under which the two-year colleges increasingly operate can resist the inevitable pressure toward this course remains to be seen. And one also wonders whether, in the present state of popular sentiment that makes possible the frequent proposal and occasional passage of the so-called anti-evolution bills, it is safe to expose college training to the short-range public scrutiny which is the lot of any local junior college.

IN PRAISE OF IZAAK WALTON

BY HERBERT HOOVER

As the head of the Department of Commerce, and thus charged with such responsibility for our game fisheries as weighs upon the mind of the Federal Government, I wish to state a fact, to observe a condition, to relate an experiment, to define a proposition, to offer a protest, and to give the reasons for all.

The fact I refer to is that our game fishing is decreasing steadily and rapidly. The condition is that the present method of rehabilitation through hatcheries and distribution of fry and fingerlings is a failure because of high infant mortality. The experiment in the case indicates that artificial hatching can be made successful if the fingerlings are carried through infancy to childhood. The proposition is further to extend these nurseries in coöperation with the Izaak Walton League of America and all fish clubs. The protest is that even this is useless unless we can check pollution of our streams. The reason for it all is that fishing is good for the soul of man.

I

Man and boy, the American is a fisherman. That comprehensive list of human rights, the Declaration of Independence, is firm that all men (and boys) are endowed with certain inalienable rights, including life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness — which obviously includes the pursuit of fish. America is a well-watered country, and the inhabitants know all of the fishing holes. The Americans also produce millions of automobiles. These coördinate forces of inalienable right — the automobile and the call of the fishing hole — propel men and boys to a search of all the water within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles during week-ends alone. They extend it to a radius of five hundred miles on summer holidays. The radii of operations of all these men and boys greatly overlap. All of this has overworked the fishing holes, and the time between bites has become longer and longer, and the fish have become wiser and wiser.

Some millions of fishermen have invented thousands of new lures of seductive order and devised many new and fearful incantations, with a host of new kinds of clothes and of labor-saving devices to carry them about.

We have indeed made stupendous progress in physical equipment to overcome the mysteries of fish. We have moved upward from the rude but social conditions of the willow pole with a butcher's-string line, fixed with hooks ten for a dime, whose compelling lure is one segment of an angleworm and whose incantation is spitting on the bait. We have arrived at the high state of a tackle assembled from the steel of Damascus, the bamboos of Siam, the silk of Japan, the lacquer of China, the tin of Bangkok, the nickel of Canada, the feathers of Brazil, and the silver of Colorado — all compounded by mass production at Chicago, Illinois, and Akron, Ohio. And for magic and incantations we have progressed to application of cosmetics to artificial flies and to wonders in special clothing with pigeonholes for varied lures and liniments, and to calling a bite a 'strike.' Nor do I need to repeat that fishing is not the rich man's sport, even though his incantations are more expensive. I have said elsewhere that all men are equal before fishes. But I ask you if, in the face of all this overwhelming efficiency and progress, there is less time between bites.

However, our fishermen can put in many joyous hours at home, polishing up the rods, reels, and lures, discussing new flies, when the imponderable forces of spring begin to move their bones. They could not get such joy out of a collection of live angleworms, and that is all a part of what we are trying to get at anyway — recreation and soul satisfaction.

But I am off the track, because the Department of Commerce deals not in the beatitudes but in statistics. Moreover we must also maintain the economic rather than the biologic method in discussion or some other department of the Government will accuse Commerce of invading its authority. Nevertheless I may say, as an aside, that the fishing beatitudes are much amplified since Izaak Walton, for he did not spend his major life answering a bell. He never got the 'jumps' from traffic signals or the price of wheat. The blessings of fishing include not only Edgar Guest's 'wash of the soul' with pure air, but they also now include discipline in the equality of men, meekness and inspiration before the works of nature, charity and patience toward tackle makers and the fish, a mockery of profits and conceits, a quieting of hate and a hushing to ambition, a rejoicing and gladness that you do not have to decide another thing until next week.

To return, then, to the economics of this sport. Having done everything to improve the tackle, lures, and incantations, we must conclude that the distance between bites has been increased because of rising ratio of water to fish. In other words, there are fewer fish.

From the number of fishing licenses issued in licensing states the Bureau of Fisheries estimates that ten million people went game fishing in the year 1926. Any calculation of twenty years ago will show that not one million went fishing in a year. But I have no sympathy with attempts at disarmament of the gigantic army which every year marches against the fish, nor do I suggest any limitations on its equipment of automobiles, tackle, or incantations. I am for force — more force and more fish.

Despite the statistical efficiency of our department, I do not know how many fish each one of the army captured last year. Judging by my own experience, the number was not large. I spent several days searching fishing holes at various points between Chesapeake Bay and the Pacific; I tried to find some spot where not more than six automobiles were already camping, or where the campers did not get up before daylight and thus get the two or three fish which were off guard at that time of day. The State of New Jersey secures an accounting from its licensees of the number of game fish caught. It averages about 4.5 fish per fisherman per annum. Fishermen are not liars, and therefore I conclude that even in that well-organized state it was heavy going.

Now I want to propose an idea. I submit that each fisherman ought to catch at least fifty fish during the season. I should like more than that myself, but that ought to be demanded as a minimum under the 'rights' as implied in the Declaration, provided it includes one big one for purposes of indelible memory, conversation, and historic record.

And at once I come to a powerful statistic, — that is, fifty fish times ten million men and boys, — the purpose of which I will establish presently. This minimum ideal of a national catch of five hundred million game fish is of fundamental importance if we as a nation are to approach a beatific state for even two weeks in the year.

And, as we are thinking nationally, five hundred million fish divided among one hundred and twenty million people is not so much as you might think at first, for it is only about 4.1 fish per person and it includes the little ones as well, and each of us is supposed to eat 1095 times a year, less whatever meals we miss while fishing.

At this point someone will deny that we have ever taken five hundred million fish in a year. I agree with him that we have not attained any such ideal average in long years. If it had been true, the moral state of the nation would have been better maintained during the last calendar year. There were lots of people who committed crimes during the year who would not have done so if they had been fishing, and I believe that the increase in crime is due to a lack of those qualities of mind and character which impregnate the souls of all fishermen except those who get no bites. Unless we can promise at least fifty fish per annum per person, including that occasional big one for recounting and memory purposes, we may despair of keeping the population from further moral turpitude.

II

Nearly fifty years ago the game fishermen in certain localities began to complain bitterly to their Congressmen about the expanding distance between bites, which in economic terms is called the 'lag.' As an equal opportunity for fishing must be properly considered by any great government as a necessity to public tranquillity, measures were at once taken. The great government said: 'We will now add artificial means to those of the natural birth and distribution of fish.'

Thereafter the Federal Government built forty game-fish hatcheries. The state governments built 191 hatcheries for game fish, and private enterprise constructed sixty more. In these mass-production works, the maternal carelessness of laying eggs out loose in the water to be eaten by cannibalistic relatives and friends was to be halted, and the eggs were thereafter carefully safeguarded in glass jars and troughs and temperatures. The baby fry and fingerlings thus born in security and reared up in comfort to half an inch long or so were then placed in private railway cars and distributed back to the streams, being thereupon started on their happy way to be eaten by the same relatives and friends, as fresh meat instead of fresh eggs.

We have steadily increased in zeal in these endeavors to beat the lag between bites, until during the last few years these 291 hatcheries, working on fifteen species of game fish, have turned out an annual average of one billion, one hundred million infant game fish to be duly launched into life among the cannibals.

In addition to these paternalistic and maternal endeavors on the part of the Government, I am aware that Mother Nature has herself been busy also. Private enterprise, in the shape of responsible mother fish, is working upon the same problem; it is probably doing more than the paternal Government, for all I know — private enterprise usually does. One thing we do know: it takes a host of fingerlings to provide for the survival of a single fish of blessed memory. At a particular control station over Alaskan salmon it is estimated that 1,668,750,000 eggs and fry were launched into life and 3,740,000 adult fish came back. It is thought that all who escaped infant mortality did come back — so that the loss was 99.77 per cent. Or, in other words, it took 450 fry to make a fish. At this rate the annual one billion, one hundred million fry and fingerlings from the whole battery of hatcheries would produce one third of a fish per fisherman per annum.

I may say parenthetically that I introduce these statistics of birth registration and infant mortality among fish because it will relieve your minds of anxiety as to accuracy. But if anyone feels that these figures may be wrong, he has my permission to divide or multiply them by any factor based upon his own experience with the time element in bites, the size of fish, or the special incantations.

In any event one billion, one hundred million bureaucratic-mothered fry from all our combined government hatcheries meant only 2.2 fry for each fish in the modest minimum national ideal I have insisted upon. And if anybody thinks that it takes only 2.2 fry to make a fish he is mightily mistaken. I conclude statistically, from my own experience of the time between bites, that the Alaskan figure of mortality should be corrected from 99.77 per cent to 99.99 per cent.

It is a solemn fact that only some microscopic percentage of those fry or fingerlings, whether synthetic or natural, ever live to that state of grandeur which will serve as inspiration to polish the tackle or ensure the approach to the battle in renewed hope with each on-coming season. And we lose ground every year, sector by sector, as the highways include more fishing holes in the motor routes. We must either multiply the output of our hatcheries by some fearful number or find some other way out.

III

Some four years ago I expressed to Commissioner O'Malley, when inducting him into the headship of the Bureau of Fisheries, my complete skepticism in regard to the effectiveness of our synthetic incubation and its statistical relations to the realistic life of a fish. My general thesis was that these infants did not have a dog's chance to gain that maturity which was required by public policy. He and his able assistant, Mr. Leach, thereupon started experiments to see if we could not apply mass-production methods in the nursing of infant game fish to an age when they could survive traffic accidents or do battle with cannibals or enter the cannibal ranks themselves — in any event hope to survive. It was my aspiration that, if these adolescent youths could not win in open combat, at least some of them, reared to three inches long, might make a full meal for a cannibal in the place of two hundred fry fresh out of the eggs, and then we should save 199 or so. These experiments were seriously successful. And the same authorities, Messrs. O'Malley and Leach, are convinced that by this same means we have improved the fighting chance of these children of fish up to about a fifty-fifty go, and thereby our one billion, one hundred million governmental fingerlings might serve as a base to produce the national ideal of five hundred million big ones. I again refer you to my previous statement on the safety factor in the magic of statistics.

Nor was it so expensive. One hundred bass couples in specially prepared pools produced two hundred thousand offspring and raised them to three inches long for a total outlay of five hundred dollars, omitting rent and experts, or four fish for a cent. Likewise trout were carried along in life under the shelter of hated bureaucracy until they could do battle with their enemies.

After this preliminary experience I appealed two years ago to fish and game clubs throughout the country to coöperate with us in establishing more experimental nurseries — the Department of Commerce to furnish free fingerlings, free breeding stock, and free technical supervision. It was one of the conditions of this appeal that all streams in each neighborhood should be stocked with the product so as to give the boy a chance also. Fifteen chapters of the Izaak Walton League, sixteen clubs and private individuals, five states and municipalities, have coöperated to establish nurseries in nine states. Pennsylvania leads with fourteen stations; Minnesota is next with thirteen stations. The State of New Jersey, working independently on the same general basis, has done wonders.

Last year was our first year; 4,667,000 fish were raised up to battling age in these coöperative nurseries and delivered into the streams. The annual capacity of these nurseries when going full blast is probably near twenty million fish.

IV

Now the purpose of these statistics is to demonstrate that we need more nurseries. We ought to have several hundred. They are inexpensive compared to the annual outlay on tackle and the automobile journey to the fishing holes. When you get through at any fishing hole you will be glad to have paid for several hundred fish at the rate of four to a cent. And by stocking all streams in the neighborhood we are offered a large opportunity for establishing fealty from the small boy to the ideals of the sportsman. He may for sound reasons of his own continue to use his worn fly or even a worm, but be assured he will grow up to refined tackle and expensive incantation later on.

Our Government, national and state, is to-day spending nearly $2,000,000 a year on game-fish hatcheries. We are convinced of their futility unless we can carry their work this one stage further. That stage should be accomplished through local effort and coöperation, with the Federal Government standing ready to furnish instruction, advice, breeding stock, and fingerlings free to any chapter or club which will undertake the task. If every state in the Union would respond as Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey have responded, the job would be done.

The hatcheries are the necessary works for mass production of infant fish. That is a technical job requiring large expense, high skill, and training. Clubs cannot well undertake to run them, and we have long since accepted their care as a proper function of the Federal and state governments. But the nurseries require only a few thousand dollars for plant, and but a few hundred dollars annually for operation. It is our view that the nurseries are the only agency that will make the hatcheries worth while. If our nurseries could turn out five hundred million three-inch fish, we could trust the natural mothers to supply the balance.

I appeal to the fishermen of America to take up this great hope of permanent game fishing in our country. It is your problem, and the remedy for a departing sport lies with you and not in demanding that an already maternally and paternally responsible Government do the whole job. Unless something like this is done, our sons will not be catching the limit. It is the real hope of triumph over the discouragement between bites.

V

And there is another phase. Aside from the cannibalistic enemies of infant and adolescent fish, acting in lively alliance with the organized army of ten million fishermen, we have still another fish enemy to deal with. That is pollution. Herein is the poison cup which we give to eggs, fry, fingerlings, adolescents, and adult fish alike.

Now if we want fish we have to reserve some place for them to live. They all occur in the water, but it happens that Nature adapted them — except, perhaps, the lowly catfish and lowlier carp — to clean water.

And this question of pollution has a multitude of complications and suffers much from a lack of understanding. There are as many opinions about pollution as there are minds considering it. Those who are unconcerned are not under the spell of the fishing lure. Pollution exists in different waters in different degrees — from ships, factories, coal mines, chemical works in cities and towns, to mention only a few of them. Many of these things injure public health and destroy the outdoor appeal of the streams, and all of them damage the fish.

But after all we are an industrial people. We have to work at least eight hours a day and all but two or three weeks in the year, and we cannot abolish our industries and still pay for fishing tackle. So I have long since come to the conclusion that what we really need in every state is that there should be a survey by our state authorities of all the streams, and a division of them into three categories.

The first category would include the streams that have not yet been polluted. Immediate protection would be given to these streams or parts of them, in order that they should never be polluted; no industry would be allowed to settle upon them unless there was adequate guaranty that there would be no pollution. The second category would include the streams that are polluted to the finish. There are many of these that could never be recovered as a matter of practical fact without the displacement of hundreds of thousands of people from their homes through the crushing of their industries. The numbers who would benefit by clearing the streams would be infinitesimal compared to those who would be involved in the suffering and loss implied in such an operation. Then we should have a third category of streams — those that are perhaps partially polluted, but in which we could get correction by systematic and sound action and thus gradually restore them to the first category.

There is also the problem of pollution of our coastal waters. I have discussed that elsewhere and will not enter upon it now. The sane handling of our stream pollution is one of the most important of conservation measures for our country. For various reasons concerned with States' rights it can be but slightly a Federal problem. But States' rights are state responsibility, and the mental complex of some states which leads them to pass on their problems to the Federal Government deserves psychopathic treatment by indignant fishermen.

VI

Now the reasons for all this are some of them economic in their nature, some moral, and some spiritual. Our standards of material progress include the notion and the hope that we shall lessen the daily hours of labor on the farm, at the bench, and in the office — except for public servants. We also dream of longer annual holidays and more of them, as scientific routine and mass production do our production job faster and faster. But when they do the job at all they dull the souls of men unless our leisure hours become the period of reaching life's highest objective, which is obviously following the gentle art of fishing.

We are decreasing hours. Those infallible clocks of progress, the humble statistics, tell us that the hours of work of the gainfully employed have steadily decreased during the whole of thirty years. The great majority of us (except public officials) really work no more than eight hours a day, except during the stress of planting or harvest or elections. If we work eight hours and sleep eight hours we have eight hours left in each day in which to ruminate and make merry or stir the cauldron of evil.

Our stage of civilization is not going to depend upon what we do when we work so much as what we do in our time off. The moral and spiritual forces of our country do not lose ground in the hours we are busy on our jobs — their battle time is the time of leisure. We are organizing the production of leisure. We need better organization of its consumption. We devote vast departments of government and great agencies of commerce and industry, science and invention, to decreasing the hours of work, but we devote comparatively little to improving the hours of recreation. We associate joy with leisure. We have great machinery to produce joy, some of it destructive, some of it synthetic, some of it mass-produced. We go to chain theatres and movies; we watch somebody else knock a ball over the fence or kick it over the goal bar. I do that and I believe in it. I do, however, insist that no other organized joy has values comparable to the joys of the out-of-doors. We gain less from the other forms in moral stature, in renewed purpose in life, in kindness, and in all the fishing beatitudes. We gain none of the constructive rejuvenating joy that comes from return to the solemnity, the calm and inspiration, of primitive nature. The joyous rush of the brook, the contemplation of the eternal flow of the stream, the stretch of forest and mountain, all reduce our egotism, soothe our troubles, and shame our wickedness.

And in outdoor experience we make a physical effort that no sitting on cushions, benches, or side lines provides. To induce people to take its joys, they need some stimulant from the hunt, the fish, or the climb. I am for fish. Fishing is not so much getting fish as it is a state of mind and a lure of the human soul into refreshment.

But it is too long between bites; we must have more fish in proportion to the water.

THE SIMPLE ANNALS OF FASCISMO

WHAT HAPPENED AT MOLINELLA

BY GAETANO SALVEMINI

I

Molinella is a commune of fifteen thousand inhabitants, twenty miles from Bologna. The population consists chiefly of agricultural laborers. Up to the time of the Fascist reaction, Molinella was regarded in Italy as one of the most impregnable strongholds of Socialism; the local Socialist organizations comprised a total of forty-seven hundred members. By thirty years of iron discipline the workers of Molinella had created a coöperative system which roused the admiration of all those who went to see it. A wide area of land was cultivated by an agricultural coöperative organization, to which were added a coöperative building society and a central coöperative store, with seven branches, which did all the wholesale and retail buying and selling for the needs of its members. The coöperative organization had a reserve of a million lire in the bank, in addition to its buildings, machinery, and stock.

Molinella was one of the last communes conquered by the Fascists. The offensive began in September 1922. The local landowners organized themselves in a Fascio, decreed a general boycott of all the workers belonging to Socialist associations, and canceled all outstanding contracts with them. Workers were brought in from the neighboring regions of Ferrara, Bologna, and Venetia, in order to reduce the local workers to destitution; the newcomers were paid more than the local rates of wages.

So far, nothing had been done which went beyond the rights of owners engaged in an economic struggle with the workers. But on September 12, 1922, the Fascists began pillaging and burning. And on the day after the 'March on Rome,' in October 1922, the premises of all the organizations, including the people's library, were confiscated by the Fascists, who took over the buildings and installed their offices and their members in them. The leaders of the Socialist organizations had to fly in order to escape death. The landowners issued a notice announcing that they would give out no work except to workers belonging to the Fascist unions.

On November 8, although there was no law authorizing him to do so, the prefect of the province of Bologna instructed an agent to administer the commune and to liquidate the coöperatives. The agent sold the stock, tools, and cattle, confiscated the million lire reserve, and allowed the Fascists to take possession of the lorry belonging to the coöperatives. In this way the fruits of thirty years of labor and sacrifice were destroyed in a few weeks.

The person who directed the fight against the workers is the secretary of the Fascio, Augusto Regazzi. Before attaining glory as a Fascist leader, Regazzi had been condemned to a fortnight's imprisonment for striking and wounding, and had been prosecuted, but acquitted for lack of evidence, for alleged fraud in connection with military supplies.

In his book, *Un Anno di Dominazione Fascista*, Giacomo Matteotti mentions, for the period from November 1922 to October 1923, seventy cases of violence at Molinella, some of which would be incredible were they not clearly proven.

On August 9, 1923, Regazzi led a punitive expedition against the family of a farmer named Pietro Marani. In court Pietro's father described the affair as follows: —

> That afternoon I was with my family — my wife and three sons and two daughters-in-law. We were working in the fields. About 4.30, I suddenly heard a motor car; it stopped at Manardi's house and Fascists got out of it. Expecting one of the usual punitive expeditions, we all hurried indoors. Soon after, forty Fascists arrived; they must have been armed with guns or revolvers, for they fired several times. One of them told us to come out, because he meant to knock us down. We did not go out, but told them that they had no right to call us out as we were in our own house. They stopped talking and began trying to tear down a door and a window.
>
> My sons were armed with their tools, but we were helpless in face of the violence of the aggressors. We fled to the upper story.
>
> The Fascists then climbed on to the roof, beat it in, smashed the ceiling, and began throwing tiles into the room. We were frightened to death and hid under the beds. In the room in which the crime was committed my wife and I were under the big bed with our son Augusto; Pietro had hidden under a smaller bed.
>
> While stones and plaster continued to rain through the roof, the entrance door gave way, leaving the assailants a free run of the house. In a few moments four men came into the room in which we were hidden. At first I only recognized Domenico Bussi, who overturned the little bed under which my Pietro was hiding. At that moment another Fascist, whom I recognized as Regazzi, fired the shot which killed my son almost instantly. The noise of a motor car, going off posthaste, indicated to us that the assailants were making off.

In court the dead man's widow gave the following account: —

> I heard the Fascists' threats. In my fright I took my nineteen-months-old baby in my arms and sought refuge in the upper story in the room of my mother-in-law; both of us were terrified. When we heard them beginning to break up the roof, we took refuge under the beds, clasping the children against our breasts; they were in danger of being stifled by the dust of the plaster. I heard two shots, and then a cry from my mother-in-law: 'They have killed Pietro.' I forced myself to keep up my courage; I got on my bicycle and went for the doctor. But on the way one of the Fascists came up to me and threatened to hit me with his bludgeon, shouting that he would send me into the next world to keep company with my husband; so another woman had to go for the doctor.

On August 12, 1923, the Fascists went round the fields and farmhouses striking at everybody with their clubs — men and women, youths, and children, all members of four families. On the following day a peasant woman, Albertina Galliani, was taken to the Fascist headquarters; there she was threatened with death, while her sick husband was dragged from his bed in her presence and bound hand and foot to a chair.

The Fascio issued a proclamation, on August 12, granting to 'the trade-unionists still belonging to the Socialist League a twelve hours' truce to enable them to submit: after that the struggle will be resumed without mercy.'

On April 6, 1924, during the general elections, a worker named Angelo

Gaiani, sixty years of age, who declared he would vote for the Socialists, was attacked as he came out of the polling booth and killed instantly with a bludgeon. Two days after this murder the Bologna magistrates issued a warrant for the arrest of the murderer, Oreste Ciuti. The police declared that Ciuti was 'undiscoverable,' although he went about openly in the streets of Bologna and carried out his duties as a member of the Fascist Militia (*Voce Repubblicana*, October 14, 1924).

On August 14, 1924, Augusto Matarelli, formerly a butcher in the coöperative store, was flogged in bed, where he had lain since an earlier beating. A few hours later he was found hanging in his stable. Dr. Tonini, in charge of the post-mortem, having expressed a suspicion that this might be a cleverly camouflaged murder, was flogged in his turn and had to flee the country.

On September 12, 1924, a young man, Angelo Frazzoni, was mortally wounded by gunshot. No one ventured to go out into the dark to help him. His father tried to go out, but was followed by a Fascist and turned back. His mother cried out: 'You traitors, you have killed my son and you want to kill my husband too!' The Fascist answered, 'Shut the door,' and remained on guard to prevent any neighbors from going for the doctor.

II

The authors of these crimes remained 'persons unknown.' But the murder of Pietro Marani, which had caused more sensation than the others, could not be attributed to persons unknown, since everyone had recognized Regazzi and since the family of the victim had denounced him. The magistrates were compelled, therefore, to order Regazzi's arrest.

From September 15, 1923, to October 14, 1924, this order could not be carried out, the police officials declaring that Regazzi was 'unknown' and could not be found. Regazzi, meanwhile, was constantly in the principal streets of Bologna, went to the theatre at Molinella, attended ceremonies together with the other Fascist authorities, and made speeches which were reported in the newspapers. He was still 'unknown' and still 'undiscoverable' when he attended a banquet at which he was presented with a gold medal. Among those invited to the banquet were the prefect of police at Bologna and the Minister of Justice, who, instead of having the guest of honor arrested, contented themselves with declining the invitation. On September 25, 1924, at Molinella, two shots were fired at a passing motor car. Regazzi, the 'unknown' and 'undiscoverable,' went to the spot to investigate the matter, *with the local commissioner of police.* While still 'undiscoverable,' Regazzi took part in a meeting of the County Council, presided over by the Minister of Justice, and jointly with the Minister affixed his signature to a proclamation.

During October 1924, when the assassination of Matteotti seemed to have profoundly shaken the Fascist dictatorship, the Opposition papers launched a campaign for the arrest of Regazzi and other Fascists against whom warrants were out. Then a veritable 'Regazzi scandal' began. The Minister of Justice tried to evade responsibility by throwing the whole blame for the failure to arrest him on the Home Office. The Fascists of Bologna held demonstrations in Regazzi's honor and proclaimed their solidarity with him. The Fascist papers defended and praised him. The police went to his house to arrest him, but he had been warned; it was said that it was the commissioner of police who warned him, at the theatre, where he had gone to pass the evening as usual. At last, after official negotiations between the Government and the Fascist leaders of Bologna, Regazzi gave himself up.

On that very day the Fascist Deputy, Farinacci, Mussolini's right hand, wrote to his paper, *Cremona Nuova:* —

> It is an honor to be arrested for having fought the enemies of the nation and of Fascism. We hope that the Bench will rapidly perform its task, and we are certain that Regazzi will soon be restored to Fascism, to which he gave his faith and his enthusiasm and for which he has made sacrifices. If Regazzi is guilty (which has to be proved) his error cannot be judged as a breach of common law, nor he himself an ordinary offender. A higher criterion must be adopted, that which crowns with immortality the vindicators of the supreme rights of nations against the tyranny either of kings or of demagogues, even when their deeds violate the existing penal laws. The Fascists did not extend their offensive against Bolshevism in their personal interest. They acted with a national aim. It will never be possible to condemn Regazzi.

When the case opened at Bologna against Regazzi and the other Fascists who took part in the attack on Marani's farm, there were to be seen on the walls in the neighborhood of the courts the words 'Evviva Regazzi!' (Long live Regazzi!) in big black characters.

Regazzi admitted that he had taken part in the expedition, but denied that he had fired the fatal shot. Another man had fired it, he declared, but he would not say who. The depositions of the dead man's relatives, of the persons who had seen from a distance what went on, of the peasants whom the Regazzi 'squad' had attacked before it arrived at Marani's farm, were precise, consistent with one another, and remarkably courageous. When the widow had finished her evidence, she turned to the jury and said: —

> Gentlemen of the jury, you perhaps have wives and children yourselves; you will realize my sorrow. It may be that these persons will all be acquitted, but your consciences will not acquit them.

The Fascist counsel for the defense mocked at these words, calling them 'bombastic rhetoric,' and asked for an acquittal. The only sin of the defendants, he said, was that they had put an end to the tyranny of the Reds.

The jury did not admit the guilt of the defendants (March 6, 1925). They even denied that Regazzi had illegally borne arms, though he himself had admitted this.

The acquittal of all the defendants was received with loud applause and shouts of 'Evviva Regazzi!' The Fascists in the court hoisted Regazzi on their shoulders and carried him out in triumph, singing Fascist songs.

Regazzi was immediately appointed a member of the Provincial Fascist Directory. Farinacci, commenting on the verdict in his paper, maintained once more that in this particular case, as in all similar ones, the defendant must not be confused with an ordinary criminal; consequently the jury of Bologna 'did very well in not confusing an episode of our revolution with ordinary crimes of common law.'

III

Under this system of oppression the population of Molinella took up an attitude of passive resistance, which it maintained with wonderful solidarity as long as possible.

The laborers remained loyal to their unions and refused all work offered by the Fascist labor exchange. It meant destitution. In order to live, or at least to eat, the strikers collected edible snails in the hedges and valleys, or they went into the fields, already harvested, in order to glean a few ears of wheat or maize. Gleaning is the poor folks' customary right. The peasant carefully collects even the most miserable fruits of the earth. But this gleaning was considered a revolt. By collecting a sack of rice or wheat one can live without having to eat the bread of the Fascist unions. The gleaning women were chased away, pursued, their ears boxed, their faces smeared with black. Five women who had been struck complained on September 26, 1924, to a noncommissioned officer of the police. They were threatened with arrest. A hundred women then gathered in front of the police station, declaring that they also had committed the same offense and should therefore be arrested as well.

One day in September 1924, the poor people arranged a secret meeting amid the reeds of a marsh. Two hundred and fifty day laborers working within reach were told of the projected meeting at the last moment. The women had been away since the morning, their gleaners' sacks on their backs, and they had covered thirty kilometres on foot. The organizers had arrived on bicycles during the night, and had hidden in the reeds until 2 P.M.

The meeting discussed and passed a resolution in which the workers demanded the restoration of political liberty. They protested against the acts of violence which had been committed and once more affirmed their loyalty to their unions.

This meeting, and the fact that an interminable list of signatures had been published in honor of Matteotti's memory, made the Fascists fear that the Socialist organizations were coming to life again. They appointed two agents with the purpose of crushing every sign of opposition. The agents forced the landowners to dismiss the last of their non-Fascist workers; they stopped all works which would allow non-Fascist workers to gain even the barest livelihood; they increased the measure of beatings and pillagings. Every reported outrage in the papers, every word of criticism, every protest, brought forth fresh episodes of violence.

During the night of October 31, 1925, a Fascist squad, after shouting songs until two o'clock in the morning under the windows of Erminio Minghetti, an ex-service man, set fire to his house.

> It was nearly 3 A.M. when Minghetti's little daughter, nine years old, rushed into her parents' room, crying, 'Mother, the house is on fire!' Minghetti jumped out of bed, ran to his little girl's room, and saw the roof already in flames. He rushed to the stairs to try to get out, but the staircase was on fire. He ran back to his children, the little nine-year-old girl and a baby of six months, and to his wife and his old mother, whose leg was broken. All were suffocated by the smoke. It was impossible to escape by the stairs: the tumble-down old house was in flames. Minghetti jumped out of the window in his shirt, found a ladder, ran up it, and came down with his children on his back, then his wife, then his old mother. Neighbors came and gave shelter to the wife and children and the old woman, all shivering in the cold. The neighbors brought Minghetti clothes of some sort to put on. He sat there on a chair and watched the destruction of his home, his only possession, while women put compresses on his legs, which were terribly injured. (*Voce Repubblicana,* November 5, 1925)

In three days alone, in November 1924, 142 persons were imprisoned, many of them women (*Corriere della Sera,* November 28, 1924). The town was placed under the supervision of an imposing armed force.

After the attempt by the demented Miss Gibson on Mussolini's life on April 7, 1926, there ensued days of still more acute oppression. Five workingmen were kidnapped by Regazzi and other leaders and dragged to the former headquarters of the Socialist coöperatives, now commandeered by the Fascio. They were first questioned by a captain of the carabineers and the police commissioner. These authorities then having left the room, a squad of Fascists rushed in and bludgeoned the captives. By the time the carabineers put in an appearance, one of the workmen, Bagni by name, was lying unconscious on the floor, bathed in blood. This was the seventh beating he had received. Among Socialists and trade-union organizers in Molinella it has become quite a topic of conversation to recount how many beatings each has received and to discuss whose record is the longest. In the night of April 7, police and Fascists searched a number of houses and arrested sixty-three workingmen whom they dragged off handcuffed to prison at Bologna. On April 9, fifty-five of these men were released. Eight, among whom were Bagni and the others beaten the previous day, were detained until the twelfth, the aggravating circumstance against them being the blows they had received.

Yet after all this there were still in Molinella in April 1926, when the Trade-Unions Act came into operation, 539 men and 469 women who refused to become members of the Fascist unions. On April 10 the foremen of the marsh-reclamation works gave notice that on the twelfth all workers who had joined the non-Fascist organizations would be dismissed. On May 6 the house owners of Molinella were summoned to the Fascio and ordered to give notice to quit to all families whose members had not joined the Fascist unions: 'You give the notice and the Fascio will look after its execution.' On May 31 the commissioner of police at Molinella said to workers: 'We cannot kill you, but we will make you die of hunger.' On June 27 the president of the Fascist trade-union published the following ukase: —

> FASCIST TRADE-UNION OF THE
> AGRICULTURALISTS OF THE COMMUNE
> OF MOLINELLA
>
> MOLINELLA, *June* 27, 1926
>
> DEAR FRIEND, —
>
> In conformity with the existing Trade-Union Act, and with a view to ending an irregular and exceptional situation in our commune, we repeat that no worker can be admitted to work unless provided with the ticket of the Fascist unions; anyone who presents himself as a member of free trade-unions or with any other qualification must be rejected.
>
> This applies also to the gleaning of corn and other crops. It is not fair that anyone who is an opponent of the existing régime, and therefore unwilling to give his labor to agriculture, should withdraw a part, however small, of the produce from those who have in the sweat of their brows created it.
>
> These measures are issued in full agreement with the Fascist Local Branch.
>
> NERI ALFONSO, *President*

On July 1, 2, and 3, two hundred women were arrested for gleaning without the ticket of the Fascist union.

IV

In October 1926 the eviction of the tenants began. Here are the reports sent day by day by an anonymous correspondent living in Molinella. No Italian paper published them. They reached me in London two weeks after they had been written.

> *September* 30, 1926
>
> Here we are practically under martial law. Police and carabineers in mufti go the rounds making house-to-house searches and arresting people without regard to age and condition. At Selva di Molinella numerous arrests were made. At San Martino in

Argine, Ettore Stagni (decorated for war services) and others have been arrested. Ten families will be evicted with their household goods in lorries belonging to the artillery and brought to Bologna, where they will be quartered in the old customs barracks in Piazza Malpighi, which have been cleared for the purpose. Other military lorries are lined up in the square in front of the Law Court in Bologna, ready to start on other evictions. The assistant chief of police of Bologna will superintend operations.

Yesterday (September 29) the women were received by the vice mayor of Molinella, who said to them: 'You shall not be left out in the rain, but they will take you away because you cannot remain any longer at Molinella unless you enter the Fascist unions.' The same thing was repeated to them by the police commissioner of Molinella: 'You can go where you like, or else you will be taken to Bologna. There, if you wish, you can join the unions. You can also remain outside them if you can find work there. But you must not even think of staying on here at Molinella.' I need not tell you the answers of the women. They insisted on remaining in their own parish and declared that, if taken away in the evening, they would return in the morning.

To-day the women sent a deputation to Bologna, accompanied by a barrister, which was received by the secretary of the chief of police, who could do nothing but shrug his shoulders. He acknowledged that these doings were worthy of a madhouse, but 'they' wished these things to be done and one is obliged to act in this way.

The barracks are meant to house forty families, a number which will be reached by degrees. Then operations are to be suspended to see what effect is produced on the recalcitrants by this first internment of families from Molinella in Bologna.

October 1

This morning the evictions began.

Yesterday at about 8 P.M. the houses of ten families to be evicted were surrounded so that no one could leave. The men had already taken to the fields, so that only women, children, and old men remained in their homes.

At 7.30 this morning (October 1) some porters and the carabineers insisted on the women being present while the furniture was being loaded up and taking note of what was being loaded. All pressure and threats proved useless.

When the women tried to leave the houses, they were seized by the carabineers and brought before the local police. The old people and children were taken in by the neighbors. At 11, the women were still at the police station. There was a going and coming of women taking them food. The courtyard of the police station was surrounded by some twenty carabineers.

In the meantime porters continued to load up the lorries and had not finished by midday.

The district is like enemy territory in war time. A cordon of carabineers surrounds its boundaries; there is no road, path, or outlet which is not barred.

It is not the authorities who command here, but Regazzi, who, in a fast car, flies backward and forward between Bologna and Molinella and the surrounding villages.

At this moment, 5 P.M., news comes in that, as the women refused to be removed on the lorries with their furniture, they have been taken to Bologna on lorries under the escort of carabineers.

We do not yet know whether they have been taken to S. Giovanni in Monte (prisons of Bologna) or to the barracks where the evicted families are to be interned.

The number of men arrested has reached 34, among whom is Gaetano Bagni. It is absolutely forbidden for their families to send them food.

October 2

Yesterday the lorries loaded with furniture and those carrying the women and some of the children and old people reached Bologna, the remainder of the latter being still at Molinella. They were all taken to the barracks in Piazza Malpighi. At 8 P.M. there were still two lorries of furniture waiting to be unpacked in the square.

Only part of the furniture has been unloaded — beds, tables, chairs, and so forth. Chickens, pigs, firewood, and wine were left on the spot at the mercy of anyone.

When the lorries had left, the secretary of the Fascio gave orders to families belonging to the Fascist unions to take possession of the houses. Many of these refused to do so, and had for answer that if they continued to refuse they would suffer the same fate as the others.

The barracks in Bologna to which the women were taken are surrounded by carabineers and police — no one is allowed to enter, except relations already living in Bologna. To-day no one has given them any food, and they are not allowed to go out. Toward eleven o'clock one of them, under escort, was allowed to go out and buy something for all the others with the few pence they had in their pockets.

And to-morrow? Bear in mind that among them is the old Mainardi, aged seventy, who is ill, and who at home could only feed on bread and broth; he has charge of three small children, two of whom are of school age. A police officer is searching Bologna for relatives to take them in and look after them and persuade them to make their home permanently in Bologna. A sister of one of the interned women was not allowed to take her child in with her.

Their lawyer is taking steps to know whether they are under arrest, in which case they are entitled to prisoners' rations, but if they have only been taken there as free citizens they have a right to circulate freely. So far he has had no satisfaction.

October 8

The evictions and arrests still continue.

On the evening of October 3, the following were arrested: Domenico Burnelli, seventy-six years old; Carlo Bianchi, seventy-four years old; Algeri Poggi, a disabled ex-soldier; Alberto Buriani; Ungarelli, aged fifteen; Zanghi, aged fifteen; and two women, Ines Gamberini and Angiolina Burnelli.

On October 4 the military lorries removed the furniture of seven more families, including that of a widow and of two men over seventy.

On October 5 eight more suffered the same treatment.

On October 7 notification was given of four further evictions.

As most of the evicted families had already left their homes, the police officials had to break in the doors to remove the furniture.

In the barracks at Bologna there is no change, except that a daily food allowance is made of four lire for grown-ups and two for children. Old Mainardi, they say, went out of his mind last night.

October 11

Among the evicted is Natalina Piazzi, aged seventy-three, who lost her son in the war and had lived in her house for over forty years. The Bianchi husband and wife are both over seventy, and had lived forty-eight years in the house from which they were evicted: their three sons served in the war. Domenico Burnelli, aged seventy-six, whose three sons fought in the war, has lived for nearly sixty years in the house from which he has been evicted. He was not allowed to take shelter with his own son, and when the son claimed the right of taking charge of his parents both father and son were arrested. The old Frazzoni and his wife have been evicted three times in four years and their son was killed by the Fascists in 1924.

The material damage is not inconsiderable, considering the poverty of the people. Their furniture was loaded carelessly on the military lorries; part got broken in the loading, part during transit, some remains on the spot with no one to look after it.

Relations and friends of evicted families, even though inscribed in Fascist unions, are not allowed to take charge of furniture and other goods left in the houses.

Some families are without means and live from hand to mouth; others are helped by their neighbors. Help is urgently needed for the worst cases.

The government authorities have given orders that no permits to go out be given, as they fear that the people would all go back to Molinella. They offer them work in Apulia, Sardinia, Tuscany, or the Marches. The object is to split up the solid block of opposition. However, the people are not to be cajoled or cowed into submission. They keep repeating: 'We have done nothing wrong; we have a right to remain in our native town, and directly we are set at liberty we shall return there because it is the place of our birth, and we are attached to it. Why offer us work in Sardinia and Apulia when there is plenty of work going in Molinella? Is it our fault that the landowners have boycotted our labor? Why has the Government not stopped forcing us to live the life of vagabonds?'

In all fairness I must add that the attitude of the population has been and is kindly to our members. All disapprove the turning on to the streets of so many old and respectable families. Many landlords hoped that the Government would step in in time.

There are landlords who go and offer their evicted tenants help and money, but they beg it to be kept secret from the Fascists; otherwise, not only would they be bludgeoned, but their businesses would also be ruined. The workers refuse such help.

It is common knowledge that the Fascists, fearing the landlords would not have the writs executed, get the proprietors to give up their papers and act in their name. The expenses of eviction, they say, are not borne by the landlord, but by the Fascio of Molinella.

November 19

The evictions continue. In the last week and the first days of this week notices of eviction have been served upon eighty-one families. In the village of Marmorta on Monday (November 15) thirteen evictions were carried out, eleven being tenants of houses belonging to the commune. In Molinella seven families were evicted on Tuesday and three on Wednesday. As regards the other threatened evictions we are still quite in uncertainty. Those evicted are always taken to the barracks at Bologna.

V

Things drag on still, in the same monotonous way, as oppressive as a nightmare. By these means the working people of Molinella are being 'reconciled with their country' — in the terminology of the 'new era.'

At the Conference of the International Labor Office at Geneva on October 15, 1926, the question of Molinella was raised. From the rambling reply of Signor De Michelis, the representative of the Fascist Government, I extract the following sentences: 'A certain number of members of the old Red unions have joined the Fascist unions and it is possible that they have not quite forgotten their old methods. . . . The Fascist unions set up a labor exchange, which gave work in the first place, of course, to members of Fascist unions, but *as far as possible* they offered work also to non-Fascist workers [he does not mention that it was on condition that they became Fascists]. . . . Works to regulate the course of a small river near Molinella had been started; the non-Fascists, who had refused the work offered by the Fascist labor exchange, found jobs in these works; they were, however, dismissed, as this state of things disturbed the normal course of agricultural work. . . . The Red union, which contained only three or four (!) remaining members, was dissolved, because it carried on a political campaign which endangered public peace. . . . The evictions were carried out under a new law which allows landlords to sign new agreements with their tenants; some landlords of Molinella took advantage of the new law to give notice to their tenants in regular form. . . . Molinella is an islet of rebellion; the authorities acted in a legal and normal way; there has been no infringement of trade-union liberties; the non-Fascist union was dissolved by the legal methods in order to safeguard the public peace.'

CHINA, NOW

BY JOHN McCOOK ROOTS

I

Five years ago, at the height of one of those perennial civil wars which have racked North China ever since, a quiet, elderly Chinese in neat Western costume landed at Hongkong, the British-owned island just off the southern coast. He had come to seek England's help in establishing an efficient civil government in Canton. But, although he was banqueted by the Governor, the desired assistance did not materialize. Sun Yat-sen was indignant. 'The British,' he said, 'think that I am not of sufficient importance. They want a strong man with whom to deal. But whatever happens they will eventually have to reckon with me. For I am the strong man of China.'

Sun Yat-sen was right. Since his death two years ago he has become in the realm of ideas a more powerful figure than any militarist who ever cursed the country. More than that, his political organization, the Kuomintang (National People's Party), has beaten the Northern war lords at their own game over two thirds of China proper. Most significant of all, the Chinese Revolution, for which he gave forty years of ceaseless effort, and of which the present Nationalist movement is the concrete expression, is fast becoming a nation-wide reality. The China of the 'opium war' and of the Treaty of Nanking; the China of the Boxer Protocol and the Twenty-one Demands; the China, in short, of the 'sleeping giant' variety, is gone forever. The giant is awake — dazed and fuddled and irritable after its long sleep.

It is important, before we consider the immediate problem presented by this revolution, to notice where it originated. Ever since foreign nations have had diplomatic relations with China, these relations have been with Peking, capital city of the Manchu emperors. It was here, in 1792, that the 'Son of Heaven' first received homage from a British ambassador. Here England, the United States, and other nations sent their ministers and built their legations. It was against Peking that Japan waged war on China in 1895, while the mass of the Chinese people along the Yangtze and in the South sat back and shrugged their shoulders. Peking, again, was the capital of the new government that in 1912 assumed power as the Republic of China. And it has remained the capital ever since, although the name 'republic' soon became a mere euphemism applied by tactful diplomats to the succession of military swashbucklers who alternately bought and fought their way into power.

To the outside world, then, and to the Orient at large, Peking represented China. The literary world took up the idea. Many volumes were written in which the dominant note was the temple bell, the squeak of the wheelbarrow, or the sombre wail of a funeral horn outside the Forbidden City, while whole histories were made to revolve about the 'dragon throne.' Diplomats and their governments took it for granted, for all treaties had been made with Peking, negotiations must be carried on with someone, and any constitutionally organized authority, however vaporous, was to be preferred to none at all. Finally, certain foreign business interests encouraged the Peking fiction. The whole system of concession areas, limited customs schedule, and extraterritorial legal status was based on treaties concluded with the old régime in Peking.

It is this habit of interpreting the Chinese through Peking that seems to be responsible for much of the current misunderstanding of modern China. Whether or not Peking itself is doomed does not concern us here, although some Nationalists are already talking of turning it into a public museum on a massive scale. Nor will factions in the Southern ranks postpone the necessity of a shift of emphasis. What must concern us is that North China can no longer be regarded as the key to the Chinese puzzle. If we would find that key we should look among the rice fields of the South. Canton — home of revolution and base of the Nationalist movement — best represents the embryo nation, and no view of China which does not attempt to see through the eyes of Chinese nationalism is worthy of serious consideration to-day.

Less than a year ago the Nationalist Government was a nonentity outside its own Kwangtung Province. Until last August the only people who paid any attention to Canton were Hongkong merchants whose trade had been nearly wiped out by an anti-British boycott. The rest of the country, writhing under militarist oppression, was indifferent. In February 1926, I journeyed overland by rail, river, and flagstone highway from Wuchang to the South China coast. Military governors, appointees of General Wu Pei-fu, were governing Hupeh and Hunan with an iron hand, and growing rich on the opium traffic. Farmers were struggling desperately with the famine caused by floods and crop failure. Many of them had never even heard of the 1911 Revolution, and it was not surprising to find that most of them knew little about the Cantonese and cared less.

Back in Central China a month later I tried to explain some of the experiments that were being worked out down South by the political heirs of Sun Yat-sen. There was no response from the Chinese, and even tales of Red Russian advisers failed to stir the foreign press. Canton was six hundred miles by train, houseboat, and sedan chair — a full fortnight's journey traveling 'light.' No man in his senses, they said, would give orders to drag cannon over mountains and rice fields even if he had the army to back them. Of much greater interest was the ten-million-dollar military note issue that Wu Pei-fu planned to force on Hankow merchants in order to hit back at Chang Tso-lin.

The change came with dramatic suddenness. In mid-July 1926 an eager band of Southerners started north. The National Revolutionary Army, they called themselves; Commander in Chief, Chiang Kai-shek; political affiliation, the Kuomintang; political faith, Sun Yat-senism. In a little over a month they had reached the Yangtze River. In a little over two months they had taken Wuchang and driven Wu Pei-fu out of Hupeh Province. Four months and they had set up a Central China administration in formal opposition to the Peking régime. And when, last March, they took Shanghai and Nanking, all the world knew that this was something vastly different from the usual civil war. Chinese nationalism at last had found expression in terms which brooked no evasion.

People often ask, 'Why have the Nationalists been so successful?' The question is hardly surprising, considering the rapidity of their advance and the hitherto effete quality of most Chinese armies. One answer is that a long period of gradual preparation and development had made of the original National Revolutionary troops who left Canton last July an army nucleus whose only notable resemblance to the conventional Northern soldier lay in the color of their skins. Another might be that in the Nationalist campaign, unlike other campaigns in China, the army is not even the chief element in the offensive. The movement lies deeper than any uniform. It is rooted in the minds of the masses.

Let us consider for a moment the inception of this Nationalist movement and the growth of its political medium, the Kuomintang. The central figure in our new perspective will be Sun Yat-sen; the centre, Canton.

II

Sun Yat-sen was born in Kwangtung Province in 1866. Manchu officialdom, two years before, had succeeded in suppressing the great Taiping rebellion which lasted fourteen years and caused twenty million deaths. That frenzied effort to shake the tyranny of Peking and modernize China had sprung from the South, and the next revolution might be expected from the same quarter. Kwangtung had been the first district to admit the foreigner into the Empire. It was quite fitting that it should be first also to sponsor the inevitable adjustment to those new ideas that had come in with him. So Manchu rulers took special precautions against the turbulent Cantonese, and one famous viceroy, Chang Chih-tung, is said to have purchased law and order at the rate of fifty executions a week.

The youthful Sun Yat-sen, meanwhile, had left a promising medical career to devote himself to the task of reforming his country. The first move, he saw clearly, was to eject the corrupt and incompetent Northern monarchy. He organized a band of eighteen 'dare-to-dies.' But in 1895 his plans were discovered, his seventeen accomplices decapitated, and he himself was forced to flee the country.

Exile provided Sun with an opportunity to examine the political systems of the United States, England, and Switzerland — a study which influenced much of his later writing on political democracy. In 1901 he founded in Japan the Tung Men-hui (Alliance Society), a secret revolutionary organization which was later to develop into the Kuomintang. In view of the persistent suspicion that this Chinese political faction owes its existence to Soviet inspiration, it may not be superfluous to point out that the Alliance Society came into being two years before a split among Russian Social Democrats produced the first Bolsheviki.

During the decade from 1901 to 1911 the Tung Men-hui directed its efforts toward dethroning the Manchus, who were themselves foreigners, who exercised a tyranny as irksome as it was inept, and whom many Chinese held responsible for their country's humiliating international status. A widespread underground campaign was bared on October 10, 1911, by the accidental explosion of a bomb in the Hankow concession area. The ensuing revolution resulted in the abdication of the Manchus and the inauguration of a republic under the presidency of Sun Yat-sen, with headquarters at Nanking. Their immediate object attained, members of the Tung Men-hui undertook a campaign for spreading republican ideas, and drew up a programme calling for compulsory education, universal suffrage, compulsory military service, and reciprocity between China and the Powers. But the revolutionists soon found that they could not hold their gains without coöperation from the North. So they accepted advances from the chief general of the Manchu régime, Yuan Shih-hai, who consented to desert his former masters on condition that the South would not push its progressive ideas too far, the immediate results being that Sun yielded to Yuan the office of President and to Peking the distinction of remaining China's capital.

The compromise was fatal. Yuan was a military opportunist and cared nothing for the reforms of Sun Yat-sen. As head of the army he consolidated his own position in the North, sent out his lieutenants as tuchuns to rule the various provinces, and prepared to bring back the monarchy with himself as emperor. When the Tung Men-hui in 1912 joined with other revolutionary organizations to form a new revolutionary party, the Kuomintang, President Yuan declared it to be a menace to the State and ordered its suppression. After his death in 1916 his generals fell to fighting among themselves. The world forgot about Sun Yat-sen.

But the People's Party lived on. Sun saw that nothing could be gained by trying to coöperate with military feudalism, and in 1918 he reverted to his old base, Canton, set up a Kuomintang government based on his own 'Three People-Principles' of Nationalism, Democracy, Socialism, and waited till he should be strong enough again to challenge Peking.

The year 1921 saw him leading an armed rabble two hundred miles north in a pathetic attempt at a second revolution. He had unlimited faith in the power of his ideas. Asked how he expected, with his ill-trained recruits, to make any impression on the disciplined forces of General Wu Pei-fu, military dictator of Central China, he replied, 'Wu's troops won't fight my men. They will throw down their arms.' Sun Yat-sen did not lack idealism, but he did lack realism. The expedition failed because of insufficient technical preparation, and treachery at home compelled the political crusader to hasten back to Canton. In 1922 he was driven temporarily from the city. On March 12, 1925, he died.

Two years before his death, however, Sun Yat-sen had taken a step which was to hasten and intensify the whole Nationalist movement, the full effect of which China and the world are only just beginning to realize to-day. This was the appeal to Russia. It was not a spontaneous action. Sun's whole life had been bound up with the West, and every instinct prompted him to seek help from America. He tried — unofficially, of course — and failed. He sounded Germany and England with no success. Japan had already decided to throw in her lot with the North. But he was a firm believer in the necessity of foreign assistance for China's revolution, and the Kuomintang badly needed such assistance. Rebuffed by the Great Powers, Sun Yat-sen turned to the Soviet Ambassador, and arrangements were finally concluded whereby an unofficial group of Russian military instructors and political advisers agreed to take up service with the Kuomintang government. In this way Russia, although officially maintaining the conventional relations with Peking, tacitly admitted that the future lay with the South.

Michael Borodin and his colleagues

landed at Canton in September 1923. Some of them were employed in training hundreds of young student officers in Whampoa Cadet School, others helped with the organization of the various departments within the Kuomintang, while Borodin himself soon won the confidence of his Chinese associates by his sound advice and his intensely practical turn of mind. All this, together with a certain amount of aid in the shape of military supplies 'on account,' was of immediate value to the Canton régime. But the most distinctive contribution of the Soviet Advisory Staff was its emphasis on Sun Yat-sen's old maxim, 'Get out among the people!' A member of the Russian Society of Red Professors, now teaching at the Chinese (Sun Yat-sen) University in Moscow, has explained it as follows.

'So far,' he writes, 'the Kuomintang still spoke in the language of the petty-bourgeois revolutionary. . . . Attracted by their own military aims and political combinations, Sun Yat-sen, and the whole Kuomintang, had broken away from the vast masses and degenerated into a specifically military group which was swallowed up by its own particular business. But no revolutionary party which aims at being supported by the vast masses can ignore the organization of those masses, their education, and their ideas on the problems and aims of the fight.'

The language is studiously Marxian, but the passage expresses, even though from a Russian point of view, the real facts in the situation. Borodin changed all that. Laborers were encouraged to strike for higher wages and shorter hours. Farmers were organized into unions and were urged to demand a greater share of their own produce. These two classes together represented some eighty-five per cent of the population, and in appealing directly to them the Kuomintang, now a genuine 'People's Party,' found a hitherto untapped source of strength.

For nearly a year the new régime remained in Canton consolidating its position. Men who are well-known to-day then had reputations in the making. T. V. Soong, brother-in-law of Sun Yat-sen, brought honesty to the Department of Finance and multiplied the yearly provincial income by nine; Sun Fo, son of Dr. Sun and Mayor of Canton, modernized and beautified the ancient city; General Chiang Kai-shek, head of the Whampoa Cadet School, trained a body of Kuomintang youths to be officers in the Revolutionary Army; Eugene Chen, canny Minister for Foreign Affairs, had the task of initiating foreign Powers into the new conception of Canton, rather than Peking, as the key to China's future, and of the Nationalist Government as the only genuine political organization in the country. And binding all together was a common devotion to the departed leader and to his political ideas. Every Monday morning all government employees, in camp and in office, bowed three times before the portrait of Sun Yat-sen and repeated his last 'will.' Student, merchant, laborer, civil official, and army chief — all united in allegiance to him and to the Party he had founded.

Then came the time to redeem the failure of 1921 and carry Kuomintang rule northward to the Yangtze. Sun Yat-sen had sanctioned this idea in his 'Three Stages' scheme, in which a preliminary (military) stage of conquest was to be followed by a period of Party dictatorship on behalf of the people (tutelage), crowned only after a long process of popular education by the final (constitutional) stage. And late in July 1926 the National Revolutionary Army left Canton for the

North with results which are mentioned earlier in this article, and which grow more significant with every cable dispatch from across the sea.

III

So much for the background. But this alone will hardly interpret the revolution which H. G. Wells has characterized as greater than the American, the French, or even the Russian, and we must risk a little analysis. And since foreign interests, whether commercial or philanthropic, are perhaps the chief bar to an impartial assessment of the situation, we shall postpone for the moment all such considerations and confine ourselves to the revolution proper. The Nationalist cyclone has struck. What does it contain of good or ill?

Many of its consequences are threatening, and they must be faced. Prominent among them is one phase of the labor movement — the destructive phase through which every such movement must pass. It would be superfluous to detail the excesses to which crowds of ignorant coolies have gone in their blind trust of those who tell them that relief from a miserably low standard of living will come only through organized violence. Impossible demands, arson, and murder have played their part in the unreasoning conflict. Labor unions have not infrequently usurped powers of arrest, trial, and execution in open and sometimes armed defiance of the Nationalist Government, the latter not daring to act for fear of losing popular support. Not least discouraging is the existence of certain unscrupulous labor leaders who exploit the credulity of the workers, force large concessions from employers, and pocket a good proportion of the profits for private consumption.

Then there is that nemesis of many a hopeful enterprise in modern China — irresponsible militarism. As indicated before, Chiang Kai-shek's student army which initiated the Nationalist drive last July was a hand-picked organization. Drilled for months in Kuomintang principles, they were in a political sense well educated in addition to being well disciplined. They had a cause. They rarely indulged in looting. In all these respects they were vastly superior to the bandit-ridden armies of the North. But, with continued Southern victories, more and more outside soldiery flocked into the revolutionary camp. Systematic attempts were made to distribute these among loyal Kuomintang units, but the influx of raw material rapidly grew too large to be assimilated, and after the capture of Shanghai last March the tried revolutionary nucleus was nearly lost in the shuffle. This, of course, was a danger which Nationalist leaders faced when they set out to expand over two thirds of China within six months. It is a situation which produced tragic consequences at Nanking, and will have to be remedied if the Revolutionary forces are to preserve any vestige of the discipline and devotion which were responsible for all their early victories.

Very difficult to evaluate, because so hard to identify and so easily confused with other elements in the situation, is the influence of Marxian communism. Among many foreigners in China there is hardly a more capricious or magic phrase than 'communistic influences.' It is like a red rag to a bull; the mere mention of it causes certain people to stop thinking. That these influences exist is hardly surprising in an enterprise which has owed so much in other ways to Soviet support. That they have also been exaggerated and exploited with a view to discrediting the whole Nationalist movement is too obvious for comment. The abstract doctrines involved in communism —

class war, theory of surplus value, materialistic interpretation of history — are not remotely understood by the great masses of ignorant farmers and coolies, while even ideas concerning common ownership of property and government by the 'workers' exist chiefly in the minds of a small but well-organized group of Chinese radicals. The Soviet Advisory Staff aid and abet these extremists, and are themselves tolerated by the Government only because they have proved indispensable in practical matters of organization and administration. But although Sun Yat-sen in his 'Three People-Principles' denounced the class war as 'a disease rather than a cure' and Marx as 'a social pathologist rather than a social physiologist,' and although the great majority of Party leaders disclaim any sympathy with communism, yet it is true that 'communist influence' as distinct from communist practice is present within at least two classes of the community. Among peasants and laborers it is apt to take the form of violence against propertied interests, merchants, and landowners. Among students it is cropping out in disregard for authority, emphasis on purely practical subjects such as science and economics, and studied contempt for the arts and for religion. Much of the ruthlessness of the Nationalist movement is indirectly due to communist philosophy, and although it is not likely to have a permanent effect on any people who, like the Chinese, have been reared for three thousand years in the doctrine of the 'mean,' yet it is a factor in the bewildering situation and must be met.

There remains the danger of schism within the Kuomintang itself. Factions in the Party there have always been, and until the day of his death Sun Yat-sen had to contend with the machinations of former associates. With the advent of the Russians and the introduction of systematic propaganda among the masses, the character of these splits tended to become less a matter of personalities and more a question of policies. At the General Congress of the Kuomintang in January 1924, the issue was clearly drawn between the Right Wing, composed of the merchants, the compradores (native middlemen), and the older and more conservative members, and the Left Wing, with which were affiliated the labor and peasant leaders and a few radical intellectuals, and of which a small but aggressive Chinese Communist Party formed the outer fringe. An open break between the two factions was inevitable after Sun Yat-sen's death in March 1925. In August of that year the Lefts scored a coup d'état and seized power. In March 1926, Chiang Kai-shek, then head of Whampoa Cadet School, became annoyed at the growing power of the communists among the masses and in the army, and instituted a 'clean-up' campaign. Most of the Russian advisers had to leave Canton, and at the General Party Congress in May it was voted that thereafter no communists should be allowed in positions of high authority. But the communists soon returned to favor, and the exigencies of the Northern expedition last summer brought a semblance of unity, while a strong Moderate group, representing the best of both factions, arose within the Kuomintang.

But the aftermath of victory has opened the old wounds afresh. The recent Party rupture has been labeled a split between 'communists,' with headquarters at Hankow, and the 'anticommunists' in Shanghai and Nanking. This is hardly a fair distinction, since there are government leaders at Hankow who are not in sympathy with communism and who would be as much in favor of eliminating that doctrine as General Chiang Kai-shek himself. But the whole question of radicalism, sharpened by personal animosities, is nevertheless a very fundamental factor in the dispute. The Hankow civil authorities, having catered to organized labor, were dominated by it. The Nanking group, headed by General Chiang and much of the army, represented the more conservative moderate and Right sections of the Party. The irony of the situation to those who had looked to the Nationalist Government for permanent civil rule has been that military force proved at Nanking, as on past occasions, to be the only method of checking an attempted control of the Kuomintang by the extreme Left, or communist wing.

IV

But the natural thing for anyone with interests at stake in China is to criticize this revolutionary movement which momentarily threatens all foreign and many native interests. Those who believe that the Chinese are 'a country of four hundred million children' will only smile at what is going on over there to-day. Those who still insist on identifying Nationalism with Bolshevism, Sun Yat-sen with Nicolai Lenin, Canton with Moscow, will only rage at it. Those who cling to China as she is, on the ground that China as she might be is not worth the price of revolution, can hardly be expected to discern any good in that revolution. But there are also those who believe that revolution all along the line is not only necessary but inevitable, who believe that unless there were good with the bad the Chinese people would never tolerate their Nationalists, and who are eager to seek out and emphasize that good. It is these who will be willing to consider briefly some of the hopeful elements in the situation.

First of all, most careful students of Chinese politics during the past hundred years will concede that Canton's experiment has been the most successful attempt at modern government since China opened to the West. Judged by Western standards the Nationalist Government, with its background of barely a decade, has a long way to go. Judged, however, by Manchu despotism and by the anarchy of the last fifteen years in Peking, it stands alone as the best organized authority in the land.

North China since 1917 has been split among warring chieftains. The only law was the word of the militarist who controlled the capital. There was a constitution, but it was not enforced. There was a parliament, but its members were openly for sale. There was a succession of presidents, chief executives, and premiers, but they were mere pawns in the hands of the war lord of the hour. In striking contrast stands the recent record of the Nationalist Government. Since the summer of 1925 it has been run, broadly speaking, according to law and not according to individual caprice. There is no democracy, for the Nationalists realize the folly of a democracy of ignorance. The source of power is the Kuomintang. But membership in the Kuomintang is open to all who are literate, who subscribe to the 'Three Principles' of Sun Yat-sen, who secure recommendation from five Party members, and who agree to submit to Party discipline. This intra-Kuomintang democracy elects a Central Executive Committee which in turn appoints all officials of the Nationalist Government.

As well in fact as in theory has the Party of Sun Yat-sen achieved results. Mention has already been made of some of the practical ways in which

Nationalist officials have improved the cradle of the revolutionary movement — Kwangtung Province. But in Central China, too, the fundamentals of civil rule, public honesty, and social legislation are being put into sporadic if not universal effect. Countless incidents which never get into press dispatches, but which form part and parcel of everyday life in Wuhan (consolidated municipal area of Wuchang, Hankow, and Hanyang), bear witness that the new day ushered in by the Nationalists is not all murk and gloom. The dikes along the Yangtze River which had been going to pieces for thirty years, threatening starvation to ten million people annually, the Nationalist Government repaired at a cost of $3,000,000 in silver. There is the settlement by negotiation of the British concession problem, whereby a section of land which had been under foreign management for over half a century was finally turned over to Chinese control. There is the redemption by the Minister of Finance of several millions of worthless paper notes circulated under the Wu Pei-fu régime. These and other items which are considered of no news value outside China show how the Nationalist Government is bettering the record of its militarist predecessors.

Deeper yet, and more significant because independent of any political factions, is the psychological effect of this revolutionary campaign on the nation at large. We of the West went through our revolutions one at a time. There was the literary renaissance of the fourteenth century, the religious reformation of the sixteenth, political upheavals in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the industrial revolution ever since. China faces hers all at once. And unofficially, but in a very real sense, the Nationalist Government, representing the political revolution, represents also the other three —intellectual, religious, economic.

Intellectually the Nationalist movement heralds a definite break with the past. The so-called literary revolution, to be sure, led by Dr. Hu Shih and others, was launched independently of the Canton experiment, and many scholars are fearful that the new government will seriously limit freedom of thought. But essentially the movement is a youth movement. Since 1919 Chinese students have taken the lead in a vigorous, if not always reasonable, campaign to awaken the people of China to a sense of their rights, their wrongs, and their power. And the Kuomintang, composed largely of younger men, has always had the enthusiastic support of the student element. Under Northern militarist rule these youths were suppressed, imprisoned, sometimes executed. Under Nationalist rule they are encouraged in every way to organize, to demonstrate, and often, *mirabile dictu*, to study.

The religious revolution may be said to include also the social revolution, for the oldest and most indigenous of religious practices, ancestor worship, is inextricably bound up with that pillar of Chinese society, the family system. In a formal sense, of course, there exists a widespread revolt against the conservatism and superstition that have become associated in varying degrees with Confucianism, Taoism, and even Buddhism. Sometimes this revolt accepts Christianity as meeting the demands both of religion and of progress. Sometimes it is frankly and militantly antireligious. But there has been much superstition in China, as in Russia, and in so far as the intellectual awakening is bettering this condition it is performing a real service for the future.

On the social side the Nationalist Government gives, as it were, official sanction to tendencies which have long been latent but which have remained sporadic and confused under a conservative régime which was loyal to the old social order. Prominent among these tendencies which the advent of the Nationalists has changed from the exception to the rule is the freeing of the son from paternal and the student from tutorial domination. Formerly it was the father who regulated every act of his son's life, from choosing his wife to receiving worship of his own ancestral tablet after death, and it was the teacher who so commanded the respect of pupils that they would never walk beside him on the street but always a half pace behind. In breaking with these venerable traditions Nationalist youth have not infrequently carried their 'emancipation' to ridiculous extremes, but in the main this movement, like that for raising the social and political status of women, is exerting a very healthy influence on modern Chinese society.

In the economic field China is changing from a country of handworkers, small shops, and trade guilds to a modern nation with machinery, large-scale production, and labor unions. Industrialization seems inevitable. The Nationalists recognize this, but are determined that this industrialization shall be for the mutual benefit of employer and employed. In past years factories in China admittedly have not fulfilled this ideal. Some employers have honestly tried to improve the condition of their workers, under circumstances made very difficult by the generally low standard of living in China. But advantage has not infrequently been taken of the large supply of cheap labor in a land where there were no factory laws and no government capable of enforcing them. Here again there were strikes in large cities such as Shanghai and Hankow long before the revolutionary forces captured them for the South. But the Kuomintang had bid definitely for labor support in the Congress of 1924; it organized unions to strike for higher wages, shorter hours, and better working conditions, and the Nationalist Government, as the creature of the Party and dependent on labor for political support, has usually given labor leaders carte blanche to do as they pleased. These strikes have sometimes meant the difference between fifteen and twelve hours a day, between seven and six days a week, between a monthly wage of four dollars and one of eight. And although the destructive elements already mentioned bid fair temporarily to wreck production, thus making any efforts toward better distribution a trifle premature, the fact remains that the Nationalist movement constitutes perhaps the best guaranty available that future Chinese industrial workers will get their due from the start.

Supremely, then, the revolutionary nationalism which has won its way up from Canton is the official spokesman for an awakened China. It is the outward and visible sign of a people's progress toward nationhood. If the Nationalists seem to be abandoning some good with the bad or to be swallowing some bad with the good, we may at least reflect that they are trying to do in a decade and among four hundred millions what took Europe, with half that population, five centuries of revolution to accomplish.

V

There remains the international aspect of China's revolution. The Nationalist Government has demanded complete diplomatic equality with foreign nations — the same that Russia in 1924 had wit enough to extend.

During the campaign to secure this

equality the Chinese have often assumed the foreigner in China to have been, in the order named, a bully, a thief, and a tyrant, and have in many instances resorted to a system of organized calumny. Many foreigners, on the other hand, have assumed that all Chinese Nationalists were directly or indirectly in the pay of Moscow, that their demand for equality was inspired from that source, and that they have never had cause to dislike the strangers in their midst. In such an atmosphere of falsehood, fear, and mutual suspicion it is indeed hard to find the facts. But seek them we must, in justice alike to the Chinese and to ourselves.

China's attitude toward the West might be divided roughly into three periods — the period of contempt, the period of fear, and the modern period where respect, suspicion, and dislike are mingled in varying and baffling degrees.

During the first period the foreigner was regarded as a 'barbarian,' and it was this situation that forced Lord McCartney, when he first presented his credentials from the British sovereign to the Manchu emperor in 1792, to present them kneeling on both knees.

The second period — that of the foreign 'devil' — came in shortly after China was opened up to Western intercourse. This was the time when the much abused unequal treaties had their origin. White traders wished protection for their persons and their properties. White missionaries desired in addition the safeguarding of their native converts. So, after China had been defeated in war, treaties were drawn up at various times during the middle of the last century guaranteeing to foreigners residing in the country the right of trial in their own courts (extraterritoriality), the exclusive control of certain areas (concessions) on Chinese soil, the right to fix and manage China's customs receipts, and the right to preach the Gospel. It must be emphasized that these treaties, although obviously 'unequal,' were not at the time at all unreasonable. They were indeed the only possible arrangement with a ruler who was only too anxious to isolate the foreign devil and to be rid of all responsibility for him, and whose people felt as yet neither interest nor pride in the matter.

The sequel, therefore, was not surprising. Given their own laws and concentrated in little communities amid an alien civilization, the foreigners proceeded to dig themselves in as comfortably and as permanently as possible. They established at considerable pains their own cumbrous legal mechanism. They built up their leased allotments of waste land into little oases of natural charm, municipal efficiency, and commercial security. At the request of the Chinese emperor they took over management of the Maritime Customs, later adding to this responsibility the control of the Chinese Post Office and of the Salt Inspectorate. These enterprises, it should be remarked, were served by the foreigners with exemplary skill and integrity. The Customs and the Salt Gabelle became the only dependable sources of revenue in the country, while the postal service grew to be as efficient as any in the West.

In addition to these undoubted benefits, the foreign business men in those days brought to the Far East an expansion of trade that could never have developed under the old Chinese system, while there rapidly grew up a large class of compradores and office employees who owed their livelihood and often their prosperity to the foreigner.

Foreign missionaries, on the other hand, brought hospitals, schools, and the Christian message to a land where there was no medical science or sanitation, no modern education, and little sense of spiritual values.

This was all very well while the Chinese people remained sunk in political lethargy. Even the Boxer uprising and the 1911 Revolution failed to bring much reaction against the special rights of foreigners. But with the founding of Sun Yat-sen's Kuomintang Government in Canton in 1918, and the student movement of 1919, the flames of patriotism kindled from the South began to play searchingly on the whole treaty system. Nationalism is and always has been inclined to be intolerant of anything foreign. The foreign missionary was accused of being too paternalistic, the foreign business man of being patronizing and often openly contemptuous. Certain of the lesser Chinese merchants, always jealous of foreign enterprise, began to feel that they had been robbed of their rightful inheritance. Chinese intellectuals, originally scornful of foreign education and foreign religion, began to condemn schools and churches as part of a cultural penetration designed to denationalize their youth. More recently, Chinese industrial laborers have come to regard foreign as well as Chinese employers as exploiters, while the belief was encouraged that most Western residents were hostile to anything they had not themselves introduced, and that the majority were in China solely for what they could get out of her.

These suspicions and accusations were not entirely groundless. There have been business men in the past, as there are within Shanghai's barbed-wire defenses to-day, who would have agreed with a Britisher crossing the Pacific with me two years ago that the Chinese were 'animals,' and acted accordingly. And among the missionaries, despite the presence of very many devoted, capable, and open-minded workers, there were some in the past, as there are in the present, who were intolerant with the intolerance of conscious superiority, who shuddered at modern nationalism as at modern science, and who were apt to rouse in the Chinese either antagonism or contempt.

Since 1925 the antiforeign sentiment has been crystallized by that surest of revolutionary catalytics — martyrdom. We Americans who in our youth were taught to associate the 'Boston massacre' with the Declaration of Independence will understand the significance of such episodes in moulding the cult of patriotism. Nationalist China has had several of these 'incidents' and already possesses a formidable list of revolutionary martyrs. After the firing into a Shanghai mob by foreign-officered police on May 30, 1925, there were a half dozen of them. When a fire hose failed to check a Hankow riot on the following June 11, foreign forces used their guns and several more were added to the roll. The shooting by British and French sailors from Shameen into Canton on June 23 of the same year resulted in fifty more.

It must be emphasized that the only possible charges against the foreigners in connection with these shootings are that either they did not take proper preventive measures or they fired too hastily. There may have been unnecessarily prolonged shooting, as at Shameen, but there was no deliberately planned slaughter.

But the point to be grasped in all its implications, if we are to understand the Chinese psychology, is that Chinese have been killed on Chinese soil, or soil originally Chinese, by foreign forces engaged in defending interests acquired by treaties which are now regarded as a national indignity. The fact that some of those shot in the three incidents mentioned were unarmed and defenseless is a consideration which has not served to mitigate the indictment of Chinese opinion, and one which Kuomintang agitators have seized on with notable success in order to unite the masses in a common protest.

The so-called 'unequal treaties' which seventy-odd years ago gave to foreigners the privileged status referred to above are a much exploited factor in the Nationalist campaign. There are Chinese who will unblushingly attribute all of China's ills to these international agreements. There are foreigners who will assert with marked emphasis and some warmth that the treaties have nothing to do with the case. It hardly need be suggested that the truth lies somewhere between these two extremes. There is plenty that is wrong with China for which no foreign treaty can be held responsible. But it is also true that times have changed since the mid-nineteenth century, and that permeating the whole Chinese psychology, giving point to every accusation against the foreigner, there is now a deep-rooted resentment that the struggling nation should not be master in its own domain. It is a fact that the treaties play an important part in determining Chinese opinion, and neither the fact nor the opinion is likely to change merely because we choose to ignore it.

The situation among the masses is this. Almost every Chinese has been told that these treaties were forcibly imposed on China for the benefit of foreign Powers. And for the vast majority, too ignorant to understand the complications involved, who know only that they and their country have 'eaten bitterness' for the past fifteen years or more, it is sufficient to be told that this miserable national condition is a direct result of the unequal treaties. Absurd as it may seem, there is just enough truth in this position to justify it in the eyes of an unscrupulous minority whose chief interest lies in rousing China's dumb millions to political consciousness.

Such is the basis of the popular support given to the anti-imperialist movement. Every nation having unequal treaty relations with China — this still includes America — is regarded as imperialistic. 'Down with Imperialism' and 'Down with the Foreigners' are slogans peculiarly fitted to express the negatives of patriotism to unlearned masses who find this the easiest way to express their pent-up feelings. These phrases just suit their emotional state, while Chinese radicals and Russian advisers, eager to produce a class-conscious union of farmers and laborers, have in them a rallying cry both simple and appealing.

Turning from the ignorant masses to the sober opinion of educated Nationalist officialdom, we find an equally unequivocal position. Eugene Chen refers to the treaties as a 'system of invisible conquest in the form of international control.' 'Chinese nationalism,' he says, 'demands back the independence of China. Our terms are cancellation of the unequal treaties on which the régime of foreign imperialism in China is based.' Chiang Kai-shek states the case with soldierly directness: 'We shall have equality, and any treaties which do not give us that equality with other nations of the world shall cease to exist as far as we are concerned.'

Through the clash of rival interests in China to-day it is indeed difficult to discern any fundamental truth. But beneath the catchwords of 'communism' on the one hand and 'imperialism' on the other the immediate tendencies of the conflicting forces are fairly apparent. British, Americans, and Japanese, with property interests at stake, think in terms of what they possess and want to hold. Russia, whose abandonment of her treaty rights in China has constituted one of her chief claims to Nationalist good will, thinks in terms of what she has not and wants to obtain. The former labor under the psychological disadvantage of appearing to defend a relic of the old régime, while the latter, with everything to gain and nothing to lose, has the psychological advantage of appearing to support the new.

This distinction is a most important one. Both foreign groups are working for their own interests. But whereas Russia is doing it through the medium of the Nationalist movement, England, America, and Japan appear to have been doing it through the medium of that very treaty system which the Nationalist Government is so determined to alter. Viewed in this light, it is not difficult to understand either the success of the Russians or the measurable failure of the Powers. For, despite conciliatory gestures of recent months on the part of the latter, the root of the trouble remains. And, until a mutually satisfactory agreement is reached on the whole treaty question, foreign enterprise in China will remain at best a stalemate.

There are those who wish to see foreign business and foreign missions reinstated by force of arms. Even granting such a policy to be possible, it would be possible only in centres within range of foreign guns — namely, the coastal cities and those along the Yangtze Valley. And this would mark only the first step. Reinstatement proper depends not only on the foreigner but also on the Chinese. Strikes and boycotts have proved effective in the past — as Japan and Britain have learned to their cost — and labor unions could and probably would so obstruct the process of trade as to make persistence under such conditions more costly than withdrawal.

There are those who want intervention in order to save China from the Bolsheviki. To persons who mean by this the saving of China for British or American business it might be suggested that a possible method for competing with Bolshevist enterprise would be to adopt the policy of enlightened self-interest which the Bolsheviki themselves have found so successful.

To those who mean the saving of China for the Chinese it might be pointed out that the millions who swarm within China's house at present are in no mood to be set in order by the West. Any attempt at the exercise of an international police power, however benevolent, might well produce or strengthen Bolshevism in China, as it did nearly a decade ago in Russia, more surely than any other means. If the Chinese are to kill the Bolshevist ogre, they will probably have to do most of the killing themselves.

The end of the Peking régime looms nearer, and with it the end of the old treaty system. Transition there certainly will be — a transition attended by extensive loss to foreigners and infinitely more to those Chinese of all classes who have long depended on the stability of foreign institutions. Many foreign concerns will have to pull themselves up by the roots and start afresh. But although the new order carried up from the South may hold in store much temporary misery and loss for Chinese and foreigner alike, the facts are that it has already arrived, that nothing now can permanently check its development, and that in its sensitiveness to the spirit of foreign diplomacy, as in its inward and fundamental vitality, it is something quite different from any Chinese régime we have ever known before. To realize these facts, in all their implications, is the beginning of wisdom in dealing with China to-day.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE POSITIVE NEGATIVES OF NEW ENGLANDERS

THE telephone rang. I answered it.

'I don't suppose,' said the familiar voice of a favorite friend, 'that you could go to lunch with me, and the matinée.'

'Why don't you?' I asked. 'Don't you want me to?'

'Wh — wh-a-a-t?' gasped the favorite friend's familiar voice.

'If you suppose,' I said, in my most didactic tone, 'that I cannot accept your invitation, why did you extend it?'

After a pause my friend burst into a peal of laughter, followed by 'Because I am a New Englander, and don't want to commit myself — to having really asked you, in case you said you could not go. Maybe it is a sort of self-defense, and maybe it —'

I accepted and we went, but the matinée did not interest me nearly so much as did my recollections of other New Englanders and their negatives, or, if not positive negations, — if there can be such a thing, — at least noncommittalisms.

'You can never get a definite answer out of a New Englander,' one of General Stark's descendants said to me, the first year I came to this delightful corner of our country.

We were driving home from her farm, the car laden with apples. We stopped at the home of her laundress; yard overflowing with children, but no sign of apple trees, or of any other crop.

'I thought you might like a basket of apples,' said the great-granddaughter of the General, as a worn little woman came to the gate. 'Would you?'

'Wa-al,' drawled the woman, 'ef I'm to have any apples, I do-ant know but as na-ow's as good a time as any ter have apples.'

The basket of apples was handed out, into a phalanx of uplifted arms, and as we drove off my hostess made that remark: 'You can never get a definite answer out of a New Englander.'

That evening my sister-in-law said to me, 'Let's have a party. Go telephone so-and-so and so-and-so. That's a dear.'

I did as I was bid, and each guest made answer in words to this effect: 'Yes, I think I can come.' 'Will you let me know, definitely, when you know if you can?' was my invariable query. 'But I think I *can.*' That was all. Puzzled, I reported to my sister. 'Oh,' said she, 'is n't that lovely?' — and began at once to prepare her menu, counting guests. 'You can't prepare until you know definitely,' I suggested. 'Oh, they'll all come,' she tossed my suggestion aside. She did not even understand it.

Next — I wanted to make an appointment with my dentist. In his outer office I made known my desire to his attendant. She opened his engagement book, ran down the pages, paused, pencil poised above a blank space. 'On Tuesday, at 2.30, I think he can see you,' and began to write my name. 'Will you telephone me, when you are certain?' I suggested. 'Oh, I think 2.30 Tuesday is all right'; and, with no uncertainty, she inscribed my name in the fair white space.

Once, in the editorial offices of a Boston newspaper, I outlined a series of stories I wished to write.

'I think they will be very acceptable,' said the austere editor.

That thought was permissible. I knew enough, even then, of editorial uncertainties to appreciate this. But when a letter came from that editor it baffled me.

'It is possible,' wrote the gentleman, 'that we shall publish the first of these stories in the magazine section of our next issue, June 5. And I see no reason, now, why we should not be able to use one every Sunday — for a while, at least.'

Such a letter, to-day, would carry with it not a shadow of doubt. But in that early season of my residence in New England it brought naught but sorrow. 'Why did n't he return the stories, if he's so uncertain about them, and let me try to place them elsewhere?' I wailed to a near-by friend.

He stretched forth his hand. I gave him the letter. He read it and, with puzzled look, glanced from the written words to me. 'What's uncertain about *that?*' he demanded. And he was right, for the stories appeared as the editor had implied they might, on Sunday, June the fifth, and on every other Sunday for a long, long while.

Recently another friend, and this time from my own New Orleans, was in town and we lunched together.

'What will you have?' he asked, consulting the menu.

'Scrod, I think.' I tried to tell him what scrod was.

'All right. I'll have it,' said he. 'Now — have you decided?'

'I think I'll have scrod,' I answered quickly, and skipped from food to talk of home. The waiter came and, with pad and pencil, stood beside my friend.

'Scrod for me,' said he, 'and salad, and — have you made up your mind yet,' — his tone implied large tolerance of woman's unstable mentality, — 'what you want to eat?'

'I told you — scrod.' I was irritated at his stupidity. You see, I have lived five years in Boston.

IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE

Reading a letter in a current periodical asking for donations of old magazines for poor intellectuals in Europe, I was reminded by some imp of mischief of the high stacks of old magazines in my attic, and with an unwonted generosity I got them down. It required a huge roll of heavy brown paper, a ball of twine, and hours of patient toil to wrap them all into neat, secure packages. At the post office my enthusiasm received its first cooling. The postage was horribly high, and I began to wish my magazines were back in the attic, patiently awaiting the junkman. But, refusing to stop there, I cheerfully paid out the postage for every magazine. Homeward bound, I tried to take my mind off my slim purse by thinking of the many people, starving for reading material, that my magazines would make happy, and of the nice letters of appreciation with which they would surely reward me. How they would enjoy some of the stories in the *Atlantic* and *Century,* and how their views of Americans as grasping money-lenders would be modified by the liberal *Nation* and *New Republic!* A warm feeling of satisfaction for a good deed well done came over me.

The letters came, simply hordes of them, dozens of letters for every magazine. And in each letter there came, not the charmingly phrased laudations or clever criticisms of American letters I had so expected, but only profuse thanks, and always a request for something, from medicine to pianos. The recipients of my magazines must have thought me only a lesser Henry Ford.

Some came with stories that were truly pathetic. One poor Vienna workingman, Gustav by name, wanted me to help him support his too large household, consisting of himself, his wife, his mother, his mother-in-law, an extremely aged grandmother, a brother disabled in the war, five children of another brother killed in the war, and seven children of his own. He also wanted some medicine, a tonic for the grandmother, — he allowed me to use my judgment about the kind, — and a hot-water bottle.

One woman, an artist, sent me some of her portraits of famous Americans, done in pen and ink, to sell among my friends. In this group she included Henry Ford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Jackie Coogan, as well as J. P. Morgan, William Allen White, and most of our presidents.

Of the poorer classes many asked for help to come to America as immigrants, either through the loan of money or by exerting my influence to get them past the immigration authorities. Having less influence even than money, I had to refuse them outright.

One letter came from an inventor, who wanted me to finance the manufacturing of an 'electrical lamp' he had invented, which was destined to revolutionize the electric lighting industry. The tone of his letter implied that he was really offering a rare privilege rather than making a request, and he was sure that in this 'land of wealth and kindness' I could easily find enough investors to give his lamp the necessary financial backing.

Almost all the letters were written in good English, although the stilted style seemed foreign to our tongue. The phraseology was too polite to sound sincere.

Both in politeness and in ingenuity one supposedly Austrian composer surpassed all the others. He began by sending me a letter in fine English asking for a piano — or, rather, enough money to buy a piano. He would repay me by composing a waltz and naming it for me. This honor was not to be scorned. He was no amateur, he said, but a composer of note, who had already won high honors. He enclosed newspaper clippings, — I am sure they were faked, — to prove his high place among European composers. He also sent me his picture; he had the face and bearing of an artist. To substantiate his promise he already sent me the first part of the waltz that was to bear my name.

Although it gave promise of much beauty and I was delighted by the prospect of having a famous Austrian composer name a composition for me, I still felt I should have to forgo the honor. I had no money to give him a piano, and should have had to send him mine. I was not quite sure the exchange would be equitable. Anyway, how could I appreciate the waltz if I had no piano on which to play it? I accordingly wrote to him that I was unable to comply with his request, expressing the deepest regret.

But he was not to be dismissed that easily, and came back with the whole waltz, a beautiful thing, although I cannot vouch for its originality. The notes were written with a remarkable accuracy and the whole piece was decorated in a way that made me think of the embellishing of manuscripts in the Middle Ages. He must have put hours and hours of time simply into preparing this sheet of music, not considering the time it had taken to compose it, if he had composed it. And, best of all, he had kept his promise in naming it for me. There was my name in the title, charmingly hand-lettered in gold. In the accompanying letter he seemed sure that I could no longer refuse him. And it was only with the deepest regret that I still had to deny him his piano.

'DODY'

Although I was only a youngster when my grandfather was with us, a few of the pictures and experiences that we enjoyed together stand out in my mind with distinctness above a misty haze of forgotten ones. I clearly recall a man in a gray fur overcoat who took my brother and me cutter-riding behind a brown-and-white spotted horse. I remember the hours just before bedtime when 'Dody' — our childish name for Grandfather — held us on his knees before a red, snapping fire and with his jackknife cut round and round apples without once breaking the curling red-and-white peeling. I often think of the times when he picked us up from a fall, telling us to say 'Jehoshaphat' like a man instead of crying. I recall, too, how we searched through his bulging pockets for boxes of animal crackers. But with greatest pleasure I remember how Grandfather and Grandmother took Paul and me to the cottage to spend the long summer days. These bits of our associations with my grandfather still remain in my memory, much as the gold dust clings to one's fingers long after the butterfly has slipped through. The times I remember best are the days at the cottage — probably because there we did the same things again and again until they were indelibly engraved on our minds.

The cottage was a low square hut tucked under old oaks, walnuts, and elms, on a cliff above the cedar. It was built so close to the edge that it seemed to us only the heavy branches of the old trees that bent low against the roof or scraped the green-painted sides prevented the summer winds from shoving it from its foundation of four stone blocks and tumbling it into the water below. The tall grass, too, grew closely about the cottage, so thick and rank that it almost concealed the white stone step in front. Grandma always declared it 'looked a sight' when we unloaded our things, so we all helped to clean house. After the scrubbing was done and the tackle repaired, we left Grandma on the roofless but shady porch and climbed down the steep path to the river on our way fishing.

Most often we fished for 'croppies' on the point, a stony strip of land jutting out into the river. With Dody between us we sat on a wide flat rock in the shade of overhanging shoots of willow and white birch. When the line whirred far out into the water, we settled back quietly like good fishermen to await results. Everything about us was quiet and hushed excepting the steady lap of water against the rocks, the muffled gurgle of the spring on one side of us, and once a far-off train whistle, so faint that it emphasized its own remoteness. We watched the sun playing on the water, tracing gold lines on the crest of every soft, swirling eddy. The 'shiners' sparkled as they swished about in the minnow trap. Blue-and-bronze dragon flies, their delicate wings aflutter, poised over the fish poles. Wasps trailing long legs toppled drunkenly above the water spiders, scudding and darting on the smooth surface of a quiet strip of backwater. Birds with pointed, stiff-beating wings dipped the water or made slow shadows across it as they sailed over. Longest we watched the red bobber as it danced and dipped far out in the current, finally disappearing, a signal for Grandpa to jerk his line and slowly wind his reel until a glistening silvery croppie flopped at our feet.

When Grandfather said the bass would be getting jealous if we did n't visit them, we took the dim narrow trail along the bank of the river to the old bass hole. We followed through the clean-growing maples, the shadowy-patterned birches, and the dark pines, redly blanketed with needles, until we rounded the bend and came to the bass hole, black and quiet in the dusky twilight of the pines. After Grandpa had plunked the sinker into the deep black water, Paul and I ran off to the woods to play, leaving Dody leaning against the broad trunk of an old pine. We climbed to the crest of the hill, through the pines, over logs and boulders, and, as the trees thinned, through the hot sun until we came to a huge walnut tree on the top of the hill. In its shade we rested a few minutes, watching over the woods — the glistening cottonwoods, the black pines, and the pale birches. They always looked the same to us as they had the day before, and we told each other they were like Dody, for we always found him just as we had left him, a never-failing wonder to us then.

Soon we started down the hill, following a miniature brook that tumbled sleepily from tiny pool to pool down through a steep-sided cut in the hill. Tall pines bent over the gap, dimming the light to duskiness. Locust trees chafed their feathery leaves together in winds that faltered between motion and rest. Birds concealed in the shadowy branches lilted and caroled in hurried runs of melody while we jumped from one mossy rock to another. We slipped through the trees wondering if Dody had moved, but we always found him leaning quietly against the old pine trunk. Often we asked him what made him sit so still. Invariably he smiled slowly and told us, 'Perhaps it's the magic in this tree trunk; you try it and see.' So, because we wanted to be like Dody, we sat beside him and leaned close against the tree, but before we could test its magic power the slow, penetrating quiet of the woods put us to sleep.

Many evenings after supper at the cottage we rowed up the river to set the trout lines. Before we pushed off the point, the sun had slipped behind the pines, leaving the western sky brilliantly washed in red, the hills and trees outlined with fire, and the whole scene glowingly mirrored in the water. We rowed by the sand bar where a long-legged heron stood on one foot in a shallow pool, through the pond where the water lilies grew, their pale petals flushed from the sunset and their big leaves swaying with a sudden motion, to Catfish Channel, where the fish flopped above the surface, rippling the flaming water. We strung the long line across the river. Grandpa baited the hooks with shining minnows (we called them 'minnies' then), which darted and flopped on the end of their line. Then we floated downstream in the slowly changing light. The brilliancy of the sky softened to limpid gold and faded away. The long pointed shadows of the pines leaned farther into the river, pushing the red and gold still lingering on the water deep into its black depths. The birds hushed their songs to twitters, except the thrushes, who began their antiphonal evening chants as the woods lapsed into darkness. The sound of our oars dipping and dripping rhythmically and the faint purling sound of the spring rose liquid in the evening quiet. When our boat struck the rocks on the point Grandmother spoke from the shadows where she awaited us. 'Is that you, John?' With her we sat on the rocks as the night mist fumed on the river and watched as the water brimmed with wavering, twinkling stars and the fireflies wheeled in the woods about us. Then Grandmother slapped at a mosquito and declared that it was bedtime.

Of the furnishings of the cottage I remember little, except that Dody had chosen them and that Grandmother termed them 'outlandish.' The poinsettia-covered sofa where we napped on rainy days, the two brightly painted green and red cupboards, and the brilliant yellow curtains strung on a wire to divide the room, Grandmother called 'heathenish' and often laughingly told Grandpa that he must have acquired his taste for color in the South during the War of Emancipation. Although Grandmother did not share Dody's fondness for the bizarre, it pleased Paul and me, as did the old freak chair that glided smoothly back and forth instead of rocking.

The dishes, too, were unusual. Paul and I drank our milk from two huge beer mugs, presents from one of Grandfather's patients. Dody often teased Grandmother about bringing up children to drink out of beer mugs. So, to prevent any future evil effects, she conscientiously warned us never to drink anything except milk from the mugs. At that, Grandfather usually looked up from his fish, his eyes twinkling, and asked, 'Why, Louisy, what's your objection to good water?' Then he chuckled, a signal for Paul and me to smile tolerantly. We had no idea why Grandpa's cup irritated Grandmother, too. It was an old-fashioned moustache cup, decorated with a skull and crossbones. She sniffed every time she set it beside his plate, declaring her intention to throw the horrible thing in the river some day. Each year Grandmother threatened to replace the sinister dishes and refurnish the cottage; yet, as Grandfather's chuckle indicated, we drank from our beer mugs and napped on a poinsettia-covered sofa as long as we passed the summers there.

All this happened long ago, as I was reminded last summer when I visited the cottage again. The rains and snows had erased all signs of green paint and had washed the earth away from a foundation block, causing one corner of the cottage to warp and dip. The old stone step had crumbled and cracked, and weeds were growing through the crevices. The platform-like porch had rotted until one board had broken through and the corners had decayed. I peered through a broken window, but turned away when I saw that the cupboard doors had been broken off and the shelves emptied, that the mice had scissored the poinsettia-covered sofa and scattered the excelsior over the floor.

I climbed down the old path, almost indistinct now, to the point to watch the sunset, but the river had changed its course and now raced over the point, even lapping the old stone where Grandfather, Paul, and I had squatted while we fished for croppies. As I watched, the water caught the brilliancy of the western sky and rippled in spreading waves where fish flopped above the surface. In the gold light I leaned over the old rock and read my Grandfather's name carved on the stone: —

DR. BAIN
STONY POINT — 1912

Probably the work of some camper who had known Dody.

The gold in the west softened and the flame on the river slowly disappeared in the deep, black water until the timber across from me was only a bank of shadow. The thrushes began their evening chants and the river filled slowly with stars. As I slapped at a mosquito the distant horns of my friends' cars honked blatantly through the woods.

JALNA: A NOVEL

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

[When Captain Philip Whiteoak and Adeline Court were married in India in 1848, they were the most brilliant couple in their military station. But the inheritance of property in Canada prompted Philip to sell his commission and bring his wife and infant daughter Augusta to Ontario. A great stone manor house was built and a thousand acres of wilderness transformed into the semblance of an English park. 'Jalna' the estate is called, after the military station where the couple first met.

The story is of the present time. Adeline, her husband long since dead, is an indomitable old woman, eagerly on the verge of completing a full century of life. She has two surviving sons, themselves old men: Nicholas, whose wife left him for a young army officer, and Ernest, a bachelor. A third son, Philip, is dead. His two marriages embarrassed the declining estate with six children. From the first marriage came Meg, the only girl, and Renny, now master of the cohesive little Whiteoak clan. From the second came Eden and Piers, now in the twenties, Finch, sixteen, and Wakefield, nine.

As the story opens, Eden has fractured Whiteoak tradition by writing a volume of poems which has been accepted by a New York publisher. The event is the theme of animated family discussion in picturesque scenes at the dinner table and in the rooms of Nicholas and Ernest. Renny is disgusted with Eden for giving up his legal study for poetry; he threatens Eden that by autumn he must make up his mind to enter business or help with the estate. Piers, whose taste is for farming, baits the poet with sarcasm, but brings down upon his own head the warning that there must be no 'nonsense' with Pheasant, a girl whose existence has been a cause of distress to the Whiteoaks. The story proceeds from this point.]

IV

It was almost dark when Piers crossed the lawn, passed through a low wicket gate in the hedge, and pressed eagerly along a winding path that led across a paddock where three horses were still cropping the new grass. The path wandered then down into the ravine; became, for three strides, a little rustic bridge; became a path again — still narrower — that wound up the opposite steep, curved through a noble wood, and at last, by a stile, was wedded to another path that had been shaped for no other purpose but to meet it on the boundary between Jalna and the land belonging to the Vaughans.

Down in the ravine it was almost night, so darkly the stream glimmered amid the thick undergrowth and so close above him hung the sky, not yet pricked by a star. As he climbed up the steep beyond, it was darker still, except for the luminous shine of the silver birches that seemed to be lighted by some secret beam within. A whippoorwill darted among the trees catching insects, uttering, each time it struck, a little throaty cluck, and showing a gleam of white on its wings. Then suddenly, right over his head, another whippoorwill burst into its loud, lilting song.

When he reached the open wood above he could see that there was still a deep red glow in the west, and the young leaves of the oaks had taken a burnished look. The trees were lively with the twittering of birds seeking their rest, their love-making over for the day — his just to begin.

His head was hot and he took off his cap to let the cool air fan it. He wished that his love for Pheasant were a calmer love. He should have liked to stroll out with her in the evenings, just pleasantly elated, taking it as a natural thing — as natural as the life of these birds — to love a girl and be loved by her. But it had come upon him suddenly, after knowing her all his life, like a storm that shook and possessed him. As he hurried on through the soft night air, each step drawing him nearer to the stile where Pheasant was to meet him, he tormented himself by picturing his disappointment if she were not there. He saw, in his fancy, the stile, bare as a waiting gallows, mocking the sweet urge that pressed him. He saw himself waiting till dark night and then stumbling back to Jalna filled with despair because he had not held her in his arms. . . . What was it that had overtaken them both that day when, meeting down in the ravine, she had been startled by a water snake and had caught his sleeve and pointed down into the stream where it had disappeared? Bending over the water, they had suddenly seen their two faces reflected in a still pool, looking up at them not at all like the faces of Piers and Pheasant who had known each other all their days. The faces reflected had had strange, timid eyes and parted lips. They had turned to look at each other. Their own lips had met.

Remembering that kiss, he began to run across the open field toward the stile.

She was sitting on it, waiting for him, her drooping figure silhouetted against the blur of red in the west. He slackened his pace as soon as he saw her, and greeted her laconically as he came up.

'Hullo, Pheasant!'

'Hullo, Piers! I've been waiting quite a while.'

'I could n't get away. I had to stop and admire a beastly cow Renny bought at Hobbs's sale to-day.'

He climbed to the stile and sat down beside her. 'It's the first warm evening, is n't it?' he observed, not looking at her. 'I got as hot as blazes coming over. I was n't letting the grass grow under my feet, I can tell you.' He took her hand and drew it against his side. 'Feel that.'

'Your heart is beating rather hard,' she said, in a low voice. 'Is it because you hurried or because — ' She leaned against his shoulder and looked into his face.

It was what Piers had been waiting for, this moment when she should lean toward him. Not without a sign from her would he let the fountain of his love leap forth. Now he put his arms about her and pressed her to him. He found her lips and held them with his own. The warm fragrance of her body made him dizzy. He was no longer strong and practical. He wished in that moment that they two might die thus happily clasped in each other's arms in the tranquil spring night.

'I can't go on like this,' he murmured. 'We simply must get married.'

'Remember what Renny has said. Are you going to defy him? He'd be in a rage if he knew we were together here now.'

'Renny be damned! He's got to be taught a lesson. It's time he was taught that he can't lord it over everyone. He's spoiled, that's the trouble with him. I call him the Rajah of Jalna.'

'After all, you have the right to say who you will marry, even if the girl is beneath you, have n't you?'

He felt a sob beneath her breast; her sudden tears wet his cheek.

'Oh, Pheasant, you little fool,' he exclaimed. 'You beneath me! What rot!'

'Well, Renny thinks so. All your family think so. Your family despise me.'

'My family may go to the devil. Why, after all, you're a Vaughan. Everybody knows that. You're called by the name.'

'Even Maurice looks down on me. He's never let me call him Father.'

'He deserves to be shot. If I had ever done what he did, I'd stand by the child. I'd brave the whole thing out!'

'Well, he has, in a way. He's kept me. Given me his name.'

'His parents did that. He's never liked you or been really kind to you.'

'He thinks I've spoiled his life.'

'With Meggie, you mean. Picture Meg and Maurice married!' He laughed and kissed her temple, and, feeling her silky brow touch his cheek, he kissed that, too.

She said: 'I can picture that more easily than I can our own marriage. I feel as though we should go on and on, meeting and parting like this forever. In a way, I think I'd like it better, too.'

'Better than being married to me? Look here, Pheasant, you're just trying to hurt me!'

'No, really. It's so beautiful, meeting like this. All day I'm in a kind of dream, waiting for it; then after it comes the night, and you're in the very heart of me all night.'

'What if I were beside you?'

'It could n't be so lovely. It could n't. Then in the morning, the moment I waken, I am counting the hours till we meet again. Maurice might not exist. I scarcely see or hear him.'

'Dreams don't satisfy me, Pheasant. This way of living is torture to me. Every day as the spring goes on it's a greater torture. I want you — not dreams of you.'

'Don't you love our meeting like this?'

'Don't be silly! You know what I mean.' He moved away from her on the stile and lighted a cigarette. 'Now,' he went on, in a hard, businesslike tone, 'let us take it for granted that we're going to be married. We are, are n't we? Are we going to be married, eh?'

'Yes. — You might offer me a cigarette.'

He gave her one and lighted it for her.

'Very well. Can you tell me any reason for hanging back? I'm twenty, you're seventeen. Marriageable ages, eh?'

'Too young, they say.'

'Rot. They would like us to wait till we're too decrepit to creep to this stile. I'm valuable to Renny. He's paying me decent wages. I know Renny. He's good-natured at bottom for all his temper. He'd never dream of putting me out. There's lots of room at Jalna. One more would never be noticed.'

'Meg does n't like me. I'm rather afraid of her.'

'Afraid of Meggie! Oh, you little coward! She's gentle as a lamb. And Gran always liked you. I'll tell you what, Pheasant, we'll stand in with Gran. She has a lot of influence with the family. If we make ourselves pleasant to her there's no knowing what she may do for us. She's often said that I am more like my grandfather than any of the others, and she thinks he was the finest man that ever lived.'

'What about Renny? She's always talking about his being a perfect Court. Anyhow, I expect her will was made before we were born.'

'Yes, but she's always changing it or pretending that she does. Only last week she had her lawyer out for hours, and the whole family was upset. Wake peeked in at the keyhole and he said all she did was feed the old fellow peppermints. Still, you can never tell.' He shook his head sagaciously and then heaved a gusty sigh. 'One thing is absolutely certain. I can't go on like this. I've either got to get married or go away. It's affecting my nerves. I scarcely knew what I was eating at dinner to-day, and such a hullabaloo there was over this book of Eden's. Good Lord! Poetry! Think of it! And at tea time Finch had come home with a bad report from one of his masters and there was another row. It raged for an hour.'

But Pheasant had heard nothing but the calculated cruelty of the words 'go away.' She turned toward him a frightened, wide-eyed face.

'Go away! How can you say such a thing? You know I'd die in this place without you!'

'How pale you've got,' he observed, peering into her face. 'Why are you turning pale? Surely it would n't matter to you if I went away. You could go right on dreaming about me, you know.'

Pheasant burst into tears and began to scramble down from the stile. 'If you think I'll stop here to be tortured!' she cried, and began to run from him.

'Yet you expect me to stay and be tortured!' he shouted.

She ran into the dusk across the wet meadow, and he sat obstinately staring after her, wondering if her will would hold out till she reached the other side. Already her steps seemed to be slackening. Still her figure became less clear. What if she should run on and on till she reached home, leaving him alone on the stile with all his love turbulent within him? The mere thought of that was enough to make him jump down and begin to run after her, but even as he did so he saw her coming slowly back, and he clambered again to his seat just in time to save his dignity.

She stopped within ten paces of him.

'Very well,' she said, in a husky voice, 'I'll do it.'

He was acutely aware of her nearness in every sensitive nerve, but he puffed stolidly at his cigarette a moment before he asked gruffly: —

'When?'

'Whenever you say.' Her head drooped and she gave a childish sob.

'Come here, you little baggage,' he ordered peremptorily.

But when he had her on the stile again a most delicious tenderness took possession of him, and withal a thrilling sense of power. He uttered endearments and commands with his face against her hair.

All the way home he was full of lightness and strength, though he had worked hard that day. Halfway down the steep into the ravine a branch of an oak projected across the path above him. He leaped up and caught it with his hands, and so hung aloof from the earth that seemed too prosaic for his light feet. He swung himself gently a moment, looking up at the stars that winked at him through the young leaves. A rabbit ran along the path beneath, quite unaware of him. His mind was no longer disturbed by anxiety, but free and exultant. He felt himself one with the wild things of the wood. It was spring and he had chosen his mate.

When he crossed the lawn he saw that the drawing-room was lighted. Playing cards, as usual, he supposed. He went to one of the French windows and looked in. By the fire he could see a table drawn up, at which sat his grandmother and his uncle Ernest playing at draughts. She was wrapped in a bright green-and-red plaid shawl, and wearing a much-beribboned cap. Evidently she was beating him, for her teeth were showing in a broad grin and a burst of loud laughter made the bridge players at the other table turn in their chairs with looks of annoyance. The long, aquiline face of Uncle Ernest drooped wistfully above the board. On the blackened walnut mantelpiece Sasha lay curled beside a china shepherdess, her gaze fixed on her master with a kind of ecstatic contempt.

At the bridge table sat Renny, Meg, Nicholas, and Mr. Fennel, the rector. The faces of all were illumined by firelight, their expressions intensified: Nicholas, sardonic, watchful; Renny, frowning, puzzled; Meg, sweet, complacent; Mr. Fennel, pulling his beard and glowering.

Poor creatures, all, thought Piers, as he let himself in at the side door and softly ascended the stair — playing their little games, their paltry pastimes, while he played the great game of life!

A light showed underneath Eden's door. More poetry, more paltry pastime. Had Eden ever loved? If he had, he'd kept it well to himself. Probably he only loved his Muse. His Muse — ha! ha! He heard Eden groan. So it hurt, did it, loving the pretty Muse? Poetry had its pain, then! He gave a passing thump to the door.

'Want any help in there?'

'You go to hell,' rejoined the young poet, 'unless you happen to have a rag about you. I've upset the ink.'

Piers poked his head in at the door.

'My shirt is n't much better than a rag,' he said. 'I can let you have that.'

Eden was mopping the stained baize top of the desk with blotting paper. On a sheet of a writing pad was neatly written what looked like the beginning of a poem.

'I suppose you get fun out of it,' remarked Piers.

'More than you get from chasing a girl about the wood at night.'

'Look here, you'd better be careful!' Piers raised his voice threateningly, but Eden smiled and sat down at his desk once more.

It was uncanny, Piers thought, as he went on to his room. However had Eden guessed? Was it because he was a poet? He had always felt, though he had given the matter but little thought, that a poet would be an uncommonly unpleasant person to have in the house, and now they had a full-fledged one at Jalna. He did n't like it at all. The first bloom of his happy mood was gone as he opened the door into his bedroom.

He shared it with sixteen-year-old Finch. Finch was now humped over his Euclid, an expression of extreme melancholy lengthening his already long, sallow face. He had been the centre of a whirlpool of discussion and criticism all tea time, and the effect was to make his brain, never quite under his control, completely unmanageable. He had gone over the same problem six or seven times and now it meant nothing to him, no more than a senseless nursery rhyme. He had stolen one of Piers's cigarettes to see if it would help him out. He had made the most of it, inhaling slowly, savoring each puff, retaining the stub between his bony fingers till they and even his lips were burned, but it had done no good. When he heard Piers at the door he had dropped the stub, a mere crumb, to the floor and set his foot on it.

Now he glanced sullenly at Piers out of the corners of his long, light eyes.

Piers sniffed. 'H'm. Smoking, eh? One of my fags, too, I bet. I'll just thank you to leave them alone, young man. Do you think I can supply you with smokes? Besides, you're not allowed.'

Finch returned to his Euclid with increased melancholy. If he could not master it when he was alone, certainly he should never learn it with Piers in the room. That robust, domineering presence would crush the last spark of intelligence from his brain. He had always been afraid of Piers. All his life he had been kept in a state of subjection by him. He resented it, but he saw no way out of it. Piers was strong, handsome, a favorite. He was none of these things. And yet he loved all his family, in a secret, sullen way — even Piers, who was so rough with him. Now, if Piers had been *some* brothers, one might ask him to give one a helping hand with the Euclid. Piers had been good at the rotten stuff. But it would never do to ask Piers for help. He was too impatient, too intolerant of a fellow who got mixed up for nothing.

'I'd thank you,' continued Piers, 'to let my fags, likewise my handkerchiefs, socks, and ties, alone. If you want to pinch other people's property, pinch Eden's. He's a poet and probably does n't know what he has.' He grinned at his reflection in the glass as he took off his collar and tie.

When Piers had divested himself of all his clothes he threw open the window. A chill night wind rushed in. Finch shivered as it embraced him. He wondered how Piers stood it on his bare skin. It fluttered the pages of a French exercise all about the room. There was no use in trying — he could not do the problem.

Piers, in his pajamas now, jumped into bed. He lay staring at Finch with bright blue eyes, whistling softly. Finch began to gather up his books.

'All finished?' asked Piers, politely. 'You got through in a hurry, did n't you?'

'I'm not through,' bawled Finch. 'Do you imagine I can work with a cold blast like that on my back and you staring at me in front? It just means I'll have to get up early and finish before breakfast.'

Piers became sarcastic. 'You're very temperamental, are n't you? You'll be writing poetry next. I dare say you've tried it already. Do you know, I think it would be a good thing for you to go down to New York in the Easter holidays and see if you can find a publisher.'

'Shut up,' growled Finch, 'and let me alone.'

Piers was very happy. He was too happy for sleep. It would ease his high spirits to bait young Finch. He lay watching him speculatively while he undressed his long, lanky body. Finch might develop into a distinguished-looking man. There was something arresting even now in his face, but he had a hungry, haunted look, and he was uncomfortably aware of his long wrists and legs. He always sat in some ungainly posture, and, when spoken to suddenly, would glare up, half defensively, half timidly, as though expecting a blow. Truth to tell, he had had a good many, some quite undeserved.

Piers regarded his thin frame with contemptuous amusement. He offered pungent criticisms of Finch's prominent shoulder-blades, ribs, and various other portions of his anatomy. At last the boy, trembling with anger and humiliation, got into his nightshirt, turned out the light, and scrambled over Piers to his place next the wall. He curled himself up with a sigh of relief. It had been a nervous business scrambling over Piers. He had half expected to be grabbed by the ankle and put to some new torture. But he had gained his corner in safety. The day, with its miseries, was over. He stretched out his long limbs.

They lay still, side by side, in the peaceful dark. At length Piers spoke in a low, accusing tone.

'You did n't say your prayers. What do you mean by getting into bed without saying your prayers?'

Finch was staggered. This was something new. Piers, of all people, after him about prayers! There was something ominous about it.

'I forgot,' he returned, heavily.

'Well, you've no right to forget. It's an important thing at your time of life to pray long and earnestly. If you prayed more and sulked less, you'd be healthier and happier.'

'Rot. What are you givin' us?'

'I'm in dead earnest. Out you get and say your prayers.'

'You don't pray yourself,' complained Finch, bitterly. 'You have n't said prayers for years.'

'That's nothing to you. I've a special compact with the devil, and he looks after his own. But you, my little lamb, must be separated from the goats.'

'Oh, let me alone,' growled Finch. 'I'm sleepy. Let me alone.'

'Get up and say your prayers.'

'Oh, Piers, don't be a —'

'Be careful what you call me. Get out.'

'Shan't.' He clutched the blankets desperately, for he feared what was coming.

'You won't get up, eh? You won't say your prayers, eh? I've got to force you, eh?'

With each question Piers's strong fingers sought a tenderer spot in Finch's anatomy.

'Oh — oh — oh — Piers — please — let me up! Ow — eee — eee!' With a last terrible squeak Finch was out on the floor. He stood rubbing his side cautiously. Then he almost blubbered: 'What do you want me to do, anyway?'

'I want you to say your prayers properly. I'm not going to have you start being lax at your age. Down on your knees.'

Finch dropped to his knees on the cold floor. Kneeling by the bedside in the pale moonlight, he was a pathetic young figure. But the sight held no pathos for Piers.

'Now, then,' he said, 'fire away.'

Finch pressed his face against his clenched hands.

'Why don't you begin?' asked Piers, rising on his elbow, and speaking testily.

'I — I have begun,' came in a muffled voice.

'I can't hear you. How do you expect the Almighty to hear you if I can't? Speak up.'

'I c-can't! I *won't!*'

'You *shall*. Or you'll be sorry.'

In the stress of the moment, all Finch's prayers left him, as earlier all his Euclid had done. In the dim chaos of his soul only two words of supplication remained.

'Oh, God,' he muttered hoarsely, and, because he could think of nothing else and must pray or be abused by that devil Piers, he repeated the words again and again in a hollow, shaking voice.

Piers lay listening blandly. He thought Finch the most ridiculous duffer he had ever known. He was a mystery Piers would never fathom. Suddenly he thought: 'I'm fed up with this,' and said: —

'Enough, enough! It's not much of a prayer you've made, but still you've a nice, intimate way with the Almighty. You'd make a good Methodist of the Holy Roarer variety.' He added, not unkindly, 'Hop into bed now.'

But Finch would not hop. He clutched the counterpane and went on sobbing, 'Oh, God!' The room was full of the presence of the Deity to him, now wearing the face of the terrible, austere Old-Testament God, now, miraculously, the handsome, sneering face of Piers. Only a rap on the head brought him to his senses. He somehow got his long body back into bed, shivering all over.

Eden threw the door open. 'One might as well,' he complained in a high voice, 'live next door to a circus. You're the most disgusting young . . .' and he delivered himself of some atrocious language. He interrupted himself to ask, cocking his head, 'Is he crying? What's he crying for?'

'Just low-spirited, I expect,' replied Piers, in a sleepy voice.

'What are you crying for, Finch?'

'Let me alone, can't you?' screamed Finch, in a sudden fury. 'You let me alone!'

'I think he's sniveling over his report. Renny was up in the air about it,' said Piers.

'Oh, is that it? Well, study will do more than sniveling to help that.' And Eden disappeared as he had come.

The two brothers lay in the moonlight. Finch was quiet save for an occasional gulp. Piers's feelings toward him were magnanimous now. He was such a helpless young fool. Piers thought it rather hard that he had been born between Eden and Finch. Wedged in between a poet and a fool. What a sandwich! Of a certainty he was the meaty part.

His thoughts turned to Pheasant. She was of never-failing interest to him — her pretty gestures, her reckless way of throwing her heart open to him, her sudden withdrawals, the remoteness of her profile. He could see her face in the moonlight as though she were in the room with him. Soon she would be, instead of snuffling young Finch! He loved her with every inch of his body. He alone of all the people in Jalna knew what real love was. Strange that, being absorbed by love as he was, he should have time to play with young Finch and make him miserable. No denying that there lurked a mischievous devil in him. Then, too, he had suffered so much anxiety lately that to have everything settled, to be certain of having his own way, made him feel like a young horse suddenly turned out into the spring pastures, ready to run and kick, and bite his best friend from sheer high spirits.

Poor old Finch! He gave the bedclothes a jerk over Finch's protruding shoulder and put his arm around him.

V

Two weeks later Pheasant awakened one morning at sunrise. She could not sleep because it was her wedding day. She jumped out of bed and ran to the window to see whether the heavens were to smile on her.

The sky was radiant as a golden sea, and just above the sun a cloud shaped like a great red whale floated as in a dream. Below her window, shutting in the lawn, the cherry orchard had burst into a sudden perfection of bloom. The young trees stood in snowy rows like expectant young girls awaiting their first communion. A cowbell was jangling down in the ravine.

Pheasant leaned across the sill, her cropped brown hair all on end, her nightdress falling from one slim shoulder. She was happy because of the gay serenity of the morning, because the cherry trees had come into bloom for her wedding day; yet she was depressed, because it was her wedding day and she had nothing new to wear. Besides, she would have to go to live at Jalna, where nobody wanted her except Piers.

She was to meet him at two o'clock. He had borrowed a car, and they were to drive to Steed to be married. This was outside Mr. Fennel's parish. Then they were to go to the city for the night, but they must be back at Jalna the next day because Piers was anxious about the spring sowing. What sort of reception would the family at Jalna give them? They had been kind always, but would they be kind to her as Piers's wife? Still, Piers would take care of her. She would face the world with him at her side.

She drummed her white fingers on the sill, watching the sun twinkle on her engagement ring, which thus far she had dared to wear only at night. She thought of that blissful moment when each had stared into the other's face, watching love flower there like the cherry tree bursting into bloom. She would love him always, let him cuddle his head against her shoulder at night, and go into the fields with him in the morning. She was glad he had chosen the land as his job, instead of one of the professions. She was too ignorant to be the wife of a learned young man. To Piers she could unfold her childish speculations about life without embarrassment.

For the hundredth time she examined the few clothes she had laid in an immense shabby portmanteau for her wedding journey: her patent-leather shoes and her one pair of silk stockings, a pink organdy dress, really too small for her, four handkerchiefs, — well, she had plenty of them, at least, and one never knew when one might shed tears, — a nightdress, and an India shawl that had been her grandmother's. She did not suppose she would need the shawl, — she had never worn it except when playing at being grown up, — but it helped to make a more impressive trousseau, and it might be necessary to have a wrap at dinner in the hotel, or if they went to the opera. She felt somewhat cheered as she replaced them and fastened the spongy leather straps; after all, they might have been fewer and worse!

She got out her darning things and mended, or rather puckered together, a large hole in the heel of the brown stockings she was to wear on the journey. She mended the torn buttonholes of her brown coat, sprinkled a prodigious amount of cheap perfume over the little brown dress that lay in a drawer ready to put on, and found herself chilled, for she had not yet dressed.

She hastily put on her clothes, washed her face, and combed her hair, staring at herself in the glass. She thought dismally: 'Certainly I am no beauty. Nannie has trimmed my hair badly. I'm far too thin, and I have n't at all that sleek look becoming in a bride. No one could imagine a wreath of orange blossoms on my head. A punchinello's cap would be more appropriate. Ah, well, there have been worse-looking girls led to the altar, I dare say.'

Maurice Vaughan was already at the table, eating sausages and fried potatoes. He did not say good-morning, but he put some of the food on a plate and pushed it toward her. Presently he said: 'Jim Martin is coming with a man from Brancepeth today. Have Nannie put the dinner off till one. We'll be busy.'

Pheasant was aghast. She was to meet Piers at two. How should she get away in time? And if she did not turn up for dinner Maurice might make inquiries, get suspicious. Her hands shook as she poured her tea. She could not properly see the breakfast things.

Maurice stared at her coldly. 'Did you hear what I said?' he asked. 'What's the matter with you this morning?'

'I was busy thinking. Yes, you want dinner at two, I heard.'

'I said one o'clock. I'd better give the order myself, if you have n't the wit.'

Pheasant regained her self-possession.

'How easily you get out of temper,' she said, coolly. 'Of course I'll remember. I hope Mr. Martin will be soberer than he was the last time he was here. He put a pickle in his tea instead of sugar, and slept all evening, I remember, in his chair.'

'I don't.'

'I dare say you don't. You were pretty far gone yourself.'

Vaughan burst out laughing. The audacities of this only half-acknowledged young daughter of his amused him. Yet, perversely, when she was meek and eager to please he was often unkind to her, seeming to take pleasure in observing how she had inherited a capacity for suffering equal to his own.

Maurice Vaughan was the grandson and the only male descendant of the Colonel Vaughan whose letters had persuaded Philip Whiteoak to remove westward from Quebec. He was an only child, who had come to his parents late in life. He had been too gently reared, and had grown into a heavily built, indolent, arrogant youth, feeling himself intellectually above all his associates, even Renny Whiteoak, whom he loved. At twenty he nourished the illusion that he would become a great man in the affairs of his country with no effort on his part. At twenty-one he became engaged to Meg Whiteoak, charmed by that ineffably sweet smile of hers and her drowsy quiescence toward himself. The parents of the two were almost beside themselves with pleasure.

Meggie would not be hurried. A year's engagement was proper, and a year's engagement she would have. Maurice, idle and elegant, attracted the attention of a pretty, sharp-featured village girl, Elvira Gray. She took to picking brambleberries in the wood where Maurice slouched about with his gun, the same wood where Piers and Pheasant now met. Maurice, while he waited impatiently for Meg, was comforted by the love of Elvira.

A month before the marriage was to take place, a tiny bundle containing a baby was laid one summer night on the Vaughans' doorstep. Old Mr. Vaughan, awakened by its faint cry, went downstairs in his slippers, opened the front door, and found the bundle, on which a note was pinned, which read: —

'Maurice Vaughan is the father of this baby. Please be kind to it. It has n't harmed no one.'

Mr. Vaughan fell in a faint on the steps and was found, lying beside the baby, by a farm laborer who read the note and quickly spread the news. The child was carried into the house, and the news of its arrival to Jalna.

As proper in the heroine of such a tragedy, Meg locked herself in her room and refused to see anyone. She refused to eat. Maurice, after a heart-rending morning with his parents, during which he acknowledged everything, went and hid himself in the wood.

It was found that Elvira, an orphan, had disappeared.

Meg's father, accompanied by his brothers, Nicholas and Ernest, went to thrash out the matter with Mr. Vaughan. They were quite twenty years younger than he, but they all raged around the poor distracted man at once, in true Whiteoak fashion. Still, in spite of their outraged feelings, they agreed that the engagement was not to be broken, that the marriage must take place at the appointed time. A home could be found for the baby. They drove back to Jalna, after having had some stiff drinks, feeling that everything had been patched up, and it would be a lesson to the young fool, though rather rough on Meggie.

Meggie could not be persuaded to leave her room. Trays of food placed outside her door were left untouched. One night, after four days of misery, young Maurice rode over to Jalna on his beautiful chestnut mare. He threw a handful of gravel against Meggie's window and called her name. She made no answer. He repeated it with tragic insistence. Finally Meg appeared in the bright moonlight, framed as a picture by the vine-clad window. She sat with her elbow on the sill and her chin on her palm, listening while he, standing with the mare's bridle over his arm, poured out his contrition. She listened impassively, with her face raised moonward, till he had done, and then said: 'It is all over. I cannot marry you, Maurice. I shall never marry anyone.'

Maurice could not and would not believe her. He was unprepared for such relentless stubbornness beneath such a sweet exterior. He explained and implored for two hours. He threw himself on the ground and wept, while the mare cropped the grass beside him.

Renny, whose room was next Meg's, could bear it no longer. He flew downstairs to Maurice's side and joined his supplications to his friend's in rougher language. Nothing could move Meggie. She listened to the impassioned appeals of the two youths with tears raining down her pale cheeks; then, with a final gesture of farewell, she closed the window.

Meggie was interviewed by each of her elders in turn. Her father, her uncles, her young stepmother, — who had hoped so soon to be rid of her! — all exercised their powers of reasoning with her.

Meggie emerged from her retirement pale but tranquil. Her life suffered little outward derangement from this betrayal of her affections. However, she cared less for going out with other young people, and spent many hours in her bedroom. It was at this time that she acquired the habit of eating almost nothing at the table, getting ample nourishment from agreeable little lunches carried to her room. She became more and more devoted to her brothers, pouring out on them a devotion with which she sought to drown the image of her lover.

Maurice never again came nearer to Jalna than its stables. The friendship between him and Renny still endured. Together they went through the hardships of the War years later. When Pheasant was three years old, Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan died within the year, and she was left to the care of an unloving young father, whom she could already call Maurice. Misfortune followed close upon bereavement. Mining stocks in which nearly all of the Vaughans' money was invested became worthless, and Maurice's income declined from ten thousand a year to less than two. He made something from breeding horses, but as Pheasant grew up she never knew what it was to have two coins to rub together or attractive garments with which to clothe her young body. The thousand acres bought from the government by the first Vaughan had dwindled to three hundred. Of these only fifty lay under cultivation. The rest were in pasture and massive oak woods. The ravine that traversed Jalna narrowly spread into a valley through Vaughanlands, ending in a shallow basin in the middle of which stood the house, with hanging shutters, sagging porch, and moss-grown roof.

The one servant now kept was an old Scotchwoman, Nannie, who spoke but rarely, and then in a voice scarcely above a whisper. Beside Jalna, teeming with loud-voiced, intimate, inquisitive people, Vaughanlands seemed but an echoing shell, the three who dwelt there holding aloof in annihilating self-absorption.

Dinner at one, instead of half past twelve as usual, threw Pheasant's plans into confusion. She felt suddenly weak, defenseless, insecure. She felt afraid of herself. Afraid that she would suddenly cry out to Maurice: 'I'm going to run away to be married at half past one! Dinner *must* be at the regular time!'

Instead of this she said meekly: 'Oh, Maurice, I'm afraid I'll have to take my dinner at half past twelve. I 've an appointment with the dentist in Steed at two o'clock.'

She wondered why she had said that, for she had never been to a dentist in her life. She did not know the name of one.

'What are you making appointments with the dentist for?' he growled. 'What's the matter with your teeth?'

'I've been troubled by toothache lately,' she said, truthfully, and he remembered an irritating smell of liniment about her at odd times.

They went on with their breakfast in silence; she, a wave of relief sweeping over her at the absence of active opposition, drinking cup after cup of strong tea; he, thinking that after all it were better the child should not be at the table with the two men who were coming. Martin had a rough tongue. But then, what was the use of trying to protect Pheasant? She was her mother's daughter and he had had no respect for her mother, and he had very little for himself, her father. All the beastly allegations current about the countryside against him since his first mishap were not true, but they had damaged his opinion of himself, his dignity. He knew he was considered a rip, and always would be, even when the patch of white coming above one temple spread over his whole head.

As for Pheasant, she was filled by sudden unaccountable compassion for him. Poor Maurice! To-morrow morning, and all the mornings to come, he would be eating breakfast alone. To be sure they seldom spoke, but still she was there beside him; she carried his messages to Nannie; she poured his tea; and she had always gone with him to admire the new colts. Well, perhaps, when she was not there, he would be sorry that he had not been nicer to her!

When Maurice had swallowed the last mouthful of tea, he rose slowly and went to the bow window, which, being shadowed by a verandah, gave only a greenish half light into the room.

He stood with his back toward her and said: 'Come here.'

Pheasant started up from her chair, all nerves. What was he going to do to her? She had a mind to run from the room. She gasped: 'What do you want?'

'I want you to come here.'

She went to his side with an assumed nonchalance.

'You seem to be playing the heavy father this morning,' she said.

'I want to see that tooth you're talking about.'

'I was n't talking about it. It's you who are talking about it. I only said I was going to have it filled.'

'Please open your mouth,' he said, testily, putting his hand under her chin.

She prayed, 'Oh, God, let there be a large hole in it,' and opened her mouth so widely that she looked like a young robin beseeching food.

'H'm,' growled Maurice. 'It should have been attended to some time ago.' He added, giving her chin a grudging stroke: 'You've pretty little teeth. Get the fellow to fix them up properly.'

Pheasant stared. He was being almost loving. At this late hour! He had stroked her chin — given it a little dab with his fingers, anyway. She felt suddenly angry with him. The idea of getting demonstratively affectionate with her at this late hour! Making it harder for her to leave him.

'Thanks,' she said. 'I'll be a beauty if I keep on, shan't I?'

He answered seriously: 'You're too skinny for beauty. But you'll fill out. You're nothing but a filly.'

'This is the way fillies show their pleasure,' she said, and rubbed her head against his shoulder. 'I wish I could whinny! But I *can* bite.'

'I know you can,' he said, gravely. 'You bit me when you were five. And I held your head under the tap for it.'

She was glad he had reminded her of that episode. It would be easier to leave him after that.

He went into the hall and took his hat from a peg.

'Good-bye,' she called after him.

She watched him go along the path toward the stables, filling his pipe, walking with his peculiar, slouching, hangdog gait. She threw open the window and called after him: 'Oh, hullo, Maurice!'

'Yes?' he answered, half wheeling.

'Oh — good-bye!'

'Well — I'll be —' she heard him mutter, as he went on.

He must think her a regular little fool. But, after all, it was a very serious good-bye. The next time they met — if ever they met again — she would be a different person. She would have an honorable name — a name with which she could face the world. She would be Mrs. Piers Whiteoak.

VI

He had arrived on the very tick of two. She had been there twenty minutes earlier, very hot, but pale from excitement and fatigue; she had jogged — sometimes breaking into a run — for nearly half a mile, lugging the heavy portmanteau. She had been in a state of panic at the approach of every vehicle, thinking she was pursued. Three times she had fled to the shelter of a group of wayside cedars to hide while a wagon lumbered or a car sped by.

Piers stowed the portmanteau in the back of the car, and she flung herself into the seat beside him. He started the car — a poor old rattletrap, but washed for the occasion — with a jerk. He looked absurdly Sundayish in his rigid best serge suit, with an expression rather more wooden than exultant.

'They needed this car at home to-day,' he said. 'I'd a hard time getting away.'

'So had I. Maurice was having two guests to dinner, and it had to be later, and he wanted me there to receive them.'

'H'm. Who were they?'

'A Mr. Martin. And another man. Both horse breeders.'

'Receive them! Good Lord! You do say ridiculous things!' She subsided into her corner, crushed. Was this what it was like to elope? A taciturn, soap-shining lover in a bowler hat who called one ridiculous just at the moment when he should have been in an ecstasy of daring and protective love!

'I think you're very arrogant,' she said.

'Perhaps I am,' he agreed, letting the speed out. 'I can't help it if I am,' he added, not without complacence. 'It's in the blood, I expect.'

She took off her hat and let the wind ruffle her hair. Road signs rushed past, black-and-white cattle in fields, cherry orchards in full bloom, and apple orchards just coming into bud.

He remarked: 'Gran said at dinner that I need disciplining. You'll have to do it, Pheasant.' He looked around at her, smiling, and seeing her with her hair ruffled, her eyes shining, he added: 'You precious darling!'

He snatched a kiss, and Pheasant put her hand on the wheel beside his. They both stared at the hand, thinking how soon the wedding ring must outshine the engagement ring in importance. They experienced a strange mixture of sensations, feeling at the same moment like runaway children (for they had both been kept down by their elders) and like tremendous adventurers, not afraid of anything in this shining spring world.

They were married by the rector of Steed, a new man who had barely heard the names of their families, with perhaps a picturesque anecdote attached. Piers was so sunburnt and solid that he looked like nothing but an ordinary young countryman, and Pheasant's badly cut dress and cheap shoes transformed her young grace into coltish awkwardness. He hoped they would come regularly to his church, he said, and he gave them some very good advice, in the cool vestry. When they had gone and he examined the fee which Piers had given him in an envelope, he was surprised at its size, for Piers was determined to carry everything through as a Whiteoak should.

As they flew along the road which ran like a trimming of white braid on the brown shore that skirted the lake, Piers began to shout and sing in an ecstasy of achievement.

'We're man and wife!' he chanted. 'Man and wife! Pheasant and Piers! Man and wife!'

He stopped the wagon of a fruit vender and bought oranges, of which Pheasant thrust sections into his mouth as he drove, and ate greedily herself, for excitement made them thirsty. As they neared the suburbs of the city she threw the rinds into the ditch and scrubbed her lips and hands on her handkerchief. She put on her hat and sat upright, her hands in her lap, feeling that everyone who met them must realize that they were newly married.

Piers had spoken for rooms in the hotel which the Whiteoaks had frequented for three generations. He had not been there very much himself — a few times to dinner in company with Renny, twice for birthday treats as a small boy with Uncle Nicholas.

Now on his wedding day he had taken one of the best bedrooms with bath adjoining. His blood was all in his head as the clerk gave a surreptitious smile and handed the key to a boy. The boy went lopsidedly before them to the bedroom, lugging the antiquated portmanteau. All the white closed doors along the corridor made Pheasant feel timid. She fancied there were ears against all the panels, eyes to the keyholes. What if Maurice should suddenly pounce out on them? Or Renny? Or terrible Grandmother Whiteoak?

When they were alone in the spacious, heavily furnished hotel bedroom, utterly alone with only the deep rumble of the traffic below to remind them of the existence of the world, a sudden feeling of frozen dignity, of aloofness from each other, took possession of them.

He said: 'Not a bad room, eh? Think you'll be comfortable here?' And he added, almost challengingly: 'It's one of the best rooms in the hotel, but — if there's anything you'd like different —'

'Oh, no. It's nice. It'll do nicely, thank you.'

Could they be the young runaway couple who had raced along the lake-shore road, singing and eating oranges?

'There's your bag,' he said, indicating the ponderous portmanteau.

'Yes,' she agreed. 'I've got the bag all right.'

'I wonder what we'd better do first,' he said, staring at her. She looked so strange to him in this new setting that he felt as though he were really seeing her for the first time.

'What time is it?'

'Half past five.'

She noticed then that the sun had disappeared behind a building across the street, and that the room lay in a yellowish shadow. Evening was coming.

'Had n't you better send the telegrams?' she said.

'I expect I had. I'll go down and do that, and see that we've a table reserved; and, look here, should n't you like to go to the theatre to-night?'

Pheasant was thrilled at that. 'Oh, I'd love the theatre! Is there something good on?'

'I'll find out, and get tickets, and you can be changing. Now about those telegrams. How would it do if I just sent one to Renny, something like this: "Pheasant and I married. Home to-morrow. Tell Maurice." Would that be all right?'

'No,' she said, firmly. 'Maurice must have a telegram all to himself, from me. Say, "Dear Maurice — "'

'Good Lord! You can't begin a telegram, "Dear Maurice." It is n't done. Tell me what you want to say and I'll put it in the proper form.'

Pheasant spoke in an incensed tone: 'See here, is this your telegram or mine? I've never written a letter or sent a telegram to Maurice in my life, and I probably never shall again. So it's going to begin "Dear Maurice."'

'All right, my girl. Fire away.'

'Say, "Dear Maurice. Piers and I are married. Tell Nannie. Yours sincerely, Pheasant." That will do.'

Piers could not conceal his mirth at such a telegram, but he promised to send it, and after giving her body a convulsive squeeze, and receiving a kiss on the sunburnt bridge of his nose, he left her.

She was alone. She was married. All the old life was over and the new just beginning. She went to the dressing table and stood before the three-sectioned mirror. It was wonderful to see her own face there, from all sides at once. She felt that she had never really seen herself before — no wonder her reflection looked surprised. She turned this way and that, tilting her head like a pretty bird. She took off her brown dress and stood enthralled by the reflection of her charms in knickers and little white camisole. She turned on the electric light, and made a tableau with her slender milky arms upraised and her eyes half closed. She wished she could spend a long time playing with these magical reflections, but Piers might come back and find her not dressed.

A bell in some tower struck six.

She saw that her hands needed washing and hoped there would be soap in the bathroom. She gasped when she had pressed the electric button and flooded the room with a hard white light. The fierce splendor of it dazzled her. At home there was a bathroom with a bare floor on which stood an ancient green tin bath, battered and disreputable. The towels were old and fuzzy, leaving bits of lint all over one's body, and the cake of soap was always like jelly, because Maurice would leave it in the water. Here were glistening tile and marble, nickel polished like new silver, an enormous tub of virgin whiteness, and a row of towels fit only for a bride. 'And, by my halidom,' she exclaimed, for she was devoted to Sir Walter Scott, 'I am the bride!'

She locked herself in and took a bath, almost reverently.

Her hair was sleekly brushed and she was doing up her pink-and-white dress when Piers arrived. He had sent off the telegrams (and not neglected the 'Dear' for Maurice!) and had got orchestra seats for a Russian vaudeville. He took her to the Ladies' Drawing Room and set her in a white-and-gold chair, where she waited while he scrubbed and beautified himself.

They were at their own table in a corner where they could see the entire dining room; rows and rows of white-clothed tables, glimmering with silver, beneath shaded lights; a red-faced waiter with little dabs of whisker before his ears, who took a fatherly interest in their dinner.

Piers ordered the dinner. Delicious soup. A tiny piece of fish with a strange sauce. Roast chicken. Asparagus. Beautiful but rather frightening French pastries — one hardly knew how to eat them. Strawberries like dissolving jewels. ('But where do they come from, Piers, at this time of year?') Such dark coffee. Little gold-tipped cigarettes, specially bought for her. The scented smoke circled about their heads, accentuating their isolation.

Four men at the table next them did not seem able to keep their eyes off her. They talked earnestly to each other, but their eyes, every now and again, would slide toward her, and sometimes, she was sure, they were talking about her. The odd thing was that the consciousness of their attention did not confuse her. It exhilarated her, gave her a certainty of poise and freedom of gesture she otherwise would not have had.

She had carried the gold-embroidered India shawl that had been her grandmother's down to dinner, and when she became aware that these four dark men were watching her, speculating about her, some instinct, newly awakened, told her to put the shawl about her shoulders, told her that there was something about the shawl that suited her better than the little pink-and-white dress. She held it closely about her, sitting erect, looking straight into Piers's flushed face, but she was conscious of every glance, every whisper from the four at the next table.

When she and Piers passed the men on their way out, one of them was brushed by the fringe of her shawl. His dark eyes were raised to her face, and he inclined his head toward the shawl as though he sought the light caress from it. He was a man of about forty. Pheasant felt that the shawl was a magic shawl, that she floated in it, that it bewitched all it touched. Her small brown head rose out of its gorgeousness like a sleek flower.

The Russian company was a new and strange experience. It opened the gates of an undreamed-of and exotic world. She heard the 'Volga Boat Song' sung in a purple twilight by only dimly discerned foreign seamen. She heard the ragings and pleadings in a barbarous tongue when a savage crew threw their captain's mistress overboard because she had brought them ill luck. The most humorous acts had no smile from her. They were enthralling, but never for a moment funny. The moon-faced showman, with his jargon of languages, had a dreadful fascination for her, but she saw nothing amusing in his patter. To her he was the terrifying magician who had created all this riot of noise and color. He was a sinister man, at whom one gazed breathlessly, gripping Piers's hand beneath the shawl. She had never been in a theatre before. And Piers sat, brown-faced, solid, smiling steadily at the stage, and giving her fingers a steady pressure.

As they passed through the foyer, there was a dense crowd that surged without haste toward the outer doors. Pheasant pressed close to Piers, looking with shy curiosity into the faces about her. Then someone just behind her took her wrist in his hand, and slid his other hand lightly along her bare arm to beneath the shoulder, where it rested a moment in casual caress, then was withdrawn.

Pheasant trembled all over, but she did not turn her head. She knew without looking that the hand had been the hand of the man whose head she had brushed with her shawl. When she and Piers reached the street she saw the four men together lighting cigarettes, just ahead.

She felt old in experience.

It was only a short distance to the hotel. They walked among other laughing, talking people, with a great full moon rising at the end of the street, and with the brightness of the electric light giving an air of garish gayety to the scene. Pheasant felt that it must last forever. She could not believe that to-morrow it would be all over, and they would be going back to Jalna, facing the difficulties there.

From their room there was quite an expanse of sky visible. Piers threw the window open and the moon seemed then to stare in at them.

They stood together at the window, looking up at it.

'The same old moon that used to shine down on us in the wood,' Piers said.

'It seems ages ago.'

'Yes. How do you feel? Tired? Sleepy?'

'Not sleepy. But a little tired.'

'Poor little girl.'

He put his arms about her and held her close to him. His whole being seemed melting into tenderness toward her. At the same time his blood was singing in his ears, the song of possessive love.

VII

The car moved slowly along the winding driveway toward the house. The driveway was so darkened by closely ranked balsams that it was like a long, greenish tunnel, always cool and damp. Black squirrels flung themselves from bough to bough, their curving tails like glossy notes of interrogation. Every now and again a startled rabbit showed its downy brown hump in the long grass. So slowly the car moved, the birds scarcely ceased their jargon of song at its approach.

Piers felt horribly like a schoolboy returning after playing truant. He remembered how he had sneaked along this drive, heavy-footed, knowing he would 'catch it,' and how he had caught it, at Renny's efficient hands. He slumped in his seat as he thought of it. Pheasant sat stiffly erect, her hands clasped tightly between her knees. As the car stopped before the broad wooden steps that led to the porch, a small figure appeared from the shrubbery. It was Wakefield, carrying in one hand a fishing rod and in the other a string from which dangled a solitary perch.

'Oh, hullo,' he said, coming over the lawn to them. 'We got your telegram. Welcome to Jalna!'

He got on to the running board and extended a small fishy hand to Pheasant.

'Don't touch him,' said Piers. 'He smells beastly.' Wakefield accepted the rebuff cheerfully.

'I like the smell of fish myself,' he said pointedly to Pheasant. 'And I forgot that some people don't. Now Piers likes the smell of manure better because working with manure is his job. He's used to it. Granny says that one can get used — '

'Shut up,' ordered Piers, 'and tell me where the family is.'

'I really don't know,' answered Wakefield, flapping the dead fish against the door of the car, 'because it's Saturday, you see, and a free day for me. I got Mrs. Wragge to put me up a little lunch — just a cold chop and a hard-boiled egg, and a lemon tart and a bit of cheese, and — '

'For heaven's sake,' said Piers, 'stop talking and stop flapping that fish against the car. Run in and see what they're doing! I'd like to see Renny alone.'

'Oh, you can't do that, I'm afraid. Renny's over with Maurice this afternoon. I expect they're talking over what they will do to you two. It takes a lot of thought and talk, you see, to arrange suitable punishments. Now the other day Mr. Fennel wanted to punish me and he simply couldn't think of anything to do to me that would make a suitable impression. Already he'd tried —'

Piers interrupted, fixing Wakefield with his eye: 'Go and look in the drawing-room windows. I see firelight there. Tell me who is in the room.'

'All right. But you'd better hold my fish for me.'

Wakefield lightly mounted the steps, put his face against the pane, and stood motionless a space.

Pheasant saw that the shadows were lengthening. A cool, damp breeze began to stir the shaggy grass of the lawn, and the birds ceased to sing.

Piers said: 'I'm going to throw this thing away.'

'Oh, no,' said Pheasant, 'don't throw the little fellow's fish away!' A nervous tremor ran through her, more chill than the breeze. She almost sobbed: 'Ugh, I'm so nervous!'

'Poor little kid,' said Piers, laying his hand over hers. His own jaws were rigid, and his throat felt as though a hand were gripping it. The family had never seemed so formidable to him. He saw them in a fierce phalanx bearing down on him, headed by Grandmother ready to browbeat — abuse him. He threw back his shoulders, and drew a deep breath. Well — let them! If they were unkind to Pheasant, he would take her away. But he did not want to go away. He loved every inch of Jalna. He and Renny loved the place as none of the others did. That was the great bond between them. Piers was very proud of this fellowship of love for Jalna between him and Renny.

'Confound the kid,' he said. 'What is he doing?'

'He's coming,' said Pheasant.

Wakefield descended the steps importantly.

'They're having tea in the parlor just as though it were Sunday,' he announced. 'A fire lighted. It looks like a plate of Sally Lunn on the table. Perhaps it's a kind of wedding feast. I think we'd better go in. I'd better put my fish away first, though.'

Piers and Pheasant went slowly up the steps and into the house. Piers drew aside the heavy curtains that hung before the double doors of the drawing-room and led her into the room that seemed very full of people.

There were Grandmother, Uncle Nicholas, Uncle Ernest, Meg, Eden, and young Finch, who was slumped on a beaded ottoman, devouring seedcake. He grinned sheepishly as the two entered, then turned to stare at his grandmother, as though expecting her to lead the attack.

But it was Uncle Nicholas who spoke first. He lifted his moustache from his teacup and raised his massive head, looking rather like a sardonic walrus. He rumbled:

'By George, this is nothing more than I expected. But you pulled the wool over Renny's eyes, you young rascal.'

Meg broke in, her soft voice choked with tears: —

'Oh, you deceitful, unfeeling boy! I don't see how you can stand there and face us! And that family — Pheasant — I never spoke to you about it, Piers — I thought you'd know how I'd feel about such a marriage!'

'Hold your tongues!' shouted Grandmother, who so far had only been able to make inarticulate sounds of rage. 'Hold your silly tongues, and let me speak.' The muscles in her face were twitching, her terrible brown eyes were burning beneath her shaggy brows. She was sitting directly in front of the fire, and her figure in its brilliant tea gown was illumined with a hellish radiance. Boney, sitting on the back of her chair, glowed like an exotic flower. His beak was sunken on his puffed breast, and he spread his feathers to the warmth in apparent oblivion of the emotion of his mistress.

'Come here!' she shouted. 'Come over here in front of me! Don't stand like a pair of ninnies in the doorway!'

'Mama,' said Ernest, 'don't excite yourself so. It's bad for you. It'll upset your insides, you know.'

'My insides are better than yours,' retorted his mother. 'I know how to look after them.'

'Come closer, so she won't have to shout at you,' ordered Uncle Nicholas.

'Up to the sacrificial altar,' adjured Eden, who lounged near the door. His eyes laughed up at them as they passed toward Mrs. Whiteoak's chair. Pheasant gripped Piers's coat in icy fingers. She cast an imploring look at Nicholas, who had once given her a doll and remained a kind of god in her eyes ever since, but he only stared down his nose, and crumbled the bit of cake on his saucer. If it had not been for the support of Piers's arm, she felt that she must have sunk to her knees, she trembled so.

'Now,' snarled Grandmother, when she had got them before her, 'are n't you ashamed of yourselves?'

'No,' answered Piers, stoutly. 'We've only done what lots of people do. Got married on the quiet. We knew the whole family would get on their hind feet if we told them, so we kept it to ourselves, that's all.'

'And do you expect' — she struck her stick savagely on the floor — 'do you expect that I shall allow you to bring that little bastard here? Do you understand what it means to Meg? Maurice was her fiancé and he got this brat — '

'Mama!' cried Ernest.

'Easy, old lady,' soothed Nicholas.

Finch exploded in sudden, hysterical laughter.

Meg raised her voice. 'Don't stop her! It's true.'

'Yes, what was I saying? Don't dare to stop me! This brat — this brat — he got her by a slut —'

Piers bent over her, glaring into her fierce old face.

'Stop it!' he shouted. 'Stop it, I say!'

Boney was roused into a sudden passion by the hurricane about him. He thrust his beak over Grandmother's shoulder, and, riveting his cruel little eyes on Piers's face, he poured forth a stream of Hindu abuse.

'Shaitan! Shaitan ka bata! Shaitan ka butcka! Piakur! Piakur! Jab kutr!'

This was followed by a cascade of mocking, metallic laughter, while he rocked from side to side on the back of Grandmother's chair.

It was too much for Pheasant. She burst into tears, hiding her face in her hands. But her sobs could not be heard for the cursing of Boney; and Finch, shaking from head to foot, added his hysterical laughter.

Goaded beyond endurance, his sunburnt face crimson with rage, Piers caught the screaming bird by the throat and threw him savagely to the floor, where he lay, as gayly colored as painted fruit, uttering strange coughing sounds.

Grandmother was inarticulate. She looked as though she would choke. She tore at her cap and it fell over one ear. Then she grasped her heavy stick. Before anyone could stop her (if indeed they had wished to stop her) she had brought it with a resounding crack on to Piers's head.

'Take that,' she shouted, 'miserable boy!'

At the instant that the stick struck Piers's head, the door from the hall was opened and Renny came into the room, followed by Wakefield, who, behind the shelter of his brother, peered timidly yet inquisitively at the family.

All faces turned toward Renny, as though his red head were a sun and they sun-gazing flowers.

'This is a pretty kettle of fish,' he said.

'He's abusing Boney,' wailed Grandmother. 'Poor dear Boney! Oh, the young brute! Flog him, Renny! Give him a sound flogging!'

'No! No!' screamed Pheasant.

Nicholas heaved himself about in his chair, and said: 'He deserved it. He threw the bird on the floor.'

'Pick poor Boney up, Wakefield dear,' said Ernest. 'Pick him up and stroke him.'

Except his mistress, Boney would allow no one but Wakefield to touch him. The child picked him up, stroked him, and set him on his grandmother's shoulder.

Grandmother, in one of her gusts of affection, caught him to her and pressed a kiss on his mouth. 'Little darling,' she exclaimed. 'Gran's darling! Give him a piece of cake, Meg.'

Meg was crying softly behind the teapot. Wakefield went to her, and, receiving no notice, took the largest piece of cake and began to devour it.

Renny had crossed to Piers's side and was staring at his head.

'His ear is bleeding,' he remarked. 'You should n't have done that, Granny!'

'He was impudent to her,' said Ernest.

Eden cut in: 'Oh, rot! She was abusing him and the girl horribly.'

Grandmother thumped the floor with her stick.

'I was n't abusing him! I told him I would n't have that girl in the house! I told him she was a brat, and so she is. I told him — bring me more tea — more tea — where's Philip? Philip, I want tea!' When greatly excited she often addressed her eldest son by his father's name.

'For God's sake, give her some tea,' growled Nicholas. 'Make it hot.'

Ernest carried a cup of tea to her, and straightened her cap.

'More cake,' she demanded. 'Stop your sniveling, Meggie.'

'Grandmother,' said Meg, with melancholy dignity, 'I am not sniveling. And it is n't much wonder if I do shed tears considering the way Piers has acted.'

'I've settled him,' snorted Grandmother. 'Settled him with my stick. Ha!'

Piers said, in a hard voice: 'Now, look here, I'm going to get out. Pheasant and I don't have to stop here. We only came to see what sort of reception we'd get. Now we know, and we're going.'

'Just listen to him, Renny!' said Meg. 'He's lost all his affection for us, and it seems only yesterday that he was a little boy like Wake.'

'Heaven knows whom Wakefield will take up with,' said Nicholas. 'The family's running to seed.'

'Will you have some tea, Renny?' asked Meg.

'No, thanks. Give the girl some. She's awfully upset.'

'I don't want tea!' cried Pheasant, looking wildly at the hostile faces about her. 'I want to go away! Piers, please, please, take me away!' She sank into a wide, stuffed chair, drew up her knees, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed loudly.

Meg spoke, with cold yet furious chagrin. 'If only he *could* send you home, and have done with you! But here you are, bound fast to him. You'd never rest till you'd got him — bound fast. I know your kind.'

Nicholas put in: 'They don't wait till they're out of pinafores — that kind.'

Eden cried: 'Oh, for God's sake!'

But Piers's furious voice drowned him out: 'Not another word about her! I won't stand another word!'

Grandmother screamed: 'You'll stand another crack on the head, you young whelp!' Crumbs of cake clung to the hairs on her chin. Wake regarded them, fascinated. Then he blew on them, trying to blow them off.

Finch uttered hysterical croaking sounds.

'Wakefield, don't do that,' ordered Uncle Ernest, 'or you'll get your head slapped! Mama, wipe your chin.'

Meg said: 'To think of the years I've kept aloof from the Vaughans! I've never spoken to Maurice since that terrible time. None of them have set foot in this house. And now his daughter — that child — the cause of all my unhappiness — brought here to live as Piers's wife!'

Piers retorted: 'Don't worry, Meg. We're not going to stay.'

'The disgrace is here forever,' she returned bitterly, 'if you go to the other end of the earth.' Her head rested on her hand, supported by her short plump arm. Her sweetly curved lips were drawn in at the corners, in an expression of stubborn finality. 'You've finished things. I was terribly hurt at the very beginning of my life. I've tried to forget. Your bringing this girl here has renewed all the hurt. Shamed me, crushed me. I thought you loved me, Piers — '

'Oh, Lord, can't a man love his sister and another too?' exclaimed Piers, regarding her intently, with scarlet face, cut to the heart, for he loved her.

'No one who loved his sister could love the daughter of the man who had been so faithless to her.'

'And besides,' put in Nicholas, 'you promised Renny you'd give the girl up.'

'Oh, oh,' cried Pheasant, sitting up in her chair. 'Did you promise that, Piers?'

'No, I did n't.'

Nicholas roared: 'Yes, you did! Renny told me you did!'

'I never promised. Be just, now, Renny! I never promised, did I?'

'No,' said Renny. 'He did n't promise. I told him to cut it out. I said there'd be trouble — '

'Trouble — trouble — trouble,' moaned Grandmother. 'I've had too much trouble. If I did n't keep my appetite, I'd be dead. Give me more cake, someone. No — not that kind — devil's cake. I want devil's cake!' She took the cake that Ernest brought her, bit off a large piece, and snortled through it: 'I hit the young whelp a good crack on the head!'

'Yes, Mama,' said Ernest. Then he inquired patiently, '*Must* you take such large bites?'

'I drew the blood!' she cried, ignoring his question, and taking a still larger bite. 'I made the lad smart for his folly!'

'You ought to be ashamed, Gran,' said Eden, and the family began to argue noisily as to whether she had done well or ill.

Renny stood looking from one excited face to another, feeling irritated by their noise, their ineffectuality, yet, in spite of all, bathed in an immense satisfaction. This was his family. His tribe. He was head of his family. Chieftain of his tribe. He took a very primitive, direct, and simple pleasure in lording it over them, caring for them, being badgered, harried, and importuned by them. They were all of them dependent on him except Gran, and she was dependent, too, for she would have died away from Jalna. And, besides the fact that he provided for them, he had the inherent quality of the chieftain. They expected him to lay down the law; they harried him till he did. He turned his lean red face from one to the other of them now, and prepared to lay down the law.

The heat of the room was stifling; the fire was scarcely needed, yet now, with sudden fever, it leaped and crackled on the hearth. Boney, having recovered from Piers's rough handling, was crying in a head-splitting voice, 'Cake! Cake! Devil cake!'

'For God's sake, somebody give him cake,' said Renny.

Little Wake snatched up a piece of cake and held it toward Boney, but just as the parrot was at the point of taking it he jerked it away. With flaming temper, Boney tried three times, and failed to snatch the morsel. He flapped his wings and uttered a screech that set the blood pounding in the ears of those in the room.

It was too much for Finch. He doubled up on his footstool, laughing hysterically; the footstool slipped (or did Eden's foot push it?) and he was sent sprawling on the floor.

Grandmother seized her cane and struggled to get to her feet.

'Let me at them!' she screamed.

'Boys! Boys!' cried Meggie, melting into sudden laughter. This was the sort of thing she loved. 'Rough-house' among the boys, and she sitting solidly, comfortably in her chair, looking on.

She laughed, but in an instant she was lachrymose again, and averted her eyes from the figure of Finch stretched on the floor.

Renny was bending over him. He administered three hard thumps on the boy's bony, untidy person and said: 'Now get up and behave yourself.'

Finch got up, red in the face, and skulked to a corner. Nicholas turned heavily in his chair and regarded Piers.

'As for you,' he said, 'you ought to be flayed alive for what you've done to Meggie.'

'Never mind,' Piers returned. 'I'm getting out.'

Meg looked at him scornfully. 'You'd have to go a long way to get away from scandal — I mean, to make your absence really a help to me — to all of us.'

Piers retorted: 'Oh, we'll go far enough to please you. We'll go to the States, perhaps.' The 'perhaps' was mumbled on a hesitating note. His own voice announcing that he would go to a foreign country, far from Jalna, and the land he had helped to grow things on, the horses, his brothers, had an appalling sound.

'What does he say?' asked Grandmother, roused from one of her sudden dozes. Boney had perched on her shoulder and cuddled his head against her long, flat cheek. 'What's the boy say?'

Ernest answered: 'He says he'll go to the States.'

'The States! A Whiteoak go to the States! A Whiteoak a Yankee! No, no, no. It would kill me. He must n't go! Shame — shame on you, Meggie, to drive the poor boy to the States! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Oh, those Yankees! First they take Eden's book and now they want Piers himself. Oh, don't let him go!' She burst into loud sobs.

Renny's voice was raised, but without excitement.

'Piers is not going away — anywhere.

He's going to stay right here. So is Pheasant. The girl and he are married. I presume they've lived together. There's no reason on earth why she should n't make him a good wife —'

Meg interrupted: 'Maurice has never forgiven me for refusing to marry him. He has made this match between his daughter and Piers to punish me. He's done it. I know he's done it.'

Piers turned to her. 'Maurice has known nothing about it.'

'How can you know what schemes were in his head?' replied Meg. 'He's simply been waiting his chance to thrust his brat into Jalna.'

Piers exclaimed: 'Good God, Meggie! I did n't know you had such a wicked tongue!'

'No back chat, please!' rejoined his sister.

Renny's voice, with a vibration from the chest which the family knew foreboded an outburst if he were opposed, broke in: —

'I have been talking the affair over with Maurice this afternoon. He is as upset about it as we are. As for his planning the marriage to avenge himself on you, Meg, that is ridiculous! Give the man credit for a little decency — a little sense — why, your affair with him was twenty years ago! Do you think he's been brooding over it ever since? And he was through the War, too! He's had a few things to think of besides your cruelty, Meggie!'

He smiled at her. He knew how to take her. And she liked to have her 'cruelty' referred to. Her beautifully shaped lips curved a little, and she said, with almost girlish petulance: 'What's the matter with him, then? Everyone agrees that there's something wrong with him.'

'Oh, well, I don't think there is very much wrong with Maurice, but if there is, and you are responsible, you should n't be too hard on him, or on this child, either. I told Piers that if he went on meeting her there'd be trouble, and there has been, has n't there? Lots of it. But I'm not going to drive him away from Jalna. I want him here, and I want my tea, terribly. Will you pour it out, Meggie?'

Silence followed his words, broken only by the snapping of the fire and Grandmother's peaceful, bubbling snores. Nicholas took out his pipe and began to fill it from his pouch. Sasha leaped from the mantelpiece to Ernest's shoulder and began loudly to purr, as though in opposition to Grandmother's snores. Wakefield opened the door of a cabinet filled with curios from India, with which he was not allowed to play, and stuck his head inside. 'Darling, don't,' said Meg, gently.

Renny, the chieftain, had spoken. He had said that Piers was not to be cast out from the tribe, and the tribe had listened and accepted his words as wisdom. All the more readily because not one of them wanted to see Piers cast out, even though they must accept with him an unwelcome addition to the family. Not even Meg. In truth, Renny was more often the organ of the family than its head. They knew beforehand what he would say in a crisis, and they excited, harried, and goaded him till he said it with great passion. Then, with apparent good grace, they succumbed to his will.

Renny dropped into a chair with his cup of tea and a piece of bread and butter. His face was redder than usual, but he looked with deep satisfaction at the group about him.

He had quelled the family riot. They depended on him, from savage old Gran down to delicate little Wake. They depended on him to lead them. He looked at Pheasant, sitting upright in the big chair, her eyes swollen from crying, but eating her tea like a good child. She was one of them now. His own. Their eyes met, and she gave a little watery, pleading smile. Renny grinned at her encouragingly.

Rags had come in and Meg was ordering a fresh pot of tea.

This was the Whiteoak family as it was when Alayne Archer came into their midst from New York.

(*To be continued*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

The correspondence of Governor Smith and Mr. Marshall conducted in this magazine is an incident not unlikely to become historic. Owing to the unauthorized publication of Governor Smith's reply by a newspaper in defiance of our copyright, it was felt to be in the national interest that the publication of the May *Atlantic* be hastened and the release of the article to the press be made a week earlier than was intended. In this unique instance it proved impracticable to mail subscribers' copies before the news-stand edition was on sale. We are glad to make this public explanation and again to affirm our consistent policy of serving subscribers first.

Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindu poet and philosopher, is still the very active head of his school in Santiniketan which he founded over a quarter of a century ago. Famous for his prose and poetry in both English and his native tongue, Bengali, Dr. Tagore in 1913 was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. ¶In these days of sober reports it is a joy to know that there are Innocents Abroad who, like **C. Lester Walker,** an American business man in Manchuria, are able to tell when the joke is on them. **Robert Lynd's** definition of the bounds of decency comes pat at a time when a Boston official is banning fifty-seven varieties of books and the New York courts have sentenced the actors and producers of condemned plays. ¶If ever a man had to curb the deviltry of inanimate objects, it was **Captain K. C. McIntosh** of the United States Navy. ¶More than imagination has gone into the making of **A. Cecil Edwards's** stories. Thirteen years' residence in Persia provided the author with a rare understanding of the East. ¶One hundred and sixteen years ago **John Adams** was writing thus to his friend, Professor Waterhouse: —

> H. [Hamilton] and Burr, in point of Ambition were equal. In Principle equal. In Talents different. H. Superior in Litterary Talents: B. in military. H. a Nevis Adventurer, B. descended from the earliest, most learned Pious and virtuous of our American Nation, and buoyed up by Prejudices of half the Nation. He found himself thwarted, persecuted, calumniated by a wandering Stranger. The deep Malice of H. against Bur, and his indefatigable Exertions to defame him are little known. I knew So much of it for a Course of Years, that I wondered a Duel had not taken Place Seven Years before it did. I could have produced Such a Duel at any Moment for Seven Years. I kept the Secrets Sacred and inviolable: and have kept them to this day.

This letter, which forms part of the earlier correspondence published in the May *Atlantic*, and the present selections were discovered a few months ago in a strong box where they have lain through the generations.

* * *

'I hope you will like my silver-icy reindeer,' writes **Fannie Stearns Gifford;** 'he was a real dream, and I have a fondness for him. I saw him leap high towards the sunrise over October Mountain and woke almost ready to look with Teresina for his hoof marks in the snow.' ¶A frequent contributor to our pages, **Sir W. Beach Thomas** is an English naturalist who roves the countryside in the interest of birds and beasts. ¶One of our most eminent philosophers, **Alfred North Whitehead** has brought his benign influence from Cambridge, England, to Cambridge, New England. Fellow and late Senior Lecturer at Trinity College, Dr. Whitehead is now Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University. **Margaret Higginson Barney** is the daughter of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, whose friendship and encouragement were the precious means of drawing Emily Dickinson from out her mystical seclusion. Their friendship — for they seldom met — was bound by the correspondence of over twenty years. ¶A member of the *Atlantic's* staff and a contributor of essays and poems, **Theodore Morrison** loves a long walk —

whether with or without a golf stick. **Professor Jerome Davis** of the Yale Divinity School has come to know a good deal of the Ford organization both in his studies of its Trade School and in his personal and editorial associations with Mr. Ford. Fifty of Professor Davis's students are taken into the plant each summer.

* * *

The Junior College has been referred to as 'the most menacing and urgent aspect of contemporary education.' Professor Palmer's critical review of this new growth, published in the April *Atlantic*, is now supplemented by the experienced account of one who has taught in a large junior college and who for obvious reasons cannot afford to be identified. **Herbert Hoover** is as enthusiastic a fisherman as ever directed the Department of Commerce. Thus, when an occasion arose for him to confer with fellow anglers, he was able to produce facts which concern the happiness of every household in the country. **Gaetano Salvemini**, an Italian historian of the very first rank, has been forced into voluntary exile because of his critical attitude toward Fascismo. **John McCook Roots,** son of Bishop Roots of Hankow, has spent two thirds of his life in China. Last summer Mr. Roots had the opportunity of visiting the Nationalist officials and institutions at Canton and of making observations which, because of his knowledge of the language, are more telling than most.

* * *

Mazo de la Roche, the author of the Atlantic prize novel, lives with her sister in Toronto, where for a dozen years she has been writing — first short stories, then novels and plays. As her name indicates, she is of French descent. One of her royalist ancestors was guillotined in the Revolution. 'Since then,' she says, 'we have been notable only for our improvidence.'

The first installment of 'Jalna' appeared in the May *Atlantic*.

* * *

From Mrs. Clarence White of California, the friend of Hilda Rose, a telegram has been received giving us the first news of Mrs. Rose and her frontier family since the snows shut them in. It will be remembered that they were clearing a new homestead at Fort Vermilion, two hundred and fifty miles distant from Peace River, Alberta, the nearest postal station. The message reads in part: —

> Letter from Hilda Rose this moment arrived. Will forward to-morrow. She received the good news and the check for her *Atlantic* contribution just when she needed it so badly. On February 5 she fell and sprained her back and was injured internally. It took two weeks to write this letter, she said. She was sitting up for the first time March 12 and the old world seemed good after all.

* * *

That an attitude of 'respectful unconcern' for the Church is sometimes to be observed nobody will deny. But the contributing causes of this unconcern are far to seek.

New York City

Dear Atlantic, —

In an article on 'The Break-up of Protestantism' published in the March *Atlantic*, the Reverend Herbert Parrish has made a discriminating survey of the inner weaknesses that have been undermining the foundation of the non-Catholic churches in America. But I disagree with his assertion that the present problems facing the churches are either directly comparable to or derived from the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century. He regards the present age as one of transition and readjustment for religion; one that portends the ultimate dissolution of Protestantism in America. 'There is reason to believe,' he writes, 'that the historians of a hundred years from now will pronounce the present decade the crest of a movement more significant and portentous than the Reformation itself. . . . As the authority of Rome was shattered in those nations which followed the trend of thought at the Reformation, so the Reformation settlements now find their authority shattered by the logical consequences of the position they then took.'

But are the development and implication of the two issues analogous? At the time of the Reformation religious problems centred about questions concerning the authority of the Catholic Church. Though the Protestants repudiated many claims made by the hierarchy, they accepted the more fundamental articles of faith as propounded by the Church of Rome. For example, both Catholics and Protestants regarded the Bible as an inspired book containing an immediate revelation from God, and both held the same ideas of God, the Trinity, and the Person of Christ; also their conceptions of the doctrines of sin and grace were not dissimilar, and neither ever dreamed of a separation of Church from State. The Reformation was primarily a dispute about ecclesiastical authority carried on by avowed believers in the efficacy and necessity of religious teaching. Besides, the conflict was waged with equal interest and fervor by both Catholics and Protestants.

To-day the problems confronting the Protestant sects do not pertain to questions of theology. Far from implying the demand for reform within the Church which constituted the nucleus of the sixteenth-century controversy, the present situation reveals Protestantism making a despairing effort to rekindle the waning interest of the layman in religious matters. The Reformation owed its occasion in large measure to the popular demand for ecclesiastical reform made by a public that considered orthodox religion an inseparable part of their secular life. It was because of their explicit faith in and desire for a reformed Church that the people were so ready to take sides in the dispute. As this faith was responsible for the Reformation, so the present absence of it points to the radical dissimilarity between the Reformation and the modern problems confronting the Church.

The Reverend Mr. Parrish attributes this rapid declension of faith on the one hand to the faulty organization of the Protestant churches which is responsible for sectarianism and the pressing need for money. On the other hand he believes that the radio and the newspaper, combined with the critical attitude of the age, have tended to discourage the fashion of going to church. He will not regret the final disappearance of Protestantism from American life because it 'does not answer to the deep needs of human nature.' Yet he thinks it reasonable to hope that 'the children of the new age will construct out of those values which have been the real sources of inspiration and power, both for Catholic and Protestant, a church that will meet the needs of the day and generation.'

If this were likely to occur, or even suppose it should, would another organized church with its prescribed systems of belief and fixed codes of morals fulfill our subjective human requirements? It is precisely these arbitrarily conceived factors, once an effective force but now an inner weakness, that serve more than anything else to alienate the layman from his church. Because a person no longer seeks an answer to his moral problems in the exhortations of the Sunday sermon it does not signify that he is free from their anxious cares or that he can allow them to remain unsolved. But it does indicate that, instead of relying upon the Church for assistance, he feels he can settle them just as effectively without its intercession on his behalf. And surely this sense of intellectual independence should be welcomed as an auspicious indication of greater spiritual freedom rather than deplored as the sign of an unregenerate age.

The chief reason for the break-up of Protestantism is not at bottom due to its faulty organization or to the distracting influence of the newspaper, radio, and so forth. Nor is it traceable, as the Reverend Mr. Parrish avers, to the 'logical consequences of the position' taken by the Protestants at the Reformation, though it is true, as he says, that the critical spirit of the age has greatly affected the attitude of the lay public toward the Church. The churches, it seems to me, are confronted by an entirely novel kind of 'belief,' or rather unbelief, that manifests itself in an attitude of respectful unconcern for the erstwhile venerated creeds. That a different variety of church would prove more congenial with the needs of the day and generation is dubious, for it is the ecclesiastical organization and not religion that has become discredited.

MORGAN WORTHY

* * *

The Return of the Muse.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am sending you a poem which has been the source of some excitement. It was written by a young lady whose chief talent is prose, but who as a child had an enthusiasm for poetry.

Recently she was hypnotized by a friend, and in the course of her reminiscences of childhood she asked for a pad and pencil. Then on three large sheets she wrote the three stanzas.

Lay your head on the wind's breast,
Hush the heart that grieves
Under the sound of the wind surf
Rushing along the leaves.

Trees are bare as coral groves,
Sky is shallow water:
Put to sea in a cloud-ship,
Sail for the storm's quarter.

Days crushed with people,
Nights entombed in pain,
Find release in tempests,
Comfort in the rain.

On waking she had no recollection of having written the poem; she was stupefied when it was shown to her; nor does she remember any previous thinking on the poem with the exception of a single metaphor which occurred to her three years ago.

Sincerely yours,

C. D. M.

Empty houses and crowded apartments.

LEETONIA, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have read with interest 'The Missing Rooms' by Mr. John Carter, in the February *Atlantic*, and the subsequent comments, and it seems to me they have all missed the point. Mr. Carter attributes the housing shortage in cities to the fact that there are approximately one million marriages yearly in this country and only half that many new living quarters provided. The real explanation is to be found in the great number of abandoned farmhouses not only in New England but over all the states which are dotted with manufacturing towns.

From our home in eastern Ohio we can see five empty farmhouses — not shacks, but six-, eight-, and ten-room houses. Similar conditions prevail throughout the county, state, and the states to the east. In the city of Cleveland (sixty miles away) it is estimated that there are fifteen hundred former residents of Columbiana County. They have formed an association, which makes facts more easily obtainable. Few of them went directly to Cleveland from the farms, but a great many moved first to the small towns and thence to the city. Youngstown, Akron, Pittsburgh, and Detroit probably have as many each of this county's ex-residents. Many of the old families who were all with us twenty-five years ago have not one representative on our farms to-day, but are scattered from coast to coast, mostly in cities.

For many years the returns from farming have been inadequate as compared with other industries. To those living near industrial towns the contrast has been too glaringly apparent and the alternative right at hand. They have gone where there is more money and less arduous work and most of them seem to be moderately prosperous. They dress better and have more of what the world calls luxuries and pleasures than their old neighbors who have continued to farm, but when they die their estates, on an average, do not foot up any better. A few have returned because they could not get the fondness for country life out of their systems. A very few who have been eminently successful — Mr. Firestone, of tire fame, for example — have made their old homesteads into show farms which are a credit to the community but add nothing to the contentment of the 'dirt farmers' who must make their money out of their farms.

Everybody cannot have everything. If you prefer to live in cramped apartments in congested cities and push buttons, that is your privilege. I'd rather have a real home in the country with trees, flowers, friendly birds and animals and kindly folks for neighbors, and time for meditation, — the unappreciated luxuries, — though it means hard work, wearing last year's garments, and having no buttons to push — yet. Many farms hereabout now have electricity and all may have it when these empty houses are again inhabited. If any others feel like this about it, there are many places where farms, neglected but productive if cared for, can be bought for less than the buildings on them are worth. The West has been overdeveloped and overadvertised. The only place where one can get something for nothing to-day is in the forgotten agricultural East, where we have all the advantages of a long-established civilization, are comparatively free from drouths, floods, devastating storms, and great extremes of temperature, can grow anything common to the temperate zone, and are at the very gates of the big Eastern markets — not always satisfactory markets, but *always markets*. We are more prosperous and on a firmer agricultural foundation than any other part of the United States at the present time, and some of these days the public will wake up to the fact.

MARY CALDWELL

* * *

We urge those who are still perplexed by Mr. Jensen's solution of the Spider and the Fly problem — as discussed in the April Contributors' Column — to make for themselves a larger replica of the figure and to fold this into the shape of the room. In this wise the diagonal path of the spider can clearly be traced, and the distance traversed — 40 feet — will be proved rationally and geometrically the shortest distance between the two points.

* * *

Further proof that 'the heart of youth is Hellenic.'

KUTIEN, FUKIEN, CHINA
March 12, 1927

Mr. Lucien Price
C/o *Atlantic Monthly*

DEAR MR. PRICE: —

I want to thank you. The occasion for it is your 'Hardscrabble Hellas,' appearing in the February *Atlantic*, which reached me just last evening. It was a very great delight indeed. I should want to thank you if for no more than the insight revealed in those two short sentences about the interior of the hearts of boys. 'The heart of youth is not Hebraic. It is Hellenic.' The entire article has the tonic effect of an October day — either in my native Ohio or in my adopted New England.

Perhaps one reason I appreciated it so much is because of the hardscrabble conditions of life here. Plain living and high thinking are gloriously necessary under the present stage of development of China. And the boys with whom I work — there are just about eighty of them in the academy here in Kutien — also know the hardscrabble life. They live on three dollars a month, and once they learn how, under the Christian environment, they have a splendid time doing it.

Once more, thank you.

E. M. Stowe

* * *

This letter gives a practical demonstration of the further encumbrance of the Junior College. It should be read as a postscript to the discussion introduced by Professor Palmer and continued in this issue.

New York

Dear Atlantic, —

In the April number of the *Atlantic* Professor Palmer treated the evils of 'The Junior College' from the point of view of the student and graduate; may I add a few words in agreement with him from the point of view of a teacher in a high school of New York?

I should look with apprehension upon any move of the New York Board of Education to add the junior college to our secondary schools. I know I am not wrong in saying that, if such an addition were made, the teachers of that part of the school would be compelled, as we are now, to punch a time clock at 8:40, teach five classes a day, spend any extra time at supervisory and clerical work which could be far more efficiently done by clerks at half our salary, and at 3 p.m., or later if there were outside curricular activities, again punch a time clock. After such a day, only persons with extraordinary vitality and a not too conscientious regard for their jobs as teachers could take graduate work. Most teachers would be compelled, if they wished that breadth coming from meeting minds of equal or greater maturity, to do as I feel I must do next year — take time off at their own expense. How many could afford to do this?

As a junior-college teacher such as I should have to be under the 'system,' I should feel like a liar and a cheat, attempting to substitute my meagre outlook for the breadth of vision which comes from freedom from clerical detail, abundant leisure, and the privilege of spending that leisure in travel or valuable research. I should feel that I was superimposing upon an innocent group a goose step of scholarship instead of liberty of thought, especially as I realize that such an establishment of a junior college might emanate from a desire to save money on our two free city colleges, which financial reason, I rather imagine, moved educational authorities here to establish junior *high* schools.

No, I think that most of us do not wish to combine college and high school any more than we wish to see high school and elementary school one. Perhaps it might do college instructors a great deal of good to visit frequently our high schools, just as we, as high-school teachers, ought to visit elementary schools for a full realization of their problem.

Perhaps, too, some of the difficult questions encountered in the freshman and sophomore years at college might be more readily solved did colleges welcome to their teaching staffs those of us with the broader outlook, whose teaching has been carefully supervised, and who, because of frequent visiting in other high schools, both public and private, and because of fortnightly discussions of matters pedagogical, have kept abreast with the most modern methods of instruction of youth.

As for adding to the high school that which belongs neither to the high school nor to the college, may a conscientious board of estimate, which now scrutinizes our every penny, keep us from it!

H. J. B.

* * *

When Light meant Life.

Dear Atlantic, —

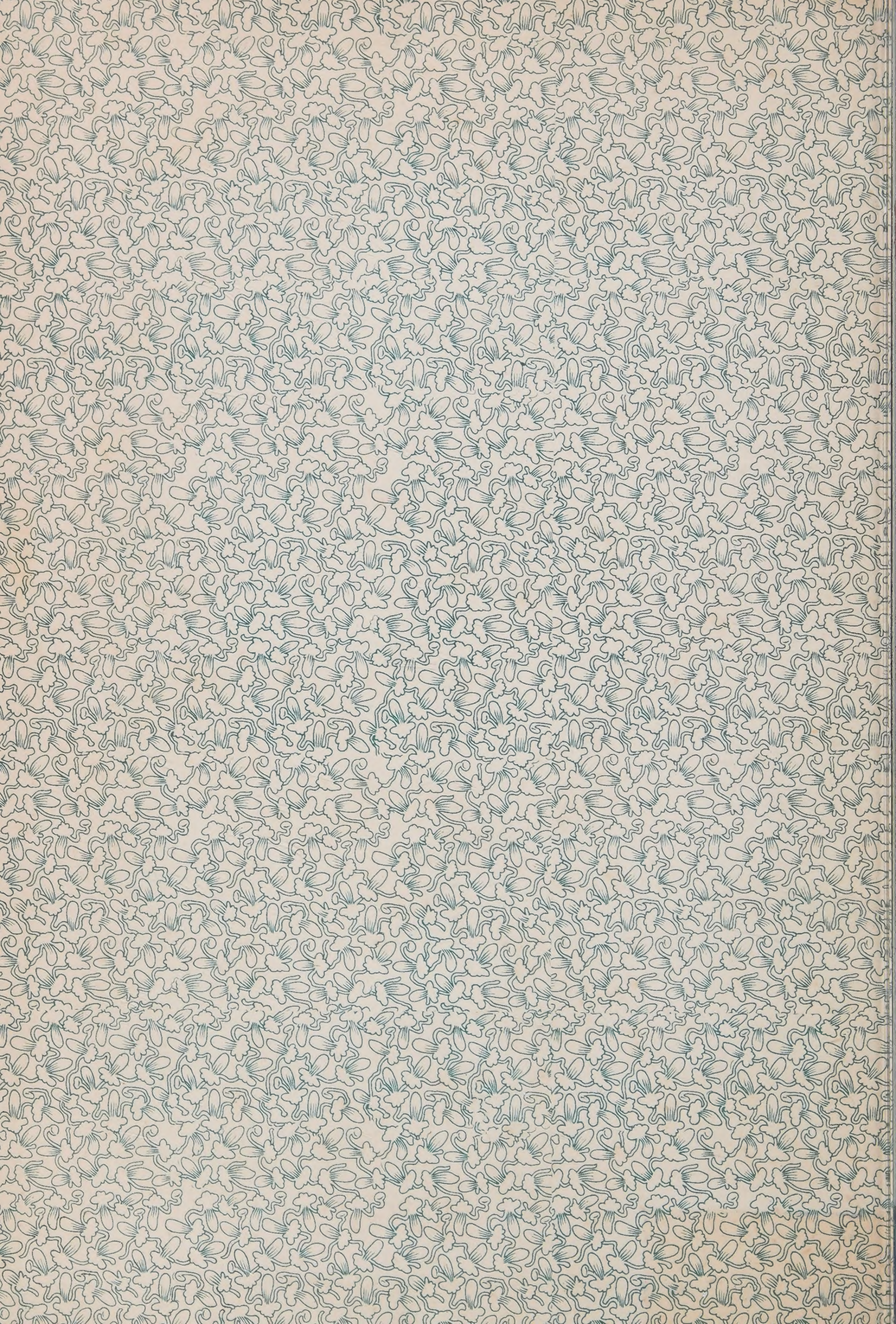
Professor Leuba's learned article on 'Invisible Presences' at first dismayed me, as I had for years cherished the memories of what I considered manifestations of a Spiritual 'Presence.'

Twice before a most severe trial I was assured of support through what was to come, and the Light Jane Steger writes of was around me.

The last 'appearance' was a few years ago when I had been specially anxious about fuel and finances. I was awakened in the early morning from a deep sleep with the overpowering consciousness of a Presence, whether outside or in I cannot say. In a gently humorous, loving manner (as if a mother should assure an anxious child about something) I was made so sure that these matters would be cared for that I have never been overanxious since, though the coal strike tried to break my faith!

The 'subconscious' has popped up for me many times, but surely this 'Presence' was different! Like many folks 'convinced (almost) against their will,' I am 'of the same opinion still!'

S. E. T. S.



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